THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

From Household Words.

Life and Death.

"What is life father?"

"A battle my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest hearts may quail,
Where the foes are gathered on every hand
And rest not day nor night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"

"The rest my child,
When the toil and strife are o'er,
And the angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes the banner and spear from our falling hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die father, I tremble. I fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"

"The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
In the battle field of life;
My child though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
Angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all."

From the Knickerbocker.

YOUTH.*

How passing fair is the season of youth!
The spring time of innocence, love, and truth:
When the head is free and the heart is light,
And joys are pure and hopes are bright:
When a fellow isn't bald, and his hair isn't gray,
And he hasn't any taxes or rent to pay.

What has earth so fair as a happy child!
With its joyous laugh, and its spirits wild;
With its ready tear, and its readier smile,
And its simple heart so free from guile;
If it didn't sometimes neglect its nose,
And tear large holes in its holiday clothes.

The years glide on: Youth heeds them not;
Little recks he of his mortal lot.
Few are the sorrows that vex his heart;
Short time sufficeth to heal the smart,
When he cuts his finger, or bumps his head,
Or, spanked and supperless goes to bed.

Bright are the stars in the wintry skies,
But brighter far a fair maiden's eyes:
And her check doth shame the rose's bloom,
And her breath the violet's perfume:
Oh! how charming is "sweet sexteen,"
When its hair isn't mussed, and its hands are clean,

And who but admires a bold, brave boy,
His mother's pride and his father's joy!
With his open brow and his fearless eye,
And his manly step, and his bearing high:
When the scamp has just come home from college,
With many cigars, and but little knowledge!

Who but hath sighed, full many a time,
For the happy days of his youthful prime,
Ere the whirl-wind over his hopes had blown,
When grief and care were alike unknown:
And gaily and proudly he flew o'er the course
With a very "loud" vest, and a very fast horse!

O Youth! O Youth! who would not be young!
Well have the poets thy praises sung:
Well may we sigh for the days that are past,
Well may we sigh that they fled so fast:
When our heads are bald, and our hairs are gray,
And we've so many taxes and rents to pay!

*Omit the last two lines of each verse in singing.

Miscellaneous Selections.

From the Pennsylvania Register.

The Exiles of Georgia.

BY HON. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

The first of the course of independent lectures was delivered in Sansom Street Hall, as above, on Saturday evening. The audience was not large, although composed of some of the most intelligent of our citizens. The lecture was one of unusual interest, containing some of the most thrilling incidents of our country's history.

He commenced by saying that there were incidents in the history of the Seminole war and the occurrences that led to it, that had never been written, and he thought the time had arrived when it should be properly stated to the world. He then went on to state that during and prior to the Revolutionary war, the subject of liberty and the right to self-government was nowhere more thoroughly and freely discussed than in Georgia and the Carolinas. It was discussed in public meeting, in social circles, in bar-rooms and in the streets. Resolutions were passed containing all the principles of the Declaration of Independence, in regard to man's rights to liberty and self-government, and when the Declaration was finally made, the Slaves, many of whom had taken part in the discussion, supposed themselves included in this broad demand for the rights natural to all men. With this view many of them entered the battle field, where they fought and died for liberty.

It was a close and warm contest, and for two or three years the whigs and tories were nearly equally divided. It was during these scenes of strife that many of the slaves of Georgia left their masters and took up their residence among the Creek Indians. Owing to some difference, a portion of the nation left the original tribe and took up their residence in Florida, where their settlements were known as the Creek Towns. The Indians designated them as Seminoles, meaning runaways. It was to this band of the Seminoles that the fugitives fled for protection. They intermarried and became a part of the nation. Here they continued till the year 1782, when an attempt was made to recapture them by citizens of Georgia. There was no Constitution or Federal Government at that time and the slaveholders had to go with their own force and power. The fugitives had tasted the sweets of liberty and resisted the attempt. The slaveholders appealed to the Seminoles. These sons of the forest had not learned to 'conquer their prejudices,' and refused to become the slave-hunters for the masters. The Governor of Georgia sent a commission to take them but they also were repulsed. He then appealed to the Creeks to seize and return them: but, savages though they were, they refused to do the work.

