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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. XIII. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1859. No. 673.

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.

NOVEMBER 4, 1859.

MY DEAR: You will perhaps recollect—considering the time that has since elapsed, I shall take it as no discourtesy if you don't—that I left you in the incipient stages of a summer journey. Now, if you fancy me to have been roaming ever since, like a wandering Jew, or the flitting ghosts that vainly bewail their dishonored bodies to pitiless Charon, it will perhaps be a relief to you to learn that I did, at length, get there. "Where?" Never mind, my pet. A place where the sun shines, and lavender-hued clouds whirl in craggy, defiant, thunderous masses, around imperturbable mountain tops; and lush vapors, pearly and amber-tinted, float softly among the valleys; and evening skies fling out a banner of pink, and purple, and pale-green glory; and stars throb, and glow, and flash, with a radiant life that is not of the earth; where great rivers have not yet put on the majesty of manhood, but trill over pebbles, and curl around rocks, and ripple against banks, and waltz little eddies, and spread dainty pools—for gay little trout, and make love to golden-hearted lilies, and dash up saucy spray into the eyes of bending ferns, and mock the frantic struggles of lost flowers and twigs, tantalizing them with hope of a rest that never comes, and leap headlong, swirling and singing with a thousand silver tongues, down cranny and ravine in all the wild winsomeness of unchecked youth; a land flowing with maple molasses and square cakes of brown sugar, and cider apple-sauce, and cheese new and old, and baked beans and three sermons on Sundays, besides Sabbath-school at noon, and no time to go home; and wagons with three seats, [Mem. Always choose the back seat, if you wish to secure a reputation for amiability,] and three on a seat, and two horses, and a colt trotting gravely beside his mother; and roads all sand in the hollows and all ruts on the hills, blocked up by snow in the winter, and washed away by thunder-showers in the summer—a land where carpets are disdain ed, and latches are of wood, and thieves unknown, and wainscots and wells *au naturel*, and women are as busy as bees all day, and knit in the chinks, and men are invisible till evening, and girls braid hats and have beaux, and everybody goes to bed and to sleep at nine o'clock, and gets up nobody knows when, and cooks, eats, and "clears away" breakfast before other people have fairly rubbed their eyes open; and all the town are neighbors for ten miles round, and know your outgoings and incomings without impertinence, and gossip without a sting, and are intelligent without pretension, sturdy without rudeness, honest without effort, and cherish an orthodoxy true as steel, straight as a pine, unimpeachable in quality, and unlimited in quantity. God bless them! Late may they return to heaven, and never want a man to stand before the Lord forever!

My dear friend, it is so delightful to do anything when you "feel like it," and not do it when you don't. Doubtless, duty is a very fine thing, (if it isn't talked to death,) but the "look of it" depends somewhat on the observer's stand-point. Duty *done* is exquisite satisfaction. Duty *to be done* is often hugely disagreeable, notwithstanding the moral philosophers. After laying down which general proposition, I proceed to the remark, that when duty and inclination pull together, it makes what "Down-Easters" call "a whole team, and the dog under the wagon." Delightful are green falls and overhanging trees, and the shadow of great rocks, and the clover-scents of summer mornings; but when not only your soul sighs for them, but your conscience bids you walk among them, loiter—and ramble, and dally at your own sweet will—ah! what a martinet you become! How impervious to temptation! How firmly and intensely virtuous!

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs *not* to be seen."

Moral: Going into the country must be an excellent remedy for spiritual dyspepsia. If your weak digestion cannot dispose of a tough duty, take an easy, pleasant one first, and so proceed by short journeys from milk to meat. At any rate, I am quite willing to follow my own prescriptions, which is more than most doctors do.

Some people have conscientious scruples about fishing. I respect them. I had them once, myself. Wantonly to destroy, for mere sport, the innocent life that floated, and darted, and quavered, and gleamed, in lake and river, seemed to me a cruelty and a shame. But people must fish. Man is, indubitably, an angling animal. Now, then, how shall your theory and practice be harmonized? Practice can't yield. Plainly, theory must. I'll tell you how I did it. A year ago, I went out on a rock in the Atlantic ocean, held a line—just to see how it seemed, and caught eight—fishes, not lines—and every time a fish came up, a scruple went down. They weren't very large—the fishes, I mean still, not the scruples, though the same adjective might, perhaps, not unjustly, be applied to both—and I don't know that the enormity of the sin depends at all upon the size of the fish; but if it did, so entirely had my success convinced me of man's lawful dominion over the fish of the sea, that I verily believe, if a whale had hooked himself on the end of my line, I should have hauled him up without a pang!

I don't insist that you shall accept my system of ethics. I can conceive that deplorable results might follow its practical application in every imaginable case. I do not defend the process by which I arrived at the truth. I simply state facts, leaving the "thoughtful reader" to generalize from them whatever code he pleases.

Which facts will partially account for the eagerness with which I, one morning, seconded a proposal to go a-fishing in a river about fourteen miles away. One wanted the scenery, another the drive, a third a chowder, and so on—but I, I may as well confess, wanted the excitement, the fishes, the opportunity of displaying my piscatory prowess. I enjoyed in anticipation the masculine admiration and feminine chagrin that would accompany the beautiful, fat, shining, speckled, prismatic trout into my basket, while other rods waited in vain for a "nibble." I resolved to be magnanimous. Modesty should lend to genius a heightened charm. I would win hearts by my humility, as well as laurels by my dexterity. I would disclaim superior skill, attribute success to fortune, and offer to distribute my spoil among the discomfited. Glory, not pelf, was my object. You may imagine my disgust on finding at the end of our journey that there was only one rod for the whole party. Plenty of lines, but no rods. What was to be done? It was proposed to improvise rods from the trees. "No," said the female element. "We don't care. We shouldn't catch any fish. We'd just as soon stroll about." I bubbled up, if I didn't boil over. "*We* shouldn't, should *we*? Pray speak for yourselves! Didn't I catch eight cod-fishes in the Atlantic Ocean, last summer? Answer me that!" I was indignant that they should so easily be turned away, by the trivial circumstance of there being no rods, from the noble art of fishing. My spirits rose to the height of the emergency. The story of my exploits makes an impression. There is a marked respect in the tone of their reply. "Let there be no division among us. Go you to the stream, O Nimrod of the waters, since you alone have the prestige of success. We will wander quietly in the woods, build a fire, fry the potatoes, and await your return with the fish." They go to the woods. I hang my prospective trout on my retrospective cod, and march river-ward. Adrianus, according to the old saw, "leaves this world, and climbs a tree," and, with jack-knife, cord, and perseverance, manufactures a fishing-rod, which he courteously offers to Gail, which Gail succinctly declines, informing him in no ambiguous phrase that she considers nothing beneath the best as good enough for her. Adrianus is convinced by her logic, overpowered by her rhetoric, and meekly yields up the best rod, though the natural man rebels. The bank of the river is rocky, steep, shrubby, and difficult of ascent or descent. Adrianus bids Gail tarry on the bridge, while he descends to reconnoitre. Gail is acquiescent, and leans over the railing awaiting the result of investigation. Adrianus picks his way over the rocks, sidewise and zigzaggy along the bank, and down the river, in search of fish. Gail grows tired of playing Casabianca, and steals behind the bridge, and picks her way over the rocks, sidewise and zigzaggy along the bank, and up the river, in search of "fun." Practices irregular and indescribable gymnastics with variable success for half an hour or so. Shout from the bridge. Gail looks up. Too far off to hear the words, but sees Adrianus gesticulating furiously, and evidently laboring under great excitement. Retrogrades as rapidly as circumstances will permit. Adrianus makes a speaking-trumpet of his hands, and roars, "I've FOUND—a FISH! LEFT—him for—YOU—to CATCH! Come QUICK!" and, plunging headlong down the bank, disappears. Gail is touched to the heart by this sublime instance of self-denial and devotion, and scrambles up to the bridge, and plunges down after him. Heel of boot gets entangled in dress every third step—fishing-line in tree-top every second; progress consequently not so rapid as could be desired. Reaches the water at last. Steps cautiously from rock to rock to the middle of the stream—balances herself on a pebble just large enough to plant both feet on, and just firm enough to make it worth while to run the risk—drops her line into the spot designated—a quiet, black, little pool in the rushing river—sees no fish, but has faith in Adrianus.

