

# THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 9, 1857.

### Selected Poetry.

#### ALL THINGS ARE OF GOD.

Thou art, O God, the life and light,  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from thee;  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through opening vistas into Heaven—  
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
Oershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plumage  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,  
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower that Summer wreathes  
Is born beneath thy kindling eye;  
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

### Selected Tale.

#### KATE HEARN'S HUSBAND

In the year seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, the little town of Barford was thrown into a state of great excitement by the intelligence that a gentleman (and "quite the gentleman," said the landlord of the George Inn,) had been looking at Mr. Clavering's old house. The gentleman was tall, well-dressed, handsome; but there was a sinister, cold look in his quick-glancing, light blue eye, which a keen observer might not have liked.

The White House was re-stuccoed, and put into thorough repair, by the accommodating and delighted landlord; while his tenant seemed inclined to spend any amount of money on internal decorations, which were showy and effective in their character, enough to make the White House a nine days wonder to the good people of Barford. The slate-colored panes became pink, and were dicked out with gold; the old-fashioned banisters were replaced with newly-gilt ones; and, above all, the stables were a sight to be seen. Since the days of the Roman Emperors there never was such provision made for the care, the comfort, and the health of animals. But every one said it was no wonder, when they were led through Barford, covered up to the eyes, but curving their arched and delicate necks, and prancing with short high steps, in repressed eagerness. Only one groom came with them, yet they required the care of three men. Mr. Higgins, however, preferred engaging two lads of Barford, and Barford approved of his preference. Not only was it kind and thoughtful to give employment to the lounging lads themselves, but they were receiving such a training in Mr. Higgins's stables as might fit them for Doucastor or Newmarket. The district of Derbyshire in which Barford was situated, was too close to Leicestershire not to support a hunt and a pack of hounds. The master of the hounds was a certain Sir Harry Mauley, who was out a huntsman *ad valde*. He measured a man by the length of his limb, not by the expression of his countenance or the shape of his head. But, as Sir Harry was wont to observe, there was such a thing as too long a limb, so his approbation was withheld until he had seen a man on horseback; and if his seat there was square and easy, his hand light and his courage good, Sir Harry hailed him as a brother.

Mr. Higgins attended the first meet of the season, not as a subscriber, but as an amateur. The Barford huntsmen piqued themselves on their bold riding, and their knowledge of the country came by nature; yet this new, strange man, whom nobody knew was in at the death, sitting on the horse, both well-breathed and calm, without a hair turned on the sleek skin of the latter, supremely addressing the old huntsman as he backed off the tail of the fox. When Sir Harry rode into the copse—fall of dead brush and wet tangled grass—and was followed by the members of the hunt, as one of them cantered past, Mr. Higgins took off his cap and bowed—half deferentially, half insolently—with a lurking smile in the corner of his eye at the discomfited looks of one or two of the laggards.

"A famous run sir," said Sir Harry. "The first time you have hunted in our country, but I hope we shall see you often."

"I hope to become a member of the hunt, sir," said Mr. Higgins.

"Most happy—pride I'm sure, to receive a rider among us. You took the Copper Gate, while some of our friends here—scowling at one or two cowards by way of making his speech. Allow me to introduce myself—master of the hounds"—he fumbled in his waistcoat pocket for a card which his name was formally described. "Some of our friends here are kind enough to come home with me to dinner; might I ask for the honor?"

"My name is Higgins," replied the stranger bowing low. "I am only lately come to occupy the White House at Barford, and I have not as yet presented my letters of introduction."

"Hang it," replied Sir Harry; "a man with a seat like yours, and that good brush in your hand, might ride up to any door in the county (I'm a Leicestershire man!) and be a welcome guest. Mr. Higgins I shall be proud to become better acquainted with you over my dinner table."

