LITERARY MISCELLANY.

For the National Era.

A BROTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ONLY SISTER.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHAP. VIII.

Three years had passed since we first made the wilderness our home; and already, all around us, it literally "blossomed as the rose," under the hands of flower-loving Eulalie. She had grown up, healthful and beautiful in body as well as in mind, bearing few traces of the delicate, drooping bud I had transplanted from Embury air. I began to look upon her with a pang of self-reproach, knowing that the time was nigh when I ought no longer to keep her from the acquisition of those accomplishments that are to woman's graceful nature as fragrance to the rose. But how could I send her into the world again? How could I live without her, a hermit in utter solitude of the heart?

A chain of incidents—I should say of providences—worked out for me the answers to these trying questions.

I have already introduced to you Bruno, the trustworthy and affectionate playmate and guardian of my pet. He had a look that was almost human in his intelligent eye; and if all wearing humanity were faithful and kind as he, the world would have little to wish for! Eulalie loved him, next to myself and the memory of Mary Hyde.

I had been trying hunter's luck in the woods, through a long autumn day, with poor success, and was sauntering homeward at even-fall, when I was warned, by the rustling of bushes, that some animal was near. Waiting only long enough to catch a faint glimpse of its outline, which strengthened my supposition that it was a prairie wolf, I levelled my gun at the clump of bushes, and fired!

A scream of intense distress rung out on the air, at the same instant with a sharp, wailing howl! I burst through the thicket like a madman!

"Thank God, it is only the dog!" I gasped, catching my sister from the mound where she knelt by her dying favorite.

"Only the dog!"

Reproach and appeal were blended in the look the child cast upon me. Then, trying to stifle her sobs, she sunk down by the poor victim, whose limbs were fast stiffening.

"Oh, my Bruno—poor Bruno!"

She passed her trembling fingers over his face. He lifted his head with a last effort, and tried to lick her hand; but a film came over his eye, a tremor over his frame; and the noble dog lay lifeless at our feet!

"Oh, brother, you could not help it!" was all Eulalie said, as, almost heart-broken, she buried her face in the brown shaggy hide. Poor Bruno was laid in the grass grown yard before our cabin. Many a mound that covers a human form has been bedewed with fewer tears than his! Eulalie mourned for weeks, as for a brother, and I seldom left her long alone.

One evening, on returning from the village, I missed her sweet face. Supposing that she had gone to Dame Wilson's, I opened my weekly newspaper, and sat down to study the election returns. The long shadows of the western maples, falling across the broad signet of the sun upon the floor, aroused me at last from political speculations to the consciousness of the hour's lateness. I seized my hat, and set out to meet her. Anxiety deepened into dismay, when, upon inquiry at Mr. Wilson's, I found that she had not been there during the day! I hurried home, with a vague hope to find her there before me; but the solemn stillness of the shadowed, deserted cabin, shook my frame to the weakness of a child's.

My neighbors, sharing my anxiety, had fortunately followed me. In a tumult of feelings, among which I was only conscious that not a moment must be lost, I seized my rifle, and plunged into the heart of the woods.

That night, with its terrible question of "Life or Death" suspended, until day looked in mercy over the forest tops! I cannot, even at this day, endure the retrospect of its terrible fancies and fears. None can know them, who has not, like me, tracked, through the darkness of a wolf-haunted woodland, a tender, idolized child!

My despairing prayers were heard. The angels watched my treasure under the dew-dripping arch of heaven. She was found lying on a mossy knoll, at the foot of a gnarled oak, in the thickest glade of the forest. Tears lay like pearls upon her pale cheeks, and her hands were yet folded for prayer. Tired Nature had wept itself to sleep; but she was safe—safe!

But suspense was not yet to relinquish its grasp of my heart. The shock of that night's exposure, the terror attending it, and the excitement of the sudden awakening in my arms, were too much for the still delicate constitution of the child. Within twenty-four hours, she was raving in the delirium of a fever.

The old physician of the neighboring village, summoned to her bed-side, shook his head, as his rough, kind fingers closed over the small wrist, and felt the fierce bound of the fever-demon working at her heart. The room was half filled with women and children, from cabins far and near, who had flocked, full of affectionate curiosity, to look upon "the child that had been lost and found." As usual with intruders into a sick room, they lingered idly, as though paralyzed—save a few, who bustled about with more zeal than knowledge.

"Doctor!" cried Nelly Wilson, in her loud, quick tone, twitching his coat-sleeve, "don't you agree to tansy tea, and a poultice of all sorts of grass? When my Jackey"——

"All sorts of botheration! my good woman," retorted the Doctor, in his peculiar grumble. "What upon earth can a man do in such a Babel? If you are the woman of sense I take you to be, order off these forty-and-one good Samaritans, with their whining babies!"

