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SPEECH OF ANDREW JOHNSON

OF TENNESSEE,

In the United States Senate, Dec. 12, 1859, on the resolution asking for the appointment of a committee to investigate the facts attending the attack upon Harper's Ferry, in the fall of 1859—commonly known as the "JOHN BROWN RAID."

[*Continued.*]

Is there not an idea under that? His language is "in strict conformity with their" (meaning the Federal and State Governments) "respective constitutions." He intimates that two thirds of the States can amend the Constitution; that the North is to go on in conformity with the Constitution until slavery shall be narrowed down to less than one third or one fourth of the States, and then amend the Constitution, and obliterate it at once. Is not that the plain interpretation? Cannot we understand that? You talk about southern men being alarmed. They are not alarmed, but they see the advance; they see the encroaching doctrine; they see the principles laid down by which an institution that is dear to them is to be uprooted and blotted out of existence. Then ought you to think a southern man violent, and call him rash when he declares that he will not be willing to see this man, or some other man entertaining and advocating precisely the same doctrines, administer this Government when it is to be administered to the destruction of the Constitution, and the destruction of the institution that is most dear to him. Call us fire-eaters! I am no fire-eater; I am not panic-stricken; but because I am neither, should I be blind and not see the advance; should I be deaf, and not hear the roar of the approaching storm? Can we be mistaken? What is covered up there? You see he speaks of the idea of consolidation. He speaks of the manner of amending the Constitution. He refers to the time when he believes that freedom will universally prevail. Then what more does he say:

"Having spent my manhood, though not my whole life, in a free State, no aristocracy of any kind, much less an aristocracy of slaveholders, shall ever make the laws of the land in which I shall be content to live. Having seen the society around me universally engaged in agriculture, manufactures, and trade, which were innocent and beneficient, I shall never be a denizen of a State where men and women are reared as cattle, and bought and sold as merchandise."

Ought a man who entertains these sentiments, and looks to the consummation of these ends, to be willing to rule a people under whose laws he says he would not be content to live? And he says, too, if this can be the case, "where liberty dwells, there is my country." Can we be mistaken in the meaning of all this? Would not the promotion and elevation of men entertaining these doctrines, and who intend to carry out these principles, be contributing to the destruction of the Constitution, and of the Union which is based upon it, and of the institutions which are secured and guaranteed to the South?

I have already referred to John Quincy Adams's declaration, that, under the treaty-making power, in the event of an insurrection of the slaves, and the Federal Government should be called upon to interpose, this Government could emancipate the slaves. Then look at the doctrines of the speech from which I have just quoted. Now bring into power a man entertaining these sentiments, and send some more John Browns on their forays against the South; let this Government in the hands of such a man be called upon for force to put them down, and where shall we stand? Are we prepared to submit to encroachments of this kind, and see them openly proclaimed by the elevation and installation into power of men entertaining such doctrines? I do not wish to be a panic maker; I do not wish to alarm anybody; I do not suppose I could alarm any one, if I were disposed to do so; but I tell gentlemen of the North and of the South that there is a state of things in the country that never existed before. There is no outburst, there is no passion, but there is deep decided feeling in the country; and the idea is obtaining too much currency that this Union is to be dissolved. That seems almost to be a foregone conclusion, and it has got to be, in the minds of men, a belief that it is simply a question of time.

Do we not see what the inevitable result of pressing such doctrines upon the country will be, in this state of the public feeling? For myself, I am no dissolutionist; am no madcap on this subject. Because we cannot get our constitutional rights, I do not intend to be one of those who will violate the Constitution. When the time comes, if it ever does come, when it shall be necessary—and God forbid that it ever should come—I intend to place my feet upon that Constitution which I have sworn to support, and to stand there and battle for all its guarantees; and if the constitution is to be violated, if this Union is to be broken up, it shall be done by those who are stealthily and insidiously making encroachments upon its very foundation. I intend to stand upon the Constitution to the very last, and I tell the North it is with them; they have the Union in their own hands, and if it is broken up, it will be their own work, and not that of the South; for all we ask is the Constitution of the country and the fulfillment of its guarantees, and upon them we intend to stand, be the consequences what they may.