"Bite?" asks Adrianus, eagerly.

"Not yet," answers Gail, sweetly. Breathless expectation. Lips compressed. Eyes fixed. Five minutes gone.

"Bite?" calls Adrianus, from down the river.

"Not yet," says Gail, hopefully.

"Lower your line a little. I'll come in a minute." Line is lowered. Arms begin to ache. Rod suddenly bobs down. Snatch it up. Only an old stick. Splash it off contemptuously.

"Bite?" calls Adrianus from afar.

"No," faintly responds Marius, amid the ruins of Carthage.

"Perhaps he will by and by," suggests Adrianus, encouragingly. Five minutes more. Arms breaking. Knees trembling. Pebble shaky. Brain dizzy. Everything seems to be sailing down the stream. Tempted to give up, but looks at the empty basket, thinks of the expectant party and the eight cod-fish, and possesses her soul in patience.

"Bite?" comes the distant voice of Adrianus, disappearing by a bend in the river.

"No!" howls Gail, trying to stand on one foot to rest the other, and ending by standing on neither; for the pebble quivers, convulses, and finally rolls over and expires; and only a vigorous leap and a sudden conversion of the fishing-rod into a balancing-pole save her from an ignominious bath. Weary of the world, and lost to shame, she gathers all her remaining strength, winds the line about the rod, poises it on high—hurls it out into the deepest and most unobstructed part of the stream, climbs up *pugnis et calcibus* on the back of an old boulder; coaxes, threatens, cajoles, and intimidates her wet boots to come off; dips her handkerchief in the water, and folds it on her head, to keep from being sunstruck; lies down on the rock, pulls her hat over her face, and dreams, to the purling of the water, the singing of the birds, and the music of the wind in the trees, (whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell) of another river, far, far away—broad, and deep, and sea-ward rushing—now in shadow, now in shine—now lashed by storm, now calm as a baby's sleep—bearing on its vast bosom a million crafts, whereof she sees only one—a little pinnace, frail yet buoyant—tossed hither and thither, yet always keeping her prow to the waves—washed but not whelmed. So small and slight a thing, will she not be borne down by the merchant ships, the ocean steamers, the men of war, that ride the waves, reckless in their pride of power? How will she escape the sunken rocks, the treacherous quicksands, the ravening whirlpools, the black and dark night? Lo! yonder, right across her bows, comes one of the Sea-Kings, freighted with death for the frail little bark! Woe! woe! for the lithe little bark! Nay, not death, but life. The Sea-King marks the path of the pinnace. Not death, but life. Signals flash back and forth. She discerns the voice of the Master. He too is steering seaward—not more bravely, not more truly, but in a directer course. He will pilot her past the breakers and the quicksands. He will bring her to the haven where she would be. O brave little bark! Is it Love that watches at the masthead? Is it Wisdom that stands at the helm? Is it Strength that curves the swift keel?——

"Hullo! how many?"

Gail starts up wildly, and knocks her hat off into the water. Jumps after it, at the imminent risk of going in herself; catches it by one of the strings, and stares at Adrianus.

"Asleep, I guess?" says Adrianus, interrogatively.

"I guess so," echoes Gail, dreamily.

"How many fishes?" persists Adrianus.

"Fishes?" says the echo.

"Yes, fishes," repeats Adrianus, in a louder tone.

"Yes, it must have been the fishes," murmurs the echo.

"Goodness gracious me!" ejaculates Adrianus, with the voice of a giant; "how many fishes have you caught?"

"Oh! yes," says Gail, waking up and hastening to appease his wrath; "eight—chiefly cod."

Indignation chokes his speech. Meanwhile Gail wakes up still farther, and, instead of standing before him like a culprit, beards him like an avenging Fury, and upbraids him with his deception and desertion. He attempts to defend himself, but is overpowered. Conscious guilt dyes his face, and remorse gnaws at the roots of his tongue.

"Sinful heart makes feeble hand."

They walk silently towards the woods. They meet a small boy with a tin pan and thirty-six fishes in it. They accost him

"Are these fishes for sale?" asks Adrianus.

"Bet they be!" says small boy, with energy. Adrianus looks meaningly at Gail. Gail looks meaningly at Adrianus, and both look meaningly at their empty basket.

"Won't you tell?" says Adrianus.

"No, wont you?" says Gail. Adrianus whistles, the fishes are transferred from pan to basket, and Adrianus and Gail walk away as "chirp as a cricket," and "jolly" as "old King Cole." They reach the sylvan party, and are speedily surrounded.

"Oh, what beauties! Who caught them? How many are there?"

"Thirty-six," says Adrianus, in a lordly, thorough-bred way. "I caught 'em."

"In a tin pan," says Gail, disgusted with his self-conceit, and determined to "take him down."

A yell of rage from Adrianus, a shout of derision from the party.

"And how many did you catch, pray?" bellows Adrianus.

"Eight—all cods," answers Gail, placidly.

P. S.—Postscript next week. "Positively the last time."

GAIL HAMILTON.

