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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 26, 1860.

Selected Poetry.

[From the Lady's Book.]
MY CHILD.

BY LAUREA W. LAMOREUX.

A STRANGE, strange child was my blue-eyed girl,
Quiet, and dreamy, and still—
Singing her low-voiced songs, so like
The sound of a rippling rill;
Counting the stars as one by one
They glimmered along the sky,
Smiling and clasping her baby hands
As though there were angels high.

I thought that the fair-haired child was mine,
Always to cherish and love,
Always to lie on my breast as lies
The innocent, helpless dove;
So closer I drew the silken bands
She had thrown around my heart,
Never once dreaming that aught could tear
Myself and my babe apart.

I did not think of the God who gave
Such a precious gift to me;
Naught was there else in heaven or earth
For my selfish eyes to see;
I knew that Death, with his icy touch,
Had whitened many a cheek,
But I laid my lip on hers and said,
"His beauty he will not seek."

Even then a great, deep shadow came
Like a pall across my way,
Falling and shivering all my hopes,
And glooming my thoughtless day;
Her lips grew white, and her eyes were closed,
And she spoke no more to me;
But a pale sweet face amid the stars,
Through my streaming tears I see—
Leading me farther and farther away.

Binding my heart to the skies;
I hear the voice of my spirit-child,
With the veil rent from my eyes;
Come to the world of her dreamy joys,
White-winged, happy, and free—
Drawing nearer and nearer the throp,
And tenderly wooing me.

Miscellaneous.

The Powder Mine.

BY WANDERER.

In my native village lived an old man named Beauchamp. He was a Frenchman by birth, but had come to America when a child. When the Mexican war commenced, he enlisted under our banner, and during the whole of that brief but sanguinary struggle fought with the ardor and bravery which characterizes his race. In the long winter evenings, I was in the habit of repairing to his humble cot, for the purpose of hearing him narrate the principal events of his stormy career. On one occasion he related the following incident:

"You must know," said he, "that after the capture of Chapultepec, General Scott determined to follow up the advantage thus obtained by marching at once upon the Mexican capital. It was necessary, however, that a portion of the troops should remain and keep possession of the captured fortress. The company to which I belonged was among those selected for this purpose. This duty, however, we considered a very unpleasant one, inasmuch as we were allowed to remain inactive, while our companions were winning laurels beneath the walls of the fated city.

"We had taken a great many Mexican prisoners. So numerous were they that we had scarcely room for them in the garrison. The enemy had placed a mine of powder beneath the fort, for the purpose of destroying it should it fall into our possession. When, therefore, they saw that we were going to carry the place, they attempted to ignite the mine, but were prevented by the prompt arrival of Pillow's column. The mine was placed beneath a room in the western wing of the fort. This apartment was guarded by a sentinel, for the purpose of preventing any one from entering it. No prisoners were confined there, for fear they might succeed in igniting the mine.

"That afternoon, about an hour after the departure of the others, I heard a strange noise, which seemed to proceed from the direction of the mine. Having mentioned the circumstance to three of my companions, we all proceeded to the spot to ascertain the cause. On our arrival, a spectacle met our gaze that was truly appalling. Lying at the entrance, we saw the sentinel, his bosom covered with wounds. While we were still gazing with horror on the mutilated corpse, we heard a noise in the room. Bursting open the door, we were about to spring forward, but the spectacle we witnessed rooted us to the spot. The trap-door above the mine was open, and standing over it, with a burning torch in his hand, was a Mexican. A moment's inspection served to prove the fearful fact that he was insane. His eyes dilated and gleamed with a demonic light, his face was pale, and a ghastly smile played around his mouth. At his feet lay a small poniard, covered with our comrades' blood. After a moment's hesitation, two of us started forward to seize him, while a third started to alarm the garrison. But before either of those objects could be accomplished, the man cried out, 'Hold!' We involuntarily paused. Having gazed upon us for a moment, the Mexican stooped down and placed the burning torch within one foot of the powder. You may imagine what my feelings were when I witnessed this action. A simultaneous exclamation of horror burst from us. As the Mexican witnessed our terror, he laughed wildly, and still holding the torch in the same position, said: 'You Americans, I am going to revenge myself on you; if any of you move or speak, I will drop this fire on the powder.'

"After this, his speech became wild and disconnected. We had heard enough, however, to convince us that we were in a critical situation. Retreat we dare not, for it was evident that the Mexican would light the mine should we make the attempt. It would be equally dangerous for us to remain inactive, for the man held the torch so near the powder, that had the least spark dropped, we would have been destroyed.

