

# The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOLUME 6.

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THOMAS J. HOLTON,  
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

**TERMS:**  
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Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

**Poetry.**  
FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA WHIG.  
To FALLUVA.  
Faded my child, faint olive plant!  
I have no more without complaint!  
The dewy morning takes the place  
To show in blissful innocence.  
Faded my child! move that in Heaven,  
Where the good angels sit freely given,  
When stormy clouds shall never rise,  
And there no more be dim the eyes.  
Faded my child! the pretty flowers  
That bloom and fade in the sweet hours,  
They shall no more be seen to fade,  
They shall no more be seen to fade.  
Faded my child! sleep sweetly down,  
To the land of the living, where you'll find  
The bright and shining verdant shore,  
To give you on the verdant shore.

**Miscellaneous.**

From the American Union.

MEDORA ARTON.  
BY HARRY HELL.

Quick as thought a star shot from the heavens, fell to the earth, and was lost in darkness and gloom. It was a beautiful, radiant light, and Medora Arton was looking from the window of her room in her father's mansion, gazing out at that bright star when it fell. The occurrence, ominous and mysterious, made no impression upon her mind, for she had witnessed a similar sight perhaps an hundred times before. Above the window her father's face looked from the veranda into which she had been, and lifting the casement, she peered into the darkness. A white kerchief waved in the street below. "It has come!" she exclaimed joyfully, as she saw her father's face from the window. She descended noiselessly and opened the door. A voice outside called her name. "Medora!" Without hesitating she opened the door and was met by her father's face. "What is the matter?" she asked, half aloud, "is it possible?" "What is the matter?" queried her companion, "did that gentleman who has just passed up know you?" "He did know me once, but not now—O, how deeply, how deeply I have wronged his teachings!" In an unexpressed frame of mind she sought her father's room, but she could not rest. The image of the minister haunted her mind, and she passed a sleepless night. The next day she sought to divert her mind from the subject, but to no purpose. "No! no!" she exclaimed, "there is no more happiness for me. I have ruined myself, and brought the grey hairs of my parents with sorrow down to the grave. O, the misery of that one false step!" She took up a paper, but it contained nothing to cheer her mind. On the contrary, she read the death of her youngest sister, a bright, beautiful little girl, whom she had caught an occasional glimpse of on the street, and towards whom her heart had many times yearned in sisterly fondness. "Why," she asked herself, after a violent burst of passion, "why do I stay longer away from those parents whose hearts must, by this circumstance, have become more subdued, and who, doubtless, stand ready to receive me with open arms? I will no longer do so. I will seek them at once!" Without waiting long for her good resolution to grow cold, she, like the prodigal son, sought her father's house. How she trembled as she drew near its old-fashioned front, and thought of the happiness that she had there enjoyed. There was a knock in which she had often set on her father's knee, and she listened to his words of counsel and advice; and the little window that lighted the room she used to occupy, the very one out of which she had gazed into the heavens, and witnessed the fall of that bright star on the evening of her elopement. It was twilight. Her parents were sitting on each side the cheerful fire, for the weather was quite cool, and though everything around them seemed pleasant enough, their countenances gave evidence of that sorrow that was sapping the springs of their existence and shortening their stay upon earth. The recent loss of their only remaining daughter had wounded their hearts afresh, and this night in talking of her, they talked also of Medora—the child that had been buried in the grave, but in sin and wretchedness. How their hearts yearned to see her, to clasp her to their bosom, to forgive and forget all, so that she might comfort and support their declining powers and be a solace to the last years of their life. And Medora, at the same moment, how she dreaded to touch the bell that would open the door of her father's house, knowing there would a chord vibrate in her own heart which she might not have the power to endure. Summoning all her courage, she rang the bell. The same old domestic that had been accustomed always to wait upon her, opened the door, but knew her not. She inquired for Mr. Arton, and in a few moments was in the presence of her parents. The old man

had looked but love and affection, as she thought of her promises, and the rain which a belief in those promises had wrought in her soul. She felt every word uttered by the cold-hearted hotel keeper—from whom she learned the painful truth that she was not Roswell Minwood's first victim—sinking deep into her heart, chilling the warm blood and paining her usually rosy countenance, and she would have fainted, but pride came to her aid and lent its sustaining power. A dangerous fire was burning in her bosom, a fire by which the love she had entertained for Roswell was being burned down to death-liest hatred. "Thus it is with all mankind!" she exclaimed. "I have been deceived, but my revenge shall be as terrible as my desolation."

