

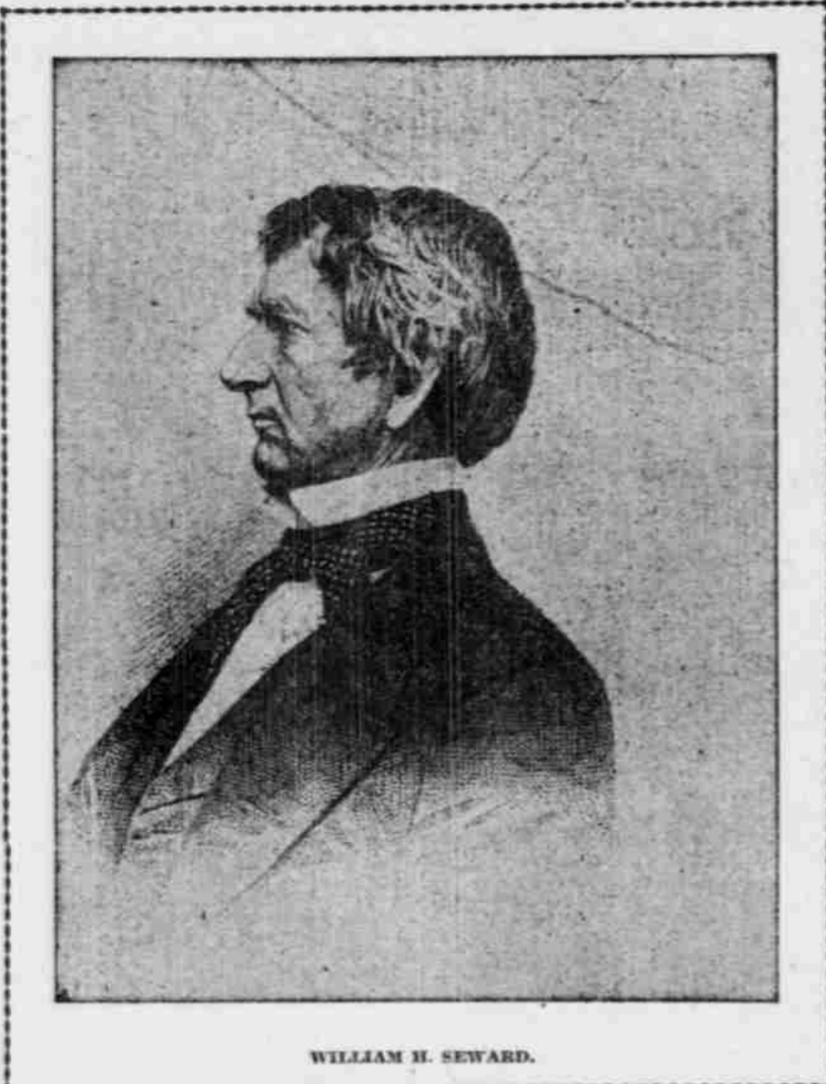
Historical Letter From William H. Seward

HIS VIEWS ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN 1845, BEFORE PUBLIC SENTIMENT HAD BEEN CRYSTALIZED

AN OLD letter bearing the postmark of Auburn, N. Y., and addressed to E. W. Goodwin, Pennville, Tompkins County, N. Y., is now in the possession of Mr. R. Leharre Goodwin, a noted artist, briefly sojourning in Portland. The letter bears date of May 22, 1845, and is from the pen of Hon. William H. Seward. It was written at a time when the anti-slavery sentiment of the country had begun to crystallize into organic form for abolition. The chief issues of that day as between the Whigs and Democrats, however, were those of slavery extension and the annexation of Texas. The Whigs opposed annexation because it was thought to be an act of injustice to Mexico, and would provoke an unnecessary war; and for the further reason that the prime object of annexation was for the purpose of slavery extension. The Abolitionists, who arose from the ranks of the Whig party under the leadership of Wendell Phillips and others, were themselves felt in the party movements of the day.

About that time another element came to the surface, and was known as the American party, with James G. Birney as its head. The objects of this new political factor were the restriction of foreign immigration, opposition to Roman Catholicism, and strictly for American rule. "America for Americans," was the slogan of that party. It was composed of the recruited chiefly from the ranks of the Whig party, but many of its adherents were from the Democratic party also. The attempt to co-operate with the Abolitionists proved futile; and after his illustrious career of ten years, the American party went to the wall in 1854. These evidences of the disintegration of the Whig party were apparently unperceived at that time (1845) by the rank and file of the Whigs.