"This apartment was entirely isolated from the others, and was never visited save by the sentinels. Our only hope, then was either to interest the Mexican until the arrival of the other sentinel, or to extinguish the torch. I suggested the latter to my companions. But how was this to be accomplished? We had pistols, but dare not fire, for fear he might drop the torch into the mine. Our only resort, then, was to strategy. There was a young American among us named Halsey. He informed us that he thought he could succeed in extinguishing the torch. Having requested us not to move from the spot, he prepared to execute his plan. Our conversation had been maintained in English, so that the Mexican was unable to understand us. During the time occupied by our deliberation, he had stood motionless, looking upon us in a semi-triumphant manner. Halsey had a small flask of brandy suspended from his belt. This he drew forth, and, having taken a draught, asked the Mexican to join him. The latter wistfully glanced at it, and hesitated. We now thought we discovered our comrade's plan, and awaited with intense anxiety the result. At length the maniac nodded an affirmative. Halsey walked slowly up to the spot in a confident and friendly manner.

"When we had approached within a yard of him, he paused for a moment, as though unwilling to advance further without his permission; the Mexican did not seem to suspect him, but when Halsey again stepped forward he apparently began to doubt, and glanced fiercely upon him; but he assumed a look so innocent as to quiet his incipient fears. The maniac extended his hand for the flask. Halsey handed it to him, at the same time firmly fixing the cork in the bottle. The Mexican could open it, however, by using both hands, but he was too wary to relinquish the torch, and finding he could not otherwise withdraw it, he handed it to Halsey, saying, 'Open!' During all this time, he still held the torch in the same position. As soon as Halsey had received the flask, and when he had nearly withdrawn the stopper, he suddenly exclaimed in Spanish, 'Look qui k at your torch!' The maniac turned, but no sooner was his head averted, than Halsey opened the flask like lightning, and emptied its entire contents on the torch. The maniac saw the flame flicker, but with a demonic laugh he dropped the torch. It fell upon the powder, extinguished. We could contain ourselves no longer, but burst out into a loud and prolonged 'hurrah!' Meanwhile, the baffled madman stood gnashing his teeth; he saw the failure of his attempt, and stood as though rooted as the spot. In a moment we all sprang upon him, but such was his superhuman strength the would have shaken us all off, had not a number of soldiers at that moment arrived. With their assistance we bound and conveyed him away. Weafterwards learned that he had escaped from the prisoners during the temporary absence of the sentinel, and had made his way to the powder magazine with the intention of destroying the garrison. When I think how nearly he effected his object, and of our dangerous situation, I involuntarily thank the God who so providentially saved us."

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LIFE CONSTANTLY NARROWING.—If the votaries of pleasure, on whom time hangs heavily, and who are devising expedients to relieve its tedium, could only comprehend the importance of life, and the vast issues involved in it, they would be started effectually from their dreams. There is a depth of meaning in the following paragraph from the National Preacher:

"The narrow limit of the longest life is every day becoming narrower still. The story is told of an Italian State prisoner, who, after some weeks' confinement, became suddenly aware that his apartment was becoming smaller. He watched, and saw with horror, that a movable iron wall was gradually encroaching on the space, and that as the movement came on it must soon crush him to death, and he could calculate it to a day! But you have not that advantage. John Foster yet more appropriately resembles our time to a sealed reservoir, from which issues daily a certain small quantity of water, and when the reservoir is exhausted we must perish of thirst; but we have no means of sounding it to ascertain how much it originally contained, nor whether there be enough remaining even for to-morrow."

FRANKLIN'S PROVERBS.—If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.
Keep thy shop and thyshop will keep thee.
God heals, and the doctor takes the fees.
He that can travel well aloft keeps a good horse.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.
He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Tart words make no friends.
A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.
Drive thy business, or it will drive thee.
Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

A GODLESS UNIVERSE.—A man may, for twenty years, believe in the immortality of the soul; in the one and twentieth, in some great moment, he for the first time discovers with amazement the rich meaning of this belief.—No one in creation is so alone as the denier of God; he mourns with an orphaned heart that has lost its Great Father, by the corpse of nature, which no world spirit moves and holds together, and which grows in its grave; and he mourns by that corpse till he himself crumbles off from it. The whole world lies before him like the Egyptian sphinx of stone, half buried in the sand, and the all is the cold iron-wash of a formless eternity.—JEAN PAUL.

Idleness and intemperance are disciples of one master, and their mission is ruin.