Then a treaty was asked with the Indians. To this they consented, and in that treaty it was stipulated that the Indians should return all *property* found within their territory. In honest fulfilment of their part of their contract they gathered together all the stray cattle, and sheep, and hogs found astray, belonging to white people and drove them home. They were told that these were not what they wanted—that men women and children was the kind of property they demanded under the treaty. Struck with amazement at such a proposition, they refused to comply or give any such interpretation to the terms of the treaty.

In 1785, the treaty known as the Galphin treaty was formed with the Creeks, by the Galphin whose name is now so notorious for peculation on the public treasury. Mr. G. broached the idea that this claim of Galphin's was allowed more as a compensation for that treaty than for anything else. In this treaty, a stipulation was made to return the fugitive negroes. In compliance with this provision the Creeks sent their warriors to bring the exiles away. They found them in arms ready to defend themselves, and the Seminoles ready to assist them. Again the Creeks reported that they could not carry out the provisions of the treaty.

In 1886 another treaty was called for by the Governor of Georgia. In this the slave holders demanded pay for the slaves that had escaped into the Creek country. To these terms the Indians refused to accede, and the masters apparently gave up all hope of a compensation for their lost human property. For three or four years the poor exiles rested in peace. During this time the federal constitution was formed and a President elected. The citizens of Georgia called upon the Government for a treaty that should secure the return of their property. The first treaty by the U. S. Government was on the 1st day of August, 1790, ratified by the U.S. Senate, requiring the Creeks to return all slaves and other property in their country, and giving them an annuity of fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. G. called attention to this first treaty as disproving the oft repeated assertion that 'the north had nothing to do with slavery,' when money was then paid as compensation for catching fugitives. Here then, commenced that war which cost the Government over fifty millions of dollars and thousands of lives, besides being a foul blot on the page of her history. The Creeks made an effort to carry out the treaty but failed Pagans as they were, revolted at the work which a christian Government had required them to do. They gave up the attempt.

During the next Congress, General Knox proposed that the Government should pay for the Exiles. The proposition was received and printed, but not acted upon. In 1796, Washington retired from office, and the elder Adams succeeded to the Presidency. Another treaty was formed, but no attempt was made to regain the Exiles, and during his administration, as well as that of Jefferson's they were not disturbed. Jefferson, tho born and reared in the midst of Slaveholders, and one of them, never would send a demand for the return of the fugitives, or compensation for them. They began to have hope that now they were secure and would no longer be disturbed. They had their plantations, and cultivated the land, and were quietly enjoying their homes.

The war of 1812 came on. Gen. Jessup commanded the southern division of the army, and in 1814, the army captured numerous slaves and sold to the people of Georgia. In 1815, Gen. Gaines sent a communication to the President, informing him that the fugitives had possession of a fort, known as Blount's Fort, and were making it a harbor for fugitive slaves. The President immediately directed the Secretary of War to issue orders to the Commander of the 'Southern Military District of the United States to send a detachment of troops to destroy 'Blount's Fort,' and to '*seize those who occupied it and return them to their masters.*'

Gen. Jackson, at that time commander of the Southern Military District, directed Lieut. Col. Clinch to perform the barbarous task. Mr. G. said he was at one time acquainted with Col. Clinch, and knew the impulses of his generous nature, and could readily account for the failure of his expedition. He marched to the vicinity of the Fort, made the necessary reconnoisance, and returned making report that the fortification was not accessible by land.

Orders were then issued to commodore Patterson, directing him to carry out the directions of the Secretary of War. He at that time commanded the American flotilla lying in Mobile Bay, and instantly issued an order to Lieut. Loomis to ascend the Appalachicola river with two gun-boats, to seize the people in Blount's Fort, deliver them to their owners, and destroy the fort.

