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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, May 27, 1854.

"MUSTARD TO MIX."

A RECEIPT FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

"And the ice it isn't water, and water isn't free—
and can't say that anything is what it ought to be."
—*Cricket on the Hearth.*

"I feel as if I should fly."

No wonder poor Mrs. Banker longed for the wings of a dove, if they could bear her to anything like rest. It was Monday—washing day—and she had Monday in the bargain. The parlor was in disorder (the Bankers always sat in their parlor on Sunday, and held it sacred for the rest of the week); the front hall tracked and littered up with the arrival of a visitor's baggage—the spare room was not ready—the clothes not counted out—the girl falling away her time at the pump—the breakfast dishes unwashed—and the baby screaming as usual a cross child can scream, in its mother's arms, showing not the least symptoms of a morning nap, or, indeed, of anything but colic.

Mrs. Banker, as she sat in the midst of this confusion, and expressed her desire to fly, bore no resemblance whatever to an angel—except that angels are usually represented with loose robes and unconfined hair. We question if she had looked at a bush since the day before, and her morning dress was of the style denominated "wrapper"—not overclean, chintz. The room itself was cheerful enough, so far as the sunshine and comfortable furniture would go; but nothing was in its place; and this disorder, added to the frowny appearance of Mrs. Banker, holding the baby in its arms, crumpled night-dress and soiled flannel, was anything but an inviting prospect to a newly arrived guest.

Mrs. Banker expected her every minute—Aunt Lovey—her husband's aunt, who had brought him up, and given him all those peculiar ways that were the bane of Mr. Banker's life, she having very little idea of the necessity he attached to method in managing a household. Mrs. Banker, only two years from school, had written very nice letters to this friend of her husband's orphan childhood. She loved her Joshua, in spite of his unsentimental name, and was inclined to adopt all his family in her affectionate little soul. Nor was it unnatural that she wished them to think well of her in return—she particularly desired to gain Aunt Lovey's good opinion, and when the long talk of the visit was decided on, had hoped to make a grand first impression. If it hadn't been Monday morning, and if the baby hadn't been so cross—the spare room had only been cleared up after her brother's departure—the girl was worth two slaves—in fact, if everything hadn't been exactly what it shouldn't be, Mrs. Banker would have got up herself, her house, and her baby, to the best advantage—She had a very pretty face and figure, a fact of which she was well aware, and as a school girl and young lady in society, had made the most of it. Since her marriage this was not so apparent to Mr. Banker, however, as in the days of her courtship. Then she never allowed herself to be seen without her hair in the most wonderful French twists and Grecian braids—or her dress put on to the utmost advantage. Now, it wasn't worth while to dress just for Joshua—or a baby was so troublesome, or she hadn't a thing to put on. It was worth while to dress for Aunt Lovey, and she desired to look her very best—only baby would go to sleep. "Rock-a-by-baby."

(Mrs. Banker had been considered to have the best voice in the Highville Seminary, but now her voice was confined chiefly to that charming ballad writer, Mother Goose.)

"Rock-a-by-by, father's gone a hunting." Oh dear, she will be here before I can get him down! There—there—did the dryman say his Aunt Lovey was gone to walk uppy to the house?—Johnny shall ride, Johnny shall ride (you pranking little monkey, why don't you shut your eyes?) "Wid a white pussy-cat tied to his side!" sang, and rocked, and tossed Mrs. Banker.

"Where is that Jane? Not a dish washed—and I don't believe the hot water's on for the clothes—There, there, mother's baby, mother's only little son! Send the wind right up, so I would. Ride a rock horse to Banbury cross—there, there, don't cry so, mother's little man—had a little dog sir! Banger was his name, sir—Banger, Banger, Kicker, Cuffer, Banger was his name, sir! Jane, Jane! Where is that girl? I feel as if I should fly!"

At which remark—the energy of which we have endeavored to portray in the most crumpled voice—the door opened to admit, not Jane, but Aunt Lovey, and our history of Mrs. Banker's tribulations began.

