American Volunteer.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG OUR COUNTRY."

VOL. 50. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1864. NO. 48.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS:

SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

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Poetical.

A DESERTED FARM.

—o—

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

—o—

The elms were old, and gnarled, and bent—
The fields, untilled, were choked with weeds,
Where every year thistles sent
Wider and wider their winged seeds.

Farther and farther the nettle and dock
Went colonizing o'er the plain,
Growing each season a plenteous stock
Of burrs to protect their wild domain.

The last who ever had ploughed the soil,
Now in the furrowed chu ebyard lay—
The boy who whistled to lighten his toil,
Was a sexton somewhere far away.

Instead, you saw how the rabbit and mole
Burrowed and furrowed with never a fear;
How the tunneling fox looked out for his hole,
Like one who notes if the skies are clear.

No mower was there to startle the birds
With the noisy whet of his reeking scythe
The quail, like a cow-boy calling his herds,
Whistled to tell that his heart was blithe.

Now all was bequeathed with pious care—
The groves and fields fenced round with briars—
To the birds that sing in the cloisters of air,
And the squirrels, those merry woodland friars.

Miscellaneous.

SOURCE OF THE NILE.

A great geographical problem has been solved. The "mystic Nile" is mystic no longer. Its last secret has been wrung from it by the persevering energy of modern explorers. "By reversing the line of research followed by all former travelers, and by proceeding from the east coast of Africa, near Zanzibar, to the central, lofty and flat plateau land, forming in that meridian the water shed between North and South Africa, Captains Speke and Grant finally reached the true reservoir from whence the Nile flows."

Only brief sketches of the travels, adventures and discoveries of these enterprising gentlemen have yet found their way into print; but a complete narrative will doubtless be published in due time; meanwhile, we extract from a report of their talk before the Royal Geographical Society a few interesting particulars of the explorers and their African retinue:

LAKE VICTORIA NYANZA.

The land above the lake is beautiful, composed of low sandstone hills, scoured down by small streams, the effect of constant rains, grown over by gigantic grass, except where the villagers have supplanted it by cultivation, or on the deltas where mighty trees, tall and straight as the blue gems of Australia, usurp the right of vegetation. The bed of the Nyanza has shrunk from its original dimensions, as we saw in the case of the Urigi Lake; and the moorlands immediately surrounding are covered with a hot-work of large rush drains, with boggy bottoms; as many as one to every mile, even counting from the Kitanqula, which of itself was obviously at one period a much fuller stream than at the present day, when the old bed was on the level of the present surface of the water, and its breadth was double that which now exists. The Mountains of the Moon are wearing down, and so is Africa Crossing the equator, altogether the conformation of the land appeared much the same, but increased in beauty; the drainage system was found the opposite, clearly showing we were on the north slope of Africa. One stream, the Mwerango, of moderate dimensions, said to arise in the lake, flowed north and joined the Nile in the kingdom of Unigoro, where its name is changed to Kafu; or another stream, the Luagevri, followed its example; and then, still further on from the centre of the coast of Lake Nyanza, issued the parent stream of the Nile, flowing over rocks of igneous character, twelve feet high, which, as the natives, and also some Arabs, designate by the simple name of stones.

UGANDA AND ITS KING.

The country, says Captain Speke, was indeed a land of pleasure. He had come thro' a land of persecution, and now heartily appreciated the change. The country was marvelously fine, and he could not have believed that there was anything like it in the heart of Africa. Captain Grant and myself received at the hand of the King every possible consideration, who, when he first heard of our intention to go northward, was, however, much opposed, and endeavored to dissuade us from it by every argument in his power. The King was a most intelligent and inquiring man. His Majesty asked questions about the geography of the world, and especially about the north, and was astonished to hear of the land surrounded by water. He asked about the stars and sun, and what became of the old suns and moons.—His anxious desire was to obtain knowledge upon every topic which came under his notice. The King had heard of the extraordinary power of the white people, and wished to know from us whether it was not so great that, if we chose, we could blow up Africa. Scarcely a day passed while in this kingdom without going to pay a visit to the King; and many strange stories were told which he could not now remember. This amiable King gave him much valuable information, including all that about the system of lakes and rivers draining into the Nile, and others rising in the mountains of the Moon and in Uganda. Indeed, from this information he was enabled to send home a map very nearly as good as that which he had since been able to prepare after his journey to the Nyanza. We went out shooting together, and sometimes his sons accompanied him, and they always acted in the most courteous and, he would say, gentlemanly manner. If he shot a rhinoceros, they would come up and congratulate him on his success, shaking him heartily by the hand.