On the morning of the 17th September, 1816, a spectator might have seen several individuals standing upon the walls of that fortress, watching with intense interest the approach of two small vessels that were slowly ascending the river, under full spread canvas, by the aid of a light southern breeze. They were in sight at early dawn, but it was ten o'clock when they furled their sails and cast anchor opposite the Fort, and some four or five hundred yards distant from it.

A boat was lowered, and soon a midshipman and twelve men were observed making for the shore. They were met at the water's edge by some half dozen of the principal men in the Fort, and their errand demanded.

The young officer told them he was sent to make demand of the Fort, and its inmates were to be given up to the 'slaveholders,' then on board the gun-boat, who claimed them as fugitive slaves! The demand was instantly rejected, and the midshipman and his men returned to the gun-boats, and informed Lieut. Loomis of the answer he had received.

As the colored men entered the Fort, they related to their companions the demand that had been made. Great was the consternation manifested by the females, and even a portion of the sterner sex appeared to be distressed at their situation. This was observed by an old patriarch, who had drunk the bitter cup of servitude, one who bore on his person the visible marks of the thong, as well as the brand of his master upon his shoulder. He saw his friends faltered, and he spoke cheerfully to them. He assured them that they were safe from the cannon shot of the enemy—that there were not men enough on board the vessel to storm their Fort, and finally closed with the emphatic declaration: '*Give me liberty or give me death!*' This saying was repeated by many agonized fathers and mothers on that bloody day.

A cannonading was commenced on the Fort but, for two hours, very little effect was produced, the balls penetrating the bank of dirt without injuring those in the Fort. They then commenced throwing bombs. The bursting of the shells had more effect. There was no shelter from these fatal messengers. By these explosions, some were occasionally wounded and a few killed, until, at length the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying were heard in various parts of the fortress.

Do you ask why those mothers and children were thus butchered in cold blood? said Mr. G; I answer they were slain for adhering to the doctrine that all men are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to enjoy life and liberty.'

The bombardment was continued some hours with but little effect, so far as the assailants could discover. They manifested no disposition to surrender. The day was passing away. Lieut. Loomis called a council of officers, and put to the question, *what further shall be done?* An under officer suggested the propriety of firing 'hot shot at the Magazine.' The proposition was agreed to. The furnaces were heated, balls were prepared, and the cannonade was resumed.

Suddenly a startling phenomenon presented itself to their astonished view. The heavy embankment and timbers protecting the magazine appeared to rise from the earth, and the next instant the dreadful explosion overwhelmed them, and the next found *two hundred and seventy* parents and children in the immediate presence of God, making their appeal for retributive justice upon the government who had murdered them, and the freemen of the North who sustained such unutterable crimes.

Many were crushed by the falling earth and timbers; many were entirely buried in the ruins. Some were horribly mangled by the fragments of timber and the explosion of charged shells that were in the magazine. Limbs were torn from the bodies to which they had been attached. Mothers and babes lay beside each other, wrapped in that sleep which knows no waking. The sun had set and the twilight of evening was closing around, when some sixty sailors, under the officer second in command, landed, and without opposition entered the Fort. The veteran sailors, accustomed to blood and carnage, were horror-stricken as they viewed the scene before them.—They were accompanied, however, by slaveholders, all anxious for their prey. These paid little attention to the dead and dying, but anxiously seized upon the living, and fastening the fetters upon their limbs, hurried from the Fort, and instantly commenced their returned towards the frontier of Georgia. Some fifteen persons in the Fort survived the terrible explosion, and they now sleep in servile graves, or moan or weep in bondage.

The dead remained unburied; and the next day the vultures were feeding upon the carcasses of young men and young women, whose hearts on the previous morning had beaten high with expectation Their bones have been bleaching in the sun for thirty-seven years, and may yet be seen scattered among the ruins of that ancient fortification.