She gave one glance at her visitor, one to her self, and round the room. There was no help for it—she was obliged to deposit baby in the cradle, screaming as he was, and advanced to make a first impression. Aunt Lovey did not look shocked or disgusted—a little surprised certainly, for knowing her nephew's orderly propensities, this was not what she expected to find his home, and the untidy, tired, fretted-looking woman who introduced herself as his wife, did not certainly answer to the lover's description of his betrothed—However, she had been a housekeeper, and knew what Monday mornings were, with only one maid of all work, and a little child to see to. So she kissed her niece very cordially for the warm welcome she offered, and begging "not to be minded, as she understood these little troubles," sat down, laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and asked for the baby.

There it was again—hardest of all. Mrs. Banker's personal vanity, in departing from her as a woman, had rested and centered itself on the baby. Aunt had taken the utmost interest in its advent—kissed all its socks, the very blue pair, soiled and dirty, which was kicked out at that moment—and in return, had been favored by rapturous accounts

of his beauty at three days old, his knowings at three months. Mrs. Banker had pictured herself presenting the baby in grand toilet to his great-aunt, and seeing her surprise, as the old lady confessed the hall had not been told her—"oh dear!"

But there was no help for it, and she was obliged to withdraw the poor little juvenile from its involuntary confinement, ready to cry, with weariness and disappointment, as she tried to coax it to something like good humor. Jane drawn by curiosity where duty failed, arrived to complete the tableau, alighting the door, and stopping, over the pump-water on her way to the wash-kitchen. She most have been experimenting on the principle that "the longest way round is the shortest way home," for there was a door in the work-kitchen leading directly to the street.

Good Aunt Lovey was no more discomposed by the bold stare the "help" fixed upon her, than she had been by the rest of the picture. It must have cost an inward tremor to lay down her dove-colored cashmere shawl and split straw bonnet with its satin ribbons, on the littered bureau, but she did so without invitation, Mrs. Banker having fairly forgotten to offer one in the combined annoyances and embarrassments of the moment, and then seated in the rocking chair, from which her niece had risen, she spread the cradle blanket in her lap, and held out her hands for the baby.

It was really a very nice child, as babies go, in spite of its crumpled costume. Aunt Lovey's first proceeding was to "straighten it out," smoothing the uncomfortable folds of cloth and flannel from under its cold little feet. Her handkerchief was produced to dry the little face from the mingled effects of tears and teething, and then warmed on the stove—there was very little fire—the stove never did draw on washing day—then covered the mottled arms and hands. Baby thus smoothed, soothed and comforted, presented a much more respectable appearance, and received a hearty kiss from its grand-aunt, by way of an antidote. It seemed to have the desired effect, for after staring with its round blue eyes in the old lady's face, as if endeavoring to recall the features, it gradually winked and blinked itself to sleep, certainly contrary to its most determined intentions.

Mrs. Banker, who had excused herself as if to overlook Jane's operations, but in reality to take up the crying fit where the baby left off, returned with eyes very much swollen in consequence, and tried to offer an apology for herself and her house, but broke down again into a little sob, and a clean pocket handkerchief.

"Come, come, my dear, no excuse is needed," hummed Aunt Lovey, at the mother and the last retiring baby, "the old-fashioned melody of 'Banks and braes'—Just warm a pillow; there that's right; now shake it out, and make it soft!—have every leather smooth and light, unconsciously relapsing into rhyme as well as music, while she deposited the placid Johnny in his accustomed bed.

"And now, my dear, I see how it all is. Could you lend a clean check apron? never mind this towel will do, and I will wash up these dishes post-haste. What is your girl's name? Jane?—Jane, here, come and take up the fire a little—there's nothing that helps matters along faster than a bright cheerful fire; it's like a lively disposition, which I am sure you have naturally."

It was wonderful to see Jane's alacrity in obeying these instructions, given in a quick, inspiring, and at the same time, not to be trifled with tone. Mrs. Banker, captain a—she was placed herself willingly under the orders of so skillful pilot, and was steered triumphantly through the household difficulties that had gathered so thickly around her.

