

THE SLAVE PAULINE.

Many of our readers have probably seen a paragraph stating that a young slave girl was recently hanged at New Orleans, for the crime of striking and abusing her mistress. The religious Press of the North has not, so far as we are aware, made any comments upon this execution. It is too busy in pulling the mote out of the eye of the heathen, to notice the beam in our nominal Christianity at home. Yet this case, viewed in all its aspects, is an atrocity, which has, God be thanked, no parallel in heathen lands. It is a hideous offshoot of American Republicanism and American Christianity.

It seems that Pauline,—a young and beautiful girl—attracted the admiration of her master, and being, to use the words of the law, his “chattel personal to all intents and purposes whatsoever,” became the victim of his lust. So wretched is the condition of the slave woman, that even the brutal and licentious regard of her master is looked upon as the highest exaltation of which her lot is susceptible. The slave girl in this instance, evidently so regarded it; and, as a natural consequence, in her new condition triumphed over and insulted her mistress—in other words, repaid in some degree the scorn and abuse with which her mistress had made her painfully familiar.

The laws of the Christian State of Mississippi inflict the punishment of Death, upon the slave who lifts his or her hand against a white person. Pauline was accused of beating her mistress, tried and found guilty, and condemned to die. But it was discovered on the trial that she was in a condition to become a mother; and her execution was delayed until the birth of her child. She was returned to her prison cell. There for many weary months, uncheered by the voice of kindness, alone, hopeless, desolate, she waited for the advent of the now and quickening life within her, which was to be the signal of her own miserable death. And the bells there called mass and prayer-meeting, and Methodists sang, and Baptists immersed, and Presbyterians sprinkled,—and young mothers smiled through tears upon their newborn children; and maidens and matrons of that great city sat in their cool verandahs and talked of love and household joys, and domestic happiness,—while all that dreary time, the poor slave-girl lay on the scanty straw of her dungeon, waiting with what agony the dear and pitying God of the white and black only knows, for the birth of the child of her adulterous violator. Horrible!—Was ever what George Sand justly terms “the great martyrdom of maternity”—that fearful trial which love alone converts into joy unspeakable—endured under such conditions! What was her substitute for the kind voices and gentle soothing of affection! The harsh grating of her prison-lock—the mocking and taunts of unfeeling and brutal keepers! What with the poor Pauline took the place of the hopes and joyful anticipations which support and solace the white mother, and make her couch of torture happy with sweet dreams?—the prospect of seeing the child of her sorrow, of feeling its lips upon her bosom, of hearing its feeble cry—alone, unvisited of its father; and then in a few days, just when the mother’s affections are strongest, and the first smile of her infant compensates for the pangs of the past,—the scaffold and the hangman! Think of that last terrible scene—the tearing of the infant from her arms, the death-march to the gallows, the rope around her delicate neck, and her long and dreadful struggles (for attenuated and worn by physical suffering and mental sorrow, her slight frame had not sufficient weight left to produce the dislocation of her neck, on the falling of the drop.) swinging there alive for nearly half-an-hour,—a spectacle for fiends, in the shape of humanity. Mothers of New England! such are the fruits of slavery. Oh, in the name of the blessed God, teach your children to hate it and to pity its victims.

Petty politicians and empty-headed Congress debaters are vastly concerned lest “the honour of the country” should be compromised in the matter of the Oregon boundary. Fools!—one such horrible atrocity as this murder of Pauline, “compromises” us too deeply to warrant any further display of their patriotism. It would “compromise” Paradise itself.—*Essex Transcript.*

PEEP INTO AN ANCIENT CITY.—POMPEII.

Having finished our picturesque meal, we went down into the

ancient streets once more, and arrived at the small Temple of Isis, a building in excellent preservation. On the altar stood, when it was excavated, a small statue of Isis, of exquisite workmanship, (now in the museum to which all the curiosities of the place are carried), and behind this we were shown the secret penetralia, where the priests were concealed who uttered the oracles supposed to be pronounced by the goddess. The access was by a small secret flight of stairs communicating with the apartments of the priest in rear. The largest of these apartments was probably the refractory, and here was found a human skeleton, near a table, upon which lay dinner utensils, chicken bones, bones of fishes, bread and wine, and a faded garland of flowers. In the kitchen, which we next visited, were found cooking utensils, remains of food, and the skeleton of a man leaning against the wall, with an axe in his hand, and near him a considerable hole, which he had evidently cut to make his escape, when the door was stopped by cinders. The skeleton of one of the priests was found prostrate near the temple, and in his hand three hundred and sixty coins of silver, forty two of bronze, and eight of gold, wrapped strongly in a cloth. He had probably stopped before his flight to load himself with the treasures of the temple, and was overtaken by the showers of cinders, and suffocated.

We entered a broad street, lined with shops, against the walls of which were paintings in fresco and inscriptions in deep-red paint, representing the business, and recording the names of the occupants. In one of them was found a piece of salt fish, smelling strongly after seventeen centuries! A little further on was a baker’s shop, with a well-used oven, in which was found a batch of bread burnt to a cinder.

The principle inn of Pompeii was just inside the gate. We went over the ruins of it. The skeleton of an ass was found chained to a ring in the stable, and the tire of a wheel lay in the court-yard. Chequers are painted on the side of the door, as a sign.

On our return through the streets, among the objects of interest was the house of Sallust, the historian. I did not think, when reading his beautiful Latin at school, that I should ever sit down in his parlour. Sallust was rich, and his house is uncommonly handsome. Here is his chamber, his inner court, his kitchen, his garden, his dining-room, his guest-chamber, all perfectly distinguishable by the symbolical frescoes on the walls. In the court was a fountain, of pretty construction; and opposite, in the rear, was a flower-garden, containing arrangements for dinner in open air in summer. The skeleton of a female, (supposed to be the wife of the historian), and three servants, known by their different ornaments, were found near the door of the street.

Below the tombs stands the suburban villa of Diomed, one of the most sumptuous edifices of Pompeii. Here was found every thing that the age could furnish for the dwelling of a man of wealth,—statues, frescoes, jewels, wine, household utensils of every description, skeletons of servants and dogs, and every kind of elegant furniture. The family was large, and in the first moment of terror they all retreated to a wine vault under the villa, where their skeletons (eighteen grown persons and two children) were found seventeen centuries after! There was really something startling in walking through the deserted rooms of this beautiful villa, more than one feels elsewhere in Pompeii; for it is more like the elegance and taste of our day; and, with the brightness of the preserved walls, and the certainty with which the use of each room is ascertained, it seems as if the living inhabitant would step from some corner and welcome you. The figures on the walls are as fresh as if done yesterday; the baths look as if they might scarce be dry from use. It seems incredible that the whole Christian age has elapsed since this was a human dwelling, occupied by its last family *while our Saviour was walking the earth.*—*Willis’ Pencilings by the Way.*

“ONLY LET ME HAVE THE CORN.”

Report says that a certain distiller was in the habit of paying \$100 a year for the support of his minister. This man of God was at the same time pouring forth his philippics from the pulpit against the distiller’s business, as “scattering arrows, brands, and death,” among men. How he could consent to pay for the services of such a minister was a mystery to his neighbours, and they asked him for a solution. “He may preach against my business as much as he pleases,” was his