God forbid that the time should ever come when this country shall be involved in a servile or a civil war. I trust that that day may be postponed to some far-distant future; and I hope, in the sincerity of my heart, that that future may never arrive. I would rather see this people involved in hostility against every Power on the face of the civilized globe than to see it involved in civil and servile war. If blood is to be shed, be it so; but let it not be the blood of the people of these confederate States, fighting against each other. So far as I am concerned, I intend to stand by the Constitution and its guarantees as the ark of our safety, as the palladium of our civil and our religious liberty; I intend to cling to it as the ship-wrecked mariner clings to the last plank when night and the tempest close around him. It is in other hands; it is not in ours. We are for the Constitution as it is; we intend to stand by it. But when the time shall come, if it ever does come, for dividing this Union, I ask my friends, North and South, where is the line to be drawn? The North, which is so rampant, so bent upon the idea of universal liberty, will surely not have the audacity or the impudence to come upon slave territory; they certainly will not approach as far south as this Capitol. Surely they will not want to embrace, in a government formed by them, the shaft that has been reared in this District in commemoration of the illustrious Washington. Will they want to come that far south, and lay their hands upon all the pledges of the Union and the Constitution which compose that shaft reared in our immediate vicinity? Certainly not. Who will take our pledge; who will carry it away; who will first lay his impious hand for spoliation upon that tower? I felt almost like exclaiming, in the language so often used by the schoolboy, from Addison's old play of Cato, that teaches stern purity, unyielding honesty and a high appreciation of right:

——"Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the wretch
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"

I feel, in the sincerity of my heart, like invoking the most withering anathemas upon the man, who would lay his sacrilegious hand upon this glorious Union of these states; who would take our pledge of faith; who would take the block of marble deposited by Tennessee, which has inscribed upon its surface the sentiment of her illustrious son who now sleeps in his grave—"The Federal Union, it must be preserved." Who will carry away that monument built by the contributions of the people? I imagine that about the time when that takes place, that old man to whom I referred, that patriot soldier who sleeps in his honored grave, will rise, shake off the habiliments of the tomb, and forbid the act.

But, Mr. President, I resume the line of my argument. I commenced with the purpose of showing that the recent foray upon Harper's Ferry was the legitimate result of certain teaching to which I have referred. Look at the provisional government which was framed by those who carried on that expedition; look at their idea of getting up stampedes, and their expectation that when they struck the first blow a portion of the white population and the blacks would flock to their standard, and that they could maintain themselves there for a certain time, and then the Federal Government would be made an instrument for the overthrow of slavery. I think the act is a legitimate result of the teachings; and those who have taught and still teach their followers these doctrines, though they may not have intended it, are, in fact, responsible for it. It is the result of their teachings, it is their work; and now is the time to commence a reformation, and put forth different teachings on this subject.

But, Mr. President, Senators have undertaken to rebuke those of us who have spoken of John Brown's acts of theft, murder, and treason, and apologies are offered for the man who has committed such outrageous offenses. I picked up a newspaper not long since which, referring to the acts of John Brown, said that, if he passed from the prison to the scaffold, making no false step, his gallows would be more glorious than the cross; and Christ, in the depth of his agony, had asked that his cup might pass from his lips, but that John Brown has drank it to its dregs, and therefore John Brown and his gallows have become superior to Christ and his cross. The idea was, that the coming and mission of Christ were a failure, and that John Brown and the gallows on which he was executed would be their modern cross and their Christ.—Such is the blasphemy of these teachings. I once heard it said that fanaticism always ends in hell or heaven. I believe it is true. It is one of those wild maddening passions that take possession of the human heart, and that always carry it to excess. There is no medium, and there is no cure for it but a consumption of the passion itself. I have got another idea in ethics, and that is that there never was any people on the face of the earth greater than the god they worshipped; and if John Brown becomes the Christ, and his gallows the cross, God deliver me from such people as they, whether they are fanatics, Democratic or Republican, or any other description of persons—I care not by what name they are called.