Two years passed away and Medora Arton had seen the worst side of life. There had been years of excessive dissipation to her, and many a heart had been made sorrowful by her evil machinations. Her residence was now at Washington. Senators and men of power, charmed by the fascination of her wit and beauty, were her constant votaries.

In the company of one of these admirers, one evening, the thought of Roswell came upon her mind with much force, she could not repress uttering his name in a long sigh. "Roswell Minwood," said her companion, "that name is very familiar to me, did you know him too?" "But too well!" exclaimed Medora. "Then you have heard of his death?" "Dead! Roswell dead?" "Aye! He died in New Orleans of a most fearful disease, induced by his profligate course of life. He was very much reduced in circumstances before his death, as his father having become disgusted with, as well as disappointed in him, disowned him. I was with him in his last moments, and I never want to witness another such a death."

Medora uttered a shriek and fainted—When consciousness returned she was alone. "Time has indeed been short with him," she exclaimed, "and I am still spared. My companions think I am happy. Could they witness the agony I suffer; could they see the torn, bleeding heart, that beats beneath this free exterior, how would they gladly remain as they are, nor seek the lot of her they envy!"

Tired of life at the capital she returned to her native city. Her emotions at the sight of the place where she had spent her earliest days, may be imagined but not written. Every familiar spot that met her eye brought up old and fond associations, and the incidents of her childhood crowded her memory as though they had occurred but the day before. In one of her afternoon rambles on the street with a friend, she passed the minister under whose preaching she had been reared, whose voice had so often spoken the sacred words to her childish ears, and the power of whose eloquence had on more than one occasion brought tears to her eyes. Her fame had reached his ears, and with a sorrowful look he passed her by without recognizing her.

"O, my God!" she exclaimed, half aloud, "is it possible?" "What is the matter?" queried her companion, "did that gentleman who has just passed up know you?" "He did know me once, but not now—O, how deeply, how deeply I have wronged his teachings!"

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arose, motioned her to a seat, and inquired her business. He had not recognized her. "You have just buried a little daughter, have you not?" "We have," he answered sorrowfully, "and a severe blow the bereavement has been to us."

"You have another living?" "Ah! I had another, but she—O God! would she, too, had died at the early age of her sister. She is worse than dead!" and the old man buried his face in his hands and wept.

"It is of her, the erring one, that I come here to speak," continued Medora with emotion, "think you there is no hope of her returning again to the path of virtue?" "Alas, I know not!"

"Would she on her return meet that she merits not—forgiveness from her parents?" "How gladly would we accord it. You say you came to speak of her. Have you seen her? Does she desire to return?" "She does!"

"O, then let her. Delay no longer that which will in a measure fill the void in our now desolate hearts. Is she able to come to us, or must we go to her? Where is she?" "Here!" exclaimed Medora, throwing herself at her father's feet and clasping his hands tightly in hers, "here at my feet, the proud Medora aches for thy blessing, thy forgiveness. Can you forgive your erring child?"

Running to her mother she essayed to embrace her, but she had swooned from the violence of her emotions. Medora hung over her, bathing her temples and using the most endearing language to call her back to life and animation. The first object that met the mother's eyes, as she came to herself, was Medora.

"Then I have not been dreaming," she said, "and Medora has again returned. O God, I thank thee that thou hast permitted this aged servant to live to this hour!"

It was the happiest night Medora had spent since she had left her home, and with a joyful heart she sought her room. In a few weeks the news of her return had spread among the friends of the family, many of whom received her with cordiality. There were a few who, proceeding upon the principle "once a sinner, always a sinner," thought they could not do so with propriety.

Two years more had passed. Two joyful years they had been to Medora Arton—Happy in the society of her friends, who were few and select, and happy in the love of one who loved her and truly so returned. Deeply she repented her past errors, and her prayers to the God of all grace for forgiveness had, as she trusted, been answered.

One of the visitors at the house was a young clergyman from the South, who had come North to spend a few months to recruit his health. He had been introduced to Medora by the same minister whose quiet life, without recognition on the street two years before, had operated so strongly upon her mind and turned her to a repentance.

Mr. Mayville, the Southern clergyman, had never heard her history. He was charmed with her piety, good sense and information, and the continually calm expression that rested on her still beautiful countenance, and this for him was enough.