Mr. Higgins knew pretty well how to improve the acquaintance thus begun. He could tell a good song, tell a good story, and was well up in practical jokes; with plenty of that

keen worldly sense which in this case took him on whom he might play off such jokes with impunity from their resentment, and with a security of applause from the more boisterous, vehement or prosperous. At the end of twelve months Mr. Robinson Higgins was, out and out, the most popular member of the Barford hunt, had beaten all the others by a couple of lengths, as his first patron, Sir Harry, observed one evening, when they were just leaving the dinner table of an old hunting squire in the neighborhood.

"Because, you know," said Squire Hearn, hold Sir Harry by the button—"I mean, you see, this young spark is looking sweet upon Catherine; and she's a good girl, and will have ten thousand pounds the day she's married, by her mother's will?—and excuse me, Sir Harry—but I should not like my girl to throw herself away."

Though Sir Harry had a long ride before him and but the early and short light of a new moon to take it in, his kind heart was so touched by Squire Hearn's trembling, tear anxiety, that he stopped, and turned back into the dining room, to say, with more observations than I care to give—"My good Squire, I may say I know that man pretty well by this time, and a better fellow never existed. If I had twenty daughters he should have the pick of them."

Squire Hearn never thought of asking the grounds for his old friend's opinion of Mr. Higgins; it had been given with too much earnestness for any doubts to cross the old man's mind as to the possibility of its being well-founded. Mr. Hearn was neither a doctor nor a thinker, nor suspicious by nature; it was simply his love for Catherine, his only child, that promoted his anxiety in this case; and, after what Sir Harry had said, the old man could totter with an easy mind, though not with very steady legs, into the drawing room, where his bonny, blushing daughter Catherine and Mr. Higgins stood close together on the hearth—she whispering, she listening with downcast eyes. She looked so very happy, so like what her dead mother had looked when the squire was a young man, that all his thoughts were how to please her most. His son and heir was about to be married, and bring his wife to live with the Squire. Barford and the White House was not distant more than an hour's ride, and even as these thoughts passed through his mind, he asked Mr. Higgins if he could not stay all night—the young moon was already set—the roads would be dark, and Catherine looked up with a pretty anxiety, which however, had not much doubt in it, for the answer.

With every encouragement of this kind, from the old Squire, it took everybody rather by surprise when one morning it was discovered that Miss Catherine Hearn was missing; and when, according to the usual fashion in such cases, a note was found, saying that she had eloped with "the man of her heart," and gone to Gretna Green, no one could imagine why she could not have quietly stopped at home and been married in the parish church. She had always been a romantic, sentimental girl; very pretty and very affectionate, and very much spoiled, and very much wanting in common sense. Her indulgent father was very much hurt at this want of confidence in his never varying affection; but when his son came, hot with indignation from the Baroness's (his future father-in-law's) house, where every form of law and ceremony was to accompany his own impending marriage, Squire Hearn pleaded the cause of the young couple with imploring cogency, and protested that it was a piece of the spirit of his daughter which he admired and was proud of. However, it ended with Mr. Nathaniel Hearn's declaration that he and his wife would have nothing to do with his sister and her husband.

"Wait till you have seen him Nat!" said the old squire, trembling with his distressful anticipations of family discord. He's an excuse for any girl. Only ask Sir Harry's opinion of him."

"Confound Sir Harry. So that a man sits his horse well, Sir Harry cares nothing about anything else. Who is this man—this fellow? Where does he come from? What are his means? Who are his family?"

"He comes from the south, Surrey or Somersetshire, I forget which; and he pays his way liberally. There's not a tradesman in Barford but says that he cares no more for money than for water; he spends like a prince, Nat. I don't know who his family are, but he seals with a coat of arms, which may tell you if you if you want to know, and he goes regularly to collect his rent from his estates in the south."