ERRATA.—In Gail Hamilton's last letter, for "*hand passibus*" read "*haud passibus.*" For "*if he reign, in the fiery words,*" read "*if he rein in the fiery words.*" For "*ubniam gentium*" read "*ubinam gentium.*"

For the National Era.

A PALACE IN GENOA.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

IV—Continued.

Miss Beale shuddered. After a period of silence, she said:

"I do not understand you—at one moment, you relate such a tragedy—then again you deny that Italy is the land of the poets. I feel already the influence of this dark fate upon me—I seem to tread on graves—why do you deny to Italy her stern romance?"

"You mistake me—it is because I have such a profound sense of this stern, sad fate, that I am unwilling to credit the romance of it—can romance lend its chiaroscuro to a picture of such positive, black, harsh lines? May we expect the soft melting coutour of marble from the Parian quarries in the deep, stern frame of bronze? I shall not deny to Italy her 'fatal gift of beauty'—but the people stand apart from that, and, lovely as they are, there is a dismal shadow rules their lives, which appals me more than their beauty woos me. I will confess, I do not understand the Italian character—there is a complexity about it and a subtlety which makes me diffident in all my attempts at a thorough estimate. The elements seem incongruous, conflicting, impossible of association. I see that they *do* go together, but *how* I cannot say, and it puzzles me, for I cannot reason on the Tertullianic basis of '*credibile est, quia impossibile.*'"

"Still," said Rupert, "we must admit that there is some potent—and therefore genuine—charm about this Italy. Just see where she has stood in the world, how great has been her influence, not only upon the history of man, but upon the *men* among man, and, in that way, upon the thoughts and ideas which *rule* men. I leave out of notice all Etruscan civilization and Roman empery—I take no notice of the triumphant Church, nor of the crusading State—but see what benisons we of the other world owe Italy still. Liberty, commerce, letters, art, refinement, doctrine—Dante, Savonarola, Michelagnolo — Petrarch, Lorenzo, Raphael — who shall wonder it is the world's very shrine? Proof enough of the genuineness of Italy is the longing with which men in all ages have turned towards it, and yearned after it, with an unceasing, passionate longing. Luther and Sidney, Milton and Erasmus, all turned thither. Goethe tells us that, for years before his Italian journey, he dared not open a Latin work, it depressed him so. Baggesen, the Dane, not waiting for his rix dollars—Hans Andersen, writing his Improvisatore—Jean Paul, depicting lovingly in his 'Titan' the traits of a Rome he had never seen—Winckelmann making it his home—Shelly, and Byron, and Keats—Werner, and Schlegel, and Tieck—all have turned towards Italy with the fidelity of the needle to the pole, finding there, as it would seem, at once inspiration and consolation—the balm, the elixir, and the crown."

"You forgot to add to your list the Brownings and our own Margaret Fuller, whose lives owe Italy a large debt, which they are repaying in the largest manner."

"I am surprised—shocked," spoke up Miss Beale, "to think that neither of you have uttered one word for music! Is not Italy the birthplace of music—the cradle of melody and harmony? Remember Scarlattie, Korpora, Durante, Corelli the Improvisatore, Fra Martini, Cherubini, Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, Spontini, Mercadante"——

"Pray, do not add Verdi to that scale," interrupted the artist, hastily.

"There is no danger," replied Miss Beale, laughing; "I am too fond of the old idols. But," she added, with a modest earnestness that pleased Merivale, "if you will permit me a word in your debate, what most wins me to a belief in the genuineness of Italy, is the devotion of the people themselves. Plague, pestilence, and famine; the ruthless flames of war; tyranny grinding them down into the dust with its iron-shod heels; superstition fanning them into the sleep of death with its vampire-wings—all these have visited, still impend over Italy, yet how her children love her! Patriotism here seems to be a passion, a wild, unreasoning, uncalculating, and unselfish passion—a *personal* feeling, impossible to be abstracted or coldly argued about."

"You are right, Miss Beale—and there is scarce an Italian but will die for his country—more, all are *jealous* of her, as if she were really a mistress. Ah, these Italians—they puzzle me with their wild enthusiasms—who but an Italian would have died as Giordano Bruno did, for an abstract dogma concerning an immaterial world? Who but an Italian would have preached and ruled, fallen and died, as did Savonarola?"

"Can you not name to me a man who seems to your eyes to embody in himself a type of the Italian character? I wish to master it, and I can do so most vividly, if I can present it to my eyes in a concrete form."

"Why no, Miss Beale, I fear not," replied Merivale, after pondering a while. "The Italian character is too complex, too anomalous, to have its full type in any one man. There is, however, one constant element, the spirit of revenge, and, taking this as the connecting thread, I do not know any man who seems to unite in himself so many of the Italian's features of soul as Caravaggio."

"What! Caravaggio the artist? I thought he was altogether a sombre genius, as violent in his imaginings as Salvator, and as dark and gloomy in coloring as Rembrandt."

"Not quite. Sombre he was, and fierce, and rude beyond the limit of Italian manners, but in the more essential qualities, in his life, his passion, his quarrelsome nature, his earnestness, his fine artistic sense, his devotion to art, but above all in his subtle, far-reaching spirit of revenge, and the steady fidelity and intentness of will with which he pursued his hatreds, I think Morigi da Caravaggio the truest type possible of the Italian character. Are you acquainted with his story? He was one of the most prominent reformers of Art, a contemporary of the Caracci, and a determined enemy to the mannerisms which the heirs of Raphael had introduced everywhere. He was self-made, a man of the people, entirely, and only elevated by his devotion to Art. He studied first in Milan, then went to Venice to acquire Giorgione's coloring, and thence to Rome, where he rivalled Ludovico Caracci in artistic excellence, and Annibale in violence of temper. In one of his many brawls, he came into collision with a Milanese nobleman, who, acquainted with his antecedents, refused to fight him, because he was not a gentleman. Caravaggio had often before sought his revenge with the quick point of his ready poignard, but this was a case which, to his subtle and far-reaching soul, seemed to demand a very different treatment. Punished the man must be, but not by common methods. Oh no—the artist's subtle hatred, his refined and intellectual conceptions of vengeance, were not to be satisfied with any coarse process—any sudden blow that would "end all." Why, your dullest ox, being smitten and goaded, may lift up his violent heel and strike the offender dead. Shall a writhing da Caravaggio, a man, who has sweet visions of heaven, sombre dreams of hell, be able to command no better means of wiping out the shame, of cooling the molten-lava tingle of that smitten cheek? Why yes—that very pride, that consequence, that supercilious scorn, which have led to this result, shall be converted into instruments for his punishment—shall react upon him — appal—transfix him — and, in the mid shame of his terror, do him to the death of a dog! Such was Caravaggio's thought, a terrible matter enough, were it not lost sight of, almost, in the steelly, long-suffering determination with which he carried out his purpose. He was base-born, poor, and, outside the sphere of his Art, could command no influence, possessed no friends. Yet he resolved to become a gentleman, and so to meet the Milanese face to face. How do you think he attained this end? He banished himself from Italy and from Art; he entered the service of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Malta as a common soldier and sailor; he tugged at the weary oar, he battled the Moslem, he helped build again the battered walls of Valetta, laboring at odd ends of time at his Art, painting, for instance, a Virgin Dead, whose swollen and loathsome body was a fit type of his morbid mind; finally, his stern fidelity, his indomitable courage, often proved, and his great picture of the Decollation of St. John in the oratory of the Church of the Conventuals—a picture curious for the horrid fidelity with which he painted the headless neck, seemingly a labor of love, in which he fancied his 'murdered man' already subject to his vindictive anatomy, combined to elevate him to the point of his desires; he was received into the fraternity of Knights, felt the *accolade* upon his shoulder, and, after *seventeen years* of waiting, became a gentleman, a noble, and, as such, the equal of his insulter. Malta had no longer any charms for him; he fled, sought out the Milanese, *found him*, and, pointing to the ennobling cross which the Grand Master had placed upon his shoulder, returned the blow which for seventeen years had tingled on his cheek. They fought, the Milanese fell, and Caravaggio returned to his Art. It seems to me that I find in this artist some of the truest traits of the Italian character."*