But, a feature of this horrid transaction, which has steadily been kept from public view, remains to be told. The lecturer said he had always before avoided public allusion to it, but the renewal of the attempt to spread slavery over a new and vast territory, constrained him to utter it as disgraceful as it is to a christian nation. After they had captured the few who remained alive from the destruction of the Fort, *two men were given up as subjects on which Indian barbarities should be exercised, and they were put to the most horrible torture within the walls of the Fort, by the savage warriors!* The record of this fact may be found in the official report of the capture of the Fort, now in the alcoves of the Congressional Library.

Most of the exiles left in 1773 and had been away more than forty years. Many of them were dead; but the Georgians claimed the descendants.

Now the fires of the revenge were kindled, and the battle cry was, 'revenge for the murders at Blount's Fort.'

Mr. G. traced minutely the awful scene that followed and the terrible revenge taken by the Seminoles. Major Dade's ill-fated band fell a victim to this revenge, when marching through the country, he was suddenly surrounded and though numbering nearly as many as the slaughtered at Blount's Fort, the Indians under the command of the Slave of Antonio Pasacchi, (who General Jessup said was a man of great intellect, and wrote and spoke four different languages,) and Wild Cat, deliberately shot down every man, while they cried, 'remember Blount's Fort.' He traced the various acts of Congress and treaties with these Indians, and finally to the last exile of the Seminoles in 1850. This same Slave who had fought the battle of liberty and revenge, volunteered to stand by Wild-Cat and lead him and his people beyond the reach of the Fugitive Slave law of 1850. They started with their wives and children and what little property they could take, and keeping spies in front and rear, took their departure into exile.

On the third day of their exodus, the spies from the rear came up, and stated that the hostile Creeks—who were to receive a reward for capturing fugitives—were coming up, three or four hundred strong. The wives and children were placed in a ravine, so as to be secure from balls. All the men, except thirty negroes, were concealed. The enmey came up, and sent a demand for a surrender. The answer they received was the sharp crack of two hundred and thirty rifles, and for more than an hour they received such answer; until over two hundred of the slave catchers were left on the ground, and the others fled and fled—said Mr. G., it is the only answer that ever should be given to a man who tries to capture a slave.

After this battle, the Seminoles proceeded on their march, crossed the Rio Grande, and settled in Mexico. When our commissioners were on there, they were captured by Passachi, Wild-Cat, and their party, taken to their camp, and told that they were going to be killed. They were kept two days, and then given a store of bread and provisions, and told to depart in peace, as they only wanted to let the people of the United States know that they were still alive and *free*.

We regret that we cannot give the more minute detail of the action of our government and other important matter contained in the lecture, but our space forbids it.

Valuable Table.

The Daily *Times* published recently a very valuable diagram, showing the progress of the various States. New York, as everybody is aware, stands first. In 1790 Virginia held this position, and continued to hold it until 1810, when she began to decline, and became second in 1820, third in 1830, and fourth in 1840, which position she continued to hold in 1850. New York entered the confederacy as the fifth in population. In ten years she became the third, in twenty years the second, and in thirty years the first. She holds this position yet, although Ohio talks of "crowding the mourners" at an early day.

The decline of some of the States has been as rapid and marked as the advance of others. Thus New Hampshire standing tenth in 1790, fell to the eleventh in 1800, to the fifteenth in 1810, and held that position ten years, when she again fell to the eighteenth in 1830, to the twenty-second in 1840, and held that in 1850. Ohio, on the other hand, which entered upon the course in 1800 as the seventeenth, rose to be thirteenth in 1810, to be fifth in 1820, fourth in 1830, and third in 1840—the position which she holds at present. Others of the States have been marked by curious alterations. Thus Mississippi beginning nineteenth in 1800, held that place ten years; in 1820 she had fallen to the twenty-first, and in 1830 to the twenty-second, when she began to rise, and in 1840 stood seventeenth, and fifteenth in 1850. Arkansas is the only State which held the same relative rank at the end of the course as she had at the beginning, and her position has been changed every ten years since her existence. Thirteen of the States stood higher, and fifteen lower in 1850, than when they started. Those which have risen and fallen, with their rank at the beginning and end of the period embraced, are the following:

