

The Lancaster Intelligencer

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GRATEFUL REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.

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Judge Woodward's Speech.

Delivered at the great Union Meeting held in Independence Square, Philadelphia, on the 13th of December, 1860.

We have assembled, fellow-citizens, in pursuance of the proclamation of the Mayor, that we may "concentrate together to avert the danger which threatens our country." That danger is not recent or new. It has a history. And we must glance at that—we must obtain a clear view of the actual state of the crisis, before we can give or receive intelligent counsel.

It was announced a few years ago that the conflict which was springing up in this country between free and slave labor was irrepressible; that a house divided against itself could not stand; that all the States of this Union must become free or slave States.

The meaning of this, and is, that all were to become free States, for the soil and climate of a majority of the States are such that it never can become the interest of the superior race to maintain slavery in them. Everybody knows this, and therefore the alternative form of the proposition was only to give it an appearance of fairness and a little more material effect.

The full scope and meaning of the announcement are, then, that citizens of the United States are to be totally divested of the property they now hold in four or five millions of slaves, of the aggregate value of many hundred millions of dollars, and that the habits and domestic condition of the people—their commercial relations, and their political rights, in so far as those interests are connected with the institution of slavery, are to undergo a revolution. Nor was this prediction the voice of an obscure and unhonored prophet, but of a citizen whom the people of the free States have just distinguished in a signal manner, by conferring upon him the highest office they had to give. In so far as their votes are to be considered as responsive to his announcement, they are a loud and solemn answer, so let it be.

Whilst it is not to be doubted that multitudes voted for the President elect with other views, and did not intend a distinct endorsement of his favorite proposition, yet, as the record is made up, the prophecy of the prophet is approved by a majority of the people of the free States.

The inexorable exclusion of slave property from the common territories, which the Government holds in trust for the people of all the States, is a natural result of extinguishing slave property, and was one of the record issues of the late election.—This policy must be considered as approved also. Not that every man who voted for the successful nominee meant to affirm that a trustee for several equal parties has a right, in law or reason, to exclude the property of some and admit that of others of the parties for whom he holds; but so is the record. And whilst it is not to be taken as expressing the universal sense of the voters, it does undoubtedly imply that the vast majority of our people do heartily approve both of the proposition to make all the States free and of beginning by excluding slavery from the Territories.

The South seems inclined to accept the judgment. She holds the property that is to be shut out of the territories—that is, to be restricted, eribbed and confined more and more until it finally extinguished. Everywhere in the South the people are beginning to look out for the means of self-defence. Could it be expected that she would be indifferent to such events as have occurred; that she would stand idle and see measures concerted and carried forward for the annihilation of her property in slaves?

Several States propose to retire from the Confederacy, and that justly alarmed. We come together to consider what may be done to prevent it, and we are bound, in fidelity to ourselves and others, to take the measure of the whole magnitude of the danger.

This irrepressible conflict has grown out of the Anglo-Saxon love of freedom. What this passion is, and how it was offended by the introduction of negro slaves, may be read in the chronicles of the American Provinces, and especially in the earnest, eloquent, and repeated remonstrances addressed by the Colony of Virginia to the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain, against their introduction.

But if the Anglo-Saxon loves liberty above all other men, is not indifferent to gain and thrift, and is remarkable for his capacity of adaptation, whereby he takes advantage of any circumstances in which he finds himself placed. And accordingly, by the time the Colonies were prepared to throw off the British yoke, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and Nature's God entitled them, it had been discovered that the unwelcome workers, against whose introduction such earnest protests had been made, could be turned to profitable account in the Southern States—that the African Constitution was well adapted to labor in latitudes which alone could produce some of the great staples of life—and that the North, which could not employ them profitably, would be benefited by such employment as the South could afford. Considerations of humanity, also, as well as the rights of private property, entered into the discussions of that day. What was best for an inferior race that should be free, or that the inferior should serve the superior, and the superior be bound by the law of the relation to protect the inferior? That was a great question, and like all the questions of that day it was wisely settled.

The Northern States abolished their slavery and so gratified their innate love of freedom—but they did it gradually, and so did not wound their love of gain. They sold out slavery to the South, and they received a full equivalent, not only in the price paid down, but in the manufacturing and commercial prosperity which grew up from the production of slave labor.