Nelly, who would have made a fine field-marshal, commenced enforcement of his orders by flourishing her apron and arms in the face of a poor, meek little Welsh woman, who understood not a word of English. By this expressive pantomime, and her yet more emphatic oratory, she soon succeeded in "clearing the coast" and establishing quiet.

"I'll stay by the pretty creature to-day, bless her!" she vociferated, in a loud whisper, slipping into the Doctor's chair, as he arose from the bed side. "The old man and the young ones may as well try their luck for once!"

Nelly, though boisterous, was kind-hearted; and it was a comfort to have any human creature to share that anxious watch.

Day after day, night after night, the child lay there helpless—sometimes in a stupor that was fearfully like death, sometimes in a frenzy that baffled all our efforts to soothe.

"Too much pressure *here*, Mr. Lincoln," said the Doctor, with his finger on her burning forehead. "This weight of curls must come off!"

That beautiful hair—her glory—my pride! I hesitated an instant.

"Go yes, Doctor, that's what I've been saying all along," cried Nelly Wilson, drawing an immense pair of sheep-shears from the pocket of her flaring gown. I laid my hand quickly, shudderingly, on her arm. Nelly's rough hand among those shining meshes! *No*; if the sacrifice must be consummated, it should be by no ruthless hand but mine! The bright, tangled mass of curls was cut off—and laid sadly away, as what *might* prove a relic too sacredly treasured!

"You ought not to watch alone with the child to-night," said the kind physician, as the fever drew near its crisis. It was a Monday, and the duties of "washing-day" had called Nelly Wilson from her self-imposed task of nursing.

"What have I to hope for, Doctor?" I asked, with strange calmness.

"Hope ends only with life," he solemnly replied.

"Expect the decision before midnight!"

"I'll see what I can do for you," he added more cheerfully, after a heavy pause. "There's a new-comer at our house—from some one of your New England nooks; a young woman whom our committee months ago invited out to establish a girl's school among us. She is a gentle creature, if her eye tells the truth. I would trust the child in her hands as soon as in my own; and *I* must be miles away, to-night. Ah! a Doctor's lot!"

Night came on with muffled tread while I sat by that low bed, with the wasted hand of the unconscious child in mine. It was one of those fearfully calm periods that often occur late in autumn, usually as preludes to some wild play of the elements. Not a leaf moved on the maples before the door, nor on their shadows which had crept, all that long afternoon, nearer and nearer the curtained bed. The shadows melted from sight; the trees themselves and the environing forest, the prairie dimly seen in the distance, and the bit of blue sky overhead, all appeared melting into the gray mist that wrapped them.

In my weariness and wo, the faculties of mind and body seemed suspended, all but a dreaming, half realizing of my utter powerlessness to change the fate which the hours were hurrying on. That morbid fatalism which sometimes takes possession of a soul in its hour of desperation was fast mastering me. I felt myself one accursed of man and of God; yet a sullen indifference kept me calm. I lifted my eye once again to the darkening sky; and lo! the first, gentlest star of night, the evening planet, looked its mild reproof into my unbelieving heart. As if at an electric touch, these detached sentences from the Word of Truth and Mercy flashed upon my mind: "He telleth the number of the stars"—"And the very hairs of your head are all numbered!"

The rattle of approaching wheels broke upon my lethargy, reminding me of Dr. E's promise. I stepped to the door just as a box-shaped vehicle was driven up by a country boy, who, with reins in hand, sprung over the wheel, and proceeded to tie his horse to an upturned root, leaving his passenger in great doubt whether or no she was to expect his assistance in alighting. I lifted the young lady—such I judged her to be, although twilight was too far gone for scrutiny of features—to the turf, and escorted her to the house, leaving her young gallant to follow at his leisure. Etiquette is a stranger in the home of sickness and sorrow, and I waited for no formal introduction to accost my guest as a friend and helper, welcome indeed in that hour of need.

"I have come at the earnest entreaty of Dr. E., sir," she said, gently. "I only hope I am not too late to be of service to your poor child."

Strangely familiar was that tone! I struck a light, and turned to throw its blaze upon the speaker's features, just as she, lifting her riding veil, disclosed to me the face of—"Mary! Miss Hyde! Heaven has sent you here!" I impetuously exclaimed, grasping her hand with an earnestness that must have startled her. She raised her eyes, astonished and pale; then, casting a bewildered glance around her, crimsoned to her temples.

"Mr. Lincoln!" she found at last voice to utter—"I thought, that is, I heard you were still in Iowa. I little dreamed of this, when Dr. E. told me of the poor child who—but oh, can it be my Lulie?"

"My faded flower! come and look!" I replied, mournfully. She stepped to the bedside, and took the burning hand that lay upon the cool counterpane.

The noise and light had aroused Eulalie from her stupor. Her large glassy eyes wandered over the face of the new comer, comprehending only half they gazed upon. A light flashed into them, and her thin lips parted to a strange, but happy smile.