RISEN.		FALLEN.	
Penn.,	from 3 to 2	Virginia,	from 1 to 4
New York,	5 to 1	Mass.,	2 to 6
Georgia,	12 to 9	N. Carolina,	4 to 10
Kentucky,	13 to 8	Maryland,	6 to 17
Tennessee,	16 to 5	S. Carolina,	7 to 14
Ohio,	17 to 3	Connecticut,	8 to 21
Miss.,	19 to 15	New Jersey,	9 to 19
Alabama,	19 to 12	N. H.,	10 to 22
Indiana,	20 to 7	Vermont,	11 to 23
Missouri,	22 to 13	R. I.,	14 to 28
Illinois,	23 to 11	Delaware,	15 to 30
Michigan,	24 to 20	Maine,	12 to 16
Wisconsin,	30 to 24	Louisiana,	17 to 18
		D. of Col.,	18 to 33
		Florida,	26 to 31

Texas, California, with Oregon, Utah, New Mexico, and Minnesota Territories, are, of course, too young to enter into the comparison. There is material for a good deal of interesting and profitable study in the facts so vividly presented in this table. It gives, in a very small compass, but in a very clear manner, the history of the States of the Union, from the beginning of their career until the present time.—*Dutchman.*

ANOTHER MODEL STATE.—It now appears that the Vermonters claim to live in *the* "model State." The Rutland *Herald* makes out a clear case:

"There is but one city in the State and not one soldier. We have no theateres nor mobs. We have no police, *and not a murder has been committed in this State within the last ten years.* We have no museums, opera-houses, nor crystal palaces, but we have homes, genuine homes, that are the centre of the world to their inmates, for which the father works, votes and talks—where the mother controls, educates, labors and loves—where she rears men, scholars and patriots."

THE NEW POSTAGE BILL.—The project for changing the rates of postage under this government, reported by Mr. Olds a few days since from the House committee on post offices and post roads, contemplates making it obligatory to prepay all letters sent in the mails, and proposes also to fix the rates of postage at three cents per half ounce for all distances up to three thousand miles, and six cents for all greater distances.

The Child's Garden.

Beneath a budding lilac
A little maiden sighed—
The first flower in her garden
That very morn had died.

A primrose tuft, transplanted,
And watered every day
One yellow bud had opened,
And then it pined away.

I thought as that child's sorrow
Rose wailing in the air,
My heart gave forth an echo,
Low-toned in silence there.

For though time brings us roses,
And golden fruits beside,
We've all some desert garden
Where life's first primrose died!

The Bride of the Wreck.

"I was a lonely sort of a bachelor, and had never yet known what young men style 'the passion.' Of passion I had enough, as my old mate yonder can tell you. I broke his head twice, and his arm once, in fits of it; but he has always seemed to love me all the better, and he clings to me very much as two pieces of the same ship cling together when drifting at sea. We are the only survivors of a thousand wrecks, and of the gallant company that sailed with us two years ago, no other one is left afloat. I had been a sailor from boyhood, and when I was twenty-five, I may safely say no man was more fit to command a vessel among the mariners of England. And at this time my uncle died and left me his fortune. I had never seen him, and hardly knew of his existence; but I had now speaking evidence of the fact that he had existed, and equally good proof that he existed no longer. I was very young, strong in limb, and I think stout in heart, and I was possessed of a rental of some thousands per annum. What bar was there to my enjoyment of the goods of life?—No bar, indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of means of enjoyment. I was a sailor in every sense. My education was tolerable, and I had read some books; but my tastes were nautical, and I pined on shore. You will easily understand then, why it was that I built a yacht and spent most of my time on her. She was a fine craft, suited to my taste in every respect, and I remember with a sigh the happy days I have spent in the Foam. I used to read considerably in my cabin, and occasionally, indeed weekly, invited parties of gentlemen to cruise with me. But the foot of a lady had never been on the deck of my boat, and I began to have an old bachelor's pride in that fact. Yet, I confess to you a secret longing for some sort of affection different from any I had heretofore known, and a restlessness when men talked of beautiful women in my presence.