I hoped, when this resolution was introduced, that it would be kept clear from party associations, and that it would pass with unanimity, without any apologies or excuses being lugged in for the acts complained of. We find, however, that Senators disclaim the acts of John Brown in one breath, and in another they hold out apologies and excuses for the man, saying that he showed himself a man of endurance, a man of philosophy, a man of tact, a man of sense; and when we speak of him as a thief and a robber and a murderer and a traitor, they declare that we should not say such things about John Brown. Those may make him a god who will, and worship him who can; he is not my god, and I shall not worship at his shrine.

[*To be continued.*]

THE RETREAT OF DISCONTENT.

BY Q. O. CORNELIUS FITS.

In almost every community we have found a class of the human species endeavoring to delude men into the false belief, that they are really the puissant objects, which the *nom de plume* they stole from humanity would imply, who are so completely bereft of that sense of honor & justice, which characterize a true man; so morally depraved, as to disregard those Christian obligations, that they owe their fellow-man; and so inconceivably mean that they would, had they the power and courage, climb into the sanctuary of Heaven, in the dead of night, steal the High Priest's breastplate, on which to beat a revellie to summon the devil and his imps through the breach they had made in the wall of virtue. They would rob a sleeping beggar of his last crumb to throw to the dogs, that they employ in tracking innocence through the sands of time. They would enter the boudoir of a slumbering nightingale and pluck her last pin feather to make an arrow, with which to shoot a sick babe, in order to get its mother's milk to foster the existence of a new-born hell-hound. They would plunder the only remaining shingle from a starving widow's house roof to make a torch, by which to steal a ministers chickens to feast the devil while he is fighting angels. They would barter away their children's innocence for a grain of arsenic to poison the Holy Ghost. They would court the spirit of meanness ten years for courage enough to drive a starving crow from the body of a dead mule, that they might get the hide to make boots suitable for wading through the waters of Hate in pursuit of the persecuted phantom of Truth. They would ride the nightmare to death in the employ of Satan in carrying messages between Earth and Hell, and then steal her mane and tail to make knouts to scourge the Consciousness of guilt.

And these chivalrous knights of the "Order of Beelzebub" have performed such prodigious feats of valor that we would do them great injustice, were we not to honor them with all the respect due to full-grown, unsophisticated Princes of the Kingdom of Despair.

The spirit, which breathes such powerful principles of unalloyed hate, was celebrated in antiquity for its instrumentality in destroying the peace of earth. It was first employed by the famous serpent to accomplish his design of driving Mother Eve out of the Garden of Eden; it was continued in use by Pharaoh, Herod, Judas Iscariot, and by all the debased, heartless despots, pimps, murderers, assassins, hypocrites, skulks, robbers and numbskulls, that infested the earth in ancient times.

It turned into a winged monster like Pegasus, and visited Athens, Troy, Carthage and Rome. It stalked around during the darkness of the world, and fled from the face of chivalry; it courted Cowardice, and entered into partnership with superstition; and the two combined, marched through the Middle Ages hand in hand, murdering, burning, torturing, and robbing. They crucified the Saviour, beheaded St. John, stoned Stephen, imprisoned Peter and Paul, burnt John Huss at the stake, pursued their defenseless victims with sword, knife and firebrand through Italy, Germany, Spain Scotland, and England, among Celts, Goths and Franks, and fatted on the blood, and mocked at the piteous cries of dying women and children, till the rapid and unceasing march of time rolled the world into current, whose tide rendered their power less fearful and dangerous to the happiness and quietude of Europe, and their struggles feeble and vain.

Unable and unwilling to resist the flowing tide of civilization in Europe, they perched themselves on the masts of the May flower, and crossed the ocean with the Puritan Fathers, to make war on the poor Indians in the wilds of America.—And after feasting and fattening on the warm blood of the Pequods and the Narragansets, till the remorseful blightings of a puritanical injustice cried in all the bitterness of a sarcastic rebuke against them they nestled down, for a long slumber, in the breasts of New Englanders, but only to burst out in witch-hanging and baptist-drowning fury in Salem and Boston, and spread along the shore of Massachusetts up through the green vales of Connecticut, and only ceased its consuming ardor after the red rays of the Revolution had absorbed the wild fanaticism of the transcendental Puritans, and till reason, humanity and justice compelled our heroes, Discontent and Superstition, to flee.