Mr. Nathaniel Hearn gloomed and muttered an oath or two to himself. The poor old father was reaping the consequences of his weak indulgence to his children. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Hearn kept apart from Catherine and her husband; and Squire Hearn dared never ask them to Leviston Hall, though it was his house. Indeed, he stole away as if he were a culprit whenever he went to visit the White House; and if he passed a night there, he was fain to equivocate when he returned home next day; and equivocation which was well interpreted by the sary and proud Nathaniel. But the younger Mr. and Mrs. Hearn were the only people who did not visit at the White House. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins were decidedly more popular than their brother and sister-in-law. She made a very pretty sweet-tempered hostess, and her education had not been such as to render her intolerant of any want of refinement in the associates who gathered around her husband. She had gentle smiles for towns people as well as country people, and unconsciously played an admirable second in her husband's project of making himself popular.

But there is some one to make ill-natured remarks, and draw ill-natured conclusions from very simple premises in every place; and in Barford this bird of ill-omen was a Miss Pratt. She did not hunt—Mr. Higgins's admirable riding did not call out her admiration. She did not drink—so the well selected wines, so tastefully dispensed among the guests, could never mollify Miss Pratt. She could not bear comic songs or buffoon stories—so in that way

her approbation was impregnable. And these three great secrets to popularity constituted Mr. Higgins's great charm. Miss Pratt sat and watched. Her face looked immovably grave at the end of Mr. Higgins's best stories; but there was a keen, needle-like glance of her unwinking little eyes which Mr. Higgins felt rather than saw, and which made him shiver, even on a hot day, when it fell upon him.—Miss Pratt was a Dissenter and to propitiate this female Mordecai, Mr. Higgins asked the dissenting minister whose services she attended to dinner; kept himself and his company in good order, and gave a handsome donation to the poor of the chapel. All in vain—Miss Pratt stirred not a muscle more of her face towards graciousness; and Mr. Higgins was conscious that in spite of all his efforts to captivate Mr. Davis, there was a secret influence on the other side, throwing in doubts and suspicious, and evil interpretations of all he said and did. Miss Pratt, the little plain old maid, living on eighty pounds a year, was the thorn in the popular Mr. Higgins's side, although she had never spoken one unkind word to him—indeed, on the contrary, had treated him with a stiff and elaborate civility. The thorn, the grief of Mrs. Higgins, was this—they had no children. Oh! how she would stand and envy the careless, busy motion of half a dozen children; and then, when observed, move on with a deep, deep sigh of yearning regret.

One day the hounds met not far from town, and the fox was found in part of the wild heath which was beginning to be enclosed by a few of the more wealthy town people, who were desirous of building themselves houses rather more in the country than those they had hitherto lived in. Among these, the principal was a Mr. Dudgeon, the attorney of Barford, and the agent of all the country families about. The firm of Dudgeon had managed the leases, the marriage settlements, &c., of the neighborhood for generations. Mr. Dudgeon's father had the responsibility of collecting the landowner's rents, just as the present Mr. Dudgeon had, at the time of which we speak, and as his son and son's sons have done since.—Mr. John Dudgeon had built himself a house on Wilbury Heath, a mere cottage as he called, but though only two stories high, it spread out far and wide, and work-people from Derby had been sent for on purpose to make the inside as complete as possible. The gardens, too, were exquisite in arrangement, if not very extensive; and not a flower was grown in them but of the rarest species. It must have been somewhat of a mortification to the owner of this dainty place, when, on the day of which I speak, the fox, after a long race, during which he had described a circle of many miles took refuge in the garden; but Mr. D. put a good face on the matter, when a gentleman hunter, with the careless insolence of the squires of those days and that place, rode across the velvet lawn, and tapping at the window of the dining room with his whip handle, asked permission—no, that is not it—rather informed Mr. Dudgeon of their intention—to enter the garden in a body and have the fox unearthed. Mr. Dudgeon compelled himself to smile assent, with the grace of a masculine Griselda; and then he hastily gave orders to have all that the house afforded of provision set out for luncheon, guessing rightly enough, that a six hour's ride, would give even homely fare an acceptable welcome. He bore without wincing the entrance of the dirty boots into his exquisitely clean rooms; he only felt grateful for the care with which Mr. Higgins strode about, laboriously and noiselessly moving on the tips of his toes as he reconnoitered the rooms with a very curious eye.