"But is not his genius too sombre?" asked Rupert.

"Perhaps so—in its *outward* manifestations. There is in most Italians that lively sunshine of which Fra Lippo Lippi seems the type, but then, you know the story of Fra Fillippo—his love for Lucrezia the novice; his pleasure-sail and captivity among the Moors; his pleasure-escapades, especially that famous one by the window, when Cosimo di Medici would have constrained him to work; and, finally, his death by poison. No—I think it is not in the tragic element that Caravaggio exaggerates the Italian character—the deficiency is, that he falls short of giving one a true idea of their *refinement*, the delicacy of their tone, the silent suffering aristocracy of their looks. Henry Heine says, with a wonderful spiritual truth: 'The whole Italian race is internally sick, and sick people are invariably more refined than the robust, for only the sick man is really a man; his limbs have a history of suffering, they are spiritualized. I believe that, by suffering, animals could be made human; I have seen a dying hound, who in his last agonies gazed on me with the glance of a man.'"

"How strange seems all you have told us!" murmured Helen, attuning her voice to the soft tones of the fading day; "I came hither expecting to find a brown-limbed Italy, laughing, showing its sparkling white teeth, exulting in its skies, its fruit and flower, its sun and shine, all aglow with ripest, most sensuous life; and instead, you have given me a pale, spiritual consumptive, the hectic on her cheeks, her bright eye winning you to tears with its deep-thoughted silent melancholy, her wasted diaphanous fingers pulling to pieces, leaf by leaf, a fading rose! How strange!"

Now, the evening was gone, and the dark night had come up, the dark velvet night, multitudinously starred with the "blossoms of heaven." And, as they drove on, there came to their ears the hoarse exulting of the frogs by the way-side; far and wide flashed the fire-flies, scudding hither and thither, as, of old time, when Louis XIV was King, Parisian lovers went by night, torch-lighted and bejewelled, to wait upon their mistresses, and bear them *gages d'amour.* From a thousand village campaniles was wafted the sweet, sad utterances of the bells, with their thousand words of consolation and up-lifting, waking soft and pleasant dreams, till the travellers came to know fully what the old Florentine meant when he sang:

——"*fra le piu care*
Gioje del mondo, e 'l suone delle campane."

Behind there were the snowy mountains, but this—this was truly Italy—did they not feel its dreamy luxuriousness of spirit mastering their souls like a gentle sleep of summer—such a sleep as comes over us and fetters our limbs with roses when we put our brow against our loved one's bosom, and, with her warm, soft breath touching our cheek, and the love of her dear eyes soothing us, melt listlessly away and slumber, as slumbers an entranced cloud athwart the sky's blue vault!

Then came the dust, the streets, and, as they swept along towards their hotel, there appeared a vision to their eyes, in the mystic moonlight, and under the glittering stars—the vision of a ghostly white giant, upon whose shoulders perched a thousand spirits, seeming to rise for flight—a vision of a thousand pinnacles, as fine graven as silver of Cellini's—a vision of mighty marble, splendid yet ghostly—a vision called the Duomo. For they were in Milan, and they were passing the Cathedral.

* It may be as well to observe here that I have not followed the popular faith concerning Michelangiolo da Caravaggio, by any means. That represented him in far darker colors than even Miss Beale conceived him, as the reader will acknowledge after glancing at the following summary, from Mrs. Jameson's facile pen: "Caravaggio was a gloomy misanthrope and a profligate ruffian; we read that he was banished from Rome for a murder committed in a drunken brawl, and that he died at last, of debauchery and want. Caravaggio was perfect in his gamblers, robbers, and martyrdoms, and should never have meddled with Saints and Madonnas. In his famous *Pieta* in the Vatican, the Virgin is an old beggar-woman, the two Maries are fish-wives in 'maudlin sorrow,' and St. Peter and St. John a couple of bravoes, burying a murdered traveller: *dipinse ferocemente sempre, perche feroce era il suo carrattere,* says his biographer; an observation, by the way, in support of my hypothesis." (*Mrs. Jameson's Diary of an Ennuyee.*) This may all be very well. I am not going to deny that Caravaggio's ferocity of nature gave too fierce an aspect to his intense Realism, but still less can I consent to have him set down as a mere ruffian and murderer, who wielded his brush as he wielded his poignard. First, because the *facts* of his *history*, which I have truly given in the text, and upon the best authority, entirely preclude the possibility of such a construction of his character. Second, because the *facts* of his *genius* are still more decidedly opposed to the theory. If it is impossible to conceive of a common bully and ruffian following up a spiritual purpose with unrelenting and single-eyed vigor during seventeen years of toil and pain, so it is still more impossible to conceive of that bully and ruffian not only holding with equal tenacity to a refined and refining profession, but also gathering about him such followers as Ribera, Spagnoletto, Belisario, Andrea Vacaro, Manfredi, Saraceni, Caroselli, Gherardo dalle Notti, and others; painting such works as his "Cheating Gamesters" in the Palazzo Sciarra at Rome, his "Fruit Girl," his "Hagar," his "San Bastiano," his "Madonna of Loretto," and his "Deposition from the Cross," which is in the Vallicella Church. He was fierce, and grim, and stern, yet this ruffian and bravo did more to restore truth to Art, both in form and in color, than all the Carracci, Guidi, and Domenichini, of the age. These facts and that theory are irreconcilable; they imply an absurdity. Which shall go down?