When the Constitution came to be formed, some of the Northern States still held slaves, but several had abolished the institution, and it must have been apparent that natural causes would force it ultimately altogether upon the South. The love of liberty was as intense as ever, and as strong at the South as at the North, and the love of gain was common also to both sections. Here were two master passions to be adjusted under the circumstances of the greatest delicacy. They were adjusted in the only manner possible. Concession and compromise—consideration for each other's feelings and interests, sacrifices of prejudices, forbearance and moderation—these were the means by which the "more perfect union was formed." And what a work it was!

If the Union had never brought us a single blessing, the Constitution of the United States would still have been a magnificent monument to the unselfish patriotism of its founders. Not an alliance merely, but a close and perfect union between people equally ambitious, equally devoted to freedom, equally bent on bettering their condition, but separated by State lines, and jealous of State rights—no section seeks its property under institutions which were to make every man a freeman—the other under institutions which tolerated negro slavery. Had the Constitution failed to work out the beneficent results intended, there was an instance of human effort to do good which would have challenged the admiration of mankind. But it did not fail, thank God; it has made us a great and prosperous nation, and the admiration of the world for the motives of the founders is swelled up in wonder at the success of their work.

But all this the irrepressible conflict ignores. The passion for liberty has burned out all memories of the compromise and the compact in these Northern communities, which, under the false name of Liberty Bells, obstruct the execution of the bargain. What part of the purposes of the founders are the under-ground railroads intended to promote? Whence came these excessive sensibilities that cannot bear a few slaves in a remote Territory until the white people establish a Constitution? What does that editor or preacher know of the Union, and of the men who made it, who habitually reviles and excites against the highest and noblest offices they had to give. In so far as their votes are to be considered as responsive to his announcement, they are a loud and solemn answer, so let it be.

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is unable to prevent or punish secession, or to suppress the proud conflict that disturbs our peace and boasts itself irrepressible, have I not a right to assume that the Government needs to be strengthened? Have I not a right to say that a Government which was so sufficient for the country sixty years ago, when soil and climate and State sovereignty were trusted to regulate the spread of slavery, is insufficient to-day, when every upstart politician can stir the people to mutiny against the domestic institutions of our Southern neighbors—when the ribald jests of editors, like Greeley and Beecher, can sway Legislatures and popular votes against the handiwork of Washington or Madison—when the scurrilous libels of such a book as *Helper's* become a favorite campaign device, and are accepted by thousands as law and gospel, both to the jealous and hate killed off all our fraternal feelings for those who were born our brethren, and who have done us no harm?

The traditions of the elders lingered in the generations which immediately succeeded the adoption of the Constitution, and their passion for freedom just as strong as ours, was hastened into loyalty to the Union and veneration for the rights of the States. The Constitution, which was strong enough to govern such men, is too weak to restrain us, who have outgrown the grave and moderate wisdom that excited no irrepressible conflicts between brethren, but taught them to dwell together in unity. I would make it strong enough to restrain the madness of our day. Good people say we do not wish to disturb slavery where it exists, and that, believing it to be sinful and inexpedient, we will not submit to its extension, nor assist to restore the fugitive to his master. Such people soon come to conceive that the more unfriendly they can feel towards slavery, the more harsh speeches they make about slaveholders, the more they help on the irrepensible conflict, the better will they recommend themselves to God. In some churches anti-slavery sentiments have become essential to standing. According to some ecclesiastical opinions the great duty of the American Christian is to war with his neighbor's property; and, if opportunity presents, to help steal and hide it. Alas! alas! for the times upon which we have fallen.

We must arouse ourselves and assert the rights of the slaveholder, and add such weight to our Constitution as will protect his property from the spoliation of religious bigotry and persecution, or else we must give up our Constitution and Union. Events are placing the alternative plainly before us—Constitutional Union and liberty, according to American law, or else extinction of slave property, negro freedom, dissolution of the Union, and anarchy and confusion.

Can any man, even though his mind has been poisoned by the sophisms of infidels and abolitionists, seriously contemplate the alternative with composure and indifference? We hear it said, let South Carolina go out of the Union peacefully. I say let her go peacefully, if she go at all; but why should South Carolina be driven out of the Union by an irrepensible conflict all this proffered? Other States will be sure to follow sooner or later, and the next integration, once fairly established, will not end with South Carolina, nor even with all the slave States. Already we see it announced on the floor of Congress, that the city of New York, tired of her connections with Puritan New England, and with the fanatical interior of her own State, will improve the opportunity to set up for herself, and throw open her magnificent port to the unrestricted commerce of the world.