"Yes; you're here, cousin—sweet Cousin Mary! I always said I should find you first in heaven!"

Without a word, Mary Hyde laid her hand upon the forehead of the child, gently lulling muscles and nerves to rest, by the resistless magnetism of her glance and touch. The sparkling eyes drooped; the lids drooped over them. The lips sunk back into repose. The little sufferer had fallen asleep. Would she ever awake again?

For three hours we watched her, without a word, almost without a motion. Slower, fainter came the breath—till at last I bent my ear close to the pillow, fearing every moment to listen for it in vain. But it grew peaceful and regular; and the muslin frill shaken by her pulse no longer quivered, as it had done for days.

I turned at last to Mary Hyde. Never once wavering from her most wearisome position, she had been leaning over that pillow. Her lips were quivering, and her fingers, now upon the wrist of the sleeper, trembled nervously. Her eyes were riveted upon the white, still face.

Suddenly, on the darkness, came a flash! on the silence, a startling peal! The last thunder-storm of the year had blown its trump to the winds of the wilderness!

The child half unclosed her eyes, so languidly! but without the glassy stamp of death. Mary lifted a cordial to her lips. She tasted, and sunk back into slumber.

With a long-drawn, yet strongly-repressed sigh, the watcher turned from the bed to the window, as if for freer breath. I laid my hand upon her arm, and silently, almost sternly, questioned her eye.

"You may *thank God!*" she whispered; and, dropping her head against the rough frame of the window, she burst into tears. Blessed tears! they were sent to open the sluices of more than one soul!

"Mary!"—I lifted the hand I had taken to my lips, to my heart—it was one of those instants in which spirits live ages! "Have our hearts ever been strangers since, my Mary?"

The storm-winds rioted in fury around us; the forest trees rocked like reeds, shrieking a vain appeal to the pitiless tempest. In the hushes of the thunder-peals, came up a wild, hopeless wail, as though the Manitou of the dying Indian Summer were pouring out his spirit on the path of the blast in a death-song of desolation.

What had the elements to do with *us* in that hour? Our fainting flower, wen back from the grasp of death, lay in a sleep too profound to be broken by their revelry; and we—the heart speaks loudest when the lip is hushed!

Life and Love! What more has earth to give?

SPEECHES AGAINST THE NEBRASKA BILL.

Mr. Seward's speech, "Freedom and Public Faith"—price $1 per hundred. The same speech in German, at the same price.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1854.

☞ Some errors in the *Tribune's* analysis of the vote on referring the Nebraska Bill have been discovered, and we shall correct them for our Weekly.

☞ A respectable morning paper, which continues under the innocent delusion that no such paper as the *National Era* exists in Washington, publishes under its telegraphic head, this morning, news from California, published yesterday afternoon among the telegraphic despatches of the *Era*—the only difference being that our accounts were fuller.

The same paper contained an editorial of ours, some time ago, on the duty of providing an asylum or house of correction for juvenile offenders; but care was taken that nothing should appear that might even suggest the source whence it emanated!

THE SUGAR MONOPOLY.

Many of our exchanges are agitating against the sugar tax. The Tariff of 1846 imposes a duty of 30 per cent. on foreign sugar, simply for the purpose of securing to a few hundred planters in Louisiana the privilege of selling the product of their plantations to the People of the United States at an enormous profit. The tax is an imposition on millions, for the sake of enriching a few hundreds. Sugar is as much a necessary as tea, coffee, butter. We all use it, and in large quantities. The home culture cannot supply the demand, at a reasonable rate. Our Treasury is now overflowing—it has become necessary to place some taxed articles on the free list, and to reduce the imposts upon others. Sugar, like coffee, should be on the free list. It is an outrage on the People to compel them to pay a tax of three or four cents to the planter on every pound they use. This imposition on the masses, this violation of Democratic Principle, is overlooked, we believe, by Secretary Guthrie, in his recommendations for a revision of the Tariff. The so-called Democratic Party, which professes to favor free trade, is equally remiss.

The Free Traders of the South are silent on the subject, and not a word appears in the Baltimore platform about it. Can this be owing to the fact that the few hundred persons who enjoy the benefits of this enormous and oppressive monopoly belong to the Aristocracy of Slavery? If so, it may be well for some of the Administration papers in the West, that have lately been complaining of this grievance, to hold their peace. They ought to know that there is no general rule without an exception, and that Protection is always a bad and ruinous policy, except when required to enrich and strengthen the Ruling Class.