"I am going to build a house myself, Dudgeon; and, upon my word, I don't think I could take a better model than yours."

"Oh! my poor cottage would be too small to afford any hints for such a house as you would wish to build, Mr. Higgins," replied Mr. Dudgeon, greatly rubbing his hands, nevertheless, at the compliment. "Four sitting rooms and the bed rooms, &c. I confess I took some pains in arranging it, and, though far smaller than what you would require, it may afford you some hints."

So they left the eating gentlemen with their mouths and their plates quite full, and the scent of the fox overpowering that of the hasty rashers of ham; and they carefully inspected all the rooms.

Mr. Dudgeon's sanctum was the centre room over the porch, which formed a balcony, and which was carefully filled with choice flowers in pots. Inside there were all kinds of elegant contrivances for hiding the real strength of all the boxes and chests required by the particular nature of Mr. Dudgeon's business; for though his office was in Barford, he kept (as he informed Mr. Higgins) what was the most valuable portion here, as being safer than an office which was locked up and left every night. But, as Mr. Higgins reminded him in a sly poke in the side when next they met his own house was not over secure. A fortnight after the gentlemen of the Barford hunt lunched there, Mr. Dudgeon's strong box—in his sanctum up stairs, with the mysterious spring bolt to the window, invented by himself, and the secret of which was only known to the inventor and a few of his most intimate friends, to whom he had prudently shown it—this strong box—containing the collected rents of (there was then no bank nearer than Derby,) was rifled, and the secretly rich Mr. Dudgeon had to stop his agent in his purchase of paintings by Flemish artists, because the money was now required to make good the missing rents.

About two years after this time—and about seven years after Mr. Higgins had been married—one Tuesday evening Mr. Davis was reading the news in the coffee room of the George Inn. Mr. Higgins came in. He was pale and baggard with cold. Mr. Davis who had for some time the sole possession of the fire, moved politely on one side, and handed the new comer the sole London newspaper which the room afforded. Mr. Higgins accepted it, and hitched his chair nearer to the fire, and putting his feet on the fender, giving an audible shudder. He put the newspaper

on the end of the table near him, and sat gazing in the red embers of the fire crouching down over them as if his very marrow bones were chilled. At length he said: "There is no account of the murder at Bath in that paper?"

Mr. Davis, who had finished his reading, and was preparing to go home, stopped short, and asked: "Has there been a murder at Bath? No! I have not seen anything of it—who was murdered?"

"Oh! it was a shocking, terrible murder!" said Mr. Higgins, not raising his look from the fire, but gazing on with eyes dilated till the whites were seen all around them. "A terrible, terrible murder! I wonder what will become of the murderer? I can fancy the red glowing centre of that fire—look and see how infinitely distant it seems, and how the distance magnifies it into something awful and unquenchable."

"My dear sir, you are feverish; how you shake and shiver!" said Mr. Davis, thinking privately that his companion had symptom of fever, and that he was wandering in his mind.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Higgins. "I am not feverish. It is the night which is so cold.—We will have a bottle of port together. I want to tell you about this murder!" he continued, dropping his voice, and speaking hoarse and low. "She was an old woman, and he killed her, sitting reading her Bible by her own fireside!" He looked at Mr. Davis with a strange searching gaze, as if trying to find some sympathy in the horror which the idea presented to him.

"Who do you mean, my dear sir? What is this murder you are so full of? No one has been murdered here?"