(Upon this subject the reader may consult Bayle St John, Allan Cunningham "Lives, &c." and Lanzi ii—Book iii, Ep. iv.

SUBSTITUTE FOR STRYCHNINE WHISKY.—The liquor sold in the porter-houses of the first, fourth, sixth, ninth, thirteenth, and seventeenth wards has lately been celebrated for its certainty to kill within a few moments after drinking. A man whose stomach would not stand aquafortis cannot safely risk his life with the whisky of the ninth and thirteenth wards. Hard drinkers will be pleased to learn that there is a good, reliable substitute offered. "Minie-rifle brandy," killing two hundred yards, off-hand, must yield in potency to "tangle-foot whisky," a drink now in general use. It is made of diluted alcohol, nitric acid, boot-legs, and tobacco, and will upset an individual at a distance of four hundred yards from the demijohn containing it.

PITT'S DEATH-BED.—Pitt died at his house on Putney Heath, near the spot where Canning and Castlereagh fought their duel, and in a very neglected state, none of his family or friends being with him at the time. One, who was sincerely attached to him, hearing of his illness, rode from London to see him. Arriving at his house, he rang the bell at the entrance-gate, but no one came. Dismounting, he made his way to the hall-door, and repeatedly rang the bell, which no one answered. He then entered the house, wandered from room to room, till at last he discovered Pitt on a bed—dead, and entirely neglected. It is supposed, that such was his poverty, he had not been able to pay the wages of his servants, and that they had absconded, taking with them what they could.—*English Paper.*

For the National Era.

POETRY AND PROSE.

III.

There is only time for a brief glance at other nations. Sir Walter Scott has made famous the bards and minstrels of Scotland and Wales, so we need but refer to the antiquity of their profession. The minstrels of Wales were for a long time its only historians, and in its Triads is treasured up much invaluable information. Mr. Parry, in his preface to the "Cambrian Plutarch," writes, that "poetry, among the Cymry, had for ages anticipated the functions of history, and in the Triads were often preserved what might not admit of diffusion in the strains of the bard. These phenomena, in ancient Welsh literature, had apparently their origin in the Bardic or Druidical institution, of which the encouragement of oral tradition, whether by songs or aphorisms, formed a prominent characteristic." So, in Ireland, bards were attached to all the principal families of the nation, as historiographers are now employed under different sovereigns, who were accustomed to repeat the genealogies and histories of their patrons, and to sing praises of their valor and prowess. These bards were also employed as heralds, which at once goes to prove the antiquity of and the respect shown to their profession.

It is somewhat remarkable, that among the nations of the south of Europe, the only valuable historical records that have been handed down to us are written in the Roman tongue, and we find the native language only in a lighter and more familiar style of composition. The Troubadours used the sweet-flowing Provençal, the historians employed the more dignified Latin. Likewise, in early English history, the monkish historiographers wrote in Latin, but the popular mind retained only the more prominent and dramatic events, which we find to this day in the ancient ballads and songs of the North of England. So late as the time of Alfred, Anglo-Saxon literature was singularly deficient in all its parts. The learned Anglo-Saxons, Beda, Alcuin, and others, wrote in Latin, and translations of the classics were not thought of.

If further proof of the superior antiquity of poetry be demanded, we have only to refer the reader to the "Haravis" and ancient songs of the Peruvians, to the harsh chants of the North American Indians, and to the soft cadences of the natives of Polynesia. Among all these nations, the poetical compositions, if they may be so called, of their ancestors will be found to comprehend all the important facts of their different histories, and, indeed, all we know of them. But we will suppose the reader to be satisfied with the proofs laid before him, and proceed to state what we believe to be the hidden reason, instinct, influence, or what you will, that causes a savage and uncultivated people to express its thoughts, sentiments, and passions, as well as the graver events of its life, in verse.

And the reason for all this, we should think, lies deep in the nature of man and the formation of language—subjects so intimately connected as not to admit of a separate consideration. The wants of man create the capability of expressing those wants; and in proportion as his necessities increase, so also does his vocabulary. Take, for instance, the savages of Africa. Their speech suffices for the mere satisfying of the animal appetites, but utterly lacks the power to set forth any metaphysical distinction. Or, as a better example, look at the English language. Every student knows that most of the scientific or philosophic terms we use are mediately or immediately derived from the Latin or Greek. How does this happen? It results, as we conceive, from the fact that the Britons, Saxons, and Normans, came in contact with Roman civilization while their languages were in an unformed and incomplete state, and since they contemplated and studied the philosophy and science of Rome, instead of awaiting the gradual advancement of their own schools, as a matter of course they adopted its phraseology also. From this it would seem to follow that the language of an uncultivated and savage people expresses rather the passions and impulses than subdued sentiment and reflection.

And this advances us another step, namely, that the compositions of such a people fall naturally into the poetic order. What we understand by poetry, however, differs entirely from that of barbarous nations. Their versification is not according to our rules of composition, but depends on little more than alliteration of syllables, and oftentimes on the rise and fall of the voice alone. Thus it will be seen that the language of a people, in the condition above spoken of, would naturally put on the garb of poetry on the least provocation, so to speak. The Indian, sitting in his lodge, is quiet and taciturn; but place him by the council fire, and he is a different being. Beginning with slow and measured accent, he is aroused by degrees, and a fervid stream of eloquence pours from his lips, passionate in sentiment, chant-like in tone, until he seems to be reciting in rude epic to his companions the doughty deeds of their forefathers, and their own achievements, more glorious still. In ancient Iceland, too, skalds were often introduced into the banqueting halls of the sturdy Norsemen, who told of brave deeds on land and sea. And as the bard, warming with his subject, sang in burning words of the marvellous daring and prowess of the old vikings of the North, his valiant listeners would leap frenziedly from their seats, clashing their arms, and demand to be led through all perils and dangers, to the wide extended portals of glory and undying fame.

It may perhaps be asked why these words fail to arouse and touch us of to-day. The reason is plain. They had an intensity of expression and a thrilling and deep-reaching meaning almost unknown to us; for, although the mere *words* may be the same now as then, their *significance* is, in great measure, gone. It is man that has changed. With the power to regulate and control his animal appetites has come the gradual development of a moral and intellectual nature, the god-like part of his being, which no appeal to the passions and ignoble desires can satisfy, but which, as the beauty and harmony of the order of things break upon it, thirsts after a comprehension of the great principles and truths coeval with the universe, and craves a more perfect knowledge of the "lawe of God, that sothly is the love of God."

