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MY "LICK RUN" HOME.

My home is on Lick Run, where the tall pine grows,
Where the May-apples bloom, and where blossoms the rose,
Where the woods are cover'd o'er like a bright sea of flowers,
And sweet singing birds while away the glad hours,
I love that fair spot, where the wild roses bloom,
Oh! how dearly I cherish my "Rock Cottage" home;
O! a home on the run, the bright sparkling run,
A home on "Lick Run" for me.

My home is in the wood, where the red deer roams,
Where the thrush and the blue bird have made them their home,
Where the moss and wild vines creep over the trees,
And bright green leaves dance to the song of the breeze;
Where rest the soft beams of the set of the sun,
Oh! how fondly I love my dear home on the Run,
A home on "Lick Run" for me.

I can see the blue waves of the Susquehanna flow
When the stars of the evening in the west glimmer glow;
The spray and the mist from the old dam arise,
And bear her load athens to the skies.
With nature I've gazed on her water's white foam
But dearest the Run by our "Rock Cottage" home;
O! a home on the Run, the bright sparkling Run,
A home on "Lick Run" for me.

I love its high hills where the dark hemlocks rise,
Where the pines seem to battle in the blue of the skies;
Its cool shady bowers, its woodlands so grey,
Where the birds go to rest at the close of the day.
The nature hath charms for me, where'er I roam,
Yet the holiest cling round my "Rock Cottage" home;
O! a home on the Run, the bright sparkling Run,
A home on "Lick Run" for me.

I've seen Winter's fifters, by Spring all unbound
And the dark waters rush, the ice crash around,
I've sat and I've gazed on the waves as they'd foam,
And threatened destruction to my own loved home.
But I dream of no danger, I know of no fear,
I was safe in my home, in our "Cottage" so dear;
O! a home on the Run, the bright sparkling Run,
A home on "Lick Run" for me.

The in Clearfield I've dwelt many bright sunny hours,
Mid scenes that I loved, and bright scented flowers,
With the friends of my youth so blithe and so gay,
My life has been passed as one happy day.
I would not return to my "old Clearfield" home,
For dearer by far is my home on the Run;
O! a home on the Run, the bright sparkling Run,
A home on "Lick Run" for me.

PEW DAPS.—Man—A bubble on ocean's rolling wave,
Life—A gleam of life extinguished by the grave,
FAME—A meteor dazzling with its distant glare,
Wealth—A source of trouble and consuming care,
Pleasure—A gleam of sunshine passing soon away,
Love—A morning dream whose memory gilds the day,
Faith—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death,
Hope—A lone star beaming over the barren heath,
Charity—A stream meandering from the fount of love,
Bible—A guide to realms of endless joy above,
Religion—A key which opens wide the gates of heaven,
Death—A knife by which the ties of death are given,
Earth—A desert through which weary pilgrims wend their way,
Grave—A house of rest where ends life's weary day,
Resurrection—A sudden waking from a quiet dream,
Heaven—A land of joy, of light and love supreme.

MY LAST BALL.

BY PROFESSOR SNOODGRASS.

Some people stand apart when they waltz, as if they were afraid that they had friction matches in their pockets, and might accidentally get up a blaze. Others come up to the work like martyrs, fully resolve to trust to Providence under desperate circumstances. Which of these modes is the most proper is not the question now, because the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has put his vote on waltzing of every description. The reverend gentleman says persons, when waltzing, are very liable to entertain unholy thoughts. Now, inasmuch as Mr. Spurgeon was telling his experience, it must be taken as reliable testimony. And I would add my testimony to his, and warn the kingdom of New Jersey in general and the rest of the world in particular, against the practice of kicking up their heels in time with the vibrations of cut gut music.