It was not thus for Medora. She felt that, in justice to herself and him she must explain all, and she did so. At the close of her recital he strained her to his bosom. "One," said he, "who has seen life in such sorrowful phases, is more than ever fitted for the station which a minister's wife is called to fill. I honor you for the sentiment that inspired you to reveal to me your past history, and believe me, I shall love you more than ever for this new mark of confidence."

In a few days after this our heroine was united to Mayville, and the family removed to the field of his labors at the South. We might lengthen our little story by relating how Medora became the guardian angel of the parish; how she sympathized with the erring, and raised up the fallen by her example, but we have said enough to show that however low one may fall, there is always hope for them so long as the lamp of life holds out.

**HOW ALL STRENGTHENED HIM.**—We believe we have got hold of an original anecdote that never was printed before. A student of one of our State Colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room contrary of course to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make."

"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advises me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed. And have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"

"Ah, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

We believe the witty student was discharged without special reprimand.

**PICK—**Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Salisbury, England, was married four times. The motto on his wedding ring, at his fourth marriage, was:

"If I survive  
I'll make them five."

Victors at Niagara Falls will remember a staircase on the west side of Goat Island, called "Biddle's Staircase." Some one asked a friend of ours why it was called that name. "Because it wound up the bank," was the answer.

The French in Algiers are sinking Artonville in the desert, which will be of great benefit. The Arabs are frantic with joy in seeing fertility at once restored to their ground.

**SYNOPSIS OF THE REPORT.**  
Of the Visiting Committee and Faculty of the University of North Carolina.  
The Annual examination of the Senior Class, in the several Departments of the Institution, with the exception of Chemistry and Geology, which was reserved for Commencement week, commenced on Monday the 20th of April and closed on Friday the 1st of May, and on the following morning the report was read in Girard Hall.

The Senior Class consists of 61 members. We published the distinctions awarded to members of this class in our issue of May 2nd. Four members of the class are recorded as absent from duty during the full collegiate term of four years, involving about 4000 attendances upon the duties of the Institution. These were Messrs. Grady, Mitchell, Williams and Wimberly.

The examination of the three lower classes commenced on Monday the 25th of May, and closed on Monday the 1st of June. It was conducted by the Faculty, under the supervision of the Board of Examiners selected by the Trustees for the purpose.

The Junior Class consists of 93 members. They were examined on Chemistry and Mineralogy; Astronomy and Optics; the Elements of Sophocles in Greek; Cicero's Brutus in Latin, American History, Racine and Moliere in French, and the Holy Scriptures, and were approved, with the exception of two in Mathematics, one in Greek, one in Latin and one in Composition.

The first distinction in this class was assigned to Messrs. Anderson, Buchanan, Dowd, Hammond, Lord, McAfee, Norwood, Wade, Walker and Whitfield.

The Sophomore class consists of 114 members. They were examined on Analytical Geometry and Calculus; plain and spherical Trigonometry in Mathematics; two books of Euclid in Greek; Cicero's Inimicitia of the Soul and the epistles of Horace in Latin; Gonsalve de Cyrone in French and the Holy Scriptures, and were approved, with the exception of two in Greek and two in Latin.

The first distinction in this class is assigned to Messrs. Harris, G. B. Johnson, J. B. Lynch and Stockton.

Messrs. Granbury and Costin are entitled to the 1st distinction in Mathematics; Messrs. Cook and Knox to the first in French.

Seventeen members of this class have been absent from duty during the collegiate year, viz: Messrs. Boston, Coffin, Cook, Croon, Fetter, Flytle, Gains, Isler, Kirkland, McLannan, Nixon, E. L. Riddick, F. C. Robbins, J. L. Robbins, W. Somerville, Walton and Withers.

The Freshman Class consists of 90 members. They were examined on Algebra and Geometry; the first book of Herodotus in Greek; three books of Livy in Latin; Ancient History and the Holy Scriptures.—The first distinction is assigned to Messrs. Battle, Brooks, I. M. Royster, Seales, Wilson and Wooster.

Mr. Warr is entitled to the first distinction in Mathematics; Mr. A. M. Thigpen the first in Latin, History and the Holy Scriptures.

Eight members of this class have failed in attendance upon no Collegiate duty during the entire collegiate year, viz: Messrs. Battle, Fogle, Hogan, Kelly, McKeller, W. T. Nickelson, Pool and I. M. Royster.