By the way, a writer in the Springfield (Ill.) *Journal* shows how these gentlemen flourish under the protective policy:

"De Bow's *Review* for March, 1853, published at New Orleans, says, that Mr. Wafford, of St. Mary, Louisiana, made the past season, (1853,) on forty acres of land, one hundred and ninety hogsheads of sugar, of one thousand pounds each, making nearly five thousand pounds of sugar to the acre. The same *Review* also says: By referring to the *Banner* of the 25th of December, published at Franklin, Louisiana, it will be seen that many planters in the vicinity of that town have made upwards of three hogsheads of sugar, of one thousand pounds each, to the acre. It further says, that W. W. Wilkins, Esq., of the parish of St. James, made the past season forty-eight hogsheads of sugar on twelve acres of ground, and that Col. Preston, of Ascension, averaged three thousand pounds of sugar per acre on two hundred acres of land! That paper also states, that the 'Orange Grove' plantation, a short distance below Donaldsonville, with only one hundred and six negroes, old and young, men, women, and children, included, which would give about sixty or seventy working hands, made the last season nine hundred hogsheads of sugar, of one thousand pounds each; and that Mr. Wilkins, of the parish of St. James, made last season, with sixty hands, nine hundred hogsheads of sugar.

"These copious returns show, that well-managed sugar-planting in Louisiana produced to each working hand fifteen hogsheads of sugar, together with the molasses, which equals fifty gallons to the hogshead of sugar.

"Estimating the sugar at four cents per pound, and the molasses at twenty cents per gallon, we have seven hundred and fifty dollars worth of sugar and molasses, as the produce of each working hand. The duty on foreign sugar and molasses, being thirty per cent. *ad valorem*, raises the cost of Louisiana sugar to the consumer an equal amount, and shows most clearly that we, the people, the great consumers and the hard workers, are paying annually a bounty of about two hundred dollars on each working negro engaged in the sugar culture."

Our own opinion is, that any attempt to repeal this sugar tax will be pronounced a violation of the Baltimore platform, and that spirit of concession and compromise which should characterize the Democracy.

AMERICA JOINING THE ALLIED POWERS.

Our minister to Turkey has been doing a little more than the polite thing to his Sultanship of Turkey. It was quite right that Mr. Spence should have brushed up his courtesy on the occasion of presenting his credentials. He, however, should have confined himself to the ordinary conventional politeness stereotyped for such occasions.

When he had informed the Sultan that Mussulmanism and Christianity were two different things, and told how liberal and magnanimous the Lord of the Seraglio was, he should have stopped. So far he was treading on safe ground. But he is not content with informing the Sultan of what he and everybody else knew, and saying the usual unmeaning nonsense that no one cares about; but he, forsooth, commits all America, horse, foot, and dragoons, to the cause of Turkey. The address of Mr. Spence ends thus:

"In the great struggle in which your Majesty is engaged, you have the sympathy and good wishes of the whole American nation. Whilst the policy followed by our Government impedes all national intervention in European questions, it can never prevent us, as a people, from demanding of Heaven that the arm, be it Mussulman or Christian, which holds the sword in a just cause, be strong. May your Majesty be successful in preserving the integrity of an empire which has often given refuge to the exiled sons of liberty of other countries. This is the universal desire of the people of the United States."—*N. Y. Eve. Post*

It is much to be regretted that some gentleman of mature age, tried abilities, and ample experience, was not chosen for this delicate mission. Mr. Spence is unknown in his own country, and has not had much knowledge of the practical world, either in law or politics. His connexions are all highly respectable—indeed, we may say "aristocratic;" but, although these will sometimes secure a diplomatic appointment, they by no means afford a guarantee of ability, prudence, and usefulness. The declarations made by Mr. Spence to the Sultan are absurd, and of mischievous tendency, and the sooner means are taken to correct their impression the better. With Russian tyranny and ambition we can of course have no sympathy; but how much can we have with the miserable and benighted imbecility of the Turkish Empire? And, moreover, the integrity of that Empire is far from being guarantied by the Powers allied nominally in the interest of the Sultan. *Their* purpose is to resist the Russian, not to protect the Turk; and a partition of the protected Empire, should Russia be repelled, is altogether as probable, as its entire absorption, should Russia be successful.

Mr. Spence has yielded too far to his youthful impulses—has professed too much—has proffered too high a price for an especially cordial welcome to the voluptuous Court of the sensual and degraded Mahomedan.

WANT OF NAVAL PREPARATION.