I wish to warn others, because I am competent to do so. I have partaken of the forbidden fruit, and know the consequences by awful experience. I was led into it—forced, I may say—by women; those bewitching nips, who have had their fingers in every pie, since the first apple-dumpling was made in the garden of Eden. I will tell the reader how it happened:

I am a native of the United States, and when I first dumped my dunnage in this kingdom I was innocently ignorant of all such customs as surprise parties. Well, soon after casting anchor in New Brunswick, I was inducted into the mysteries of a performance that seduced me from the path of propriety, and brought on a fever that allows me no rest day or night. One dark, rainy night, after I was snug in bed, a faint rapping was heard at the front door. My wife opened the door, and in rushed eight ladies, and as many gentlemen, accompanied by a dancing master, with a fine fiddle under his arm, and without as much as saying "how's the folks?" they galloped into the parlor and made themselves perfectly at home. On learning that 'the man of the house' was in bed, one of the ladies opened the bed-room door and benevolently informed me that if I wanted any assistance about dressing, I could have it on short notice. Being naturally of a modest disposition, I declined the assistance of her ladyship, and got up and dressed myself. When I entered the parlor I was filled with amazement; there stood eight couple hugging each other on the floor, and in one corner stood the fiddler, with his bow in his hand and the butt end of his fiddle under his chin. I lifted up my voice and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am a member of an orthodox church, in good standing; what I said after that was lost, for, just at that point in my exhortation the blasphemous fiddler began to pull the music out of his fiddle, and away went the whole around the room in the polka. I sat down perfectly resigned to my fate, whatever it might be, and, after contemplating the scene before me for a few minutes, I became satisfied on two or three points.

First, I was satisfied that the fiddler was a very good player.
Secondly, I was satisfied that the dancers kept very good time.
Thirdly and lastly, I was satisfied that those eight young ladies, in beauty and gracefulness, could not be surpassed by any equal in number that ever rattled crinoline over the floor of a dancing room. And there I sat exposed to the fire of a battery that was demolishing the ramparts behind which I had found protection through a long and very exasperating life. When I was sufficiently fascinated by the artistic evolutions of the dance, one of the ladies walked up to me with, "Dance the polka air?" at the same time extending a hand that was too tempting to be let alone.

I shall never blame Adam again for eating that apple that upset all creation, for I believe that Miss Eve danced the polka or the Highland Fling just before she offered it to him. And I appeal to the masculine reader to know what he would have done if he had been Adam or Professor Snodgrass. Only thing of it, there stood a lady right before me, looking at me with a pair of black eyes that must have seen the wall right through me, and asking me to dance. What could I do? It's no use to tell me what I should have done. It's too late for that; but I ask any man who aspires to the poiteness of a baboon what he should have done in my case.

I remember well what I did: I got up and "sailed out." Sometimes I tread on my partner's toes, and sometimes I didn't when she was hopping up I was hopping down; but if I tried to stop she declared I was a first rate polka, and away we went again. Before midnight every lady in the party had thrashed out a flooring with me, and after they had departed my wife put on her spectacles and took a long look at me, before she could believe that I was the chap that used to wear such a long face sermon time.

Such was the beginning of troubles that would have set Job to swearing like a pirate. I have been within half an inch of fifty cowhinds for dancing with other men's partners without leave, which is contrary to the rules of this kingdom, women being considered a chattel at public dancing parties. I look back now at the exciting scenes through which I passed, and wonder that I am alive. Fifty times I vowed never to lift a foot again to the music of infernal fiddle, and yet I attended no less than one hundred balls and soirees in two years. One night I went to a Methodist revival, and the words of the minister had such an effect on me that I borrowed a Bible—mine had got mislaid—in the hope of finding something to guide my future course. As the devil, or the dancing

master, would have it, I opened and read how David danced the fandango before the Ark of the Covenant, in the streets of Jerusalem, and kicked so high that his wife was scandalized. I closed the book, smoked a penny cigar, and left better. After smoking a good spell, and meditating a spell longer, I began a conversation with myself, and says I: "Professor Snodgrass, if you keep on this way you will soon be a miserable old cuss, and your latter end will be too awful to think of." And then I entered into an agreement with myself to reform immediately, and for this purpose it seemed advisable to attend the next ball, and strengthen my moral constitution, by acting as an indifferent spectator, abstaining from all participation in the deviousness of the occasion.