"No, you fool! I tell you it was in Bath!" said Mr. Higgins, with sudden passion; and then calming himself to the velvet smoothness of manner he laid his hand on Mr. Davis' there, as they sat by the fire, and gently detaining him began the narration of the crime he was so full of, but his voice and manner were constrained to a stony quietude; he never looked in Mr. Davis' face; once or twice, as Mr. Davis remembered afterwards, his grip tightened like a compressing vice.

"She lived in a small house in a quiet, old-fashioned street, and her maid. People said she was a good old woman; but for all that she hoarded and hoarded, and never gave to the poor—wicked—wicked—is it not? I always give to the poor, for once I read in the Bible that 'Charity covereth a multitude of sins.' The wicked old woman never gave, but hoarded her money, and saved and saved.—Some one heard of it; I say she threw a temptation in his way, and God will punish her for it. And this man, or it might be a woman, who knows?—and this person heard also that she went to church in the mornings, and her maid in the afternoon; and so—while the maid was at church, and the street and the house quite still, and the darkness of a winter afternoon coming on—she was nodding over the Bible—and that, mark you! is a sin, and one that God will punish sooner or later; and a step came in the dusk up the stair, and that person I told you of stood in the room. At first he—no! At first, it is supposed—for, you understand, all this is merely guess work—it is supposed he asked her civilly enough to give him her money, or to tell him where it was; but the old miser defied him, and would not ask for mercy and give up her keys, even when he threatened her, but looked him in the face as if he had been a baby. Oh, God!—Mr. Davis, I once dreamed, when I was a little innocent boy, that I should commit a crime like this, and I waked up crying; and my mother comforted me—that is the reason I tremble so now—that and the cold, for it is very, very cold!"

"But did he murder the old lady?" asked Mr. Davis. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I am interested by your story."

"Yes! he cut her throat, and there she lies yet in her quiet little parlour, with her face upturned and all ghastly white, in the middle of a pool of blood. Mr. Davis, this wine is no better than water; I must have some brandy!"

Mr. Davis was horror struck by the story, which seemed to have fascinated him as much as it had done his companion.

"Have they got any clue to the murderer?" said he. Mr. Higgins drank down half a tumbler of raw brandy before he answered.

"No—no clue whatever. They will never be able to discover him, and I should not wonder if he repented after all, and did bitter penance for his crime; and if so, will there be mercy for him at the last day?"

"God knows! I said Mr. Davis, with solemnity. "It is an awful story," continued he, rousing himself; "I hardly like to leave this warm, light room, and go out into the darkness under hearing it. But it must be done," buttoning on his great coat, "can only say I hope and trust they will find out the murderer and hang him. If you'll take my advice, Mr. Higgins, you'll have your bed warmed, and drink a trace-posses just the last thing; and if you'll allow me, I'll send you my answer to Philologus before it goes up to old Urban."

The next morning Mr. Davis went to call on Miss Pratt, who was not very well; and by way of being agreeable and entertaining he related to her all that he heard the night before about the murder at Bath; and really he made a very pretty connected story out of it, and interested Miss Pratt very much in the fate of the old lady, partly because of a similarity in their situations; for she also privately hoarded money, and had but one servant, and stopped at home alone on Sunday afternoons to allow her servant to go to church.

Miss Pratt granted. She used to vent her dislike and suspicions of Mr. Higgins in a grunt whenever his name was mentioned. Miss Pratt afterwards went to stay with her cousin, Mr. Merton. He was an active magistrate, and enjoyed his reputation as such. One day he came in, having just received his letters.

"Bad account of the morals of your little town here, Jesse," said he, touching one of his letters. "You've either a murderer among you, or some friend of a murderer. It seems he must have been thirsty, and of a comfortable,

jolly turn, for, before going to his hard work, he tapped a barrel of ginger wine the old lady had set by to work; and he wrapped the spigot round with a piece of letter taken out of his pocket, as may be supposed; and this piece of a letter was found afterwards; there are only these letters on the outside, 'as Eskarford, Egworth,' which some one has ingeniously made out to mean Barford, near Kegworth. On the other side there is some allusion to a race-horse."