"Meanwhile, our coasts and our commerce are utterly without protection. In the event of war with England and France, not only would our immense commerce fall a helpless prey to the rapacity of the enemy, but desolation would be brought home to our doors. This is a sad contingency to contemplate, and the blame of our needless exposure rests upon Congress. The Executive Department of the Government has done its duty. In an admirable report—admirable as well for the wisdom of its suggestions as for the luminous arrangement of its topics, and the ability of its arguments—Secretary Dobbin earnestly recommended an increase of our naval force, both by reform in its discipline and by positive addition to its material strength. In pursuance of the policy indicated by the Department, the chairman of the Naval Committee in the House reported a bill for the immediate construction of six war steamers, but the House refuses to act on the measure! Was there ever such stupidity? Local jealousies and the exigencies of log-rolling are said to be at the bottom of the matter; but will members never rise above such base and narrow considerations? Do not the urgent necessities of the present crisis suggest to them a larger and purer patriotism than that which regards only the selfish interests of rival localities? While Western members are avenging the miscarriage of their railway grants, the country may lose some irrecoverable advantage, or its power sustain some irreparable wound."—*Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.*

It is true, that we have not the force necessary to prevent insult to our flag, much less to wage a war of aggression. This must be very distressing to the *Enquirer* and its friends, who appear to be anxious for a war with Spain, and prepared to defy the fleets of Great Britain and France. That paper some time since thought the Neutrality laws should be repealed, and the filibusters let loose. Fifty thousand of the Chivalry of the South, it exclaimed, were panting for a descent upon Cuba. Did it never occur to our sagacious cotemporary to inquire, how that panting army of knights errant were to get there? Did they intend to bridge the ocean, or walk the water, or ask convoy from the British and French fleets, waiting for active service? The zeal of the panting chivalry has outrun its ideas.

The *Enquirer* is about as eminent for its practical views as the President's "organ," which, in the course of some speculations on the subject of war between the United States and Great Britain and France, has no doubt at all that a declaration of hostilities by those Powers against us would subvert the Government of each; for, so enamored are the masses of the French and English people of our institutions, and so devoted are they to the Democracy of this country, that they would turn against their own rulers, and give us the fraternal hug! No one can question the soundness of this original theory, when he considers that the war would be waged on our part to perpetuate Slavery in Cuba, and that the masses of French and English people would sympathize with us profoundly in such an enterprise!

Assuming the theory to be correct, Congress might as well dispense with the costly preparations recommended by Secretary Dobbin. If our Government stands so high in the affections of the English and French, that a declaration of war by their Governments against us would be the subversion of their power, instead of getting ready a fleet of screw propellers, it were better to send out a cargo of proclamations, to be distributed by Ex-Consul Saunders, among the masses of England and France, whenever their Governments should commence warlike operations.

The bellicose tone of these journals is ridiculous. Nobody is excited, nobody put in bodily fear. The American People know that their flag is everywhere respected—that no European Power desires a war with this country—that England and France prefer our friendship to our enmity—that they have more to gain by peaceful commerce with us than angry contention—that they are meditating no aggression upon our rights, and are unequal to the task of imposing limits upon our legitimate expansion. This feeling is shared by their Representatives in Congress, and hence the indisposition manifested to act with haste on the proposition to increase our naval armament. They will not, we presume, neglect this duty, but they will take their own time in attending to it, without special reference to the schemes of our "panting Chivalry."

That our present navy is insufficient as "a sea-police," to use a very convenient term, we have no doubt, and the recommendations of Secretary Dobbin commend themselves to our judgment. Should they be carried out, they will give such efficiency to our navy, that, in the event of a general convulsion in Europe, it might be able to prevent those irresponsible acts of aggression upon our commerce, which must inevitably tend to war. But, it is idle to suppose that, even thus reinforced, it will be powerful enough to secure success to the schemes of Slavery propagandism and conquest so fondly meditated by the "panting Chivalry."

"NO MATERIAL INTEREST AT STAKE."

"I believe it is admitted that there is no material interest at stake."

Speech of Mr. Everett on the Nebraska Bill.

The opponents of the Bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise differ from Mr. Everett. The "material interest at stake" is free labor, the area of which, by the operation of this Bill, is to be restricted.

Slave Labor is exhausting, and is always seeking for virgin soil. The soil of Massachusetts is a hard one, and yet the average number of its population to a square mile is 137; while the ratio in Alabama, with its fertile soil and and genial climate, is 15 to a square mile. And yet, according to the weekly *Sentinel* of that State, it lost by emigration, from October last to February, a period of four months, an average of 500 every day, or a total of 75,000 souls. It estimates the amount of property carried out by these emigrants at $78,670,000.

The Census shows that the course of emigration is not so much from the North to the South, as from the South to Northern and Western territory. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, have been settled largely by Southern immigrants.

History shows that where the Territory has not been exempted from Slavery by positive Congressional enactment, there immigrants have continued to hold their slaves, and have built up Slave-labor Institutions; and that where there has been such enactment, they have labored, although unsuccessfully, to break it down; as was the case in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

Missouri ranges for the most part in the same latitudes as these States. Its soil and climate are like theirs. It was not exempted from Slavery by Congressional enactment, as they were; and to-day, it has 90,000 slaves, while they have none, and only 700,000 white people, while not one of them has less than a million, and Ohio, a smaller State, has twenty-two hundred thousand!