"One summer evening I was at the old hall in which my uncle had died, and was entirely alone. Towards sunset I was surprised when looking over my books, by the entrance of a gentleman, hastily announced and giving indications of no little excitement.

"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremonious entrance. My horses have run away with my carriage, and dashed it to pieces, near your park gate. My father was badly injured, and my sister is now watching him. I have taken the liberty to ask your permission to bring him to your residence."

"Of course my consent was instantly given, and my own carriage was despatched to the park gate.

"Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of fortune, residing about forty miles from me, and his father, an invalid, fifty years of age, was on his way in company with his son to that son's house, there to die and be buried. They were strangers to me, but I made them welcome to my house as if it were their own, and insisted on their using it.

"Miss Sinclair was the first one who had crossed my door-stone, since I had been the possessor of the hall. And well might she have been loved by better men than I. She was very small and very beautiful—of the size of Venus, which all men worship as the perfection of womanly beauty, but having a soft blue eye, strangely shaded by jet black brows. Her face presented the contrast of purity of whiteness in the complexion, set off by raven hair, and yet that hair hanging in clustering curls unbound by comb or fillet, and the whole face lit up with an expression of gentle trust and complete confidence, either in all around her, or else in her own indomitable determination.—For Mary Sinclair had a mind of her own and a far seeing one too. She was nineteen then.

"Her father died in my house and I attended the solemn procession that bore his remains over hill and valley to the old church in which his ancestors were laid. Once after that I called on the family, and then avoided them. I cannot tell you what was the cause of the aversion I had to entering that house or approaching the influence of that matchless girl. I believe that I feared the magic of her beauty, and was impressed with my own unworthiness to love her or be beloved by her. I knew her associates were of the noble, the educated, the refined, and that I was none of these. What then could I expect but misery, if I yielded to the charms of that exquisite beauty, or graces which I knew were in her soul?

"A year passed, and I was a very boy in my continued thoughts of her; I persuaded myself a thousand times that I did not love her, and a thousand times determined to prove it by entering her presence. At length I threw myself into the vortex of London society, and was lost in the whirlpool.

"One evening at a crowded assembly, I was standing near the window in a recess, talking with a lady, when I felt a strange thrill. I cannot describe it to you, but its effect was visible to my companion, who instantly said, 'you are unwell Mr Stewart, are you not? Your face became suddenly flushed, and your hand trembled so as to shake the curtain.'

"It was inexplicable to myself, but I was startled at the announcement of Mr. and Miss Sinclair. I turned, and saw she was entering on her brother's arm, more beautiful than ever. How I escaped I do not know, but I did so.

"Thrice afterwards I was warned of her presence in the same mysterious way, till I believed there was some link between us two, of unknown but powerful character. I have since learned to believe the communion of spirit with spirit, sometimes, without material intervention.

"I heard of her now as engaged to marry a Mr. Waller; a man whom I knew well, and was ready to do honor as worthy of her love. When at length I saw as I supposed, very satisfactory evidence of the truth of the rumor, I left London and met them no more. The same rumor followed me in letters, and yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary Sinclair, until months after I awoke to the sense of what a fool I had been. Convinced of this, I went on board my yacht about midsummer, and for four weeks never set foot on shore.

"One sultry day, when pitch was frying on the deck in the hot sun, we rolled heavily in the Bay of Biscay, and I passed the afternoon under a sail on the larboard quarter deck. Toward evening I fancied a storm was brewing, and having made all ready for it, smoked on the taff-rail till midnight, and then turned in. Will you believe me, I felt that strange thrill through my veins, as I lay in my hammock, and awoke with it fifteen seconds before the watch on deck called suddenly to the man at the wheel, 'Port—port your helm! a sail on the lee bow. Steady! so!'