The next ball soon came, and early in the evening I washed my face uncommon clean, and turned my cutwater in the direction of the ball. A goodly company was assembled, presenting a glorious opportunity for a man of taste to study the various ramifications of human and woman nature. My eyes rested first on the splendid form and expressive face of Mary Fitzgerald. She was the belle of the ball, beyond a peradventure. It was difficult to decide which fitted the best—her dress to her person, or her person to her dress. Each seemed made for the other. And I felt a throbbing sensation in the region of the gizzard when she moved through the cotillon, with the graceful dignity and elegant ease of an eastern queen. "Thinks I to myself: 'What a shame it is that that magnificent girl is destined, in after life, to be burdened with the little cares, and little sorrows, and the little babies of this lower world!'

Next on the list stood Maria Oram, the fiery humming bird of that galaxy of beauty. Her little feet, as they played on the floor, sent forth a soft melody that fell on my heart like drops of honey on a hot rock. The band played a waltz, and my friend Jake, the dancing master, disappeared in a cloud of imported muslin. While exploring for his whereabouts, I became mentally abstracted, and while in a state of half-way-betweenity, I tumbled from the tower of moral rectitude into the middle of a "cheat and jig." I was somewhat oblivious till a young lady planted herself right before me and came the double pigeon-wing. I held out my hands and she just touched them with the tips of her fingers—threw her body forward to an angle of forty degrees—and trotted around me in a circle fifteen feet in diameter.

Before long, another living specimen of the feminine gender appeared in front of my corporeity, and when I lifted out my hands to swing her, she just held her left elbow to a horizontal position, leaving her belt-ribbon exposed as much as to say: "The coast is clear, old boss; if you want a genuine hug, wade in."

Did you ever see a half starved jackass walk into a hay-stack? If you did, you can gather a faint idea of how I walked into the exposed territory of that lady's physical department. My arm circled around her waist in the twinkling of a lamb's lateral appendage, and maybe her skirts didn't snap before I restored her to the perpendicular.

I am not responsible for what occurred after that, for I was as powerless to resist the current as a bob-tailed gander going over Niagara Falls. I began to fall salubrious, and imagined myself at a carnival of the grasses. Art and beauty joined hands in the nuptial ceremony, and love and melody tumbled precipitously into the frying-pan of delight. For three agonizing hours I drifted through a wilderness of flapping eyes, floating ringlets and fluttering petticoats.

When the company went to supper, I found myself scattered all over the room. Hastily picking myself up, I went home—went to bed—but didn't want to rest; for before I was half-asleep I dreamed that I was on the other side of Jordan, doomed to waltz through Purgatory with a partner four feet and a-half through the waist, and four feet and six inches high. Nothing daunted, I went on, and commenced kicking the bed-clothes up to the ceiling, and the foot board out of the bedstead.

Let the curtain fall; time rolled onward into eternity since that awful night, and many who drifted with me through the whirlpool of excitement have "gone home." That was my last ball; I have never been to one since. I am older now than I was then; there are frosty spots in the under-jaw department of my whiskers; but to my everlasting weakness be it said, that if one of those peculiar institutions called women, should look sweetly at me, within sound of a hell fired fiddle, I should fly off the handle. Perhaps the oldest inhabitants of New Brunswick have not forgotten Mary Fitzgerald, the belle of the ball. There were many others who flew over the floor at my last ball, who, perchance, ere this, have suffered penance for the sin of dancing, while scouring dinner pots and spanking babies. I have written this veritable story neither in sorrow nor anger. And I recommend its perusal to all who have any relish for quiet rest and pleasant dreams. If any man has the hardihood to enter a ball-room after reading this warning, let him bear in mind that the consequences are on his own head; my skirts are clear. That's all.

Doesticks, the funny writer, has taken unto himself a wife, and is now said to be engaged in a work entitled matrimony and its results. Several editions are contemplated.

SPEECH OF HON. WM. BIGLER, OF PENNSYLVANIA,

In the Senate of the United States, on the 10th day of April, 1853, on the bill to admit Kansas into the Union as a State, delivered in the Senate, March 23d, 1853.