THE NEGROES.

Looking back on the many tribes we had passed through, one apparently identical race of negro overspread the entire land from the coast to Gondokro, and onward down the Nile—that is to say, if you leave out their tribal marks, their dress and their dialect, it would, I believe, be impossible to distinguish the natives of one part from those of another. As regards the general populousness of the countries we have passed through, I may state that throughout the whole journey there were but three or four places where we had to carry our provisions for more than six days.

GAME.

The country was too populous to admit of any large amount of game. Those mixtures of species and herds, as seen by Dr. Livingstone and other South African travelers, were seldom or never seen, and in many forests we might range from morn till noon and only see two or three antelopes.

The largest herd of elephants we came across (say 300 in Unyoro) were all browsing and amusing themselves like cows in a park. Firing did not alarm them in the least until after some were wounded. Guns had never before been used against them, the natives using pit-falls to secure their ivories. Lions were constantly heard, but chiefly in the countries where many cattle were grazing.—They and different species of leopard are trapped by crushing them under logs of wood. Zebra, giraffe and buffalo, and a variety of antelope were shot; also, hare, partridge, floriken, etc.

CAPTAIN SPEKE'S AFRICANS.

The men we traveled with were freed men fram Zanzibar. These men are chiefly born in central equatorial Africa, where they are captured, as children or in manhood, during village fights, after which they, by sale or barter, become the property of the Arabs of Zanzibar, whose bazaars are full of them and their brethern who may have been freed from slavery by the death of their masters. Generally speaking, their complexion was a coffee brown, with teeth and skin markings according to the taste and fancy of the clan or sub-clan they belonged to. No general description can be given of their features. tho' the receding forehead, prominent muzzle, thick lip, bridgeless nose, well shaped dark eye, were common to most — exceptions showed viciously thrown back ears, enormous gapes, diminutive eyes, fleshy breasts and buttocks; some with even the busts of women, and others with a remarkable mobility of the upper lip, like a monkey when excited. Their average height is 5 feet, 6 inches, or 7 inches. When in full condition they are bulking, thick-set, strong, frank, intelligent looking fellows, with a manly bearing; but, when sitting, adopt the laziest and most lolling of attitudes.

Notwithstanding their healthy look, they are liable to fever, opthalmia, and other native complaints, die off earlier at a greater ratio, I believe, than from desertion in old age, and want of proper care and treatment. In dress or cleanliness they are not particular. Starting from Zanzibar as Arab "Fos's," their fineries soon become rags, and they wore whatever they could pick up. Not content with the Tower rifle, to satisfy their caprice they would burden themselves with spears, bows and arrows, etc., decked in red rags. Never were there more joyous, noisy, likeable, laughing creatures for three months or so, but after this they gave one all kinds of annoyances, becoming sulky, capracious, and full of childish complaints, taking duty just or not if they pleased, refusing to march from fear, want of ammunition, or laziness; halting in the middle of a march because they thought they had done enough; stealing your property to buy themselves provisions, when master had little or none; fighting and quarreling in your presence; listening to no remonstrance on your part; disobedience of orders, falsehood, etc. On the other hand, no men in the world are better suited for such a journey; they carried loads, arms, cut roads, made huts, gathered firewood, were our cooks, (such as they were,) ate anything, literally; mended your coat, kept the camp in an uproar with drums, bells, guitars, dances and shouts. Such jacks-of-all-trades make bad servants and valets—they soon destroy your property. Everything they jumble into one bag, and, truly, African-like, if nothing better is at hand, they'll make a lever of your best rifle to carry their loads.—Another peculiarity of the negro, in distinction to the Indian, is, that one's shoes are always placed reversed before you; your umbrella always rests on its handle; lie eats with your spoons; cooks in your pots, beats the drum on them, drinks water out of your teapot spout; also, in your very presence he squirts away at tobacco, mimics you, or good humoredly serenades you with complimentary songs, perhaps only the very minute after he's got into mischief.