And next we find them, in terrible wrath, fanning the fire of public discord, in the streets of Paris, while the angry din of Hell-bred confusion rung like the death-knell of civil liberty down through the valleys, and up against the hillsides of bleeding France, and the fiery glare of strife lit up the ghastly scene, before the fierce fury of which, men like Louis XVI and Bauharnais, and women like Marie Antoinette and Madame Roland, were writhing, like leaves before the volcano's heated breath, into death and eternity.

Onward swept the mad delusion, till France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Belgium, Germany, Sweden and England lay war-worn, exhausted, discomfited, and almost ruined, beneath the hand of relentless strife, and the weight of woe, that followed the fierce conflict, like the foaming wake of a tempest-driven ship; and till the people, tired of war and bloodshed, resorted to the soft, soothing influence of DIPLOMACY and REASON to guide them once more into the fair folds of prosperous peace, and thus again the mad spirit of Discontent was deprived of the food on which it fostered its life.

But, vampire like, it sipped the blood of riot and murder, till the low, sullen mutterings, and the sad, portentuous moans, which came like the wails of dying Peace from the dark, hearing, agitated bosom of the hideous storm-cloud, that hung like a pall over our own happy land, and the red, fiery flash of civil war streaming out through our political sky, and darting down along the edge of the distant horizon, called it once more to taste the blood of man, and grow fat again on the spoils of war. But after long, weary years of bloodshed, cruelty and wrong, peace has returned, and once more the demon has been left to starve and die.—And it has almost gone. It has faded like an autumn leaf, and grown thin and feeble for want of blood. It has divided the lean, emaciated "skeleton of its former self" into six little parts, and each little part has skulked away into the dark corners of six little hearts hidden in the breasts of six enormous piles of degenerate humanity, who *elect* in the [illegible] of Clearfield county, where these six little parts are uttering their last dying groans, and each crying for one more drop of blood—one drop of human vitality, that we may gain strength to kick another kick, and then "kick the bucket," before the last six knights of the "Order of Beelzebub" have *gone* and left us, to die in rotting sepulchres! Avaunt, ye demons!

"Down! down to hell,
And say I sent you there!"

BECCARIA TWP., June 13th, 1865.

THE SHORTEST WAY.—Some twelve years ago, Napoleon, Indiana, was celebrated for two things. One for the carousing propensities of its inhabitants, and the other for the great number of cross-roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night, and get some information respecting his future course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to different points to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector; "now which is the shortest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon and take the road leading nearly north."

The traveler noted it down.

"Well, sir, if I wish to go to Edenburg?"

"Then go to Napoleon and take the road west."

"Well if I wish to go to Vernon?"

"Go to Napoleon and take the road, southwest."

"Or to Indianapolis?" added the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was imposed upon and beginning to feel his mettle rise, he turned once more to the drover with—

"Suppose, sir, I wanted to go to the devil?"

The drover never smiled, but scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation said:

"Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than go to Napoleon."—*Ex.*

PURITY OF CHARACTER.—Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush spreads its flushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is gone. The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels—once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscape, mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, that delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored.

It is said that woman first restored to tight lacing to show mankind how well they could bear squeezing.

Indictment of Lee, Longsteet, Ewell, Corse, and others—Extra Session of the Legislature Called.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—Judge Underwood, of the eastern section of Virginia, who has come hither to consult with Attorney General Speed, brings with him all the documents connected with the indictment for treason of Generals Robert E. Lee, Corse, Ewell and Longstreet, ex-Governors Smith and Letcher, and A. G. Casenove and Newton McVeigh, of Alexandria, and about forty others.

The Alexandria (Va.) *Journal* says Gov. Pierpont has determined to call an extra session of the Legislature on Thursday next, and that for this purpose confidential circulars have been sent to the members of the body which heretofore assembled at Alexandria, representing the loyal element, as contradistinguished from the late rebel Legislature at Richmond.