Mr. President, I had not intended to discuss this subject further, and I do not now intend to do so at any considerable length. My object is to make myself understood on a few practical points; to make a record of a few additional ideas for my own use hereafter. At an early date in the session I pursued this vexed controversy at considerable length, and I need not now repeat its general history. First, then, as to the legality and regularity of the proceedings for the organization of Kansas as a State: I think as to these there can no longer be reasonable doubt. The history of the organization of the several States fully vindicate Kansas on these points, showing that the proceedings in her case were not only more regular, legal and binding than in most cases, but that in these particulars she is an exception to the general practice. Some States have been prepared without any act of Congress territorial or otherwise; some by enabling acts; some by the direct propositions of Congress; some by action of the Territorial Legislature, without first consulting the people. Some of the constitutions have been submitted to the popular sanction, and others have not. But in Kansas the movement commenced at the very fountain of political power. The people at the regular election of 1855, were consulted as to their desire to change their form of government from a Territory to a State, and they decided to have a State government.

It is true that the Topeka party did not vote; but they had been clamorous for a State government from the beginning. A law was passed accordingly, providing for a convention of delegates of the people to form a constitution and State government preparatory to admission into the Union. This law, it is conceded, was well adapted to the end in view. It has been pronounced right and just in all its objects and purposes. It was modeled mainly, after a bill which this branch of Congress had passed to accomplish the same end. It was well designed to protect the parity of the ballot box, and at the same time to extend to each citizen a fair opportunity to exercise the high function of an independent elector. The opportunity to vote for delegates it is not pretended was universal or unexceptionable, but it certainly was fair, considering the character of the country. The registry of voters only was liable to reasonable complaint; but no candid man will pretend that it was so imperfect as to impair the legality or the authority of the election of delegates. Whilst all were not registered, it will not be pretended that those who were, had not the proper authority to make a constitution; for, according to the most conclusive authority, seven out of eight of the legal voters were registered, and had the right to vote.

The facts exhibited by the Senator from Missouri the other day has completely put to rest the allegation that nineteen counties had been disfranchised—I need not repeat these details. There is enough to satisfy any reasonable man in a few general facts. Nine thousand two hundred and fifty-one names were registered in May; a clamor was immediately raised that the Republican party ought not to vote for delegates because the registry was so exceedingly defective; and yet at the October election, at the end of a violent partisan contest, each party charging the other with polling illegal votes, only eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty were cast for the delegate in Congress. Here is conclusive evidence that the disfranchised voters, as it is termed, must have been very meagre. But the fact, as exhibited in the returns, that the entire vote in the whole of the nineteen counties, at the January election, when there was no registry and no qualification except the age of twenty-one years, was less than fourteen hundred votes, is perfectly conclusive. If these counties contained but fourteen hundred votes in January, how many did they contain when the registry was taken in the preceding month of April, before the spring emigration had reached the back counties; in my judgment, and I have repeatedly expressed the opinion before, those counties could not at the time, have contained more than six or eight hundred voters. This was the only point ever presented against the Lecompton convention, and certainly this has been completely removed by the facts I have stated. The opportunity to vote was sufficient. The authority, therefore, of the convention was perfect, and its proceedings were regular.

Mr. Doolittle—Will the Hon. Senator allow me to ask him a question on that point? The Vice President—Will the Senator from Pennsylvania yield the floor? Mr. Bigler—It is a very bad time of the night to be asking or answering questions; but let us hear the question. Mr. Doolittle—The question which I desire to put to the Senator is this: whether more voters did not reside in the counties which had no registry at all than all the voters that voted for the delegates to the Lecompton convention? Mr. Bigler—Certainly not, Mr. President.

Mr. Doolittle—Did not Governor Walker or so state? Mr. Bigler—Governor Walker did substantially so state. Governor Walker made other statements in reference to this question in which I cannot concur. Sir, the evidence is conclusive against the objection of the Senator from Wisconsin. In January when there was no registry, and no qualification except the age of 21, only one thousand four hundred voters

were cast in all the non-registered counties.

Now, sir, I repeat the opinion expressed heretofore, from what I saw in the territory early in the season, that at the time that registry was made in April, before the spring emigration could have passed to the back part of the Territory, there were not more than six or eight hundred voters in all of these counties. That is the answer to the question which the Senator propounded; and I trust I have convinced him that the defects in the registry could not have been sufficient to impair the legal or moral effect of the election for delegates.