WHY CHILDREN DIE.—One reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with food and choked with physic, slosched with water, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bed clothes. So much for in-door.—When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the cold months, only the nose is permitted to peep into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothing at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middle, with an inverted umberella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings, and thick, double soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant flesh, blood, bone and constitution, goes out with shoes as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees; neck bare; an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure which, a dozen years later, would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and then lay it on the Lord, is too bad. We do not think the Almighty had any hand in it. And to draw comfort from the presumption that he had an agency in the death of the child is a profanation.

☞ A good question for a debating society. Which is the most delightful operation: "To kiss a fair woman on a dark night, or a dark woman on a fair night?"

☞ A red-nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits: "Ay, sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see too much evidence before me to doubt it."

Death of English Kings.

William the conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stags that he hunted.

Henry I. died of gluttony.

Henry II. died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cœur de Lion, like the animal from which his heart was named, died by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how, but it is said from chagrin, which we suppose, is another term for a dose of hellebore.

Henry III. is said to have "died a natural death."

Edward I. is likewise said to have died a "natural sickness"—a sickness which would puzzle all the College of Physicians to denominate.

Edward II. was most barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother and her paramour.

Edward III. died of dotage, and Richard II. of starvation, the very reverse of George IV.

Henry IV. is said to have died of "fits caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry V. is said to have died of a "painful affliction, prematurely!" This is a courtly term for getting rid of a king.

Henry VI. died in a prison, by means known now only to Heaven.

Edward V. was strangled in the tower by his uncle Richard III.

Richard III. was killed in battle.

Henry VII. wasted away as a miser ought to.

Henry VIII. died of carbuncle, fat, and fury.

Edward VI. died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a broken heart.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies.

James I. died of drinking, and the effects of nameless vices.

Charles I. died on the scaffold.

Charles II. died suddenly, it is said of apoplexy.

William III. died from consumptive habits of body, and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Ann died from dropsy.

George I. died of drunkenness, which his physicians politely called an apoplectic fit.

George II. died of a rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God.

George III. died as he lived—a madman. Throughout life he was at least a consistent monarch.

George IV. died of gluttony and drunkenness.

William IV. died amidst the sympathies of his subjects.

A SHORT CONNUBIAL LECTURE.—Scolding? I am not scolding! I never do, Rasher! If I express my mind about anything you begin to talk about "curtain lectures" and all that kind of vulgar stuff. Men have fairly worn out their own tongues talking about women's tongues, yet I've got to live to see the day when a man admired a quiet woman. You always see them running after the silliest chatterboxes. The faster they can talk, and the more foolish things they can say, the better they like 'em—provided always it ain't their own wife! It's only last night, at Mrs. Yellow Dock's, you was perfectly infatuated with that Mrs. Giggle that we women despise. I had to laugh in my sleeve, to see how you stuck by her side the whole evening. Jealous? Not a bit of it. Me and Grimace were watching you and enjoying ourselves very much. Grimace told me it was surprising to see a man with such a wife as you had, interested in that silly little widow. You were charmed with her good nature? I presume so. You'd rather have somebody with an eternal smile on their face, than to hear the wittiest things said in a cutting way. The fact is, Rasher, you're not a judge of the female sex; they can pull the wool over your eyes without the least difficulty. You presume I am as well aware of that weakness as any one? Oh, now, don't be getting sharp—it ain't becoming of you! Give me the money I asked for, that's all I want of you. Of course it's all I ever want of you. Men were made to earn money, and women to spend it; that's what's the matter, Mr. Rasher.

A SWEET WIFE.—Mrs. X———, who resides in our senatorial district, had a neighbor, who was represented to be quarrelsome in his family, making his home anything but a pleasant abode. She, however, having heard that his wife was a great deal of a vixen, thought the wife might also be to blame for the unpleasant state of affairs in the household. So, full of charity and the doctrines of the law of kindness, Mrs. X——— visited her neighbor's house, with the benevolent intent of reconciling the differences existing there, and addressed the better half something in this style:

"Now, you know," said she, "how much pleasanter it would be if you and your husband would live together without quarreling; both you and your children would be happier; and instead of being a reproach to the neighborhood, you might become honored members of society. And it may be," she continued, "you are not altogether blameless in this matter. Suppose you try and see what the law of kindness practiced toward your husband will do in effecting a reconciliation. It certainly can do no harm, and you may succeed in touching the tender chords of his heart, and he may renew his old affection.—Try it," she urged, "and if you do not succeed you will at least heap coals of fire on his head," and so on.