While Mr. Seward was a zealous opponent of slavery, he had no apprehensions of the attitude of the South. He foresaw the possibilities of an "irrepressible conflict," was desirous to avert any attempt to disrupt the Union, and after his illustrious career of ten years, the American party went to the wall in 1854. These evidences of the disintegration of the Whig party were apparently unperceived at that time (1845) by the rank and file of the Whigs.



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

of Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley and Gerrit Smith, and besides, was a warm friend of Hon. William H. Seward. This much in explanation of the subject referred to in the letter here given:

Letter of W. H. Seward.
AUBURN, May 22, 1845.—My Dear Sir: After receiving your letter of the 10th inst. I was obliged to go away, attending several

course advances, fast enough to rescue its advocates, even from the consequences of their own impetuosity, and my course is, I trust, not likely to suffer by any misapprehensions. If there be a fault with the leaders of the third party, it is their impatience and impetuosity which cannot always abide the delay, and caution, without which no great enterprise can succeed. It leads them to propose extreme measures from which the public mind, half informed and but partially imbued with the spirit of liberty, therefore recoils. I do not deny that they do good. Even impetuous zeal will produce conviction very often, and it certainly stimulates the cold and the indifference. Fully acknowledging the importance of the paramount importance of the great question of emancipation, it seems to me that I am capable of promoting it chiefly by appealing to those less excitable classes who are indifferent or hostile to being too radical. But these measures are of no importance to the public. The great point is to preserve harmony and mutual respect among those who advocate the same cause, in manner and in temper as widely different. My sense of the importance of this harmony prevents my assuaging or accusing those who act more impetuously. If they will exhibit the same charity toward me, it is the common cause that suffers.

I write in the hurry of a return to studies, after a long absence, briefly, of course. But I shall always be glad to hear of you and sign anything you shall communicate freely with me at all times.

With best wishes for your prosperity and the best success in your studies, I remain, very sincerely your constant and grateful friend,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.
E. W. Goodwin, Esq.

William Henry Seward stands in the foreground of American history as one of the most distinguished statesmen. His type is peculiarly distinctive. As a personality he has no prototype for comparison. His methods of thought and action were unlike those of his contemporaries. He was, essentially, a leader; and up to the time when he became Lincoln's Secretary of State, he had always stood in the forefront of party movements and councils. His career was eventful and replete with memorable incidents, and the nature of which lent great distinction. From early manhood until the closing years of his life he figured as a conspicuous factor in public affairs. As a politician he was alert, tactful and resourceful. As a statesman he was far-seeing, astute and conservative. He was adept in diplomacy, and above all, patriotic and progressive. His marked ability and his eminent services entitle him to rank as one of our greatest National characters.

connected with the fruit business or did we come for a girl?"

He laughed shortly, restoring the pineapple to its place and throwing the bag over his shoulder. "Oh, all right," he answered. "Get girl too, by by. I see you da pineapple for a state. Get dem and get Rosa same trip, save da mon? See?"

Argument seemed useless, and we proceeded in silence till we came to our destination. The street, which on a Summer night would have swarmed with a noisy crowd, had been cleared of passers by the keen Autumn air. It was badly lighted, and the dark whistled in the shadowy corners. Just before us a single street lamp threw a glare across the way, and there loomed the Arch, a dark, ugly blot in the row of houses. Giuseppe opened the book and silently pointed to the picture.

"He was undoubtedly right thus far. The photograph had been taken at short range, and very cracked in the black and white. I had seen it before, and had noted each and every detail. The window at which the girl had stood was now closed and dark. Its broken panes were stuffed with rags. It faced the changeable probabilities of the street, and it belonged apparently had its entrance through some interior alley—there was no doorway to be seen. This peculiarly, I observed in the Arch, and as we had a moment's delay, I walked much more rapidly, and as I approached the ferry I think I ran, being anxious to catch the boat.

"The street had filled suddenly. The sidewalk was packed to the edges, and shouting, gesticulating figures loomed each other in the roadway. A half-dozen heads looked from each of a thousand windows. The tumult was tremendous. Mentally resigning the office of spokesman in the language of the United States, I started in the opposite direction to that taken by Giuseppe. At first I went slowly, not to attract attention. As soon as I got around a corner I walked much more rapidly, and as I approached the ferry I think I ran, being anxious to catch the boat.