Let us be wise in time. Our resolutions are soothing and encouraging in their tone, and this vast assemblage is symptomatic of returning health in the public mind; but popular meetings are not going to save the Union from destruction. The people must act, and act promptly and efficiently. Let them show the South that the heart of the great State of Pennsylvania is still. It is said that the late election did not commit Pennsylvania unalterably to the mischievous conflict. I am willing to believe it. I hope it is so. I hope the events of the winter and our future elections will prove it.

Then let Pennsylvania appeal to the South to stand by a little longer, till we have proved not by fair words, but by deeds, that we will stand by the irrepensible conflict—we will not give up constitutional liberty for licentious liberty; we will not sacrifice all the memories of the past, and all the hopes of the future for negro freedom; for though we tear down this fair fabric, we make no negro free—but for a vain and mad attempt at negro freedom. That is the poor, the abortive, the absurd, the wicked purposes for which we are excited to sacrifice our inheritance. God forbid! Here on this continent spot of earth, where the foundations were laid of the best government the world ever saw, let us renew our vows to the Union, and send salutations to our brethren: "Talk not of secession—no rashly out of the Union—dim no star of our glorious flag—give us time to place ourselves right in respect to your peculiar institutions, and to roll back the cloud that now obscures, for the moment, our devotion to the Union as it is." Speak thus to the Southern States, and follow our words by fitting deeds, and Pennsylvania can stop secession, or cure it if it occurs. We can win back any States that may stray off, if only we can prove our loyalty to the Constitution and Union as our fathers formed them.

And would it not be a proud page in the history of Pennsylvania that should record the rescue of the American Union from impending ruin, by prompt, generous, united action of the people of Pennsylvania? That great glory may be ours. Let us grasp it ere it is too late.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.—The great geographical secret which has puzzled mankind for years has been solved. Julius Caesar declared that he would abandon his career of conquest in a moment if he thought he could discover the fountain of the Nile. Bayard Taylor wrote a few years ago: "Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one question of triumph left in her bosom, and that she reserved for him who shall drink from the fountain of the Nile Nile." It is Captain Braye, an Englishman, who really discovered the Lake Victoria Nyanza on the 3d of August, 1858, but his claim that this was the true source of the Nile having been discredited, he has just returned from a second trip which confirms the claim beyond a doubt. The lake lies between the equator and four degrees south and between longitude 31deg. and 32deg. This is nearly the locality which the gen-

eral conjecture of scientific men had fixed upon. The river had formerly been traced, by explorations sent out by the Emperor of Egypt, to within five degrees of the equator—and there the exploration stopped. The length of the Nile as now ascertained, is something over 3000 miles. It is peculiar among large rivers in having no affluent within 1400 miles from its mouth, and in having a periodical inundation of great regularity and fertilizing value. The latter begins in June and ends in September, and is owing to the periodical rains in the region around the river's source. In the days of Herodotus 16 cubits was considered a rise necessary to a fair overflow. Now 22 cubits is the average, which indicates the elevation of the valley by reason of the successive deposits. We do not know that the discovery of the source of the Nile is of much practical consequence, but it is well to have all these questions settled.

All for the Best.
Rabbi Akiba, compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night in order to study the law; a cloak which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass on which he rode.

As he was gradually sinking beneath the horrid night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near to a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking where human beings dwell there dwell also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging; it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him; he was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighboring wood.

"It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He seated himself beneath a tree lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter when a violent storm extinguished his light.

"What!" exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favorite study? But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock.

"What a misfortune is this!" ejaculated the astonished Akiba. "My companion is gone! Who then will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? But God is just; He knows best what is good for his poor mortals."

Sorely had he fished the sentence when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass.

"What is to be done now?" exclaimed the lowly wanderer. "My lamp and my cock gone; my poor ass too is gone—all is gone! But, praised be the Lord, whatever He does is for the best."

He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village to see whether he could procure a horse or any beast of burden to enable him to pursue his journey; but what was his surprise not to find a single person alive.

It appeared that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night murdered its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice and exclaimed:

"Thou Great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, now I know by experience that no mortal man can see short sighted and blind, often contented as evils what is intended for their preservation. But thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind have exhausted my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and murdered me. I protest, also, that it was Thy mercy which deprived me of my companions, that they might not, by their noise, give notice to the banditti, and tell them where I was taking my rest. Praise be Thy name forever and ever."