"I was on deck in an instant, and saw that a stiff breeze was blowing, and a small schooner showing no lights, had crossed our fore-foot within a pistol shot, and was now bearing up to the north-west. The sky was cloudy and dark, but the breeze was very steady and I went below again, and after endeavoring vainly to express the emotion I had felt in any reasonable way, I at length fell asleep, and the rocking of my vessel, as she flew before the wind, gave just motion enough to my hammock to lull me into a sound slumber. But I dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair. I dreamed of her, but it was in unpleasant dreams. I saw her standing on the deck of the Foam, and as I would advance towards her, the form of Waller would interpose. I would fancy at times that my arms were around her, and her form was resting against my side, and her head lay on my shoulder; and then by the strange mutations of dreams, it was not I, but Waller that was holding her, and I was chained to a post, looking at them; and she would kiss him, and again the kiss would be burning on my lips. The morning found me wide awake reasoning myself out of my fancies. By noon I had enough to do. The ocean was roused. A tempest was out on the sea, and the Foam went before it.

"Night came down gloomily. The very blackness of darkness was on the water as we flew before the terrible blast. I was on deck lashed to the wheel, by which I stood, with a knife within reach to cut the lashing, if necessary. We had but a rag of sail on her, and yet she moved more like a bird than a boat, from wave to wave. Again and again a blue wave went over us, but she came up like a duck, and shook off the water and dashed on. Now she staggered as a blow was on the weather bow, that might have staved a man-of-war, but she kept gallantly on; and now she rolled heavily and slowly, but never abated the swift flight towards the shore. It was midnight when the wind was highest. The howling of the cordage was demoniacal. Now a scream, now a shriek, now a wail, and now a laugh of mocking madness. On, on we flew. I looked up, and turned quite around the horizon, but could see no sky, no sea, no cloud,—all was blackness. At that moment I felt again that strange thrill, and at the instant, fancied a denser blackness ahead; and the next, with a crash and plunge, the Foam was gone! Down went my gallant boat, and with her another vessel, unseen in the black night. The wheel to which I had been lashed, had broken loose, and gone over with me before she sank. It was heavy, and I cut it away, and seeing a spar went down in the deep sea above my boat. As I came up to the surface, a hand grasped my boat. I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot through me as I recognized the delicate finger of a woman. I drew her to me and lashed her to the spar by my side, and so, in the black night we two alone floated away over the stormy ocean.

"My companion was senseless—for aught I knew, dead. A thousand emotions passed through my mind in the next five minutes. Who was my companion on the spar? What was the vessel I had sunk? Was I with the body only of a human being, or was there a spark of life left? and now could I fan it to a flame? Would it not be better to let her sink than float off with me, thus alone to starve or die of thirst and agony?

"I chafed her hands, her forehead, her shoulders. In the dense darkness I could not see a feature of her face, nor tell if she were old or young—scarcely white or black. The silence on the sea was fearful. So long as I had been on the deck of my boat, the wind whistling thro' the ropes and around the spars had made a continual sound; but now I heard nothing but the occasional sprinkling of the spray, the dash of a foam cap, or the heavy sound of the wind pressing on my ears.