"And now, my dear," resumed that excellent woman, unpinning the towel that encircled her ample waist, and folding it smoothly before she laid it down, "what else is there to do this morning?"

The fire was burning cheerfully, the dishes put away, the carpet swept, the chairs set back, and the baby still sleeping soundly in the bright warmth that had diffused itself through the room. Mrs. Banker already felt as if she had known Aunt Lovey for a long time; they had talked all the while they were busied about household affairs, and the new niece felt as if she could almost open her heart to the kind old lady and consult her about those constantly occurring domestic drawbacks and trials, Joshua, good husband as he was, did not seem to understand. It was more effective than a week of formal visiting, and Mrs. Banker's face and step brightened with the room. Now came the clouds again. "There was so much to be done, she didn't know where to begin."

"But what is it?" urged Aunt Lovey, stooping down admiringly over the cradle, for the baby looked very lovely in its quiet sleep, one little round hand pushed under his cheek—he was making as good an impression as his mother could desire.

At his aunt's unexpected arrival and the tidy appearance of the whole household—to tell the truth, he wondered how the last happened to be so—that Mrs. Banker found time to seek an explanation of the significant sentence applied by the old lady to her state of despondency with regard to domestic affairs. Significant she was convinced, though she could not exactly make out the application, as her Aunt had seen the mutton chops destined for dinner, arrive from the butcher's, and she had never heard of mustard being taken with them. They had been duly served, praised and eaten; the dinner-dishes were washed and put away, so was the baby for his second diurnal nap, and Mrs. Banker, notwithstanding she had company, found herself seated to her sewing by three o'clock for the first time in a month, while Jane, like the unfortunate "maid" mentioned in one of the baby's favorite lullabies, was

"In the garden
Hanging out the clothes."

Aunt Lovey, looking thoughtfully over her spectacles, thought her nephew's description of his wife not so far out of the way after all, as she hemmed away industriously at a pile of new towels, the most fascinating work next to crocheting one can undertake; it slips by so fast and evenly, and there seems to be so much accomplished.

"But, Aunt Lovey," said Mrs. Banker, looking up suddenly, and finding these penetrating gray eyes fixed on her, "what did you mean by mustard to mix?"

"Oh, I did not explain, did I? Well when I was first married and moved out west—Utica was out west then, from Connecticut—I knew no more about managing for myself than you do now. I used to find my work accumulate, and I would get discouraged, and go about a whole week, feeling as if the world rested upon my shoulders; and that made me mope, and your uncle John got discouraged, because I did, and there was no end to the small things would get into. Our only neighbor was a nice tidy body who always looked like 'was-work.'"

"Something such a person as you," interrupted Mrs. Banker playfully.

"Well, perhaps so; but you never saw my house; her house was like a pin from one end to the other. One day I just ran in to borrow a little meal—ours having got out unexpectedly—and I found to my great neighbor in a hurry, seeing just as I used to feel sometimes."

"Oh, she had everything to do," she said, and company coming for dinner.

"Everything? Well, what for? As far as I could see everything was done."

"Oh, the table is set," and up and around she went again.

"So it was two hours to dinner—what else?"

"Why! well, then, mustard to mix?"

"That was ever lastly thing, come to think of it; but she had been hurried by the sudden arrival, but did not stop to see that it could not possibly disturb any of her arrangements. So I went home and found I generally had mustard to mix, when my fortunes came on; that is, if I set myself right to work to clear up the stuff, it wasn't half so bad as I felt it was. Setting down to fret over matters only entailed things the more, and then poor John, was troubled to see me worried and things would go on from bad to worse."

"But, aunt," said the young wife, with a half sigh, ending in a smile, "do you think I shall ever make a housekeeper? I know Joshua is disappointed."

"Yes, yes, my dear; why not? Only you will have to learn how to mix mustard to begin with."

The Manic Girl.