"But at the ferry-house all was quiet. Giuseppe had perhaps gained an earlier boat, or maybe he crossed by another ferry. When I reached the fruitstand I found it padlocked and quite as well as I found it. Congratulating myself on having escaped the complications I had risked, I passed over to one of the boats. The Foreign Quarters of New York and went to bed.

"When I approached the fruitstand the next morning some fresh pineapples were prominently displayed, although there was something in the way in which they were surrounded by smaller fruits that might have led the wary to suspect in them an unusual number of bruises. Giuseppe leaned gracefully against his place of business, his feet crossed, and was peeling a partially unavailable orange for his own refreshment.

"When he saw me he laid aside the orange, rubbed his hand on his corduroy trousers and extended it toward me cordially.

"I get dem all a right," he remarked. "Bote feet."

"And Rosa?" I inquired. "Is she safe?"

"Sure," said Giuseppe. "No needs you speak da United States. All over."

Whereupon he resumed his orange and seemed to regard the whole matter as so entirely a thing of the past that it was only by some questioning that I learned the story.

It was quickly told. After Giuseppe had left the Neapolitan village the girl's uncle had gradually gained a complete control of all her little property. This done, he looked for the most profitable way of getting rid of her, and found it by turning her over to one of those drones who, every year, in spite of the law's watchfulness, manage to bring hundreds of young Italian girls to New York, there to choose between degrading labor or a still darker fate. Alone and without friends in the great city, shut off from every means of communication with the only soul from whom she could expect aid, the girl, though strong and well-blown and ever-changing wiles, had unrelentingly fought the daily battle for her honor. Finally she had become a virtuous prisoner in the hands of a man whose friendliness to the great city, shut off from every means of communication with the only soul from whom she could expect aid, the girl, though strong and well-blown and ever-changing wiles, had unrelentingly fought the daily battle for her honor. Finally she had become a virtuous prisoner in the hands of a man whose friendliness to the great city, shut off from every means of communication with the only soul from whom she could expect aid, the girl, though strong and well-blown and ever-changing wiles, had unrelentingly fought the daily battle for her honor.

The Sunday Oregonian's Selected Fiction

The Picture and the Pineapples BY H. A. CROWELL

WHAT is it, Giuseppe," said I, holiday American or holiday Italian?"

Giuseppe's fruit stand was situated at the principal corner of the suburb where I make my home—a New Jersey village, about an hour's ride from New York—and as I passed the establishment regularly on my way to and from the city, I had come to have some acquaintance with its proprietor. He was a broad-shouldered, athletic young Italian, rather taller than the average, and with a trifle more than his share of the national jaunty bearing. In business he was truly diligent. Early morning and late evening found him at his post, and he was an adept at such practices as turning the best side of fruit outward or pushing the bottom of baskets jurestipitiously upward.

lines, and its effect was slightly marred by the ease with which Giuseppe's thoughts had returned to his business. I found in it compensation for over-ripe bananas, and I reflected as I passed on that I should be pleased to bear more of it. But the next chapter was several weeks delayed. In my occasional conversations Giuseppe did not allude to the subject.

I fancied that during this time it was rather in his stings than in speech that he expressed his feelings. As the evenings grew colder he used to warm himself by pacing back and forth before his stand, and at such times he often sang his native songs. One of these, more from its frequent repetition than its character, seemed to me to be telling the tale of his hopes.

It was a common enough song, pallid and sentimental according to our mooring taste, but of the sort in favor among Italian youth. It may be heard along the

quays at Naples, and the barbers' apprentices in the little New York shops hum it softly to themselves as they sit and wait for customers through the dull afternoons.

So matters stood as I took my way home one evening about 11 o'clock, carrying in my hand a book which I had bought that day in town. It was one of the first of a class of publications now more frequently seen—those which give descriptions of picturesque phases of life, illustrated with snap-shot photographs of actual scenes. This one was called "The Foreign Quarters of New York," and as I approached Giuseppe's corner, and saw him leaning rather listlessly against the fruit-stand, it occurred to me that among the pictures were several taken in the districts of Italian predominance, and that he might be interested in them.