All this was listened to, when this reply was made:

"I don't know about your coals of fire; *I've tried boiling hot water and it didn't do a bit of good!"—Harper's Monthly.*

VALUE OF AN AFRICAN WIFE.—Some English settlers in South Africa, in a hunting excursion across the frontier, were entertained at the kraal of the Amatymba Caffres.—The chief required how many wives an Englishman usually had and how many were required to be paid for one. He was told that no man not even the king himself, was allowed to have more than one and that property was not given for them, but on the contrary expected with them. "You are a people of strange customers," said the Caffre; "among us no man can procure a tolerable wife for less than ten good oxen and our chiefs sometimes pay sixty cattle for one of superior qualities. Your women, I fear, make but indifferent wives since no one will pay for them and their relatives must even pay the men to marry them off their hands."

☞ Slight of hand—Refusing an offer of marriage.

SEASONABLE HINTS.—A bank-note reporter would not naturally be looked to for words of proverbial wisdom, but, Thompson's Reporter is responcible for the following, which will do well to ponder on during a hot, dull, day:

Don't have too much commiseration for the accomplished, amiable, and charming wife of a defaulter, until you know that she has not, by extravagance and pride, induced him to use money not his own, or to speculate with a view to gratify her wishes.

Don't think you are making a bargain when you cheat a customer; for in the long run, all such operations will turn out quadruple losses.

Don't lend money at to great a shave; for the borrower must succeed, or he'll never be able to pay.

Don't neglect your regular business thinking to do better at some outside enterprise; the chances are ten to one you will not succeed.

Don't go to law in a hurry; first exhaust the legal remedies.

Don't get excited about politics unless you are quite sure that the election of your candidate will be better for your business, and for the country, than any other man.

Don't be too severe on others for not thinking as you think, that they may excuse you for not thinking as they do.

Don't condemn others for their inherited or God-endowed peculiarities; for could you but see yourself as you see others, your condemnation might come home.

Don't be too sm.rt; it is the instinct of man to give the extreme smart ones, of both genders, a wide hert.

Don't be as the dog in the manger; for some bull may give you a toss.

Don't judge until you have heard both sides of the case.

Don't get on stilts in prosperity nor on your knees in adversity; for what goes up must come down but what goes down don't always come up.

THE FURY OF A WOMAN SCORNED.—A terrible illustration of what a scorned woman's fury will lead her to do, occurred, recently, in Milwaukie. A lady of that city returning unexpectedly from a call, imagined she heard voices in the room usually occupied by herself and husband. The door being closed, she was reduced to the keyhole, and to this aperture she applied her eye. She saw the figure of a woman? Standing by her was the husband of the jealous wife, actually engaged adjusting a shawl upon the shoulders of the female intruder. The wife went to another room, took a loaded shot gun, returned opened the door, and deliberately shot the strange woman in the back. The husband screamed, the wife fainted. When the latter returned to consciousness, she found the wretch of a husband bending over her, with a well-feigned solicitude in his glance. Mutual explanation ensued, and the body of the woman who had been shot was brought in.—It was a dummy! The husband, who pursued the respectable calling of a retail dry goods dealer, was went to use this figure to exhibit the mantillas and shawls with which he desired to charm the eyes of the Milwaukie ladies. The dummy, from long exposure and hard usage, had become shabby, and the merchant had that morning brought it from the shop for the purpose of renovating its exterior. Not finding his wife, he was trying in his awkard way to do the work, and probably swearing at his clumsy attempts, when his wife mistaking the accents of passion, let fly the fatal shot. This tragedy in real life will teach her a lesson, perhaps.

CURIOUS INCIDENT AT A LAUNCH.—A Cincinnati paper thus reports an incident at the launch of the iron-clad Catawba in that city a few days ago:

At the foot of Butler street a great crowd was gathered, and though those standing near the water's edge were repeatedly ordered away, they returned whenever the policemen were called elsewhere. At the moment the vessel was in the water an immense wave rolled shoreward, instantly submerging one or two hundred people, and carrying many of them off their feet. As it retreated a sight at once ludicrous and terrifying was presented. Women and children were climbing up the muddy bank wildly catching at each other's heels; men were floundering on their backs, and one individual, hii hat carried off by the undertow, was frantically hugging a log, alternately floating and burrowing in mud as the surf advanced and receded. Fortunately the first wave was the largest and most sudden, and all the fathers against their will scrambled out of danger. One bedragled individual said he 'didn't care a pin for the wetting, but he hated to miss the show.' He disappeared in a neighboring bar-room, and probably launched a little Catawba on his account into a region where there was no danger of its displacing an overwhelming bulk of water."

