

# Bedford Inquirer.

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## Select Poetry.



### BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the Legion, lay dying at Algiers,  
There was a lack of woman's nursing, there was  
But a comrade stood beside him while his life blood  
ebbed away,  
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might  
say—  
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's  
hand,  
And said: "I never more shall see my own,  
my native land,  
Take a message and a token to some distant friends  
of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen, dear Bingen on the  
Rhine!"  
Told my brothers and companions, when they meet  
and crowd around,  
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant village  
ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the  
fight was done,  
Full many a comrade lay ghastly pale beneath the  
setting sun,  
And 'midst the dead and dying, were some grown  
old in wars—  
The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last  
of many scars;  
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's  
moon decline:  
And one had come from Bingen, dear Bingen on the  
Rhine!  
Telling mother that her other sons shall comfort  
her old age,  
That I was still a true heart that thought his home  
a cage—  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child,  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles  
fierce and wild!  
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty  
hoard,  
I let them take what'er they would, but kept my  
father's sword,  
And with my hand I hung it where the bright  
light used to shine—  
On the coat of arms of Bingen, fair Bingen on the  
Rhine!  
Telling sister not to mourn for me, nor sob with  
drooping head,  
When we troops are marching home again with glad  
and gallant tread,  
But to look upon them proudly, with calm and  
steadfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier too, and did not fear  
to die!  
And if a comrade seeks her love, I ask her in my  
name,  
To listen to him calmly, without regret or shame,  
And to hang the old sword in its place—my father's  
sword and mine—  
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the  
Rhine!  
There's another, not a sister, and in happy days  
gone by,  
You'd have known her by the merriment that spark-  
led in her eye,  
Too kind for coquetry, too fond for idle scorn-  
ing;  
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes some-  
times heaviest mourning—  
Tell her the last night of my life (for 'er the moon  
be risen,  
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of  
prison.)  
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sun-  
light shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, sweet Bingen on  
the Rhine!  
I heard the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or  
seemed to hear,  
The German song we used to sing in chorus sweet  
and clear—  
And down the pleasant river and up the slanting  
hill,  
The echoing chorus sounded thro' the evening calm  
and still,  
And her glad blue eye was on me, as we passed in  
friendly talk,  
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well re-  
membered walk,  
And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine,  
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, dear Bingen on  
the Rhine!  
His voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was child-  
ish weak,  
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased  
to speak;  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spirit of life  
had fled—  
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land lay  
dead;  
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she  
looked down  
On the red sands of that battle-field, with bloody  
corpses strewn—  
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light  
seemed to shine,  
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the  
Rhine!

## AGRICULTURAL.



### CULTURE OF GRAPES.

The increasing interest which is being enlisted in behalf of the cultivation of hardy grapes is of so enlarged and encouraging a nature as to cause us to lay before our readers everything in the shape of solid information promotive of their culture, which we deem of practical value, that comes into our possession. The following hints we find in the last issue of the Genesee Farmer, and we commend them to general attention:

Grape vines are raised in several ways. The most common one is from long cuttings, which are made at the time of the winter pruning, and consist of three eyes each, the bottom end of which is cut close to a bud and the upper end is left an inch or two above the top of the bud.

These are put into the open ground as soon as the weather will permit in the spring, in a slanting position, with the upper bud an inch above the ground, and by autumn these will make fine rooted plants.

Plant the vine about as deep as it stood in the nursery, taking care to spread out the roots, and carefully working the earth in among them.

Great care is required in taking up the young vine to save all the roots, as they should never be pruned. At the time of planting it should be cut back to within six eyes, which, as they start, should all be rubbed off by the two strongest, and after these are fairly growing rub off the weakest, leaving only one.

The summer pruning consists simply in keeping off all side shoots that appear and which tend to choke the growth of the main plant.

The terminal bud should be pinched about September, to keep it from opening too early.

The shoot of last year may now be cut back to four buds and two canes trained up this season. Summer pruning to be performed same at last season, and in September these canes are to be stepped as before.