Persian Legend.

The Persians say that Alexander, coming to understand that in the mountain of Kaf there was a great cave, very black and dark, wherein ran the water of immortality, would needs take a journey thither. But being afraid of losing his way in the cave, and considering with himself that he had committed a great oversight in leaving the more aged in the cities and fortified places, and keeping about his person only young people, such as were unable to advise him, he ordered to be brought to him some old man, whose counsel he might follow in the adventure he was then upon. There were in the whole army two brothers, named Chidder and Elias, who had brought their father along with them, and this good old man bade his sons go and tell Alexander that to go through with the design he had undertaken, his only mode was to take a mare that had a colt at her heels, and ride upon her into the cave, and leave the colt at the entrance of it, and the mare would infallibly bring him back again to the same place without any trouble. Alexander thought the advice so good that he would not take any other person with him in that journey but these two brothers, leaving the rest of his retinue at the entrance of the cave. He advanced so far that he came to a gate, so well polished that, notwithstanding the great darkness, it gave light enough to let him see there was a bird fastened thereto. The bird asked Alexander what he would have? He made answer that he looked for the water of immortality. The bird asked him what was done in the world? "Mischief enough," replies Alexander, "since there is no vice or sin but reigns there."

Whereupon, the bird getting loose and flying away, the gate opened, and Alexander saw an angel sitting, with a trumpet in his hand, holding it as if he was about to blow it. Alexander asked him his name. The angel said he was called Raphael, and that he only awaited the command of God to sound the trumpet and call the word to judgment. Having said this, he asked Alexander his name. Alexander told him his name and errand; when the angel gave him a stone, and said to him: "Go thy way; find another stone of the same weight with this, and thou shalt find immortality."—Alexander then asked him how long he had to live; when the angel said to him, till such time as the heaven and the earth which encompass thee be turned to iron! Alexander having come out of the cave, sought a long time, and not meeting with any stone of just the same weight with the other, he put one in to the balance which he thought came very near it, and finding but very little difference, he added thereto a little earth, which made the scales even—it being God's intention to show Alexander thereby that he was not to expect immortality till he was mingled with the earth. At last, Alexander having fallen from his horse on the barren ground of Ghar, they laid him upon the coat he wore over his armor, and covered him with his buckler to keep off the heat of the sun. Then he began to comprehend the prophecy of the angel, and was satisfied that the hour of his immortality was at hand.

They add to this fable that the two brothers, Chidder and Elias, drank of the water of immortality, and that they are still living, but invisible—Elias upon the earth, and Chidder in the water, wherein the latter bath so great power, that those who are in danger of being destroyed by water, if they earnestly pray, vowing an offering to him, and firmly believing that he can relieve them, shall escape the danger.—*Embassador's Travels.*

SILENCE IN NATURE.—It is a remarkable and very instructive fact that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods in with glory, as one bright wave after another falls from the fountain, millions of miles away. There is no creaking of heavy axles or groaning of embossed machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way and every planet and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds and burst into flowers; but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to the blossoms and fruits and sunshine of summer, is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemnchant of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes of the breeze, the rushing of the mountain river, and the thunder of the black-browed storm; all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobtrusive.

PRETTY FANCY.—When the day begins to go up to Heaven at night, it does not spread a pair of wings and fly aloft like a bird but it just climbs softly up on a ladder. It sets its red sandal on the shrub you have watered these three days, lest it should perish with thirst; then it steps to the tree we sit under and thence to the ridges of the roof. From the ridge to the chimney, and from the chimney to the tall elm; from the elm to the tall church spire, and then to the cloud, and then to the threshold of Heaven; and thus, from round to crimson round, you can see it go as though it waked up red roses.

How to Do It.—One of the writer's schoolmates was always behind with his lessons; and upon one occasion his teacher, in an academy in which he had managed to obtain an entrance was endeavoring to explain a question in arithmetic to him. He was asked, "Suppose you had one hundred dollars and were to give away eighty dollars—how would you ascertain how much you had remaining?" His reply set teachers and scholars in a roar; for, with his own peculiar drawing tone, he exclaimed: "Why, I'd count it!"

REMARKS OF MR. GROW,

Closing the Debate on the Admission of Kansas.

Mr. GROW. Mr. Speaker, it is not my intention to trespass long upon the attention of the House at this time. I propose merely to make a brief statement in reference to the points which have been discussed, and shall not trespass upon the patience of the House for more than ten minutes.