MAKING SOAP.—A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* says: We lately tried a new receipt for making soap—new to us at least—and as we had such good success I thought it would be well to send you the *modus operandi* for the house keeper's department of your paper: Pour four gallons of boiling water over six pounds of washing soda and three pounds of unslacked lime; stir the mixture well and let it settle until it is perfectly clear; it is better to set all night, as it takes some time for the sediment to settle. When clear, drain the water off, put six pounds of fat with it and boil for two hours stirring it the most of the time; if it does not seem thin enough, put another bucket of water on the grounds, stir and drain off, and add as is wanted to the boiling mixture; its thickness can be tried by putting a little on a plate to cool occasionally. Stir in a handful of salt just before taking off the fire.—Have a tub ready soaked to prevent the soap from sticking, pour it in and let it sit till solid, when you will have from the above quantity of ingredients about forty pounds of nice white soap, at a cost of about two cents per pound. Housekeepers, try it.

NEWSPAPERS.—Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply renumerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year, without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from him at school should be supplied with a newspaper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last, in debate and composition, at least. The reason is plain; they had command of more facts. Youth will peruse a newspaper with delight when they will read nothing else.—*Judge Longstreet*

☞ A key that fits everyboy's trunk—*Turkey.*

SUMNER SKINNED!

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH

DELIVERED IN THE U. S. SENATE BY

SENATOR POWELL, of Ky.

In Reply to Some Remarks Made by Mr. SUMNER *of Massachusetts.*

Mr. POWELL. I tell you, Senators, that your only hope is to strike down free speech, a free press, and free ballot, in order to maintain your power. Hence it is that, although we hope, we do not much expect that you will do anything in the right direction. Your past action does not convince us that you will. Give us these three great conservative peaceful agencies; it is all we want. Let us freely canvass your administration of public affairs; let us freely investigate the conduct of your men in power; let us through the press and the tongue, on the stump and in every cabin, say what we think; let the newspapers go forth pointing to the fact, and showing to the people clearly and distinctly that you are overthrowing the Constitution; that you are plundering them of their treasure; that you are unworthy of trust, and your political days will be numbered. I tell the conservative men, the Democracy, the old Whigs, the honest Republicans, everywhere—and I wish to God my voice could extend to the remote parts of this country—to be of good cheer; and if those in power attempt to enslave them, to put chains upon their limbs, to prevent their free tongues from wagging in words of honest and burning censure against those who are striking down their liberties, if the minions of power attempt to interfere with the freedom of the press, I would advise the people throughout the length and breadth of the land to insist on freedom, and give their lives in its defence: I am for law and for order; I beg, I implore, I entreat, that we may have these great constitutional agencies without blood; but, before God, I shall advise the people everywhere, rather than submit to the degradation of having free speech, a free press, and free ballot taken from them, to strike the usurpers to the ground. If a free people will not fight and give their blood for these three inestimable blessings they are unworthy to live as freemen, and the best thing for them would be to die, for they will have to do that or live as slaves.

I hope we will have hereafter the perfect freedom of elections everywhere; that we shall have free speech, a free press, and free ballot. These are all the weapons we ask. But if they are denied us, I shall advise the Democracy and the conservative men in every State of the Union to fight for them; I do not mean to go out of the Union, but I mean to fight for the ballot, and fight under the Constitution and laws of their country, and defend themselves by striking to the earth those who attempt to prevent them exercising these inestimable blessings of a free people.

The Senator from New Hampshire will have to see that free speech and free press and free ballot are destroyed before he can kill the Democracy. They are not destructible articles. Strike down one by cruel and bloody tyranny, and a thousand will spring up. You may cause some of the timid to be silent; you may cause them to be afraid to go to the polls and vote; but the love of truth and of constitutional liberty is in their breasts; the bold will speak it, and they will strike for it; they will vindicate it with their blood, not in seceding, but in fighting at their own hearthstones, as it were, for the liberties given them by their fathers; and we should be unworthy descendants of the noblest sires the world ever saw, unless we did stand thus boldly for our rights.