Third Year.—The canes of last season's growth are cut back at the winter pruning (which takes place in December) to within two or three feet of their bases, and laid in on the bottom flat of the trellis, for the frame work of the vine. The bud on the end of each will produce a shoot to continue the prolongment in a horizontal direction and a bud on the upper side of each, near the base of the horizontal shoot, will produce a cane, to be trained to one of the upright bars. All other shoots are rubbed off.

These canes are tied as they require it, and the summer pruning continues the same as before. They are stopped in September as before.

Fourth Year.—At the winter pruning the canes of last year's growth are cut back, the horizontal ones to two feet and the upright ones to four feet.

The upright canes will continue their growth upwards, and the horizontal ones outwards, as before, and this year two more shoots can be trained upright for bearing wood next season.

The vine produces fruit on spurs of the present season's growth, which start from eyes on the upright canes. From one to three bunches is sufficient to ripen on one spur, and soon after the fruit is set the spur should be stopped and tied into the trellis, to prevent breaking.

This year several fruit spurs will be produced on the two canes of last season's growth, on each of which two or three bunches of grapes may be ripened.

In this way the vine adds every year two new upright canes until the trellis is filled. The after management being to attend to summer pruning, or to cut back all the spurs to the old wood at the winter pruning, new ones of which are made every year.

The trellis need not be made until the second year, if preferred, by keeping the canes tied on to poles. Many think this plan of cultivating grapes a very laborious and expensive one; but there are none more satisfactory, as the fruit is of superior size and flavor and will come into full bearing quicker than those allowed to ramble everywhere, and be pruned once in two or three years, cutting them also pieces at once, as often practiced.

Grapes for vineyard culture should be planted on dry, rich soil, which should have a thorough subsiding, liberal manuring and southern aspect. The vines should be planted about six feet apart and trained to posts from eight to ten feet high.

The vines are planted as before recommended, and for the first year or two should be cut back close, to establish good, strong plants, and only one cane be allowed to grow. The third year this cane can be allowed to ripen some fruit, and a new shoot carried up to bear next year.

At the winter pruning the cane that bore is cut away, and then a succession is kept up.—As the vines grow older two or three bearing canes can be taken from each plant.

### Brighton, near Rochester, N. Y.

### POTATO ROT—ITS REMEDY.

It is not so much my object in this communication to pretend to give a remedy for the potato rot as to offer some observations upon its probable causes and some suggestion for the management and cultivation of that invaluable plant, by acting upon which I have uniformly succeeded in raising good crops.

Now, whatever may be the existing or immediate cause of this disease, I think that the remedy is to be found in the abuse to which the potato has, for a long series of years, been

subjected. I mean by this that, in many instances, the plant has been cultivated in a manner contrary to its original nature; and that in consequence, it has become partially, if not permanently, diseased.

Planting in soil in every respect unsuitable; planting seed diseased or imperfectly selected; negligent, or, what is worse, a wrong mode of cultivation; exposing the potatoes after being dug to early frosts, chilling rains or the hot rays of the sun; putting them away in bad condition in damp cellars or in improperly constructed receptacles in the ground—are some of the abuses to which the potato has been subjected, and some of the causes it presents of deterioration.

If these conclusions are correct, instead of seeking a specific for the rot, it would be a wiser and more practical course to endeavor, by proper care and cultivation, to restore this plant to its original soundness. And that the suggestions which follow, if faithfully practiced, will contribute to this result, it not entirely accomplish it, my own experience demonstrates. During the past season one-eighth, at least, of the potatoes raised in this neighborhood were so much affected with the rot as to be unfit for use, white wine were almost perfectly sound.—Of a crop of over a hundred bushels, I had not, perhaps, more than a bushel of unsound potatoes. As the result of my experience in raising this crop during several years, in which I have been almost invariably successful in securing sound potatoes and obtaining a fair yield I make the following suggestions:

1st. Select, if possible, a new, dry and sandy soil. Here in the West, especially, this kind of soil is almost indispensable to the successful raising of sound potatoes. If it is necessary to use a fertilizer, a compost made of ash or lime and stable manure, in which the ashes or lime preponderates, is preferable to any other.