**DEGREES.**  
The Degree of Bachelor of Science is conferred upon Mr. J. E. Lindsey.

The Degree of Master of Arts, in regular course, is conferred upon Wm. Henry Bunn, Henry Jordan Cannon, Rev. Pleasant W. Dalton, Joseph Adolphus Englehard, John W. Graves, John Barney Greiter, Delano Whitling Husted, Sam'l S. Jackson, Thos. C. Leak, W. L. Ledbetter, Leonidas John Merritt, J. M. Morrison, R. E. Saunders, Rufus W. Scott, John Bunyan Shaw, John D. Taylor, Geo. N. Thompson, F. A. Toomer, Jas. A. Wright, Thos. T. Demakes, M. D., and Wm. Ballard, Jr.

The Honorary Degree of Master of Arts is conferred upon W. Mason and Lucien Holmes.

The Honorary Degree of L. L. D. is conferred upon Aaron V. Brown, present Post Master General of the United States.

The Degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. Wm. Hooper, L. L. D.

The Graduating Class numbered 69, who received the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, as follows:—

John Anthony, Alphonso C. Avery, Benj. Blount Barnes, Thaddeus C. Belcher, Robert Bingham, Robert John Cannon, Thomas H. Christmas, John H. Cole, Gabriel Jones Davis, Junius Bynum Deberry, John Edward Dugger, Andrew Michael Dusk, Jacob Hamilton Evans, George Jackson Planner, Hugh Walker Gardner, Benjamin Franklin Grady, Jr., Daniel McLean Graham, John Washington Graham, Joseph Graham, Geo. Henry Gregory, Jesse Hargrave, Hiram Powell Harrell, Pinckney C. Harrington, Hubert Harvey, Leonidas B. Hayley, William Holliday Hayley, Thomas Norbert Hill, Louis Whitfield Howard, Eastman Hunt, John Calvin Jacobs, Louis Meredith Jiggitts, Thos. William Johnston, Wm. Hill Jordan, Jr., Thomas Stephen Kennan, John Meador Leving, William Jones Lee, Exam Lewis, John Early Logan, Charles Andrew Mitchell, Norman Allen Morrison, Henry Mullins, John McKinnon, John Calvin McLanchlin, Wm. Pinckney McLean, Robert Samuel McLemore, Hamilton McMillan, William Stokes Norment, Cadwallader Polk, Junius Napoleon Ramsay, Felix R. Roan, Julius Alexander Robbins, Edwin Smith Sanders, Henry W. Sessions, Felix G. Smith, John Lafayette Steward, William Moring Sutton, Henry Clay Thompson, Henry Loan Throp, Isaac Newton Tillet, Joseph Venable, Nathan Perry Ward, Nathaniel Hugh Water, James Louis Webb, John Eliza Wharton, Nathan Bryan Whitfield, Francis Smith Wilkinson, William Henry Williams, William Edward Wilson, Geo. Louis Wimberly.

The foregoing is merely a brief synopsis of the report of the Faculty and Visiting Committee, as the great length of the document and our limited space precludes the possibility of giving it entire. We have endeavored, however, to give all the *Acad-*

distinctions, together with the courses of examination of each class.—Chapel Hill Gazette.

**GRIEVING FOR LOST PEARLS.**—It would be hard to tell whether most joy or sorrow has been caused by the discovery of pearls at Natch Brook, N. J. Dozens are becoming fortunes that, in days past, they carelessly threw away. One matron unavailingly sighs over "some little white things" that she once gave her boys for marbles.—A schoolmaster lugubriously remembers that he has chopped up eight or ten thousand dollars' worth, with his pen knife, to see what was inside." Another genius rammed a pearl bullet down his rifle and shot away his fortune. An old lady who chuckled six months over her "good bargain with the pedlar" now discovers that she paid him in pearls about seven thousand dollars for a calico dress. It is needless to say that she hasn't laughed since. The unfortunate man who had the \$25,000 one cooked for his breakfast has taken to bed in utter despair, and refuses to be comforted.—Exchange.

**HOOPS.**—We are glad to notice among our exchanges the universal opinion, that after all that has been said about hoops—after all the jeers and sneers, that for substantial utility and comfort, there is no substitute for it. Any defense of the hoop may be called reasoning in a circle. But they enable the wearer to dispense with the numerous skirts so fatiguing in warm weather, and prevent the ungraceful effect of a soft fabric falling in a line curving towards the feet.—This is a so destructive of grace in the female figure that a single view is enough to reconcile one to hoops forever. A new invention, we see, has just been patented, called the "Crystal Skirt," which has advantages over every other style.