The editor of the *American Republican*, printed at Westchester, Penn.; speaking of a story in the *Evening Post*, entitled "The Longest Night in a Life," says:

It has brought vividly to our mind a thrilling incident which happens to be within our own knowledge, and we cannot forbear trying, in our poor way, to tell the tale. The intelligent and highly respectable gentleman to whom the occurrence happened is now a resident of this borough, and in every particular the story is true.

A number of years since, the individual to whom we allude was a pupil at a school in this county, boarding at a farm house about one mile distant from the Academy. The house was one of those built at different periods of time, and presenting a long extended front to the roadside. It was situated in the gorge of a lonely wood, and just below it ran a deep, dark ravine, which was the haunted ground of every neighborhood has its haunted ground.

The sleeping apartments of the family were in the extreme end of the house, while that occupied by their boarder was the furthest removed from them possible. One night he remained late at a lecture delivered to the school, and by the time he arrived the family had all retired, it being past the hour of eleven o'clock. He passed into the house and immediately went up to his chamber. The reflected light of the moon shone in the room, and as he entered the doorway and turned towards his bed, there stood at the side of it, a figure dressed in white, dimly apparent to him through the shadowy moonlight.

He was, as may well be supposed, terror-stricken. Turning for a moment from the apparition towards the window, to see if it were not a fantastic creation, caused by the moonlight falling on some object in the apartment, his eye again looked for the strange sight, but it was gone, without the slightest perceptible noise. With his whole nervous system completely unstrung, he however succeeded at length in convincing himself that he had been deceived, quietly undressed and laid down, but was unable to sleep, for there was too much agitation to do so. He lay in this wakeful state for about three quarters of an hour, when he thought he felt the bed slowly raised beneath him. He again succeeded in persuading himself that he was deceived, and attributed this to the effects of the intense fear and consequent nervous excitement of the first strange appearance.

After another tedious period of time, the same rising of the bed was felt, and on this occasion the half arose, leaned over and looked partially under the bed, and listened with the most intense earnestness; but not the slightest noise, even of respiration, or any of the different occasions came to his ear. He again strove to dismiss the fearful subject from his mind, and at length, by excess of weariness, fell into an uneasy and disturbed sleep, which must have lasted for two hours. He was aroused from this uneasy repose by something like a piercing shriek and a frenzied laugh, unearthly in its tone, breaking upon his ear in the dead silence of the night, and immediately, a his side.

The unusual and horrible character of the cry—with all the preceding circumstances, rendered it difficult if not impossible, to represent the intense and agonizing fear which crept over the completely unmanned inmate of that chamber. Ten years and more have elapsed since the circumstance occurred, and yet, at this distant day our friend relates the incident with an excited tone of voice, which indicates how dreadful were the realities that surrounded him. He sat up erect in the bed, with every fibre of his flesh quivering with terror, and with straining eyes and ear, sought to solve the fearful mystery.

In the midst of this thrilling and excited state of feeling, there came a wilder repetition of the mingled scream and laugh, and says our informant, "it was such a cry as can never be effaced from my memory." He instantly sprang from the bed to the floor, and in a delirium of fear, dragged the bedstead from the corner of the room, and there, behind the head-board, stood the apparition which had presented itself to his astonished sight when he first entered the room on that dreadful night. It was the figure of a woman clothed in white, with long black, luxuriant hair hanging wildly about her person.

It was a maniac girl from a neighboring house, who came in the afternoon, during his absence, to spend the night, and had wandered from the room where the family supposed she had secured her. When he entered the room she was standing as he first described her position, and while his eyes were turned for a moment towards the window, she silently crept beneath the bed. We hope the recital of the story may not have the effect to disturb the repose of our young or lady readers. If there are any fears on that subject, we advise them, before locking their chamber doors at night, to look under the bed, and into the ban-j-boxes and closets. After such an examination they may retire without the slightest alarm.