2. Having secured a proper soil, the ground should be deeply and thoroughly plowed in the fall, or early in the spring, and again immediately before planting. Whatever other precautions are overlooked in preparing the ground, that of deep plowing should not be neglected.

3. The best place to plant potatoes through the winter is a dry, dark cellar, having a wooden floor. If the cellar is damp a layer of clay (that of what being the best) should be placed under them and around the walls. They should be frequently examined, if possible, through the winter and the decayed ones should be removed. The sound ones should be kept perfectly sound until harvest by keeping them in a dark and tolerably dry place and by keeping the sprouts broken off.

If the foregoing suggestions are faithfully observed I have no doubt that the ravages of the rot will be greatly retarded. Unfortunately for the potato, it has received less attention, with a view to its improvement, than almost any other kind of agricultural product. Let the same pains be taken with the potato as are bestowed upon some other kinds of farming produce and the result will be that this almost indispensable article of food will not only become more abundant, but greatly improved in quality.—Baltimore Sun.

### HIPPOTAMUS HUNTING.

An English publication gives the following account of hunting this amphibious monster:

We, the mate's boat crew, had been ordered to prepare ourselves for a general cruise.—We provided ourselves with a store of bread and beef, filled the boat's breaker with water, spread our sail to the light breeze, and pointed the boat's bow to the nearest island. Landing here we found nought but a wilderness of low jungle, which was scarcely penetrable, together with a poor landing. We examined three or four of the islets, and having at last fixed upon a suitable place to commence operations, and were about to return on board, when the chief officer had good naturedly brought with him. When within about a mile and a half of the mainland, we found the water shoal, being not more than three fathoms—eighteen feet deep.—I saw a black skin glisten in the sun just then, said the boat-steerer, who was at the mate having stretched himself upon the bowthwart to take a nap. 'It was nothing but a puffing pig either—nor no,' said he with some degree of animation, 'nor anything else that wears black skin that I ever saw before.' This had the effect of rousing us up, every eye casting his eyes ahead to catch a sight of the questionable 'black skin.' Here he blows! and there again! and over there he blows! said several voices in succession. 'It ain't a spout at all, boys, let's pull up and see what it is.' We took to our oars, and the boat was soon darting forward at good speed toward the place where we had last seen the object of our curiosity. 'Stern all!' suddenly shouted the mate, as the boat bro't up 'all standing' against some object which we had not been able to see on account of the murkiness of the collision nearly throwing us upon our backs into the bottom of the boat. As we backed off an enormous beast slowly raised his head above the water, gave a loud snort, and inconspicuously dove down again, almost before we could get a fair look at it.

'What is it?' was now the question which no one could answer. Whatever it is, said the mate, whose whaling blood was up, 'if it comes within reach of my iron, I'll make fast to it, lads; so pull ahead.' We were again under way, keeping a bright lookout for the reappearance of the stranger. There are a whole school, said the mate, eagerly, pointing in shore, where the glistening of white water showed that a number of the nondescripts were evidently enjoying themselves. 'Now boys, pull hard and we'll soon try their mettle.'—'There's something broke water, just ahead,'

aid the boat-steerer. 'Pull easy, lads—I see him—there—way enough—there's his back!' 'Stern all!' shouted he, as he darted his iron into the back as broad as a small sperm whale.

'Stern all!—back water—back water, every man!' and the infuriated beast made desperate lunges in every direction, making the white water fly almost equal to a whale. We could now see the whole shape of the creature, as, in his agony and surprise, he raised himself above the surface. We all recognized at once the Hippopotamus, as he is represented in books of natural history. Our object soon got a little cooler, and giving a savage roar, bent his head round until he grasped the shank of the iron between his teeth. With one jerk he drew it out of his bleeding quarter, and shaking it savagely, dove down to the bottom.—'The water was here about two fathoms deep, and we could see the direction in which he was travelling along the bottom by a line of blood as well as the air bubbles which rose to the surface as he breathed.