Mr. Speaker, three questions have been raised in this discussion, and they are the same that would naturally arise in any applications of Territories for admission into the Union as States, to wit: as to its boundaries, its territorial area, and its population.

Mr. Speaker, as to the boundaries of this proposed State, they are the same as those proposed in what is known as the Toombs bill—which passed the Senate in 1856, receiving the vote of every Democrat—with the exception of the western boundary, which was the one hundred and third meridian of longitude instead of the one hundred and second, as proposed in this bill. I wish the House to bear in mind that there has never been, in all the bills and projects which have been submitted to Congress, any variation proposed in the boundary of Kansas, except in reference to its western limits; I shall, therefore, confine my remarks on the boundaries to that alone.

The bill which passed the Senate, and to which I have referred, made the one hundred and third meridian the western boundary. The State constitution presented to-day makes the one hundred and second meridian the western boundary. In the last Congress, Mr. Stephens of Georgia, reported a bill for the organization of a Territory out of the western part of the Territory of Kansas, to be called Jefferson; making the western boundary of Kansas the one hundred and first meridian of longitude. So far, therefore, as boundaries are concerned, we have the action of both Houses of Congress approving the boundary substantially as fixed in this bill.

As to territorial area, Kansas contains, within the prescribed limits, over eighty-five thousand square miles; an area greater than that of any State in the Union, except that of Texas, Oregon, or Minnesota.

Mr. SMITH, of Virginia. Does not that include this very Indian territory?

Mr. GROW. If the gentleman will wait a little I will answer his question. I have kept my seat while he and others, who think with him, have been arguing their points, intending to answer them when I could have the floor.

As to boundaries and territorial area, then, there can be no objection to the admission of the State. I come now to population. On this point there is the action of both Houses of Congress, on two separate and distinct occasions, declaring, by a majority vote, that there was sufficient population in Kansas for a State at the time the vote was cast, the last one of which was two years ago. As to a voting population, Kansas, by the official record under the proclamation of her Governor, shows over seventeen thousand voters, under a registry requiring six months' residence.

There are one hundred and fifty-two congressional districts in the Union which, at the last congressional election, did not poll seventeen thousand voters. This fact, I take it, disposes of the whole question as to whether it is proper to admit a State into the Union with less population than is requisite for congressional representation. The number of voters disposes of the question of political power. The precise number of population in this case, it seems to me, can be of no material consequence.

There was a law passed the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, in 1859, requiring the assessors of their respective counties to take an assessment of the property in the Territory, and at the same time to make a registry of voters. Under that law, the assessors took a registry of voters; and, in doing it, in some cases they took the population also, and in others they did not; therefore the census, to which gentlemen have referred, is incomplete, because there was no law requiring the population to be taken; but the voters only were to be registered. The assessors had power to swear witnesses, and make a registry of the voters of the Territory. That was done, and that registered list shows, as gentlemen have stated, over twenty thousand voters. The returns were made to the officers of each county, and not to any territorial officer. Therefore, there was no way to get an official copy of all these returns without a great deal of trouble, because there was no officer of the Territory to whom they were all to be sent.

So much in regard to that point. And now in relation to the point of Indian treaties and rights, which seems to be the only one relied on to defeat the admission of Kansas at this time. After four years of conflict in Congress over Kansas; after two heated political struggles for her admission into the Union as a State, it is just discovered that her admission would be in violation of the solemn treaties of the nation, and would be trampling in the dust a feeble and inoffensive people, fast passing from the face of the earth. There was no such expression of sympathy by gentlemen on the other side of the House two years or four years ago, in their fierce struggles to obtain a victory over the people of Kansas. Yet now, when the people of Kansas, in a legal and peaceable manner, have formed a government for themselves, and ask us to permit them to exercise the right of self-government, you propose to deny it to them on the plea that it would be a violation of treaties with certain Indian tribes. And pathetic appeals are made in behalf of the Indian by men who turned a deaf ear to the woes of the pioneers of the Territory, and Congress is implored not to grant to its people their right of self-government.

The rights of the Indian tribes should be most jealously guarded, not only to preserve the faith of the Government, but as an act of justice to a race of men who are fast passing away. It will be but a few years at best before the last of the race will have no home save on the hunting grounds of the Great

Spirit. The time is not far distant when the civilization of western Europe and the regenerated civilization of eastern Asia, making the circuit of the globe, shall commingle on the crest of the Rocky Mountains and blot out forever the last representative of the Indian tribes from the generations of living men.—Destiny has stamped such a fate upon the annals of his race, and time is fast fulfilling the decree. The march of empire, of science, and of civilization, cannot be stayed by the rude barriers of savage life. Yet, sir, I would not needlessly hasten the day when the last red man shall behold in himself the inevitable doom of his race.