By the Missouri Compromise, Nebraska Territory, with an area large enough for a dozen such States as Ohio, was exempted from Slavery, and for thirty-three years it has been supposed that States, free and prosperous like Ohio, were to spring out of it. Southern and Northern immigrants, settling it, would be placed on an equal footing, enjoy equal rights, and participate equally in building up free-labor institutions. No one doubts that such will be the result, if the Missouri Compromise be left undisturbed.

The Slaveholders, with Mr. Douglas, and a few Northern Senators already disowned by their constituents, propose to repeal this Compromise, and place Nebraska in the same condition, as it regards Slavery, as Missouri was left in—without protection against the inroads of that system. Under the operation of the policy that secured a free population to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, a free population would have been secured to Nebraska. Under the operation of the policy that has given a slave population to Missouri, it will become peopled with slaves; for a large portion of it lies in the same latitude with Missouri, and is susceptible of the same kind of cultivation. And yet Mr. Everett coolly tells us that "it is admitted that there is no material interest at stake!" Facts show that he and those who concur with him are mistaken, and that the Party of Slavery is not fighting so desperately for a mere abstraction.

Senator Butler, in a debate which took place in the Senate, last Monday, pointed out the way in which Slavery would gradually gain foothold in the Territory, should the Compromise be repealed; for to suffer it to stand, was, in his judgment, to interpose an insuperable obstacle to its introduction. Explaining why he was willing, in this particular case, to delegate to the People of the Territory the right to govern themselves, he said—

"I will give these powers in this case because it is prudent and proper. I will give them to those who, *understanding the great principle of American institutions, will impress it upon the statutes of the Territory*, until it shall assume such a position as will enable it to come into the Union as an equal State; but I am not going to deal so with all other Territories. I will deal so with this, *because, if you will allow me to say so, I know that Kentucky, Missouri, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and, in part, South Carolina, have mingled their judgments in the population of Missouri; and that will be a judgment which is likely to prevail in the laws of these Territories. Sir, the mingled opinions of the citizens living in and beyond Missouri will carry out that judgment in the Territorial laws of these Territories, and I believe they will be just.* There are a great many from the North who will go into these Territories. *I have seen some of them; they are men who are capable, before leaving home, of lifting themselves above the prejudices which prevail there; or who have left home with a view to take a fair position in reference to this matter.*"

Which, being interpreted, means, that Senator Butler votes to give these people the right to govern themselves, with an important qualification, simply and solely because the settlers there, being composed of Kentuckians, Carolinians, Missourians, and Northern immigrants free from prejudice against Slavery, will tolerate that system, and protect it by their laws.

Here are some speculations, also, from the St. Louis (Mo.) *Republican*, a Whig journal, showing how much influence the advocates of Slavery attach to the "material interest at stake:"

"If Nebraska be made a free Territory, then will Missouri be surrounded on three sides by *free territory*, where there will always be men and means to assist in the escape of our slaves—Illinois across the Mississippi, Iowa on the north, and Nebraska, with no river intervening, on the west. In this condition of things, with the emissaries of the Abolitionists around us, and the facilities to escape so enlarged, this species of property would become insecure, if not valueless, in Missouri."

Again:

"In another aspect, the organization of this Territory is important to the citizens of Missouri—probably more important to them than to any others. There are hundreds and thousands of farmers, and others, in this State, who have looked forward impatiently to the time when they could move with their property into, and make selections and entries of land in this Territory. They entertain a favorable opinion of the country, and they will expect to be permitted to enter it with their property of every kind, and occupy such portions as may be legally acquired. Shall they be denied this right? Shall they be compelled to remain in Missouri, and the General Government forbid to them the privilege of removing westward, because they hold a certain species of property? Is this equality of rights as proclaimed in this Government? Can this be the condition of things to which the people of Missouri desire they shall be reduced?"

The Charleston *Courier* of the 18th ult., has no doubt that the tobacco planters, the restrictions being removed, will soon find their way into the Territory.

"Do the exceptants to Senator Butler's course ever ask themselves what they would have gained, if the Nebraska and Kansas bill had passed without the removal or abolition of the Missouri line, to which those regions have been expressly subjected by the legislation and Compromise of 1820? The result would undoubtedly have been the surrender of those Territories to the Free-Soilers. Although *we* hold it clear that the Missouri restriction is unconstitutional, there are a large number who think otherwise, and nothing short of its abolition or removal will have the effect of opening those Territories to slaveholders.

"We have reason to believe, from reliable authority, that, without this measure, a non-slaveholding population would at once occupy those Territories, and the slaveholders now there would have to recede—nay, to give way to an emigrant horde of Red Republicans, in principle, if not in national origin, full of the deadliest hostility to Slavery. But, remove the Missouri line and restrictions, and Kansas, we are well assured, will be settled by tobacco-planters, for the production of which staple the soil and climate are said to be well adapted; and Nebraska will almost necessarily take its social character, and political complexion, and local institutions, from Missouri, on which it borders.