'Give me another iron, Charley, and we'll not give him a chance to pull it out next time.' The iron was handed up, and we slowly sailed in the direction which our prize was following along the bottom. 'Here's two or three of them stern of us,' said the boat-steerer. Just then two more rose, one on either side of the boat, and in rather unpleasant proximity, and before we had begun to realize our situation the wounded beast, unable any longer to stay beneath the surface, came up to breathe just ahead. 'Pull ahead a little; let's get out of this snarl. Lay the boat around—so—now, stern all, and the iron was planted deep in the neck of our victim. With a roar louder than a dozen of the wild bulls of Madagascar, the now maddened beast made for the boat.—'Back water!—back, I say! Take down this boatsail, and stern all! Stern for your lives men!' as two more appeared by the bows, evidently prepared to assist their comrade. He was making the water fly in all directions, and having failed to reach the boat, was now vainly essaying to grasp the iron, which the mate had purposely put into his short neck so close to his head that he could not get it into his mouth.

'Stick out line till we get clear of the school, and then we'll put up on the other side of this fellow, and soon settle him with a lance.'

This was done, and as we again hauled up the boatsail, the mate poised his lance for a moment then sent it deep into his heart. With a tremendous roar, and a desperate final struggle, of scarcely a minute's duration, our prize gave up the ghost, and after sinking for a moment, rose again to the surface, lying upon his side, just as does the whale when dead. His companion had left us, and we now, giving three cheers for our victory, towed the carcass to the shore. It was luckily high tide, and we got the body up to high water-mark, where the speedily receding waves left it ashore. When we here viewed the giant, and thought of the singular agility he had displayed in the water, we could not help acknowledging to one another, that to get among a school of Hippopotami, was rather a desperate game.

How Mr. BUCHANAN FEELS.—The curiosity in the minds of some people as to the feelings which Mr. Buchanan privately entertains in regard to the agitation of the question growing out of the Lecompton swindle, is about being gratified by some of the correspondents of the public journals. That the old gentleman feels very much out of humor, is nothing more than need be expected, but that he should give vent to his bad temper in curses and profanity, is something more than we were prepared to hear from our circumpect old Bachelor President. It is well for the "traitors" in the Democratic camp that their chief has not the power to take their lives, and imprison their persons, placed in his hands, or we would have a repetition of the "Bloody Assizes," even in this advanced stage of the nineteenth century. His nameake of England was not more bitter and unrelenting toward the refractory contestants of his kingly prerogative than our James would be to his treatment of Douglas, Walker, Stanton, and their friend, if the Constitution permitted a similar gratification of his revengeful feelings. It is said that Bancroft, the historian, after listening to the reading of the President's message, in the Senate, when it was finished, pronounced the document "hellish." This criticism coming to the ears of the President, it excited his feelings so much as to cause him to rail and swear in a very earnest manner. Douglas told one of his friends that when "Old Buck" read the declaration of his speech that he was absent from the country when the Nebraska bill was passed, he fairly howled with rage. A correspondent remarks: "There is intense personal bitterness between Buchanan and Douglas, on all points. The President denounces the Senator as a little demagogue who is afraid of the consequences of his own measures. He expresses the greatest contempt for the blunder of Douglas' anti-Lecompton movement, and does not disguise his purpose to aid in the election of a Republican Senator, if necessary; to defeat Douglas, should he continue to oppose Lecompton; and if he now turns against the President says he might be tolerated in the party, but he would be despised. On his part, Douglas everywhere asserted that Buchanan and the administration are dead. Some of the Douglas office holders in Illinois would have been dismissed before this, but the House delegation entreated the President to spare them, because they would, in case of a general row, lose their seats as well as Douglas' his."

The editor of the Democrat says that the New York Democrats who voted against Mayor Wood were "afflicted" with "honesty," that disorder has rarely attacked Democrats out here—they usually enjoy excellent party health. *Los. Journal.*

A GOOD JOKE.—A Prussian journal of the Lower Rhine tells a very good joke of a religious community thereon, who, appreciating the long and able services of their faithful minister, unanimously resolved, as a slight testimonial of the same, to present him this year of a beautiful vintage, each with a bottle of white wine. The minister, of course, duly sensitive to this delicate tribute of love and affection, as well as pretty proud of it, as an evidence that his ministry had not been altogether in vain, at considerable expense prepared, in his cellar, a huge ornate cask, into which, on the appointed day, appeared every member of his flock to empty his bottle. But what was the surprise of the minister, as well as of the generous donors, on tasting from the now overflowing cask, to find that it was not wine but water! A strange thing, certainly, and of which we have no other explanation than this, that every member of the society were of the same idea, that one bottle of water would not be noticed in a whole cask of wine.