But, sir, how are the Indians' rights invaded—how infringed by this bill? It is true the Government made a treaty with them, by which they were never to be placed within the territorial limits of any State. Granted.—When Kansas and Nebraska were organized as Territories, there was a provision in the bill that they should never be included within the limits of the Territory or State. Congress excluded them from the civil jurisdiction of the Territory or State. That was done in the organization of these Territories. When it was proposed to admit Kansas as a State under the Lecompton constitution, the same clause was inserted; and in this bill there is to be some provision, providing that the territory occupied by these Indians shall be excepted out of the boundaries, and shall form no part of the State of Kansas, until the tribes shall signify their assent to be placed within the limits of the State. It is provided expressly that nothing in the boundaries specified in this bill, that nothing in the boundaries as fixed in their constitution, shall be so construed as to include the lands belonging to these Indians, until they shall have relinquished their rights over them.

Gentlemen have referred to Georgia as a parallel case to this. Sir, Georgia was one of the original colonies which formed this Government by delegating to it a part of their sovereignty. Yet now, when it is proposed to erect a State out of territory over which this Government has exclusive jurisdiction, cannot you reserve what portion you please from the jurisdiction of the people to whom you delegate those powers of government? And when you delegate to them jurisdiction, you delegate only what you have. If there is a treaty in existence imposing upon you certain obligations, you cannot delegate any power that shall contravene those obligations.

Mr. QUARLES. I ask the gentleman from Pennsylvania, if by the treaty of 1835 it is not expressly provided that the Government of the United States shall never include any portion of that Indian country within the limits of any Territory or State?

Mr. GROW. Exactly; and we provide in this bill expressly, that that country shall not be included; and I take it for granted, when the same language is used in the bill that is used in the treaty, the language means the same in both instances.

Mr. QUARLES. Do not the boundaries specified in this bill surround a portion of this Indian reservation?

Mr. GROW. Well, sir, I will answer the gentleman in the Yankee mode, by asking him a question; and being a Yankee myself, I am entitled to use that mode of argument. When you execute a deed for a piece of land, including in your boundaries two acres which you reserve, do you transfer any title to the two acres?

Mr. QUARLES. I think it would be better to specify expressly, if I did not intend to include them within the boundaries.

Mr. GROW. That is what is done in this bill. It expressly excepts this Indian country from forming any part of the territory of the State of Kansas; and I do not know how language can make it stronger or plainer. And now, sir, one other point, and I will relieve the patience of gentlemen. I promised the House not to occupy more than ten minutes, and I will endeavor not to exceed that time.

Mr. CLARK, of Missouri. Will the gentleman allow me to ask him a question?

Mr. GROW. I have no objection, if the House will indulge it.

Mr. CLARK, of Missouri. The question which I propose to ask the chairman of the Committee on Territories is this: if the State of Kansas, when she is admitted, should pass a law to apprehend criminals within this Indian country, or to punish them for offenses committed within that country, would the gentleman hold that such laws were not valid?

Mr. GROW. My answer to the gentleman is this: the State of Kansas would have no jurisdiction over that Indian country so long as the treaties continue as they are; and if they pass such a law, and it comes into the courts, they would be bound, in my judgment, to declare it a nullity, for the reason that it was in violation of a treaty, and in violation of the act of Congress which was accepted by the State of Kansas when she came into the Union.

Mr. CLARK, of Missouri. Now I desire to ask the gentleman one more question.

Several Members objected.

Mr. GROW. I would yield with great pleasure if there was not an evident impatience upon the part of the House.

The only other point to which I wish to allude is the objection to the admission of the State, that the constitution of Kansas allows foreign born residents, who have declared their intention to become citizens, to vote. Mr. Speaker, when these pioneers go forth into the wilderness from the old States, where they are permitted to vote, as they are in many of and nearly all the northern States if they shall have declared their intention to become citizens, although they have not been naturalized, they leave their homes and all the associations of their early life; all the surroundings of a higher condition of civilization, and go out to build up new empires. The go to endure all the hardships and privations of frontier life in expelling the savage and the wild beast.—It is scarcely six years since the whole of Kansas was an unoccupied waste, its solitude broken only by the war-whoop of the savage. Yet to-day the hum of busy industry goes up from

a population of one hundred thousand freemen, who bring this great empire of industry and advancing civilization and lay it at the altar of our country. What justice would there be in denying to these men a voice in the formation of the institutions under which they are to live? Is it just to say that the men who have endured all the hardships of the wilderness to build up new empires shall live under institutions formed by those who have endured no greater privations, or perhaps none at all.