Mr. President, I had intended to notice in a very brief manner, the most remarkable effort of the Senator from Massachusetts this morning. I have heard that Senator, ever since I have been in the Senate Chamber, reading his long, illogical rhapsodies upon slavery. They are all of them much alike; all speak of the barbarism and cruelty of slavery. They are filled with a good deal of encyclopedia learning, with scraps of quotation here add there. Without meaning any disrespect to the Senator, I must say that they remind me of the rhapsodies of a man who has a nightmare. They remind me of an expression of Shakspeare:

"It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."

In the first hour of his speech to-day, the Senator gave us a kind of rehash of the report he made from the committee on freedmen (I believe that is its name) touching the repeal of the fugitive slave law, in which he treated of the question of constitutional power. I will do the Senator the justice to say that his language was excellent; he does write good English; but I must also say that his report is the most illogical and unlawyerlike paper I ever read in my life coming from a gentleman of such learning and reputation. My friend from Pennsylvania [Mr. Bucklew] put the subtle knife of truth and logic to it; he exposed its sophistry, its want of historical and constitutional truth; in a single charge he scattered it to the four winds; but we have had a rehash of it here to-day. I shall enter into no constitutional argument for the purpose of overthrowing such kind of rhapsodies. If I had any inclination to do so, the report of my friend from Pennsylvania has relieved me of the trouble. His very searching, potent, though short analysis is on your table, and it disposes of the question.

The Senator from Massachusetts to-day has quoted from Patrick Henry, and he has eulogized him very much. Certainly he does not feel any more admiration for that distinguished orator than I do. Does not the Senator know that an amendment to the Constitution has been adopted since Patrick Henry made that speech, which says that private property shall not be taken for public uses except on just compensation, and that is an answer to his whole quotation from Mr. Henry. I do not believe Mr. Henry was right in the position he assumed in the speech from which the Senator quoted. Mr. Henry was engaged at that time in making an assault on the Constitution in a slave State; he wished to reject it; he did not like it; but even if what he then stated were true, the amendment since adopted explodes the whole of the Senator's argument on that branch of the case, and Mr. Henry's argument along with it.

But the Senator has said that the way to preserve the Republic is to carry it back to the principles of its baptismal font, a beautiful expression, but what appropriateness is there in it in the way in which the honorable Senator uses it? What did our fathers do when they formed the Government?—What was their status? What was their condition? When they stood around the baptismal font and proclaimed the birth of the Constitution that carried joy and gladness to the hearts of liberty-loving men throughout the world, every minister at that altar, save those from one State, was a representative of a slave State, and four fifths of them were slaveholders. They were the men who gave us the Constitution so much vaunted to-day by the honorable Senator. I would to God we could go back to those days when men were honest and had regard for property rights, when men were patriotic and exerted themselves in the cabinet and the field for the promotion of the best interests of their country, when our statesmen were wise and philanthropic, prudent and capacious, and took in their broad view the whole interests of the country. None of them were led off by this miserable one-idea fanaticism in regard to negro slavery or any other "ism." They were men of extended catholicism in all their political views. Unfortunately for us, those wise, those good, those virtuous, those great men have departed, and we now have succeeding them a set of men who are governed entirely by a single idea, and who would renounce any theory they had ever held in order to carry out that idea.

I have heard the Senator declare in this Chamber that under the Constitution we had no power to interfere with slavery in the States. To-day he tells us that it is constitutional to strike and crush slavery wherever we can find it.

The Senator swears to support the Constitution, and declares in his place that he would not assist in the execution of the fugitive slave law, a law made in obedience to the command of the Constitution. The Senator disregards the Constitution, his oath of office, and everything that should bind the conscience of a good and just man, to carry out his abolition schemes.

The Senator from Massachusetts talks as glibly about war as if he had all his life had the harness on, as if nothing had ever delighted his eyes but hacked and bruised armor and broken blades. He has talked about this war as being righteous and right; he has advocated it throughout; he has voted all the men and all the money they wanted, and to-day he eulogizes war. Now, what do you think has heretofore been the tenet of that honorable Senator? As I before said, those who have but one predominant idea are not wise counselors. The Senator has changed the whole current of his thoughts within the last few years on this subject of war.—Let me read from a most elaborate oration, very handsomely written, and replete with all the encyclopedia learning for which that Senator is so eminent, made some years ago. Let us see what the Senator then said of peace; and if everybody in this Chamber who has witnessed his conduct here does not say that he has run counter to the principles laid down by himself I will admit that I have not capacity to see the truth or to state it. Here is an extract from an oration, made by Hon. Charles Sumner, entitled The Grandeur of Nations, a few years ago.