### George Bancroft on Kansas.

#### TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK.

On Monday, the 5th inst., having been assured that the Academy of Music had certainly been engaged for the occasion, I signed a call for an Anti-Lecompton meeting, to be held there on Friday the 12th.

On Tuesday evening one of the Directors of the Academy of Music came to my house and expressed himself very strongly against the terms in which the meeting was called, and against the meeting; and expressed his unwillingness that a meeting should be held in the Academy under such a call and for such a purpose. But he added that he spoke only for himself; there were eight other directors and they might all differ from him. He also expressed his own unwillingness to grant the use of the Academy of Music for any political meeting whatever. I did not debate with him either the language of the call or its purpose, and he withdrew, excusing himself on the ground that he was in search of another person and not of me. The next day I saw the receipt for the use of the Academy, which unequivocally leased the Hall for an "Anti-Lecompton meeting." I was also informed on Thursday, on what seemed and still seemed and still seems to me, the highest authority, that the building would be opened on Friday according to contract. On Friday morning I went to the Academy, was courteously received by the agent, found fires lighted, and every necessary preparation proceeding rapidly, nor did I receive the slightest intimation that there was any obstacle in the way of holding the meeting as proposed.

If the thousands who showed their wish to be present last evening had been allowed to assemble, I might have been called upon to preside, and in that case should have addressed them. The opportunity was denied me; but the free expression of opinion cannot be stifled; the press relieves from all such wrong, and having written out some remarks, very nearly such as I should have spoken, I submit them to my fellow citizens of New York, being sure that nothing is wanting to a just judgment on the subject in question, but the attention of the people.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Saturday, Feb. 13, 1858.

FELLOW CITIZENS: The proper solution of the question before the country, which in some of its aspects, is the most momentous that has been presented since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, is self-evident; but that solution has been so thwarted that it is made necessary to revert to first principles, and to take counsel of the people, who are the source of wisdom and of power. We are assembled to-night, not in hostility to the Administration. We venerate the President for his age and past services, and desire to remove out of his path the great obstacle to his present usefulness.—Still less are we at variance with the South.—We have never feared to sustain the South on any question in which the South was in the right, and we are justified in asking its cooperation to prevent a great national wrong, which, if consummated, will injure its friends. Far from opposing Democracy, we come here to-night to uphold it, by freshening in our minds the love of justice and freedom, without which Democracy is a delusion.

We are assembled to protest against forcing the Lecompton Constitution upon the people of Kansas against their will. Bear with me, fellow-citizens, in the fewest possible words, I speak to the facts in the case, to the right, and to the means of redress.

As to the facts of the case, the Lecompton Constitution was authorized in advance by no one branch of the General Government. The Senate of the United States passed a bill for a different mode of procedure. The House, by a decided vote, declared itself willing to accept the real and true opinion of the majority of Kansas, however it might be expressed. The President, through his agent, the Governor of the Territory, vetoed the bill for the convention. The Senate, the House, the President of the United States, are all innocent of the Lecompton Convention. The people of the Territory never elected that convention, and never had an opportunity to do so. The lists of voters were made out by partisan officers, who acted under no penalties for neglect of du-