"If Senator Butler had deserted his Southern associates, he may have contributed to defeat the bill; but he would have assumed the responsibility of dividing the now united South, and would have achieved, for his constituents and the South, 'an Irishman's gain'—he would have gained a loss.

"The bill, reduced to its true character, and freed from all sophistical confusion, and especially from the glosses of men of extreme views, on either side, is nothing more than all Territorial bills, under the Constitution of the United States, except that it removes doubt by declaratory legislation, by impliedly, if *not expressly*, asserting the supremacy of the Constitution over the unconstitutional Missouri Compromise and restriction of 1820."

In 1845, the number of slaveholders in Kentucky was thirty-one thousand and a fraction; the number of slaves one hundred and ninety thousand, showing an average of about six slaves to each slaveholder. Taking this as a fair ratio for Missouri, whose slave-population is now ninety thousand, more or less, there are not quite sixteen thousand slaveholders in that State, the entire white population of which is about seven hundred thousand. The great majority of this population may be considered adverse to Slavery. Its interests are unfavorably affected by it—it would rejoice to see the State freed from the curse. And yet, sixteen thousand slaveholders dictate public sentiment and control the destinies of the State. Even Delaware, with a white population of seventy-five thousand, and containing but two thousand slaves, is so far the vassal of the Slave Interest that it cannot relieve itself from the burden, and rise to the dignity of a free State.

What is the lesson from these facts? Throw open Nebraska to Slavery, and let but one or two thousand tobacco-planters and hemp-growers, with their slaves, gain foothold in the Territory, and it will require more effort than non-slaveholders have been in the habit of making in such cases, to prevent them from subjugating it to slaveholding institutions.

Louisiana.—So it turns out that the Nebraska resolutions, introduced into the House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, deprecating the agitation upon the Slavery question, and declaring the *Compromise a finality*, have been unanimously passed by that body. There has been a wide mistake made somewhere by the getters-up of this scheme. It is now indicated that the President's interest is contingent upon its success! But this is a mistake. The sagacious Douglas, we are confidently assumed, holds the President's assumption of responsibility in black and white! Before the nominating Convention, the Senator learned wisdom in this particular, and he seems to have profited by it in the Nebraska scheme!

☞ The lecture of Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose last evening was well attended, and proved eminently successful. She is a lady of great ability and eloquence. The reputation that preceded her has been more than sustained. She is to lecture on Tuesday night next, on Human Rights.

☞ A kind of paper, made from gutta percha, has been invented, which is said to be superior to all other kinds for lithographs and engravings; but we do not believe it. The bands made of that article, to encircle packages of papers, we find to rot and break to pieces in a year or two.

Thursday's Debate.—"Ion," the wary sentinel of Southern interests, says, under Friday's date:

"Yesterday's debate on Nebraska did not help the bill. However clever Mr. Breckinridge's speech may have been, considered by itself, it did not reconcile the New York 'Hards,' who are determined not to be whipped in by any Administration leader. Mr. Breckinridge is a very able gentleman, and his manners, too, are charming; but, in the present temper of the House, coercion is impossible, and conciliation urged by every motive of prudence and discretion."

This is a great discovery. We may yet learn what "Ion" means by "conciliation," and what the *National Democrat* means by justice. That the Hards are to be used, seems to be taken for granted. The only question of doubt relates to whipping in or buying over!

The Nebraska Bill.—It is a significant fact, that where Judge Douglas's letter to the editors of the *Reporter* was most liberally circulated, and where the subject matter of that letter was most freely discussed, there have the Democratic losses been greatest; and it is believed by many, that had the discussion and agitation been carried generally into the interior agricultural towns, the total rout of the Democratic party would have been inevitable. We will not pretend to say how this might have been, but we are entirely satisfied that the people of this State, even the Democracy, will never consent to nor acquiesce in the measure—and it is perfect folly to suppose that the passage of Judge Douglas's bill by Congress will allay or in any degree quiet the agitation upon the subject. It is looked upon as a gross violation of a solemn compact, for which the South received a consideration and equivalent thirty years ago, and whose share of the benefits the North is about to be deprived. However much we may deprecate this state of feeling, truth compels us to say that such is the fact, and so intense and deep-seated is this feeling, that, in our belief, no man, however exalted his position or his standing, can successfully combat it or stand up against it.—*Concord (N. H.) Recorder.*

THE FIRST ECHOES FROM THE SOUTH.

From the Richmond Enquirer, March 24.

PRELIMINARY SKIRMISH—THE RESULT.