Mr. SUMNER. What is the date of it?

Mr. POWELL. The 4th of July, 1845, and I would rather have it dated back at that time than now, because it expressed the Senator's ideas when everything was cool and calm and quiet, and there was not the excitement of civil war. I have a right to use it as a weapon against him. He is using this war as an instrument to destroy slavery. That is his whole object; he has none other; and I think he will get up and avow that to be the case. I am sure he will not deny it. Now, sir, let us look to what he said on war in that address:

"In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable."

And those words are put in capital letters. According to his own tenets, the Senator is now urging on a dishonorable war. I do not say that is what the Senator is doing; but I say that if he uttered the truth when he made the speech from which I have just read, he is now advocating a dishonorable war, because in that speech he said there can be no war that is not dishonorable. I suppose the Senator in the course of his life has had two ideas, a war idea and a peace idea; and when he was on the peace idea he thought nothing under heaven was good but peace.—I do not concur with the Senator in that sentiment, for I think there are times in the affairs of nations when it is right to go to war. I read it merely to show the Senator's inconsistency.

Mr. SUMNER. The Senator will allow me to say that at the time I made that remark I had very little idea of the barbarism of slavery.

Mr. POWELL. I have no doubt of that, and if the Senator would look into himself he would find that he is more barbarous than perhaps any slaveholder that ever lived.—The Senator is the perfect embodiment of barbarism—the barbarism of fanaticism. I am a slaveholder; and if I believed that I had about me half the barbarism the Senator has, I should be disposed to hide from the civilized world. But, sir, let me go on with the speech from which I am quoting:

"War is utterly ineffectual to secure or advance the object at which it professes to aim. The misery which it excites contributes to no end, helps to establish no right, and therefore in no respect determines *justice* between the contending nations."

Why does the Senator carry on this war? Just for the love of blood, havoc, public plunder, and the destruction of human life? He boldly and clearly and most perspicuously declared in 1845 that it never will effect its aim: Yet we find the Senator in that most ridiculous attitude, at war with himself.—That is the barbarism that fanaticism teaches. It brings him into most striking contradiction. But I will read a little further from the honorable Senator's most elaborate speech. He says:

"Christianity forbids the whole custom of war."

Is the gentleman, in order to carry out his one idea of destroying negro slavery, not only to overthrow the fixed and firm principles of his life, but is he to overthrow Christianity? The whole system of Christianity is to go by the board because the Senator wishes to effect through the instrumentality of arms one single object—the abolition of slavery. He is willing to forego not only his former principles about human affairs, but to overthrow the religion of the blessed Savior himself, to bring about that, to him, most desirable of all objects.

The honorable Senator from Massachusetts further says on this subject of Christianity and war:

"It was not until Christianity became corrupted that its followers became soldiers, and its priests learne to minister at the altar of the God of battles."

I admit with the Senator that many of the clergy in his region of country have become very much corrupted, because they preach war and nothing else; but I suppose the honorable Senator is willing to see not only the church and the clergy, but everything else corrupted to carry out this one idea. I have sometimes fallen in among that description of preachers who deliver nothing but political essays. I never heard one of that description but once. When I go into a church and the minister commences preaching in that way, I sit and listen out of the respect I have for the name of Christianity. I do not rise and leave because the thing is offensive to me, but I remain until the services are concluded. But, sir, I never go back to that church again; for I think the Christian minister that does not preach Christ and Him crucified pollutes the pulpit in which he stands, and is an unworthy servant of that blessed Master who is the King of peace.

But, sir, let us go on a little further in this address of the Senator. Here is an extract upon civil war. The Senate will remember that these extracts that I read from the honorable Senator's speech are general propositions. He says:

"The soul trembles aghast as we contemplate fields drenched in fraternal gore, where the happiness of homes has been shivered by the unfriendly arms of neighbors, and kinsmen have sunk beneath the steel nerved by a kinsman's hand. This is civil war, which stands accursed forever in the calender of time."