ty. Fifteen counties, by no fault of their own had no possible opportunity to vote at all. The Convention, therefore, never had even a pretext for binding the people. Before the convention did its work, a new election of a Kansas Legislature took place, and, thanks to Walker and Stanton, false, fraudulent and forged returns were rejected, and a Legislature was formed of unquestioned legality. The convention, knowing the true will of the people, in defiance of that will, refused to refer the constitution to the people, sequestered their inalienable rights, and made themselves masters. They acknowledged that such a reference should have been made at least on the slavery clause, and then they framed a schedule which made no true reference even of that clause, but disfranchised all except those who would acknowledge their usurpation, and were willing to take test oaths to support it.—The convention further assumed most extraordinary powers, and sought in advance to nullify and render void the acts of the newly elected Legislature. They did what they could to show the approbation of the fraudulent vote which Walker and Stanton, with the approval, it is to be hoped, of the President. Moreover, it ordered an election of State officers, under their unratified constitution, without requiring an oath of the election officers, or affixing a penalty on fraudulent voting or forged returns; and they, moreover, directed returns to be made, not to the Governor or the legal Legislature, but to one man alone, the President of their convention; a man holding a most lucrative office, and a large patronage under the General Government; clothed with power to judge at his discretion of all returns of a legislature before which he might become a candidate for office; bound by no oath to fidelity, and exposed to no legal penalty for the abuse of his trust. We hold, then, that the convention has no claim to the sovereignty in Kansas but by usurpation; that it had in no wise the sanction of Congress, nor of the President, nor of the people of Kansas, and was but a cunning device to defraud that people of its sovereignty.

The cardinal point on which the great question turns is this: Is the Lecompton Constitution the choice and will of the people of Kansas? I say it is not, and I shall prove it.—The first witness is the convention itself. They were urged to refer the matter to the people.—The President, in his high office, pledged himself over and over again, to the approbation of that course; and by the authority and with the knowledge of the President, the Governor, and officers of the President's appointment, quieted the discontents of the people of Kansas by advocating the necessity of such submission before the constitution could claim any validity. And yet the convention refused to submit its doings to the people; thus confessing its consciousness that its work would be rejected.

The second witness is the newspaper press of Kansas. That press is against the constitution by a majority of seven or eight to one. Next, Kansas, by act of Congress, has a right to a delegate in Congress, charged with the duty of speaking for its people. They have now a delegate who is undoubtedly the choice of the people, and is the first Kansas delegate ever chosen by the people. He is my third witness.

Next, Ask the line of Governors appointed by Presidents themselves. Gary, Walker, formerly Senator from Mississippi, and recently proposed for a place in the President's Cabinet, and highly commended by the President himself; Stanton, so lately member of Congress from Tennessee, all agree. And I would not fear to ask Denver, the present incumbent; he will certify that even a fraction of the party against the Lecompton constitution is more numerous than the whole of its friends.

Fifth: The people of Kansas now happily, thanks to Walker and Stanton, have a legislature indisputably representing that people; and so soon as they could lift up their voice, they protested against the Lecompton Constitution.

Sixth: Those State officers who received the highest number of votes at the election held on the 4th of January last have likewise sent their protest to Congress.

Seventh: The voice of the people of Kansas itself should be heard. On the 4th of January they repaired to the polls under no ordinary circumstances of solemnity. The President had sanctioned the proceedings by his special protection; the Legislature and Denver took care that the vote should be an honest one, and by that vote it appears that an overwhelming majority of the people of Kansas reject the constitution of Lecompton.

So, then, we have seven sets of witnesses against Lecompton, the circumstantial evidence of the Lecompton Convention; the Kansas press; the Kansas delegate in Congress; the series of Kansas Governors—four in one year, the Kansas Legislature; the Kansas people. All, all declare that the people of Kansas reject the Lecompton constitution.

If I could hope that the words of one so humble as myself could reach the presence of one so high as the President of the United States, I would entreat him to lend his ear reverently, and hear and respect the voice of the people of Kansas, however lowly they may seem in the log cabins and homes that they have made for themselves in the wilderness.—What they have accomplished there, under unexampled trials and difficulties, is the miracle of the age. A Commonwealth in all its fair proportions has grown up, as it were, in the night time. If the President of the United States will have a peaceful Administration; if he will, by and by, have dignity in retirement; if he will stand well with the world of mankind; if, like Washington and all our great Presidents, he wishes to stand well with posterity, let him respect the will of the people of Kansas.

It is said that the whole affair is of little consequence; that the wrong, if it be a wrong, is a small one. But there is in political justice no such thing as a small wrong. A small wrong