HATED OF CIRCASSIAN WOMEN TOWARDS THE RUSSIANS.—As an instance of the bitter hatred felt by the Circassians towards the Russians, it is stated that a few years ago, a slave ship sprung a leak out at sea, just as a Russian steamer passed in the distance. The Turkish slave dealer, who preferred even the chill blast of Siberia to a grave in deep water, made signals of distress, and the steamer came up in time to rescue the ship and its living cargo from destruction. But so deeply is hatred of Russia implanted in every Circassian heart, that the spirit of the girls revolted at the thought of becoming the helpmates of the grey-coated soldiers, instead of sharing the sumptuous couch of a Turk in Pasha. They had had allusion to their native land, and with little emotion, but as the Russian steamer approached, they set up a terrible and despairing scream. Some sprang headlong into the sea; others drove their knives into their hearts; to these heroines, death was preferable to the bridal bed of a detested Muscovite. The survivors were taken to Anapa and married to Cossacks, by given to the officers as servants.

NEBRASKA AND KANSAS.

SPEECH OF HON. G. A. GROW,

In the House of Representatives, May 10, 1854.

The House being in the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union—

Mr. GROW said:

Mr. CARRISAW.—The bill under consideration provides for organizing two territorial governments, to be called Nebraska and Kansas, embracing together about six hundred and sixty-five thousand square miles—an area twice as large as the original thirteen Colonies, and extending from New Mexico to the British possessions, and from the western limits of Minnesota and the organized States to Washington and Oregon, containing four hundred and twenty-five million acres of land, being more than a fourth of all the public lands owned by the Government.

The provisions of the bill are those usually inserted in bills for the organization of territorial governments, with the exception of the fourteenth section, which repeals so much of the Missouri compromise act as prohibited slavery in all the territory purchased of France, lying north of the parallel of 36° 30' north latitude. The objection to this bill, in the opinion of the majority of those interested in the organization of the government, was their exclusion in this case, or for their exclusion in any similar one! The fact that they are residents of the Territory is the best evidence that they have settled there with the intention of making their permanent home, and their oath in the declaration of intention to become citizens, and their intention to become citizens, to participate in the organization of the government, what reason is there for their exclusion in this case, or for their exclusion in any similar one? The fact that they are residents of the Territory is the best evidence that they have settled there with the intention of making their permanent home, and their oath in the declaration of intention to become citizens, and their intention to become citizens, to participate in the organization of the government, what reason is there for their exclusion in this case, or for their exclusion in any similar one?

But the territory proposed to be embraced in Nebraska is one vast wilderness, inhabited by tribes of wild Indians, most of whom are far removed from our settlements, and have never had any intercourse with the whites. And why should they be disturbed now? Why banish from the territory those who must make treaties for the purchase of their lands, with their long train of annuities swelling up the annual expenditures of the Government millions? Why should the Government force its officers and temporary governments on to the wilderness far in advance of the tide of emigration, especially when it is to drive the red man from his last forest home? For when the tide of emigration comes, the white man of Nebraska at the approach of the white man, the hunting ground of the Indian will exist only in the land of "the Great Spirit." I will be but a few years, at best, before the civilization of Western Asia, commencing on the crest of the Rocky Mountains, will blot forever from the generations of living men the last remnants of the race of the red man. Time, as well as the gentlemen from Missouri, [Mr. Carrisaw] some days since, that is his doom. Most give way to an advancing civilization, and the forms of savage life must yield to its necessities. Extermination, some day, is therefore his inevitable fate. Destiny has stamped it on the annals of his race, and time is fast fulfilling the decree. But it is a wise and humane policy, on the part of the Government, need I say to hasten its accomplishment?