But it is said that a meagre vote was cast for delegates, and that is true; but that does not impair the force or effect of the election. Gov. Walker gave the discontents full notice on this point. He told them that they would be responsible whether they voted or not. That any other doctrine would lead to anarchy. And there never was a truer sentiment. We must either accept or reject this doctrine; if we reject it and hold that it requires an active agency on the part of the elector to give consent, then we lay down a doctrine that would lead to anarchy in probably every State in this Union. In my own State, on this principle, the fundamental law could be repudiated any day. That State contains five hundred thousand voters; at the last election certain amendments were adopted to the constitution, and the whole vote for and against it did not exceed one hundred and thirty eight thousand votes; and the highest affirmative vote reached only one hundred and seventeen thousand; who thinks of doubting the authority of those amendments? On this principle—and none other can be countenanced—the Lecompton convention had a more complete authority, I venture to say, than any other similar body which preceded it.

Now, sir, as to the action of the convention. The only objection raised worthy of note is that it did not submit the entire constitution to a vote of the people. I have said, heretofore that, at the time, I preferred they should do so; but I never regarded the mode of making the constitution as a reason why the Territory should or should not come into the Union as a State. It was more important to know that what the people did was right in itself than to inquire into the way in which that right thing had been done. They had full authority to do it "their own way." The right of the people in convention, by delegates, to make and adopt a Constitution, was conceded even by Gov. Walker. This was one of his special reasons for urging the people to vote for delegates. I think adoption by popular vote a good mode of making a constitution. I certainly do not think it is the only good way. It is not the way in which the constitutions of nearly all the original States of this happy confederacy were made in the earlier and purer days of the Republic. My own cherished State, than which there is not a happier or greater in the Union, did not make her fundamental law in this way prior to the year 1838, when amendments to that instrument were submitted to a vote of the people, and adopted by a minority of the voters of the State.

I did hold, Mr. President, that the spirit of the compromises of 1850, and the organic act for this Territory looked to the decision of the question of slavery by some direct action of the people; that there was a general understanding throughout the country that the question of slavery should not come back to Congress unaccompanied by an expression of popular will. I did, therefore, regard the Lecompton Constitution as under special obligations to submit the question of slavery to a vote of the people. But I never thought we outsiders had the power to dictate on even that point, and there never was a time when I would not have said that the submission of the vexed question of slavery is all that the people of other States had any right even to inquire into; much less have they a right to dictate a mode of making a Constitution as a condition on which the people who are to live under it may become a State? Yet this high-handed dictation has been attempted by those who call themselves non-interventionists. That vexed question was presented; that question was voted upon. Now, Mr. President—

Mr. Doolittle—Upon that point will the Honorable Senator allow me to put a question?

Mr. Bigler—Certainly.

Mr. Doolittle—Was the slavery question in fact submitted to the people of Kansas? Mr. Bigler—Undoubtedly it was. I hold Mr. President, that if the majority of the people had voted down the slavery article, that, in its own language, in the language of the schedule, thereafter slavery shall not exist in the new State of Kansas; the institution would have been abolished, and there would have been complete authority in the Legislature to have wiped out the remnant of slavery that had previously been planted in the Territory.

Mr. Doolittle—I desire to ask the Senator, does not the schedule expressly establish that property in slaves in the Territory shall not be interfered with? Mr. Bigler—The property value in slaves is protected. I never heard anybody even in Kansas object to that. But the Senator is certainly aware that there is another provision in the Constitution, which says that the Legislature shall not emancipate the slaves without remuneration to the owners; they shall not interdict the immigration of slaves into the Territory so long as similar persons are held in bondage in the Territory. Mr. Doolittle—That is the slavery article. Mr. Bigler—But they can, by making compensation, emancipate the slaves.

The Legislature has that power. The Senator did not fail to see that the Senator from Virginia, on Friday last, in his able and eloquent speech, pointed out clearly the power in the Legislature to get clear of slavery in that Territory without any amendment of the Constitution whatever. Therefore I answer that, so far as regards the question of slavery, taking these causes together, the power is complete in the Legislature as it now stands.