Many more instances might be given in support of our proposition—the bards and *improvisateurs* of the Cymry, Scots, and Caledonians, the minstrels of ancient Greece, and even the poets of the middle ages. But we leave the reader to an examination of the remains, not only of Scandinavian composition, but that of other ancient nations; and we shall be more than repaid for our slight labor, if by it any one is induced to an investigation of the rare, though too often neglected, beauties of the primitive literature of nations.

THE UNION IN DANGER!—The deepest interest is taken here in the New York election, and if it should go for the black Republicans, there will be an almost universal sentiment in favor of immediate secession, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

What do your people mean when they sanction the doctrines of the infamous Phillips, Beecher, & Co.? Years ago it was a saying of an old gentleman of Accomack, "that women, preachers, and politicians, would dissolve this Union;" and it seems his prediction is about to be realized.

Be not deceived. The hour has come when the South must and will demand that the people of the North meet this crisis, and show themselves equal to the occasion. They will require that your Legislatures enact laws punishing such acts as Phillips, Seward, and Beecher, are guilty of. *It is now in the power of the North to save the Union, and we rest the issue with them.—Richmond Correspondence of New York Herald.*

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN VIRGINIA.

A paper called the *Clarke Journal*, published near Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, has incurred the fierce hatred of the Governor of Virginia by the publication of the following appeal for mercy in the case of John Brown. The article is well seasoned by Pro-Slavery sentiments, and one would suppose that it condemns "Abolitionism" and Black Republicanism with sufficient severity; but, unluckily for the editor, he has the names of R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, and Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, at the head of his columns, for the offices of President and Vice President. The *Enquirer*, edited by a son of Governor Wise, denounces the editor by name, as a traitor, a disseminator of Abolition treason, and insists that the people of the vicinity should suppress the paper! The *Enquirer* copies the article with the heading, "More Treason," and introduces it to its readers in the following terms.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

The following article from Parkins's paper, the *Clarke Journal*, like the prospectus of the New York *Tribune*, also published in the *Journal*, was probably paid for and prepared under the orders of Mr. Horace Greeley:

"Proper Mode of Treating the North.

"Dark Clouds are Rolling Up from the North and South"

"A QUESTION OF POLICY.

"We have now the advantage over Black Republicanism. They have essayed against us, and failed. Many are disposed to condemn them. Their ranks will be thinned and weakened. But if we do not act exactly right, and very prudently, their ranks will be strengthened again, even beyond what they have ever been. What is that right course? This is the trying question. We have now the advantage by their being in the fault, and we being the wronged, aggrieved party. We have this advantage at this hour, yet our majesty and honor are vindicated. We have had blood for blood; our law has pronounced upon the character (threefold) of the offence—treason, murder, and insurrection. We have shown indignation and taken vengeance Is there not a stopping place? Have we not power? Have we not that great advantage of power that can afford to be magnanimous? Must we go on shedding blood for blood to the last moment, and the last drop of its existence? Can we not retain the advantage we have now gained consistently with our honor, the majesty of the law, and the safety of our property? If we go on to the last, shedding blood for blood, we will have no advantage. The North will take advantage of it. They will swell the ranks of Republicanism, and become a permanent, powerful sectional party, controlling the destinies of this nation, and inevitably dividing the Union. They will have the argument of blood—blood—blood, deliberately and from time to time, to the last drop, shed in payment for their offence. It will make us look implacable and insatiable for blood. Then they will have the argument of martyrdom. We may smile at the idea, but they believe it, that John Brown was in the conscientious discharge of religious duty in trying to break the chains of Slavery. They believe it; he makes them more and more believe it every day, by his letters and speeches and his general bearing, and he will confirm and establish their belief in his death. This established belief will make it to them a case of deliberate martyrdom for sincere religious belief and conduct.

"Gov. Wise has given them the argument. He has pronounced him 'truthful, honest, and sincere.' When did the world (of Christendom and civilization) ever take a man's life for what he did 'truthful, honest, and sincere?' Slavery is not a thing that requires to be upholden by what even seems implacability and ferocity. It is a kind, humane institution, in all its workings, and right. It is upholden by its merits, its inherent worth, and not by outward force, ferocity, or severity. When the time comes that it must rest upon bayonets, then the time will have come when it has ceased to be desirable or tenable. If it has not inherent merit and excellence enough to keep it together, we must let it go. But we know that it has. It is palpable as day that it is the only relation in which the white man and the black man can live together. The Northern States are forbidding the free negroes coming there; we cannot have them here; and it shows that the only relation in which the white man is willing to live with them is Slavery. It is a plain and palpable necessity, and the goodness of the institution, to all parties, is equally plain and palpable. Only let us be free from outside annoyance, the intermeddling of Abolitionists, or officious interference and soft sentimentalism, which is Abolitionism, and the institution of Slavery will rest as steadily and securely as the institution of marriage or any other that is for the common good. We can afford to even not shed blood for blood to maintain it, if that will stop the mouths of Abolitionists. We are a great, kind, Christian, humane, magnanimous, generous, indulgent, refined people, and we can afford to show it. 'In the midst of deserved wrath,' we can afford to 'remember mercy.'

"As a Christian people, we are bound to respect the motives of the sincere and conscientious, however mistaken. We do not care to weaken our position by shedding the blood of such, and giving them no time for repentance, if we can free ourselves from their annoyance by their confinement, as we would confine a mad dog.

"But blood for blood has been shed—more blood on their side than on ours. It is now only a question of policy as to the further proceeding. Will it do more good to go on shedding blood, while we can find any to shed, or to stop now and confine the rest for life? Our judgment is, and we are bound to give it, (if every subscriber stops his paper, as we have been threatened to some extent,) in favor of the latter. More good can be done, as a pure question of policy, by staying the effusion of blood. Now, if this be treason, make the most of it. We will be as ready to die for a conviction as John Brown. As a pure question of policy, we have most to gain by a moderate, placable, conservative course. We regret as deeply as any man can the death and injury of our highly-esteemed citizens. We appreciate their worth as highly as any one. Beckham and Turner left no superiors as valuable citizens behind them. But now the deed is done; and blood has been shed in return, and a few are fugitives and outcasts on the earth, and the rest are in chains and dungeons. How much more can a generous, magnanimous people ask? How will it appear in the eyes of the world, the unfavoring world to Slavery, to ask more—even to the last drop of their blood?