THE THREE ANSWERS.—King Frederick of Prussia; had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the royal guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officers for getting them.—One day, recruiting sergeant chanced to spy a Hibernian, who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of military life and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he immediately consented.

"But unless you can speak German, the king will not give you so much."
"I can speak that—I don't know a word of German."
"But," said the sergeant, "three words will be sufficient, and these you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the guards. As soon as he sees you, he will ride up and ask you how old you are? You will say 'twenty seven.' Next, how long you have been in the service. You must reply 'three weeks.' Finally, if you are provided with clothes and ration. You will answer 'both.'"
Patrick soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him. Patrick stepped forward and presented arms.

"How old are you?" said the king.
"Three weeks," said the Irishman.
"How long have you been in the service?" asked the king.
"Twenty-seven years."
"Am I or are you a fool?" roared out the king.
"Both," replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guard house, but pardoned by the king after he fully understood the facts of the case.

AN INFANT BABOON.—The following curious account of a baboon family is translated from a recent French work, by M. Boissard, for Gould's Illustrated Natural History. "There have been, and still are, in the menagerie of the Garden of Plants, Paris, a number of baboons, and four years ago, a female, who had a young one, furnished one of the most amusing and singular spectacles I ever witnessed. She was placed with in a cage, near the one she formerly occupied, with several other animals of the same species. The infant baboon was hideously ugly, but she lavished upon it the most tender caresses. When it was eight days old, the door of communication was opened, and the male entered. The mother, seated in the middle of the cage, held the young heir in her arms, precisely as a nurse would do under similar circumstances. The happy father approached and embraced his mate with French gallantry upon each side of the face; he kissed the little one and sat down opposite to the mother, so that their knees touched each other. They then both began to move their lips with rapidity, taking the young one from each other's arms, as if they were having a most animated conversation concerning it.

"The door was again opened, and the baboon friends entered, one after another, each embracing the mother, who however, would not allow them to touch the young one. They seated themselves in a circle and moved their lips, as if foliatiating the hair, and perhaps inditing in it a marvelous resemblance to either father or mother.—This scene was very much like that which often takes place in the human family on similar occasions, except that we suspect the foliatiations were more heartfelt and genuine on the part of the brutes than that of their more favored prototypes.

"All the baboons wished to caress the young ones; but no sooner did one of them put forward his hand than a good slap from the mother warned him of his indiscretion. Those who were placed behind her stretched their hand outly, slid it under her arms, and succeeded sometimes, to their great joy, in touching the little one without the mother perceiving it, particularly when she was engaged in conversation. But a small remark soon taught them their indiscretion was observed, and they quickly retreated. It was evident that the monkey mother, thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of her position, knew perfectly well how to divide her attention between her guests and her infant charge."

PUZZLING A LAWYER.—Everybody in Philadelphia, and out of Philadelphia, we believe (says the Germantown Telegraph), knows or has heard of Gottlieb Scheerer, a tall, robust, well formed German, with a small, twinkling eye, and a look that tells you quite as distinctly as language, that he knows a thing or two. Being called upon the stand as witness on one occasion, he was catechised rather severely, (as the story goes,) by Mr. Dallas, who expected to make out a strong point, by eliciting something from the following questions:

"Were you at Harrisburg, Mr. Scheerer, in December?"
"At Harrisburg in December, did you say, Mr. Dallas?"
"Yes, sir, I said at Harrisburg in December."

Putting his head down thoughtfully for a moment, he replied:
"No, sir, I was not."
"Were you at Harrisburg in January, Mr. Scheerer?"
"At Harrisburg in January, did you say, Mr. Dallas?"
"Yes, sir, I said at Harrisburg in January."

Relapsing into a thoughtful mood for a moment, he replied:
"No, sir, I was not in Harrisburg in January."
"Well, Mr. Scheerer, were you in Harrisburg in February?"
"Did you say at Harrisburg in February, Mr. Dallas?"
"Yes, sir, I said at Harrisburg in February."

Getting somewhat out of patience with him, Mr. Dallas elevated his tone and fiercely demanded:
"At what time, then, sir, were you at Harrisburg?"
"At Harrisburg? At Harrisburg, did you say, Mr. Dallas?"
"Yes," replied the now infuriated lawyer, "at Harrisburg."
Again the head dropped, and the man once more thought for a moment, but his head suddenly raised, and a smile playing over his features, he replied:
"My Dallas, I was never at Harrisburg in my life."
Of course the court adjourned instantly.

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