The *Journal* is alarmed for fear the call is made with a view of removing the disability imposed upon those who have been identified with the rebellion, and restore to them the elective franchise, and the right again to hold office. There is no certainty, however, that such is the object.

The Richmond *Whig* has the following news:

PETERSBURG, Va.—Judge Underwood has arrived here bringing with him indictments for treason against Generals Lee, Corse, Ewell and Longstreet, ex-Governors Letcher and Smith, and forty others. He has come to consult with Attorney General Speed upon the subject.

THE GYPSIES.

Excepting the Jews, no people has ever shown such tenacity of race as the gypsies. A Hindoo tribe of Aryan race originally, perhaps of nomadic and plundering habits in their provinces on the Indus, and forced out into Europe and Asia in the early part of the fifteenth century, they have encamped and settled in almost every country of Europe, without scarcely ever changing the pure current of their Hindoo blood. Whether in the mountain villages of Norway, or on the puztas of Hungary, or in rural England, or among the wild mountains of Spain; whether under the burning heat of Africa, or on the plateaus of Asia, in Egypt, Persia or India, the gypsy is substantially the same, with a similar physique, with the same language only dialectically different, and with the same ineradicable habits of the plundering nomad in his [illegible] enslaved, always scorned, the victim of legislation through more than three hundred years, driven from country to country, incessantly urged by the influences of civilization and by the ministers of religion—yet always, in all countries and for four centuries, the same—a vagrant, a jockery, a cheat, and a heathen and stranger to each people and country. The civilization, the science and the Christianity of the times have done almost nothing for him. A few exceptions to this general character of the race are found in Russia, where individual gypsies have become wealthy; but in most countries they seldom engage in any pursuit of mechanics or agriculture. The only mechanical branch in which they are ever proficient is the smith's, and in Persia they have become celebrated as workers in gold and silver. While other races become absorbed in the powerful races or mingle in endless variety with the peoples in contact with them, or die out and pass away, this Indian tribe keeps itself unmingled and preserves its savage vitality. Such a tenacity both of race and barbaric habits, seems hardly characteristic of the Aryan family, and would remind one of the Semites. In many countries they have been supposed to be Egyptians, and their name in English, French, Spanish and Hungarian, points to this belief. Most other nations have given them a name in some way connected with that of a Hindoo robber tribe on the Indus, from whom they are supposed to be descended.—*Races of the Old World, by C. L. Brace.*

☞There is a joke—though possibly a wicked one—on a certain chaplain, which ought not to be lost. It is the chaplain's business to look after the regimental mail. The chaplain had been annoyed exceedingly by the great number of warriors who were running to him enquiring about the arrival and departure of the mails. To save time and patience he posted a notice out side of his tent which read: "The chaplin does not know when the mail will go," and imagined his troubles at an end. He was absent from camp, that day, and on returning and glancing at the notice was horrified to see there upon his own door read by multitudes during the day, in a hand exactly counterfeiting his own, the following, words: "The chaplain does not know when the mail will go," and this addition by some wretch, "neither does he care a damn." It was a case of depravity that he was unprepared for.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—The N. Y. *Herald*, which is always on the look-out for a new sensation with which to engage the public mind and thus keep alive its own notoriety, has originated a grand scheme for the payment of our immense National Debt of three or four thousand millions of dollars, by voluntary subscriptions in shares of ten thousand dollars each. It already publishes letters pledging the payment of 361 shares, amounting in the aggregate to $2,610,000. Of course, the money is only to be paid after the whole amount has been subscribed, which "will never be," and therefore the generous fellows who have handed in their promises to pay, are perfectly safe. Meanwhile, they gain a little cheap notoriety by getting their names into print, and the *Herald* keeps up the excitement that is needed, now more than ever, to make its papers sell!

The Negroes in Georgia.

The Cincinati *Commercial* has received from a special correspondent at Macon, Georgia, a file of the *Telegraph*, a newspaper of that city, from which we extract the following statements, giving a more direct and complete view of the situation in Georgia than can be obtained from other sources:

[From the Macon Telegraph, May 30.]

THE NEGRO'S HARDSHIPS.