"We must remember that but a small part of the Christian and civilized world are on our side with respect to Slavery. We have now an opportunity, while the world have this case in their eye, to demonstrate our superior excellence of character, and disarm them of their opposition to Slavery. Their opposition to Slavery is more from fancied wrongs than real. They are misled by the very term Slavery. They think it must be harsh, unkind, cruel, unjust, and almost, as some have expressed it, 'the sum of all villainies.' They of course attribute to the slaveholder a corresponding character. They think us barbarians. They reason from the effect (imaginary) to the cause. But let us set them right, as Providence has now given us an opportunity, as to the cause, our character, and they will get right as to the effect. If they find us humane Christians, instead of implacable barbarians, as they suppose, they will be bound to infer that Slavery is a kindly institution, or else we could not tolerate it ourselves. This would glorify the South and the institution of the South more than anything that has ever occurred. It would be like throwing a wet blanket around the excited, feverish subject of fanaticism. It would be a damper to all their hopes. It would give a quietus, more than all the speeches in Congress or acts of Administrations, to the Slavery agitation. If that can be done, our Union is safe; we are still one happy, glorious people, going on from greatness to greatness, conquering the admiration and praise of men. But if that cannot be done, our word for it, we are a divided people, and as good already as launched upon the untried sea, with all its perils, perhaps, full of perils—of Disunion."

In another article, the *Enquirer* refers to the editor of the *Clarke Journal* as follows:

"We merely suggest to the good people of Jefferson and Clarke counties, that the squad of Yankee pedlars lately ordered away from their borders are emissaries of a much less dangerous description than that to which Mr. Alexander Parkins belongs. A hired disseminator of abolition treason is the very man of all others to tamper with slaves, to run them off, or, if he has the courage to do so, to lead the van of servile insurrection. Whether Mr. Parkins has not already laid himself liable to fine and imprisonment in the county jail, for his complicity with Horace Greeley's incendiary efforts, is a question which we recommend to the careful consideration of the prosecuting attorney in Clarke county. But there can be no doubt whatever that the people of Clarke and the surrounding counties owe it to their own safety to suppress this incendiary sheet. A respectful request to Mr. Parkins to leave the community, signed by all his subscribers, would perhaps prove efficacious; but don't lynch him. The friends and supporters of Messrs. Hunter and Dickinson should especially attend to this matter. The impudence with which Parkins attempts to shelter his treason behind the names of these worthy gentlemen deserves especial reprobation."

Nothing short of madness and terror equal to that of the French revolution could make treason out of such a case.

POSITION OF MISSISSIPPI.

The message of the Governor of Mississippi was laid before the Legislature of that State on the 7th inst. Federal relations are the first topic referred to. These, the Governor says, are about to become of a most dangerous and alarming character. After some remarks, justifying his motives in the recommendations he is about to make, and asserting his devotion to the Union, so long as it is maintained in its purity, he says:

"Will not the election of an Abolitionist to the Presidency, on a purely sectional issue, make it full time to ask ourselves the question, What will be our situation with such a result accomplished? There is, or can be, but one answer; and that is, that we are a conquered people. Yes, as much a conquered people as if we had been subjugated by the sword. It is true that the form and mockery of voting and sending members to Congress will still be allowed to us, but of what real value will this be? What good will we derive from the fact of having members there, who, on all questions affecting our interests, must forever vote in a minority? This would be to us no protection whatever, and would be a position of degradation to which no man who was worthy to represent you could or would stoop. On such conditions, you could only be represented by some heartless, soulless wretch, who would at all times be ready to sell or betray your interests for the enjoyment of some petty office which no Abolitionist wanted. You would then be in the exact condition in which the British Government proposed to place your fathers before the Revolution. That Government then offered to the Colonies representation in the British Parliament in proportion to numbers. The men of the Revolution, with Washington at their head, indignantly rejected the proposition. And why? Because such representation would have been but nominal—not real. Such a representation would have been a helpless, hopeless minority, who could have been of no real service to their constituents. If you are willing now to accept or submit to such a position, all the blood of the Revolution was shed in vain. It was for you that your fathers submitted to all the toil and danger and death of a seven years' war. They conquered for you Liberty and Independence. It is your duty to transmit it unimpaired to your posterity."

Gov. McWillie argues at length the question of protection to Slavery in the Territories, taking the position that the right of property in slaves is just as much entitled to protection as any other property right whatever, and continues:

"I am apprehensive that there are some, though I hope not many, even in the South, who, in the event of the election of an Abolition President, will be opposed to making a direct issue with the North. The only apology or explanation I can give for such conduct is, that 'they know not what they do.' Their course leads either to unconditional submission, or the entire abolition of Slavery, with the utter ruin of the South—or a dissolution of the Union."

The Governor makes the following recommendations:

"I would recommend, as necessary and expedient, that you by your legislation should make it the duty of the then Governor, in the event of the election of a Black Republican to the Presidency of the United States in November, 1860, to issue his proclamation, ordering an election for delegates to a State Convention, to be holden on the first Monday of December next thereafter, and that said delegates be appointed to assemble at the Capitol, in the city of Jackson, on the third Monday of the said month of December, 1860, for the purpose of adopting such measures as may meet the exigency of the occasion.

"I would further recommend that you should adopt resolutions inviting the other Southern States to co-operate with the State of Mississippi in the adoption of such measures as may be necessary for the maintenance of their and our rights, as coequal members of the Confederacy. This is all that, for the present, I would recommend to be done. But, as the time has come at which the public mind should be strongly directed to the difficulties and dangers of our position, and the remedies for the same, I would suggest that in my opinion, in such an event as the meeting of a Convention or Congress of the Southern States, we ought to insist upon new constitutional guaranties for our protection. This should be a *sine qua non.* It is absolutely necessary to our security. The North will then, under the form of our present Constitution, have the entire power and control of the Government—we will be utterly powerless.

"With this view, in the event of a Black Republican or Abolitionist being elected to the Presidency, I would suggest that a Convention of the Southern States should throw open all the Southern ports, making them free to the commerce of the world—thus putting the burden of the new Northern Confederacy upon the Northern people. This would be just, as the Government would be of the North, and for the North; consequently, they ought to support their own Government. In addition to this, it might be politic, as a measure of warning, to impose a duty of 25 per cent. on all articles of Northern manufacture, (about the present rate of duty on foreign manufactures.) This would teach the Northern people what the Union is worth to them in money, even if they cannot be made otherwise to appreciate its importance. The moneyed value of the Union to the non-slaveholding States is incalculable. For instance, with the Union, no portion of the earth is more prosperous than Massachusetts—without the Union, none could be less so than she would be. The grass would grow in the streets of Boston, her manufactories would stop, her commerce would perish, and her ships would rot at her wharves, and wide-spread ruin would cover the State. I presume that it will be said of such a measure, that it is a dissolution of the Union.