His attention was, indeed, courteous, but he turned the pages, after all, with only a mild pleasure which did nothing

to prepare me for the excitement with which he suddenly effervesced.

It was one of the last pictures in the book—a full-page photograph—which changed his mood. When he came to this Giuseppe suddenly held the book closer to his eyes, then at arm's length, then under the full glare of the gas. A moment later he closed it with a bang, placed it under his arm, and holding it firmly with his left hand, began in great haste to turn out the lights and put up the shutters.

"Now, Giuseppe," I expostulated, "would you mind telling me what has happened? Or do you always close in this sudden way?"

"No, signor," he answered, shortly. "Found Rosa." This was interesting, but hardly explanatory. One gas burner was extinguished, and under it he opened the book again and pointed to the picture which had so affected him. It was called "A Scene in the Italian Quarter," and showed a typical tenement street of New

"What is it, Giuseppe," said I, "holiday American or holiday Italian?"

Giuseppe smiled, slightly embarrassed. I thought, "Italian," he answered. His speech, a cross of native idiom and American slang, was invariably brief. However, as if some further explanation were proper, he added, "Birt-day."

"Ah," said I, "birthday of the King or the Queen perhaps?"

"No, signor," replied Giuseppe. "Birt-day of friend to me." He regarded me for a moment out of the corner of his eye. "Birt-day of lady friend," he added, gently.

This was manifestly an occasion for congratulations, and I extended them promptly. But Giuseppe had grown distant, and when he returned to me again to receive the coin due him for the fruit I had selected, I saw his brow was troubled. "What's that, birt-day," he said, and sighed deeply.

The course of Giuseppe's love was evidently obstructed. I hesitated, and while I did so, his need of a confidant came strongly upon him, and he beckoned me around to the end of the stand, away from passersby. "I show you da mon," he said, and sighed deeply.

What he showed me came from the breast pocket of his corduroy coat, along with various fruit invoices and soiled letters with Italian stamps on them. It was an ordinary tintype in a pink paper cover on which was printed the address of a photographer in Naples. Giuseppe held it open proudly, disclosing the likeness of one of those maidens of round face and trim figure who bloom so plentifully in Southern Italy.

My expression of such opinions had the effect of turning Giuseppe's tale, and he told his story. They had played together, boy and girl, in the Neapolitan village where they were born, though she, it appeared, was a widow, and he an orphan an uncle had taken charge of her and of her little property. Here Giuseppe's brow grew blacker. He, a peasant's son, had found small favor with the guardian.

"He say, 'I want a da mon,'" he blazed. "He say, 'I want a da mon,' I not know. He all time after da mon, hida da mon, swipa da mon' of everabot!"

"A miser?" I suggested.

"Yes," said Giuseppe. "Miser sure. But more like what you call, 'snake and pig!' He squared his shoulders and blew out a long breath. "Ah, well, Rosa say, 'Go slow.' I go slow. I keeps cool—ver' cool. I choke down a whole lot of scraps. But by I go back—den—ah!" His pantomime garroted the wicked uncle into conclusive submission.

However, for the present, the wicked prospector, Rosa had refused to leave, but she had secretly promised to wait. Giuseppe had come away to the land of gold to earn the money which would give him the right to demand her. So long as she had written to him regularly he had worked on bravely, but for several months there had been no letters. He knew not what to believe, he had not yet enough money to go back, he was despairing; though today, with his face and flowers, he had made an effort to observe the merry custom of his village where the young folk make holiday together as the birthday of each comes round. He put the picture away with another sigh. "Sure, signor, ver' good word, dis word," he said, and would have said more had he not been noticed a possible customer hesitating before the fruit. At this sight his melancholy fell suddenly from his face, and his face lit up with the affable smile of commerce.

Auburn May 25th 1845

My Dear Sir

After receive you letter of the 10th inst. I was obliged to go away attending several business concerns, and I was not able to answer you sooner. I have been so completely absorbed in the actuality of the fact, that I find you to despise for your own and concern about the pretty mischief that some native American journals tried to work out of the publication you made concerning me. Even if the mischief had taken effect, I should have been glad to see you. I am not at all interested in the publication you made concerning me, and I am not at all interested in the publication you made concerning me. I am not at all interested in the publication you made concerning me, and I am not at all interested in the publication you made concerning me.