It is a skeleton skirt, with a contrivance for making the bustle large or small, at the wearer's pleasure, and for throwing the fullness wherever it is most needed. The difficulty of tapes breaking is also avoided.—*Wooling Intel.*

**WHEN DOES WOOL GROW.**—I answer, when it is wanted to cover the sheep and keep it warm. From the time the sheep is sheared until the frost comes you can see the shape of every clip of the shears; when the frost and the cold weather come, it grows out immediately. Now, if you wish for a heavy clip, feed when the wool is growing. If you have any extra feed, then is the time to use it. The wool draws very hard upon the carcass, and growing out fast deprives almost every lammer. They think sheep are doing well when they are growing poor. I can make an additional pound of wool with one bushel of corn, and my sheep will afterwards winter one bushel of corn easier. Let your sheep get poor while the wool is growing, and you cannot recruit them until the next summer.—*J. D. Chamberlain, in the Genesee Farmer.*

**SUPPER EATING.**—The theory of Sir Charles Landram, that a supper before retiring should be the principal daily meal, in order to secure perfect health, is confirmed by the following extract from a recent English paper:—"The perils of good living to persons of sedentary habits are not very strikingly exhibited in the history of Rev. Mr. Davis, rector of Stanton-upon-Wyed, who died at the age of 105 years. He made a hearty breakfast on hot rolls, buttered, with a large supply of tea and coffee. His dinner was substantial, and frequently consisted of a variety of dishes. At supper he set hot roast meat, and always drank wine, but never to excess. He died peacefully, and the full possession of his faculties, mental and corporal."

**THE MAMMOTH STEAMSHIP GREAT EASTERN.**—We have already noted the fact that a convention composed of about a dozen Virginia and Tennessee railroad companies, whose great object is the opening of a direct commercial intercourse by a line of steamships between the city of Norfolk, Virginia, and the principal Atlantic ports of Europe, was held at Bristol last week, and that it selected Hon. Wm. Ballard Preston to proceed to Europe with the view of carrying out successfully the projected enterprise.—Mr. Preston is instructed to negotiate with the company of the mammoth steamship Great Eastern, and to secure, if possible, her first trip across the Atlantic to the port of Norfolk.—*Baltimore Sun.*

**IMPALED ON THE HANDLE OF A PITCH-FORK.**—Mr. Peter Koons, a respectable farmer of Richmondville, New York, aged about 40 years, went into his barn a few days since to feed his stock, and having thrown some hay from the mow, dropped his hay fork, the tines fastening in the floor. Mr. Koons, in descending, lost his hold, and fell a distance of fifteen feet, striking upon the handle of the fork, which entered his body, and passed up through the bowels, diaphragm and lungs, and was stopped finally by the shoulder-blade. He lingered about forty-eight hours, and died in great agony.

Charleston has had but two Post Masters under the present Constitution of the United States, the late venerable Thomas Wright Bacon, who was appointed by President Washington, soon after his inauguration, and who died in office; and the present worthy Post Master, the Hon. Alfred Huger, who was appointed by President Jackson, in January, 1835, on the decease of Mr. Bacon.

In a curious book on the Round Towers of Ireland, the origin of the term Yankee Doodle, was traced to the Persian phrase "Yanki doonah," or "Inhabitants of the New World." Laysard, in his book on Nineveh and its Remains, also mentions Yandigudmia, as the Persian name of America.

The Day Book publishes the following as the sentiments of the Simon pure Abolition Speakers at the Anniversaries in New York.

From a Speech by Rev. M. Post.

**SLAVEHOLDERS' NECKS TO BE TWISTED.**  
If the slaves cannot get their liberty, let them use the powers which God has given them. They need not arm themselves—they only want to have their liberty. Only give them that, and they will soon twist off the necks of their masters. The speaker was in favor of that, and would twist off the neck of any man in the world before "he would be his slave." (Applause.)

**SLAVE-OWNERS' HOMES MUST BE BURNED.**  
The day must soon come, in the which will be seen the stalwart forms of the colored men upon the cliffs of the mountains, assembled to witness the burnings of the dwellings, and listen to the shrieks and groans of the dying slave-owners of the South, and see the blood of these infamous slaveholders coursing down the streets and lanes of the South.