There is no need to add much more. Those curious in the lives of highwaymen may find the name of Higgins as conspicuous among those annals as that of Claude Duval. Kate Hearn's husband collected his rents on the highway, like many another "gentleman" of the day; but having been unlucky in one or two of his adventures, and hearing exaggerated accounts of the hoarded wealth of the old lady at Bath, he was led from robbery to robbery, and was hung for his crime at Derby, in 1775.

He had not been an unkind husband; and his poor wife took lodgings in Derby, to be near him in his awful last moments. Her old father went with her everywhere but into her husband's cell, and wrung her heart by constantly accusing himself of having promoted her marriage with a man of whom he knew so little.

I saw the White House not a month ago; it was let, perhaps for the twentieth time since Mr. Higgins occupied it; but still the tradition goes in Barford, that once upon a time a highwayman lived there, and amassed untold treasures; and that the ill-gotten wealth yet remains walled up in some unknown concealed chamber; but in what part of the house no one knows.

### Resolutions of the Republican State Convention.

Judge KELLEY from the Committee on Resolutions, made the following report, viz:—

This Convention of Delegates, representing the Freemen of Pennsylvania, opposed to the leading measures of the late National Administration, and the continuance of the same destructive policy clearly foreshadowed by the acts and declarations of the administration just inaugurated, do

Resolved, That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, is essential to the preservation of our Republican institutions; that the Federal Constitution, the liberties of the people, the sovereign rights of the States, and the Union of the States, must and shall be preserved.

Resolved, That with our Republican fathers, we hold it to be a self-evident truth, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men; and that the primary duty and object of our Federal Government is to secure these rights to all persons under its exclusive jurisdiction. That, as our Republican fathers abolished slavery in all the national territory, and ordained in the Constitution "that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, it becomes our duty to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it, for the purpose of establishing slavery in the territories of the United States. That we deny the authority of Congress, of the Supreme Court, of a Territorial Legislature, of any individual or association of individuals, to give legal existence to Slavery in any territory of the United States, while the Constitution shall be maintained.

Resolved, That the Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign power over the Territories of the United States, for their government; a power not controverted for the first sixty years of our national existence, but exercised by the general concurrence of all departments of the Government, through every Administration from WASHINGTON to POLK; and that in the exercise of this unquestionable power, it is the duty of Congress to prohibit in the Territories, those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery.

Resolved, That we are yet FREEMEN, and that while we retain the inestimable rights of Freemen, secured to us by the sacrifices, sufferings and blood of our Revolutionary fathers, we will not submit to have a new Constitution imposed upon us by the extra-judicial opinions of Judges of the Supreme Court—opinions subversive of the rights of human nature—in conflict with the truth of history, with the unbroken action of the government and the law of the land, as heretofore pronounced by the Federal Judiciary, and the Courts of nearly every State in the American Union.

Resolved, That the recent opinions of the majority of the Judges of the Supreme Court, in a case over which they decided the Court had no jurisdiction, and, therefore, no authority to pronounce the law arising therein, is but another step in consummation of that conspiracy against our free institutions, which had its inception in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise; that it is the direct result of the late triumph of the Slave Power in the election of its candidate, JAMES BUCHANAN, to the Presidency, and unless promptly rebuked by the people at the ballot-box, may be followed by other usurpations fatal to the independence of the Free States and the liberties of our people.