By the way, a friend with the borders of the New York party is their impetuosity and impetuosity, which cannot always abate the delay of center without which no great enterprise can succeed. It leads them to propose extreme measures from which the public mind, half informed and but partially imbued with the spirit of liberty, therefore recoils. I do not deny that they do good. Even impetuous zeal will produce conviction very often, and it certainly stimulates the cold and the indifference. Fully acknowledging the importance of the paramount importance of the great question of emancipation, it seems to me that I am capable of promoting it chiefly by appealing to those less excitable classes who are indifferent or hostile to being too radical. But these measures are of no importance to the public. The great point is to preserve harmony and mutual respect among those who advocate the same cause, in manner and in temper as widely different. My sense of the importance of this harmony prevents my assuaging or accusing those who act more impetuously. If they will exhibit the same charity toward me, it is the common cause that suffers.

FACSIMILE OF A PART OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD'S LETTER.

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

Continued from page thirty-nine

his nose round the reptile's neck, he drew it from its horrid perch, and carrying it at arm's length, threw it into the iron safe, which he closed upon it.

Such are the true facts of the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran. It is not necessary that I should prolong a narrative which has already run to too great a length, by telling how we broke through to the terrace, how we saw her conveyed there by the morning train to the care of her good aunt at Harrow, of how the slow process of official inquiry came to the conclusion that the doctor met his fate while indiscreetly playing with a dangerous pet. The little which I had yet to learn of the case was told me by Sherlock Holmes as we traveled back to London.

"I had," said he, "come to an entirely erroneous conclusion, which shows, my dear Watson, how dangerous it always is to reason from insufficient data. The presence of the gypsies, and the use of the word 'band,' which was used by the poor girl, no doubt to explain the appearance which she had caught a hurried glimpse of in the light of her match, were sufficient to put me once upon an entirely wrong scent. I can only claim the merit that I instantly reconsidered my position when, however, it became clear to me that whatever danger threatened an occupant of the room could not come either from the window or the door. My attention was speedily drawn, as I have already remarked to you, to this ventilator, and to the bell-rope which hung down to the bed. The discovery that this was a dummy, and that the bell was clamped to the floor, instantly gave rise to the suspicion that the rope was there as a bridge for something passing through the hole, and coming to the bed.

The idea of a snake instantly occurred to me, and when I coupled it with my knowledge that the doctor was furnished with a supply of creatures from India I felt that it was probably on a form of poison which could not possibly be discovered by any chemical test was just such a one as would occur to a clever and ruthless man and that the best was clamped to the wall with which such a poison would take effect would also, from his point of view, be an advantage. It would be a sharp-angled corner, indeed, who could distin-

gish the two little dark punctures which would show where the poison fangs had done their work. Then I thought of the whistle. Of course he must recall the snake before the morning light revealed it to the victim. He had trained it, probably by the use of the milk which we saw, to return to him when summoned. He would put it through this ventilator at the hour that he thought best, with the certainty that it would crawl down the rope and land on the bed. It might or might not bite the occupant, perhaps she might escape every night for a week, but sooner or later she must bite at least once. I had come to these conclusions before ever I had entered his room. An inspection of his chair showed me that he had been in the habit of standing on it, which, of course, would be necessary in order that he should reach the ventilator. The sight of the safe, the saucer of milk and the loop of whipcord were enough to finally dispel any doubts which may have remained. The metallic clang heard by Miss Stoner was obviously caused by her stepfather hastily closing the door of the safe upon its terrible occupant. Having once made up my mind, you know the steps which I took in order to put the matter to the proof. I heard the creature hiss, as I have no doubt that you did also, and I instantly lit the light and attacked it."

"With the result of driving it through the ventilator?"

"And also with the result of causing it to turn upon its master at the other side. Some of the blows of my cane came home and roused its snarling temper, so that it flew upon the first person it saw. In this way I am, no doubt, indirectly responsible for Dr. Grimesby Roylott's death, and I cannot say it is likely to weigh very heavily upon my conscience."

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To Educate.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

"If I ever get rich," said the street-car conductor, savagely, as he yanked the bell rope, "I'm going to endow one of them big colleges with a chair."

"What kind of a chair?" asked the interested passenger.

"You kin search me fer a name, but it'll be fer the purpose of learnin' wimmen how to get out a street-car."