But what reason is there for the organization of any territorial government at this time or any of this territory? There is but one of any force, and that, however, with me, is sufficient: it is to have an organized government to protect the emigrant, and contemplated railroad routes to California and Oregon. But one territory is sufficient for that purpose, and would embrace all the white population now settled between Utah and the States. One Territory, embracing about a fifth of this vast area, would form a continuous connection of Territories skirting the western borders of all the States reaching across our entire limits, from the British possessions to Mexico. West of Wisconsin we should have Minnesota; of Iowa and Missouri, the new Territory of Arkansas and Texas; New Mexico; and the Pacific coast is time with Washington Territory. Why should the Government go to the expense of organizing territorial governments too deep where there are no white population, and no occasion for any for years? The expense of each of these territorial governments, in salaries to officers, and the expense of legislation would not be less than \$70,000 a year, besides the expense of keeping up military posts, requiring an increase of the amount of claims upon the Government for Indian depredations upon the private property of the citizen. So that the entire expense of each of these Territories would nearly or quite reach \$100,000 a year.

But this objection is merely to the propriety of an expenditure of money, and the policy that should govern our intercourse with the Indian tribes. It is, however, a sufficient reason with me why there should be no territorial government instead of being organized at this time. But the great and controlling objection, to even that, as proposed by this bill, is the repeal of the eighth section of the act of 6th March, 1820; and in order properly to discuss that question, it is necessary briefly to refer to the political history of a few years. During the first session of the Thirty-first Congress, five separate and distinct acts of legislation were engrained on your statute book, and christened the compromise of 1850. It was heralded to the country by its friends as an almoner of peace, and the dove was seen, forth on the troubled waters. A year passed away, and no note of discord was heard in the halls. The political animosities engendered by the sectional strife and content of the past few years had lost their bitterness and rancor; and a general acquiescence pervaded the whole country.

I left my home to take a seal in the Thirty-second Congress, with no idea that the deliberations of this Hall were to be in any way disturbed by the question of slavery during my term of service as a Representative; and fully resolved, before the organization of this House, and before the utterance of a word proposing to disturb that compromise, resolutions were introduced by a southern member into the Democratic caucus, and subsequently into both branches of Congress, to declare it a finality. I voted, sir, against their introduction in any form, and against them on their final passage, for reasons then stated, which I still believe to be good, and I regarded any further agitation of these questions as a waste of time and unnecessary, and not being one of those who believed that discussion on

one side of a question is not agitation, while discussion on the other is, I could see no benefit likely to accrue from their passage. I know, sir, of but one way to quiet and end agitation on any subject, and that is to cease acting and talking about it.

At that time I fully endorsed the remarks of the Senator from Illinois, [Mr. Douglas], made in opposition to these resolutions, in the Senate of the United States, on the 23d of December, 1851, most of which are equally applicable to the present time, in which he said:

"Are not the friends of the compromise becoming agitators, and will not the country hold us responsible for what which we condemn and denounce in the Abolitionist and Free Soilers?"

"Those who preach peace should not be the first to commence and reopen an old quarrel."

"Let us cease agitating, stop the debate, and drop the subject."

That was my opinion then, sir, and upon that conviction I have acted ever since. But a few months later, and all sections of the two great political parties of the country, in convention at Illinois, pledged to each other their faith and their honor to resist all attempts at renewing, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made. Adopting that pledge, I entered the canvass of 1852, and gave my best energies and efforts to the success of the Democratic party, and the triumph of its nominee. Relying on the honor and integrity of the party, and the good faith mutually pledged by its members, I congratulated myself in its success, that at last there was an end of slavery agitation in the halls of Congress, and that the country could once more repose in peace. For the olive branch had been extended over by-gones, and "the dead past was to bury its dead."

But before the compromise of 1850 is four years old, we find ourselves in the midst of another with sectional controversy, and "the agitation of the slavery question" is again renewed in and out of Congress. The discovery is just made by a northern man, that great wrong and injustice has been done the South in the legislation of the country, and to which with remarkable humility she has quietly submitted for more than a third of a century. If Missouri compromise be an indignity and a wrong, it was heaped upon the south by her own hands. For, at the time of its passage, there were eleven free and eleven slaveholding states in the Union, and of the twenty-two southern Senators but eight in a full Senate voted against it. And of her eighty-one Representatives upon this floor, only thirty-eight. So that of her hundred and thirty Representatives in both branches of Congress, forty-six only voted against this flagrant wrong, and a southern President consummated the injustice by signing the act with the advice and approval of a Cabinet, a majority of whom were from slaveholding States. Mr. Clay, in his speech of the 6th of March, 1850, in which he explained the Missouri compromise, declared that among those who agreed to that line were a majority of southern members.