"At length she moved her hand feebly in mine. How my heart leaped at that slight evidence that I was not alone on the wild ocean. I redoubled my exertions. I passed one of her arms over my neck to keep it out of the water while I chafed the other hand with both of mine, gately. I felt the clasp of that arm tighten, and I bowed my head towards hers. She drew me close to her and laid her cheek against mine. I let it rest there, it might warm hers and so help me to give her life.—Then she nestled close to my bosom and whispered, "Thank you!" Why did my brain so wildly throb in my head at that whispered sentence! She knew not where she was, that was clear. Her mind was wandering. At that instant the spar struck some heavy object, and we were dashed by a huge wave over it, and to my joy were left on a floating deck. I cut the lashings from the spar, and fastened my companion and myself to a part of the new raft or wreck. I knew not which, and all the time that arm was around my neck, and rigid as if in death. Now came the low wild wail that precedes the breaking of the storm. The air seemed filled with viewless spirits mournfully singing and sighing. I never thought of her as anything else than a human being. It was that humanity, that dear likeness of life that endeared her to me. I wound my arm around her, and drew her close to my heart, and bowed my head over her, and in the wildness of the moment I pressed my lips to hers in a long passionate kiss of intense love and agony. That kiss again unlocked the prison of her soul. She gave it back, and murmuring some name of endearment, wound both her arms around my neck, and laying her head on my shoulder, with her forehead pressed against my cheek, fell into a calm slumber. That kiss burns on my lips this hour. Half a century of the cold kisses of the world have not suffised to chill its influence. It thrills me now as then! It was madness, with idol worship of the form God gave us in the image of himself, which in that hour I adored as ever God! I feel the unearthly joy again to-day, as I remember the clasp of those unknown arms, and the soft pressure of that forehead. I knew not, I cared not, if she were old and haggard, or young and fair. I only knew and rejoiced with joy untold that she was human, mortal, of my own kin by the great father of our race.

"It was a night of thoughts and emotions and phantasms that never can be described. Morning dawned grayly. The first faint gleam of light showed me a driving cloud above my head, it was welcomed with a shudder. I hated light. I wanted to float on, on over that heaving ocean, with that form clinging to me, and my arms around it, and my lips ever and anon pressed to the passionless lips of the heavy sleeper. I asked no light. It was an intruder on my domain, and would drive her from my embrace. I was mad.

"But as I saw the face of my companion gradually revealed in the dawning light, as my eyes began to make out one by one the features, and at length the terrible truth came slowly burning into my brain, I mourned aloud in my agony, "God of Heaven, she is dead!" And it was Mary Sinclair.

"But she was not dead.

"We floated all day long on the sea, and at midnight of the next night I hailed a ship and they took us off. Every man from the Foam and the other vessel was saved with one exception. The other vessel was the Fairy, a schooner yacht, belonging to a friend of Miss Sinclair, with whom she and her brother, and a party of ladies and gentlemen had started but three days previously for a week's cruise. I need not tell you how I explained that strange thrill as the schooner crossed our bow the night before the collision, and which I felt again at the moment of the crash, nor what interpretation I gave to the wild tumult of emotions all that long night.

"I married Mary Sinclair, and I buried her thirty years afterward, and I sometimes have the same evidence of her presence now, that I used to have when she lived on the same earth with me."

NEBRASKA MEETING AT PITTSBURG.—A very large and enthusiastic meeting was held at Pittsburg on Monday evening to protest against the admission of slavery into Nebraska. Men of all parties participated, and the expression was unanimous against it. A series of very spirited resolutions were passed. The two following are very much to the point:

Resolved, That the disgrace clinging to the name of *Benedict Arnold*, will lose its pre-eminence in American history, and be measurably hid in the blacker and more hideous infamy that will forever stamp the characters of the northern statesmen who either for money bribes or the equally base bribes of expected political promotion sell themselves to pro-slavery fanaticism, and betraying the rights of their constituents, and the hope of freedom, aim a fearful stab at the Union of these States, whose value the people of the North have ceased to consider greater than the value of human liberty and American honor.

Resolved, That if the Douglas Nebraska Bill should ever become a law, and should ever go into peaceful operation, which we doubt, it would completely Africanize the heart of the North American continent, and divide the Free States of the Atlantic from the Free States of the Pacific by colonies of African Boudmen, and thereby in effect exclude the free white race of the North from lands purchased by the whole nation from France, and afterward bought for freedom from the South by the North, at an extraordinary price, in 1820.

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY at Allegheny City, Pa., which was destroyed by a fire a few days ago, was established in 1825, and General Jackson was one of the committee that selected the location. Its library (some 20,000 volumes) was the largest in the West. About one-half of the books, however, were saved, and those destroyed were insured for $5,000. A new building is to be erected immediately.