"This is not necessarily so, unless the North shall choose to make it so by a refusal of our just demands; so far from being an act of dissolution, it will be a conservative of the Union, and only preliminary to a possible dissolution, in the event that the North should be deaf to all the appeals of justice, and indifferent to the ties of consanguinity and patriotism. It would be intended to arouse the Northern mind to the consequences of their conduct, and to warn them that the fatal gulf of disunion was before them. It would be resistance to tyranny for the preservation of Liberty, the great object of the Union. The North has already taught us that every violation of or resistance to the law is not disunion, or, if it be so, then the Union is dissolved already. The North resists and violates the fugitive slave law; she resists and violates the territorial rights of the South, as settled by the highest tribunal of the country. If, upon the adoption of these or similar measures, the North should still refuse to us the power of self-protection, it would be conclusive evidence that the overthrow of our institutions and the destruction of our property was her object. If she should deny this much to us in the Union, it would be full time that, by all the means in our power, we should provide for our own security. But my belief and hope is, that if, even then, we should make a decided issue, that the North will yield to our demands, and give to us that which is of inestimable value to us, but of no earthly importance to her, unless for our oppression. The North too well understands the value of the Union to herself to lightly sacrifice it, and it will then be for her to decide the question of Union or Disunion. If she desires the Union, the terms will be easy; we ask but equality. No, not equality, but simply the power of self-protection against hostile and unconditional legislation. The Union will then be in the power and keeping of the North; if she wills it, nothing is easier than to retain it; but if she will choose to dissolve it, by a refusal of our just demands, and by making war upon us and our institutions, the blame and the ruin will be at her own door.

"I deeply deplore the necessity which will exist, in the event of an Abolitionist being elected to the Presidency, for the assembling of a Convention of the Southern States, and for the adoption of such measures as those I have suggested; but the South has no choice between the making use of some such issue or a dissolution of the Union. I have thought it better to give the Union another chance for life. Secession or disunion is death, while a refusal to pay taxes (or a resistance to the revenue laws) is but a violent disease, from which the body politic may recover. Depletion of the Treasury may do good. It at least is worth trying, before any final act of disruption to the Union. It will give time for new compacts or guaranties, which ought to be made. What possible objection can the North have to giving us such securities, unless she intends our assailment under the forms of the Constitution, by action of the Federal Government? The result would be equivalent to a declaration of such intent, and ought to be met accordingly."

After an elaboration of the argument on this point, Gov. McWillie recommends the arming of the militia of the State, especially the volunteer companies.

FIRST DECISION IN FAVOR OF UNLIMITED FREEDOM TO NEGROES.—At Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 15th of January, 1788, the Lords (judges) of Session, by a majority of ten to four, gave judgment in favor of the unlimited freedom of the blacks in that country, so that Scotland has the honor of giving the first general decision upon this great question. All the trials in England concerning the rights of negroes, even in that of Somerset, in the King's Bench, having been only on special points, such as, "whether the master of a negro in Great Britain was entitled to take a legacy left to the negro?" given against the master, with costs, by Lord Northington; or "whether the master could, by his own authority, put a negro in fetters, and send him beyond seas?" given against the master, in the case of Somerset. The four dissentient judges were Lord President, and Lords Elliock, Monboddo, and Covington; Lord Alva was absent, through indisposition. [*The Court then consisted of fifteen judges.*]—*London Annual Register for* 1788, *p.* 163.

MISSISSIPPI.

The Hon. A. G. Brown, in accordance with the invitation of the Legislature of Mississippi, delivered an address in the Hall of Representatives on the 9th instant, to a large and intelligent audience of ladies and gentlemen. The *Eagle of the South* gives the following synopsis of Gov. Brown's speech on the occasion:

"He handled the Northern and Southern question in a clear and bold manner. His did not speak to men who were willing to sink the Constitution and the rights of the South to gain a triumph over the Democracy; he spoke to Southern patriots—men of all parties, who could forget party names for love of country; still he regarded the Democratic party as the only party which presented the ghost of a chance to save the country. He argued most unanswerably that, as we paid our taxes, fought our country's battles to sustain the Government, the Government was bound to give protection to life, liberty, and property; but if the Government turns against us, he would tear down its colossal pillars, and scatter them to the four winds of heaven.

"He said there were three classes or parties at the North. Mr. Seward and his followers assert that Congress can exclude us from the Territories; the second class is Mr. Douglas and his followers, who admit our equality, but assert that the people of the Territories may, by non-action or unfriendly legislation, drive us out. The third class not only admit our equality and protection, but give us courts, without laws for the remedy of our wrongs—a meatless bone. To this class belong the President, a portion of his Cabinet, and his Northern supporters.

"He admitted the existence of a little band of patriots at the North, but he was dealing with the above-named classes.

"Mr. Seward declares there is an 'irrepressible conflict.' Governor Brown said, 'So there is!' and thought the election of a Black Republican President would be the overt act, when the South must choose between Slavery in the Union or independence out of it.

"He thought Mr. Douglas all wrong, but hoped he would listen to the voice of the 'Good Shepherd,' and return to the path of duty.

"Of Mr. Buchanan, he said, he hardly knew what to say; but if the *Constitution* newspaper was his true exponent, he (Governor Brown) thought his position more indefensible than either Seward or Douglas. Seward would snatch our rights away by the strong arm of power; Douglas does it just as effectually, with more adroitness, while Buchanan stands by, smiles graciously, and says, 'For shame, gentlemen!' But though panoplied in power, he does nothing to prevent the outrage. If we are to be robbed, Gov. Brown prefers being robbed by the bold highwayman, Seward.

"Gov. Brown said, if he did Buchanan injustice, the President must blame his organ and his Attorney General. The first had been preaching the rankest heresies, while the latter endeavored to satisfy the South with honeyed words. If they are our friends, let them say so in plain words; they could not escape observation under the smoke of a general fire aimed at Douglas.

"Governor Brown holds that we have, under the Constitution and the decision of the Supreme Court, the right to carry our slaves into the Territories, and to have Slavery protected, first, by the Territorial Legislature—that failing us, then by Congress.

"He showed the perfect mockery of going to courts, which Douglas and Buchanan would have us do, when the Territorial Legislature had, by unfriendly or non-action, expelled us from the Territories. His arguments on this point were unanswerable.

"Gov. Brown abhors Douglas's squatter sovereignty, detests the good-Lord, good devil policy of the President's organ, and is not satisfied with 'Black's Observations;' and he looks with anxiety and some fears for Buchanan's *exposé* at the opening of Congress.

"He advised the Democratic party in Mississippi to send their best men to Charleston, who would insist upon a clear recognition of