"I have no earthly doubt that I voted, in common with my other southern friends for the adoption of the line of 36° 30'."

Here is his own declaration to settle forever the controversy that has been raised in this Hall, whether he was in favor of the compromise establishing the line of 36° 30'.

Mr. SMITH, of Va. Will the gentleman permit me to say a word.

Mr. GROW. If the gentleman will be short, for I have no time to spare.

Mr. SMITH. The proposition came upon two points.

Mr. GROW. Oh, I will explain that myself. Mr. Clay was opposed to the restriction on the States of Missouri, but not to the establishment of this line of prohibition. I suppose that is what the gentleman alludes to.

Mr. SMITH. No, sir, it was not that; I will explain, if the gentleman will permit me.

Mr. GROW. I cannot consent to have the gentleman take up my time for that purpose. The record shows that this deed was done by southern men, under southern influence, claimed at the time by the South as a triumph, and regarded by the North as a defeat. And yet, it is charged by the Representatives of the South upon this floor, day by day, and reiterated even by northern men, as one of the flagrant aggressions of the North in violation of justice and of honor.

Sir, this discovery of wrong and injustice has been made since the 23d of December, 1851, for on that day the Senator from Illinois, [Mr. Douglas] declared, in the Senate of the United States, that the Missouri compromise had been acquiesced in cheerfully and cordially by the people for more than a quarter of a century, and which all parties and sections of the Union professed to respect and cherish as a fair, just, and honorable adjustment. And it was so regarded by the members of the last Congress, both North and South. For the bill organizing Nebraska, with not a word in it relative to slavery, introduced by Mr. Hall, of Mississippi, passed this House by a vote of ninety-eight to forty-three, ten of which were given by northern men; so there were but thirty-three southern votes against it. Not a word of objection was made to it by any one, if it came it did not repeat the Missouri compromise. Nor was it then understood to be inconsistent with the legislation of 1850.

On the last day of the session, Mr. Douglas himself appealed to the Senate to take this bill, for he was sure there was a majority for it if it could be brought to a vote, and he should be delighted at its passage. Mr. Archibson, of Missouri, in urging the Senate to take it up and pass it, said:

"It is evident that the Missouri compromise cannot be repealed. So far as that question is concerned, we might as well agree to the admission of Texas for the next year, or five or ten years hence."—Congressional Globe, Second Session 22d Cong., vol. 20, page 1113.

What act has northern men committed since that time so craven that you now expect them to do what you did not then presume upon their manhood to ask to be performed? Through the Missouri compromise was passed by the usual forms of legislation, yet, owing to the circumstances surrounding its adoption, it cannot, in the language of Mr. Dickinson, of New-York, made in the Senate, the 12th January, 1848, "be regarded as an ordinary act of legislation upon the majority principle. It was rather in the nature of a compromise, not adopted as such, to be sure, but assented to or acquiesced in by all the States through their Representatives in Congress, or otherwise." It was a settlement of a sectional strife, conflicting interests and conflicting opinions, in which the passions of men had become inflamed, and the patriot trembled for the future of his country. And there is no fault to be given to such arrangements; reconciliations made under such circumstances? If you do not observe the settlements of strife and discord made by your fathers, what guarantee have you that your children will observe those made by yourselves.

But you say the arrangement was unconstitutional, and is therefore void; that the Constitution secures to you the right to go into any Territory of this Union, and plant there the institution of human bondage. Even if that be the case, your fathers agreed with our fathers that the Territory was concerned; that right so secured by the Constitution was concerned; and you have gone on and taken advantage of all the benefits secured by that arrangement to you, and now you propose to come in and share those secured to us, on the plea that, outside of State limits, you have the absolute right to plant slavery where ever the flag of the country flows. If that is one of