**THE UNION MUST GO TO PIECES.**  
This thing must come as surely as there is a heaven, and all as a consequence of the union of this confederacy. We shall live to see the dissolution of this Union, and in order to secure this end he requests all persons not to recognize or seek to carry out the enactments of Congress, by which means the Union would be sure to fall to pieces.

**HORRIBLE BASTARDY.**  
George Washington was a traitor, Jesus Christ was a traitor, every man was a traitor to a tyrannous government, and an infidel to pro-slavery religion. The Tract Society was in league with the devil, if there is any. Dr. Spring has stood up in his pulpit and said just what a rowdy says in a bar room:—"D—n a nigger—he is only fit to be a slave!" Dr. Spring said precisely this, only he has said it in different words. He only to denounce such hypocritical men. They had plunged down to the lowest depths of Milton's hell, and were trying to dig a hole in the bottom of it to crawl into. (From Wendell Phillips' speech.)

God bless the Colonies which made a Washington, God curse the Union that manufactured an Everett. (Applause.)

**THE "HIGHER LAW."**  
The State Government could defy the General Government, and yet not be guilty of treason.

**HOW SOUTH CAROLINA IS TO BE TREATED.**  
What we want now is to induce men to hate slavery and slaveholders. He would float South Carolina into the ocean like a mortal iceberg. He would desire to break this Union. The New York pulpit was the northern end of the moral telegraph, of which the New Orleans cotton market was the southern.

**CHANGE IN PUBLIC SENTIMENT.**  
Rev. Mr. Frothingham, of Jersey City, said: "He did not derive pleasure from the thought that the slave should be set free when his labor became unprofitable, and be considered a nuisance, to be legislated out of the country. He wished justice for the colored man, and that immediately, even at the sacrifice of the white man's pocket. It was his conviction, arrived at after long and serious consideration, that so long as the Union continued, they could not be in a position to aid the colored bondman. The Union could not be broken mechanically; it must take place through a change of sentiment—of spirit. Not a breaking up of external relations, but an internal growth of liberal sentiments. Southern men were beginning to see that northern men were becoming more and more estranged, because of the difference in their conceptions, in their ideas of labor, of morality, and of Christianity; they were beginning to see that in that way was the Union to be severed."

**WANTS TO WHIP SOUTH CAROLINA.**  
Mr. Edmund Quincy, of Mass., said he desired to complain of the Union because it prevented his own State, Massachusetts, from righting her own wrongs and from protecting herself. With the Union she could not do that. She would not have required the aid of the United States army to settle the matter with South Carolina. She could have whipped her with one hand tied behind her. In fact there was scarcely a county in Massachusetts that would not contract to whip South Carolina for a very small sum. And while such was the fact, the slave interest, through the machinery of the Union, controlled the entire country. In reality, 75,000 slaveholders governed the country; and they did it because any one desiring to hold office must take an oath to support the Constitution. Such a condition of things could not last.

**WANTS AN INSURRECTION.**  
Mr. William Wells Brown, of Massachusetts, a fugitive slave, was the next speaker. He was long to speak to an audience at so late an hour in the afternoon, and yet, when he saw on his right a lady who had known what slavery was, and on his left another lady who was doing all she could to obtain the means whereby to purchase a dearly beloved husband from slavery, his interest in the general subject would not let him had it exist in the Southern States the audience ought to know, for they had been told again and again by those who had suffered under its galling chains. He had sufficed to see in the papers so much about the discontent of the slaves in the South. He did not believe that God would ever free the slave until he was ready to free himself by his own right hand. He had rather they would free themselves than be made free by anybody else; and he believed that the time had come when the slave should raise his hand in defense of his rights—to use the hoe or the axe, or anything else that circumstances might throw in his way, to aid him in gaining his freedom.

He wished there could be a general insurrection next week, and he had rather a million lives were lost in an unsuccessful insurrection than that there should be no insurrection at all. It was sick of being told that his race was a submissive one, born to be slaves. He would have them fight. To him San Domingo was one of the brightest spots on the face of the globe, for there the slaves were ready to sacrifice their lives to gain their liberties. It was because the southern slaves was thought to be submissive that Judge Taney had declared the colored man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. He would have the slave assert his rights and force them to respect him. He knew that his friend, C. C. Burleigh would not agree with him, and saw that he was eager to pounce upon his views.

**DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF FIGHTING.**  
Mr. Burleigh arose and proceeded to oppose what had been said with all his might. He expressed an opinion that the only way to the liberation of the slave, he would feel it necessary to take his name from the list of the Society, for in its constitution was a clause binding its members not to encourage an appeal to physical force. He was opposed to a resort to physical force, and he believed if the slaves were to resort to it their utter annihilation would be the result.

**"DEATH IN THE POT."**  
Fred Douglass said Mr. Goodell had spoken of the afflictions which God would bring on this country for its wrongs on the African race. He (Mr. Douglass) believed that God would raise up the crushed worms at the South, and cause them to spread alarm and devastation throughout the whole land. The recent election had been followed by two remarkable events—one, the plots of insurrection at the South, the other, the poisonings at Washington. He could not say how this latter thing was, but he knew that those who were accustomed to whip their cooks and sell them at the block may well expect to find poison in the pot. (Applause.) Why did they hear slaveholders say, "You want our niggers to eat our throats?" Because they know they ought to have their throats cut. (Applause.) He would tell them one thing; if they want to save their souls alive, let them not enslave him to cook for them. (Laughter.) No sign of encouragement was to him so hopeful as the signs of uprising at the South.—He was satisfied that the colored people of this country must do something like what the white people did. He knew they (the blacks) were regarded as quiet, inoffensive people, a nation of Uncle Ions, who could shout "glory" and sing by hymns; but that they were not a fighting people. These recent evidences of insurrection, however, gave a lie to that theory. He wished to see much more of such evidences.

**UNIQUE LETTER FROM A POSTMASTER.**  
The following letter was received by the President of the United States a few days since:

CHAWFORD COUNTY, Mo., April 30, 1857.  
Mr. Buchanan:  
DEAR SIR—M— is the Postmaster at this place and has gone out West, and has no deputy here, but I have been opening the mails and attending to it since he has been gone; as he left the key with me, and the Postmaster told me this must make a report at the end of every month, and did not tell me who I was to write to; but I suppose it is to you we should make our reports, as we are now all citizens of the government of which you are now President. If you are not the right one to receive the report, please drop me a few lines letting me know who I am to write to, and I will write again.

**REPORT AT THE END OF APRIL.**—The weather is cold for the season—provisions are very high—but notwithstanding all that we have regular mails once a week, good health, and the people of this county are universally pleased with your administration; this is all I know that would interest you; if there is anything omitted in my report, please let me know. My best respects to you and Mrs. Buchanan.

It is said that Mr. Buchanan is so well pleased with this letter that he intends to give the writer a good office.

**CITIZENS SHOULD NOT ONLY MIND THAT THEY VOTE EARLY BUT WHAT THEY VOTE.**—As an illustration of the importance of observing this maxim, the following is told as having recently happened at Pittsburg. A voter ran up as the polls were near closing, and in his hurry, numbered and dropped his ticket, which defined his political proclivities as those congenial to a third party only—a regular outsider. Here it is:

"DEAR MESS—: I cannot meet you at ——— this evening. My wife suspects ———; keep steady.  
Yours affectionately, \*\*\*\*\*"

**STRUCK BY THE COMET.**—The good people of Indianapolis, Indiana, were terribly frightened one evening last week. They believe, down there, that the comet is going to knock our little planet all to smash, and have been greatly excited about it for some time. With this belief, and under this excitement they were thrown into great alarm on the evening in question, that is described as perfectly awful, by seeing the moon rise behind the hills, as red as blood, and looking like the head of a fiery dragon. They thought it was the comet—that was about to hit—that the end of all earthly things was at hand, and they set themselves to work, with prayers, and tears, and supplications, to "make their peace," and be ready to "go up."

So frightened were they, says the Lafayette Journal, that the alarm bells were rung and the fire engines brought out, and the confusion for a few moments was indelible.

The idea of bringing out the engine under such circumstances was worthy the genius of Dame Partington, who undertook to sweep back the angry waves of the ocean above the horizon soon restored the orb to their senses, and converted their shrieks of affright and frenzied appeals to heaven, in a general guffaw.

Ladies now dress in the breadth not the height of fashion.

had looked but love and affection, as she thought of her promises, and the rain which a belief in those promises had wrought in her soul. She felt every word uttered by the cold-hearted hotel keeper—from whom she learned the painful truth that she was not Roswell Minwood's first victim—sinking deep into her heart, chilling the warm blood and paining her usually rosy countenance, and she would have fainted, but pride came to her aid and lent its sustaining power. A dangerous fire was burning in her bosom, a fire by which the love she had entertained for Roswell was being burned down to death-liest hatred. "Thus it is with all mankind!" she exclaimed. "I have been deceived, but my revenge shall be as terrible as my desolation."