The reports of the deaths and accidents to negroes, given in our local column this morning, convey but a limited idea of the sufferings which the unfortunates who flocked to Macon have undergone since the army reached the city. All this time they have been suffering terribly in every conceivable shape, and we have information that many hundreds have died from starvation and disease—the aggregate reaching a total that seems almost incredible.

DAVIS' DEFENSE.—It is said that Charles O'Connor intends to call as witness in defense of Jeff. Davis several immaculate patriots, including Horace Greeley, who argued the right of secession to the fullest extent. Also, D. S. Dickinson, Lyman Tremain, B. F. Butler and others who aided and abetted the rebellion, and insisted that in withdrawing from the Union, the seceding States were exercising an undoubted right. These gentleman are all lawyers, and from their speeches on record, and letters from some of them to Southern men on file, Mr. O'Connor intends to prove that Jeff. Davis was acting under the advice of counsel.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Union.*

At a prayer meeting on the Potomac, recently, an old negro spoke, and referring to the war, said, "Massa, I han't got no religion, but I thank de Lord for his mighty great fuss."

THE TRIAL of THE CONSPIRATORS.

CONTINUATION of the PROCEEDINGS.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31.

In the conspiracy trial on Wednesday, Hartman Richter, a cousin of Atzerot, testified that he came to his home in Montgomery county, Maryland, on the Sunday after the assassination of the President, and remained there until Thursday morning. He did not attempt to hide himself, and was willing to go with the arresting officers. Mr. Doster, as counsel for the prisoner, stated that he intended to set up the plea of insanity, and for this purpose had sent for witnesses thousands of miles away, who have not yet arrived.—Wm. S. Arnold testified as to his brother's whereabouts in Baltimore city and county, from the 21st of March to the 1st of April, when the prisoner went to Fortress Monroe, giving to the witness his pistol and knife. Frank Arnold, also a brother of the prisoner, testified that the latter went to Fortress Monroe to enter upon employment. John T. Ford, proprietor of the theatre, was called to the stand, and was asked by the defence whether Booth ever applied to him to employ Chester, the actor. Assistant Judge Advocate Bingham objected to the question. Mr. Ewing contended that the question was pertinent. Arnold had made a voluntary confession that there was a plan to capture the President, which Chester, in his testimony corroborated. The object in propounding the interrogatory was to show that Booth had nobody in the theatre to assist him. An answer to the question was important, in justice to Spangler. Assistant Judge Advocate Bingham said this was not a question of relevancy—therefore it was absolutely unnecessary to ask it. The Court sustained the Judge Advocate's objection.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2.

Friday certain witnesses were called to show that Spangler was at his boarding-house in Washington a day or two after the assassination. Thomas J. Reybold, employed at Ford's theatre, testified that about two weeks before the assassination Booth occupied box number seven, adjoining that in which the President was subsequently shot. On the 7th of March, the witness broke open box number seven in order to admit a gentleman with his company. Two witnesses employed at the theatre, had exhibited to them the rope found in Spangler's carpet bag.—They said it resembled similar ropes used in the theatre, but could not say positively it was the same. Miss Margaret Brenson testified that she first met Payne at Gettysburg immediately after the battle. Payne was in witness' ward, where he was very kind to the sick and wounded. Mr. Doster claimed the foundation for proposing Payne's insanity had already been laid by the prosecution; and the crime in its inception, the manner in which it was carried out, and the action of Payne, both before and since his arrest, went to show insanity. Mr. Doster detailed the circumstances attending the attempt to kill Secretary Seward in support of his plea. Mr. Nichols, Superintendent of the Government insane Asylum, was called for the accused. If, he said, a man attempts to murder a sick man in bed whom he had not before seen, and assaults four others in the same house, witness would suspect him to be insane; and, also if he remained talking with a servant for four minutes. But if he cried out after committing the deed, "I'm mad, I'm mad!" witness would suppose that this was feigning madness. Madmen seldom say they are mad. If he would abandon his horse, wander in the woods, and make his way to a house which he would expect to be guarded, witness would suppose he was indifferent to the consequences.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

At the conspiracy trial, on Saturday, the counsel for Payne continued their efforts to prove his insanity. One of his guards