Resolved, That the constitutional rights of the people of Kansas have been fraudulently and violently taken from them. Their territory has been invaded by an armed force; spurious and pretended legislative, judicial and executive officers have been set over them, by whose usurped authority, sustained by the military power of the Federal Government, tyrannical and unconstitutional laws have been enacted and enforced; the right of the people to keep and bear arms has been infringed; test oaths of an extraordinary and entangling nature have been imposed as a condition of exercising the right of suffrage and holding office; the right of an accused person to a speedy and public

trial by an impartial jury has been denied; cruel and unusual punishments have been inflicted upon the innocent, while murders, robberies and arson have been instigated and encouraged, and the offenders have been allowed to go unpunished; the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, has been violated; they have been deprived of life, liberty and property, without due process of law; the freedom of speech and of the press has been abridged; the right to choose their representatives has been made of no effect; that all these things have been done with the knowledge, sanction and procurement of the Federal Government, in violation of the plainest mandates of the Constitution; that the usurpation by which a spurious Legislature was imposed upon Kansas, and its people subjected to a code of laws unparalleled for cruelty in the history of civilized nations, is still in full force, and the people are denied the right peaceably to assemble and petition for a redress of grievances; the National Executive has permitted two Governors of his appointment to be driven from the Territory under fear of assassination, and has not dared to exert its power for their protection against the lawless minions of Slavery, while judicial monsters and men whose hands are red with innocent blood, are retained in office, to carry on the work of subjecting free territory to the curse of slavery. Kansas has been denied admission under a free constitution, and fraudulent means are now in progress to secure its admission as a slave State at the next session of Congress. Against this stupendous wrong, we protest, in the name of GOD AND HUMANITY—by all that is glorious in our history, and by the memory of the great and good men who established our liberties.

Resolved, That it is a fraud upon our laws, and fraught with danger to our institutions, to admit to a full participation in their benefits, any man who acknowledges a foreign supremacy, which he cannot conscientiously and without mental reservation, abjure and forever renounce; whether that supremacy be civil or spiritual.

Resolved, That the stupendous frauds by which our popular elections are swayed against a majority of the legally qualified voters, strikes at the foundation and life of our system of government; and unless speedily corrected, will lead to violence and anarchy; and we urge upon all good citizens to unite for the suppression of this evil; and we call upon our own Legislature to guard by effective and stringent laws the purity of the ballot box.

Resolved, That the sale of the Main Line of our improvements, is demanded by every consideration that should weigh with intelligent and honest men. As a source of revenue, it is wholly worthless to the State, while it is notoriously used as a means of speculation and plunder, thereby inflicting upon the State pecuniary loss, and also irreparable injury, in the almost universal demoralization and political profligacy engendered throughout its entire extent.

Resolved, That we invite the affiliation and co-operation of men of all parties, however differing with us in other respects, in support of the principles herein declared; and believing that the spirit of our institutions, as well as the Constitution of our country, guarantees liberty of conscience and equality of rights among citizens, we oppose all legislation impairing their security.

Eighteen things in which young people render themselves very impolite:

1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading while others are talking.
3. Cutting finger-nails in company.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whispering in company.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for superiors.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Receiving a present without manifestation of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conversation.
12. Laughing at the mistakes of others.
13. Joking others in company.
14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
15. To commence talking before others are through.
16. Answering a question when put to others.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table. And,
18. In not listening to what one is saying in company, unless you desire to show open contempt for the speaker.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—I was sitting by the side of Imogene meditating upon the best manner of coming to the point, when she took up an orange that laid upon the table.

"Will you have a part of this?" she asked.

I assented, thinking all the while more of the orange flowers than of the fruit. What she was thinking off I cannot say. She divided the orange into two parts, and gave me one.

A sudden inspiration came upon me.

"Oh, Imogene!" said I, "I wish you would serve me as you have this orange."

"What do you mean?" she asked innocently.

"Why you have halved the orange now wont you have me?"

I am little oblivious as to what followed for the next few minutes, only that somehow I found my mistake in contact with her lips.—We are to be married in October.—Exchange.

A Yankee proposes to build an establishment which he may drive a sheep in at one end and have it come out at the other as four quarters of mutton, a felt hat, a pair of drawers, a leather apron, and a quarto dictionary.

Men often mistake notoriety for fame, and would rather be remarked for their vices and follies than not to be noted at all.