Two years passed away and Medora Arton had seen the worst side of life. There had been years of excessive dissipation to her, and many a heart had been made sorrowful by her evil machinations. Her residence was now at Washington. Senators and men of power, charmed by the fascination of her wit and beauty, were her constant votaries.

In the company of one of these admirers, one evening, the thought of Roswell came upon her mind with much force, she could not repress uttering his name in a long sigh. "Roswell Minwood," said her companion, "that name is very familiar to me, did you know him too?" "But too well!" exclaimed Medora. "Then you have heard of his death?" "Dead! Roswell dead?" "Aye! He died in New Orleans of a most fearful disease, induced by his profligate course of life. He was very much reduced in circumstances before his death, as his father having become disgusted with, as well as disappointed in him, disowned him. I was with him in his last moments, and I never want to witness another such a death."

Medora uttered a shriek and fainted—When consciousness returned she was alone. "Time has indeed been short with him," she exclaimed, "and I am still spared. My companions think I am happy. Could they witness the agony I suffer; could they see the torn, bleeding heart, that beats beneath this free exterior, how would they gladly remain as they are, nor seek the lot of her they envy!"

Tired of life at the capital she returned to her native city. Her emotions at the sight of the place where she had spent her earliest days, may be imagined but not written. Every familiar spot that met her eye brought up old and fond associations, and the incidents of her childhood crowded her memory as though they had occurred but the day before. In one of her afternoon rambles on the street with a friend, she passed the minister under whose preaching she had been reared, whose voice had so often spoken the sacred words to her childish ears, and the power of whose eloquence had on more than one occasion brought tears to her eyes. Her fame had reached his ears, and with a sorrowful look he passed her by without recognizing her.

"O, my God!" she exclaimed, half aloud, "is it possible?" "What is the matter?" queried her companion, "did that gentleman who has just passed up know you?" "He did know me once, but not now—O, how deeply, how deeply I have wronged his teachings!"

In an unexpressed frame of mind she sought her father's room, but she could not rest. The image of the minister haunted her mind, and she passed a sleepless night. The next day she sought to divert her mind from the subject, but to no purpose. "No! no!" she exclaimed, "there is no more happiness for me. I have ruined myself, and brought the grey hairs of my parents with sorrow down to the grave. O, the misery of that one false step!"

She took up a paper, but it contained nothing to cheer her mind. On the contrary, she read the death of her youngest sister, a bright, beautiful little girl, whom she had caught an occasional glimpse of on the street, and towards whom her heart had many times yearned in sisterly fondness. "Why," she asked herself, after a violent burst of passion, "why do I stay longer away from those parents whose hearts must, by this circumstance, have become more subdued, and who, doubtless, stand ready to receive me with open arms? I will no longer do so. I will seek them at once!"

Without waiting long for her good resolution to grow cold, she, like the prodigal son, sought her father's house. How she trembled as she drew near its old-fashioned front, and thought of the happiness that she had there enjoyed. There was a knock in which she had often set on her father's knee, and she listened to his words of counsel and advice; and the little window that lighted the room she used to occupy, the very one out of which she had gazed into the heavens, and witnessed the fall of that bright star on the evening of her elopement. It was twilight. Her parents were sitting on each side the cheerful fire, for the weather was quite cool, and though everything around them seemed pleasant enough, their countenances gave evidence of that sorrow that was sapping the springs of their existence and shortening their stay upon earth. The recent loss of their only remaining daughter had wounded their hearts afresh, and this night in talking of her, they talked also of Medora—the child that had been buried in the grave, but in sin and wretchedness. How their hearts yearned to see her, to clasp her to their bosom, to forgive and forget all, so that she might comfort and support their declining powers and be a solace to the last years of their life. And Medora, at the same moment, how she dreaded to touch the bell that would open the door of her father's house, knowing there would a chord vibrate in her own heart which she might not have the power to endure. Summoning all her courage, she rang the bell. The same old domestic that had been accustomed always to wait upon her, opened the door, but knew her not. She inquired for Mr. Arton, and in a few moments was in the presence of her parents. The old man