It is possible that members might desire the success of the bill, and yet vote for its reference to the Committee of the Whole. Indeed, we know that several friends of the bill did vote with its opponents on this question. Mr. Cutting, for instance, was the champion of the proposition for reference to the Committee of the Whole, yet he is known to be in favor of the repeal of the Missouri restriction. He objects to some features of the bill, and, with a view to a more ample and thorough discussion, suggested its reference to the Committee of the Whole. We do not perceive, then, in what manner the vote on the reference of the bill is indicative of its ultimate fate. The advocates of the repeal of the Missouri restriction must be very infirm of purpose to abandon all hope of success in consequence of this partial repulse.

It must be manifest, however, to every mind, that a blow inflicted upon the bill at so early a stage in the struggle, will impair its strength and diminish the chances of its ultimate success. The same disaster which dampens the ardor of the friends of repeal will encourage and embolden its enemies; and we plainly foresee a sectional agitation, in comparison with which every former anti-slavery demonstration was tame and meaningless. Already have messages been despatched from Washington to different points in the North, suggesting immense popular demonstrations of rejoicing over the vote in the reference of the bill. Immediately the work of agitation will begin in Congress, and the passions of the Northern populace will be inflamed by daily harangues in the Capitol. The reflex influence of public sentiment will stimulate the Anti-Slavery ardor of Northern members, and thus, by a reciprocal contribution to the flame of excitement, will abolition constituencies and representatives contrive to kindle a conflagration the like of which this country has never seen. The cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, already hangs in portentous bulk on the Northern horizon. The preparations for a vast organization of the elements of Abolition are prosecuted with skill and energy. The North is more unanimous than ever before. The religious press and the clergy, heretofore neutral or siding with the South in sectional contests, have now brought the passions of sect and superstition to feed and spread the flames of excitement.

From the Richmond Examiner, March 24.

AN EVIL OMEN.

The proceedings of Tuesday last, in the House of Representatives, excite our deepest concern. It will be seen that the Nebraska-Kansas bill, that came down from the Senate, was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and not to the Committee on Territories. The effect of this action is to take the bill from the control of a committee which would have promptly reported it back to the House, and whose docket is small, to the Committee of the Whole House, pre-occupied with an immense mass of business, inflated with faction, sedition, and wind, and, we understand, controlled by a rule, inflexible as a law of the Medes and Persians, which requires every bill to await its turn upon the calendar. The action of the House consigns the bill, if this information be true, to months of slumber on the table, and seriously endangers its final passage. It affords to Northern agitators the widest latitude for machination and sedition, and spreads the political horizon with clouds darker and angrier than ever obscured it before. Such, it seems to us, must be the inevitable effect of last Tuesday's proceedings; but we shall refrain from harsh terms of censure upon the leading agents in this proceeding, until more fully advised of their motive and purpose.

The grave question has been palliated, avoided, and compromised with, long enough. There must now be a final settlement—a clear and fixed understanding between the South and North now, whether the Constitution is or is not the supreme law. In order to that, there should be no endeavor to smuggle this bill through its stages. Let fanaticism do its worst; and let us understand, once for all, whether the higher law is really stronger at the North than the Constitution. If it is, the Union must be dissolved in form as well as fact. Parliamentary legerdemain may prevent Northern trimmers from showing their hands and disclosing their true feelings. As the door has now been opened for latitudinous discussion, the South will be enabled to learn her true friends and her real enemies. Let us have no dodging now. Let the session of Congress be prolonged until the Nebraska bill is reached and finally acted upon, and let no Northern Democrat with a doughface be permitted to escape a vote by consigning the bill to positions where it cannot be reached.

From the Richmond Whig, March 23.

PIERCE'S CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEBRASKA BILL.

We have never had much faith in the Brigadier's soundness upon the Slavery question. We have never supposed that a man who "loathed slavery," and selected Free-Soilers as the special objects of Executive bounty, could feel much real concern about the fate of the peculiar institution. We have never believed for a moment that Mr. Pierce would turn out to be other than a most worthy and exemplary disciple of the Van Buren school—his antecedents, his surroundings, and his course ever since his elevation to the Presidency, all rejecting a different conclusion. We were satisfied that the South had nothing to expect from him—that his sympathies were all on the side of Free-Soilers and Abolitionists—and that, sooner or later, he would exhibit the cloven foot in such a clear and unmistakeable manner as to produce conviction even upon the minds of his own partisans at the South, of his eminent untrustworthiness and criminal duplicity.

Accordingly, in confirmation of our suspicions, we find in a paper published at Huntsville, Alabama, a letter from the Hon. Jere. Clemens, dated at Washington, Feb. 28th, addressed to a friend in Huntsville, in defence of his position upon the Nebraska question. In that letter, we are informed, in an authentic shape, what construction the President puts upon the Nebraska bill; and it will be seen, that if his construction be adopted as the true one, instead of the South's gaining a particle of advantage from the repeal of the Missouri restriction, it will effectually lose everything for which it has ever contended.

We greatly fear that all those Northern Democrats who voted for the Nebraska bill, equally with the President, mean to contend that this doctrine of squatter