Mr. Doolittle—Let me understand the Senator. Is it complete with the slavery article in or with it out?

Mr. Bigler—I said if the slavery article had been voted out.

Mr. Doolittle—What then? Mr. Bigler—Then slavery would have been completely abolished in the Territory by the people. That is what I said. I knew what the Senator had in view, that because the schedule protected the property value in slaves, he would hold that the posterity of slaves were to remain in bondage; that there was no power in the Legislature to wipe out that remnant or root of the institution. That is where he is mistaken. Now, sir, I want to notice another point.

Mr. Doolittle—I wish to put one further question to the honorable Senator, with his leave.

Mr. Bigler—If the honorable Senator will allow me, I wish to proceed to another point in the case.

Mr. Doolittle—It is on this point. Mr. Bigler—It is now nearly 3 o'clock in the morning, and I have several points to make before that hour.

Now I wish to mark the extraordinary course and policy which has from time to time marked the conduct of the anti-slavery party in Kansas. I do not intend to review their acts of folly and insubordination, in standing out against the laws, nor their constant and persistent efforts to produce violence, rebellion and civil war. Governor Walker's despatches are full and complete on this point. He describes the Republican party as in open rebellion to the laws during nearly all his service, and as plotting for the overthrow of the government. Against the other party, the Lecompton party, he made no complaints prior to his departure from the Territory. But I wish to look for the evidence in the career of the Republican party in Kansas that they ever desired to settle the question of slavery. I can find no evidence that they did so desire; but much that they did not. In the language of a distinguished New York politician, (Jno. Van Buren) I do not understand "this free State party in Kansas, who are all the while trying to make Kansas a slave State." The remark is witty and true. The free State party in Kansas have never exercised their power when they could touch the question of slavery. In June last, when they had the opportunity of voting for delegates to make a free State, and when they daily boasted of being three or five to one of the population they would not vote. Different pretexts were set up in different parts of the Territory as I know of my personal knowledge. Some said, "We will not vote, because the laws under which this Convention is to assemble are bogus laws." Others said, "none shall vote because all were not registered."

I am sorry that I do not see my friend from Massachusetts in his seat; for as he took the liberty, the other day, of asking me a question relating to my experience in Kansas, he would not take it unkind if I asked him one touching his career in that hot country. I heard it said on more than one occasion that during that honorable Senator's tour in that Territory he had advised the free State party not to vote and that he also concurred in the policy of attempting to make Kansas a free State by allowing the pro-slavery party to elect all the delegates to make the Constitution. I know not whether the rumor be correct or not. It is not important to my purpose.

But it is a significant fact that the Republicans or free-State party did not vote in June, when the fate of slavery was involved; and that in October when nothing was at stake but offices and a delegate in Congress, they did vote—they did rush to the polls and carry the election, regardless of the humiliation implied in the recognition of the "bogus laws." Then, again, in December following, on the direct question whether slavery should or should not exist in the new State of Kansas, these anti-slavery men did not vote. The "bogus laws and the bogus convention," forbid that they should condescend to vote against slavery, and they did not vote.—But less than a month afterwards, when the question of slavery was not involved, when office, and honors, and emoluments were at stake, they readily got over their scruples of conscience against the Lecompton usurpation and rallied to the polls and secured all the offices under what they term the "Lecompton swindle." Comment cannot add to the strength of this history. It is painfully significant. When it was necessary to get office the "bogus laws" were promptly recognized; when slavery was at stake they shrunk from it as from the touch of death. Constantly boasting their power and determination to make Kansas a free State, these anti-slavery men carefully refrained from dealing the blow, when the institution came within their reach. They boasted of the power but would not do the deed. The country is agitated from one extremity to the other about an alleged design to force slavery into Kansas; and yet, sir, within the last nine months, the party claiming to have the absolute power, and the will to do the deed, have had two opportunities of abolishing and forever interdicting the institution; but they would not. How many opportunities must they have? How long is the country to be harassed by the complaints of men who will not avail themselves of their prerogatives as freemen? They cannot be made to vote against slavery, and how can they be coun-