Great God! the Senator from Massachusetts says that civil war stands accursed in all the annals of time. Why sir he sometimes speaks of this as a war of Massachusetts.—To continue:

"But the muse of history, in the faithful record of the future transactions of nations, inspired by a new and loftier justice, and touched to finer sensibilities, shall extend to the general sorrows of universal man the sympathy still profusely shed for the selfish sorrow of the country, and shall pronounce international war to be civil war, and the partakers in it as traitors to God and enemies to man."

Here the Senator declares that those who partake in these civil wars, or in international wars, which he says are civil wars, are traitors to God and enemies to man.—Why, sir, to take the Senator's own position here as true, he stands to-day a traitor to God and an enemy to man. And yet that Senator is forever prating about the barbarism of slavery. Had it not been for the eternal ringing of that word in my ear I would not have put the Senator to the cruel torture of quoting to-day his principles which he now stands up and openly violates.

The Senate will bear me witness that this is the first time since I have been a member of the body that I have attempted even to resist or cast back these accusations upon the section of country from which I came. They are distasetful to me, but, sir, there is a point beyond which for bearance ceases to be a virtue, and I think we have reached that point.

Let me read one other sentence from this address. The Senator says:

"A man is higher than the beasts of the field; as the angels are higher than Mars; as he that ruleth his spirit is higher than he that taketh a city, so are the victories of peace higher than the victories of war."

That is very handsomely said, and in the main it is very true. The Senator then goes on to inveigh against standing armies. He speaks of the vast expense of maintaining them, and quotes a table of expenses of other countries; and yet that Senator is engaged here in war. When I say he is engaged in a war I will do the Senator the justice to say that he only advocates it on his lips; he advocates it here by word, by speech, by letter. He attempts to fire the hearts of the people everywhere to join in this crusade. The honorable Senator does not go where he would hear the rattle of small-arms or smell gunpowder. Were I for this war as ferociously as that Senator is, I think I would take up a musket and go into the field.

I have not much faith in the sincerity of those who always preach war and never fight. It would be better for them to fight a little, and then people will think they are in earnest. The Senator is willing that other people's blood shall be shed. He is willing that a million of young men of the country shall be sacrificed. He is willing that the hard earnings of the laboring man, though his wife and children may be starving, shall be wrenched from him by the ruthless hand of the tax-gatherer in order to defray the expenses of this war, and to pay the interest on the immense debt that is accruing. All these things he is willing to see for the purpose of carrying out a fanatical idea. That he boasts of; that he gloats over; but, sir, he never seeketh the battle even afar off. He does not go within sound of the drum and fife; nor is he like the war horse that smelleth the battle afar off. I repeat I have not much confidence in the sincerity of that description of patriots.

Mr. President, I have said all I intend to say on this matter. It was not my purpose to open my mouth on this amendment. I had determined to content myself with the very elaborate speeches made by my colleague, the Senator from Delaware, [Mr. Saulsbury,] and the Senator from Indiana [Mr. Hendricks; but, sir, such were the inconsistencies of the Senators from New England to whom I have referred, such were their assaults upon the Democratic party, such were their assaults upon my own State, that I felt called upon to say a word in their vindication. In doing that I thought it but right that I should allow the Senator from Massachusetts to look into his own mirror, and hence I have held up the speech he made some time ago to his vision.

LAZINESS.—Laziness is a bad disease, and like many other kinds, is often self-imposed. In the case of many individuals, it is an inherent malady, and consequently, hard to oust from the system. But it is often the case that this disgusting distemper is brought on persons by their own deliberate selfishness—by a vastly discreditable disposition to shirk the inevitable burdens incident to living a decent life. Laziness of this kind is one of the cardinal sins, and should subject the obnoxious offender to the discipline of a tread-mill. More particularly is laziness offensive in the young and healthy. To learn to work, and work cheerfully, is the central lesson of life. Begin to learn it early—eschew laziness as the most disgusting of all faults, and one that will surely end in hopeless misery—for depend upon it, none can be so insensible to laziness as to be, in the end, incapable of suffering. Nature is, in the event of non-payment of her demands, stern and merciless creditor. Therefore, boys and girls, keep square your accounts with her.

☞ We see that a good many men, who have always claimed to be young, have suddenly got to be over forty five. Prentice says this is easily accounted for. A man in such stirring times as these is said to live ten years in one.

☞ A boozy fellow was observed, the other day, driving a "porker," holding on to his tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying ge-hography.