Mr. Speaker, it is time that this record of Kansas wrongs should be closed. The blackest page of American history has been written in the last four years in the blood of her pioneers. It is a chapter of history that will be read by our children with a shame of their ancestry. It is time to open a new volume in the history of Kansas. Let this strife be ended, and stanch the wounds of Kansas, inflicted with the acquiescence of the Government of the Republic. Give to this greatly wronged people a government of their own, and to the freemen of the nation the assurance of returning justice in the councils of the Republic, by adding this star to the constellation of the Union.

Mr. GROW demanded the previous question on the passage of the bill.

The question was taken; and it was decided in the affirmative—yeas 134, nays 73.

THE TURTLE-DOVE PSALM.—Dr. Macduff, in his charming little work, "The Hart and the Water Brook," has the following in regard to the composition of the forty-second Psalm: "It was a spirit crushed and broken with other but not less poignant sorrows which dictated this Psalm of his exile. May we not imagine that, in addition to the tension of feeling produced by his altered fortunes, there was in the very scene of his banishment, where the plaintive chant was composed, much to inspire poetic sentiment? The alternate calm and discord of outer nature found their repose in his own chequered experiences. Nature's Eolian harp—its invisible strings composed of rustling leaves and foaming brooks, or the harsher tones of tempest and thunder, flood and waterfall—awoke the latent harmonies of his soul. They furnished him with a key note to discourse higher melodies, and embody struggling thoughts in inspired numbers. In reading this Psalm we at once feel that we are with the Minstrel King, not in the Tabernacle of Zion, but in some glorious 'house not made with hands'—some cathedral whose aisles are rocky cliffs and tangled branches, and its roof the canopy of heaven!

"Let us picture him seated in one of these deep glens listening to the murmur of the rivulet and the wail of the forest. Suddenly the sky is overcast. Dark clouds roll their masses along the purple peaks. The lightning flashes; and the old oaks and terebinth of Bashan bend under the tumult of the storm. The higher rivulets have swelled the channel of Jordan—'deep calls to deep'—the waves chafe and riot along the narrow gorges. Suddenly a struggling ray of sunshine steals amid the strife, and a stray note from some bird answers joyously to its gleam. It is, however, but a gleam. The sky again threatens; fresh bolts awake the mountain echoes. The river rolls on in augmented volume, and the wind wrestles fiercely as ever with the denizens of the forest. At last the contest is at an end. The sky is calm; the air refreshed; the woods are vocal with song; ten thousand dripping boughs sparkle in the sunlight; the meadows wear a lovelier emerald; and rock, and branch, and floweret, are reflected in the bosom of the stream.

"As the royal spectator, with a poet and painter's eye, is gazing on this shifting diorama, and when Nature is laughing and joys again amid her own tear drops, another simple incident arrests his attention. A hart or deer, lit by the archers, or pursued by some wild beast on these 'mountains of the leopards,' with hot eye-balls and panting sides, comes bounding down the forest glade to quench the rage of thirst. The sight suggests nobler aspirations. With trembling hand and tearful eye the exiled spectator awakes his heartstrings, and bequeaths to us one of the most pathetic musings in the whole psalter. The twenty-third has happily been called 'the nightingale of the Psalms'; this may appropriately be termed 'the turtle dove.' We hear the lonely bird as if seated on a solitary branch warbling its 'reproachful music,' or rather struggling on the ground with broken wing, uttering a doleful lament. These strains form an epitome of the Christian life—a diary of religious experience, which, after three thousand years, find an echo in every heart. Who can wonder that they have smothered the death-pillow of dying saints, and taken a thorn from the crown of the noble army of martyrs?"

Why is a woman's tongue like a planet? Because nothing short of the power that created it can stop its regular course. The man who perpetrated the above conundrum has left for California. He was pursued by forty women, and forty broomsticks were picked up in the harbor after the vessel left.

He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe, to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom; but the benefits must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, to somebody.

A man who don't believe the world is growing better says that the time may come when the lion and lamb shall lie down together, but if it does the lamb will be inside the lion.

Willis describes a lady, whom he saw in an omnibus, as "excessively pretty, and the dimples at the corners of her mouth were so deep and so turned in, like inverted cones, that her lips looked like a quotation."