The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poet's Corner.

From Putnam's Monthly for November.

THE MARINERS.

[illegible] born by the shore, by the shore,
When the surf was loud and the sea-gull cried,
They were rocked to the rhythm of its roar,
They were cradled in the arms of the tide.

[illegible] the fenceless sand,
[illegible] o'er the limitless blue,
[illegible] the water and half on the land,
[illegible] hardily to manhood they grew.

[illegible] they follow where the plow
[illegible] the field at the oxen's heels?
[illegible] they stand with a sickly brow,
[illegible] a counter, to reckon up their deals?

[illegible] to the Earth, but she frowns on her child?
[illegible] to the Sea, and he smiled as of old:
[illegible] the peril of the breakers white and wild,
[illegible] the land, with its bondage and gold!

[illegible] on the rolling deck,
[illegible] to the rocking shrouds,
[illegible] where looms with a vision of wreck,
[illegible] is flung to the stooping clouds.

[illegible] angleless horizon-ring,
[illegible] circle the lands look o'er,
[illegible] the zones with a veering wing,
[illegible] to sea, and from sea to shore.

[illegible] the South and the North;
[illegible] from the East and the West;
[illegible] of fortune, flung back and forth
[illegible] of motion, the woof of rest.

[illegible] act with a studied grace,
[illegible] speak in delicate phrase,
[illegible] of heaven is on their face,
[illegible] freedom of ocean in all their ways.

[illegible] thou the subtile cheats,
[illegible] which the landsmen learn:
[illegible] the eye of the man he meets,
[illegible] trusts him, he trusts in turn.

[illegible] curse if you will,
[illegible] harlot possess their gains:
[illegible] floats what they do of ill—
[illegible] the manhood remains.

[illegible] from the gangway-plank below,
[illegible] hammocked shroud may drag,
[illegible] not enough to know
[illegible] wrapped in their country's flag.

[illegible] die on the sea or shore,
[illegible] water, or sand, or soil,
[illegible] the rest that he keeps in store,
[illegible] their souls in the harbors of God!

Communications.

For the Republican.

"And God Said Let there be Light."

[illegible] as covered all the earth, for
[illegible] The sky that we behold, each
[illegible] so beauteously above, a sap-
[illegible] up with thousands of silvery-
[illegible] was then all one ebon pall,
[illegible] and starless, overshadowing the
[illegible] deep sepulchral gloom. But now
[illegible] day of the creation was about to
[illegible] with its coming a new wonder
[illegible] in the heavens. As yet no
[illegible] nor eye of any earth-born crea-
[illegible] here to view the advent of this
[illegible] of the skies. But we may
[illegible] bright angelic forms, allured by
[illegible] of the new creation, descended
[illegible] heavenly abode, and hovered on
[illegible] amid the gloom, waiting to wit-
[illegible] this new display of their sovereign's
[illegible] beneficence. As the first faint
[illegible] began to appear in the east,
[illegible] one of these celestial visitants to have
[illegible] all folded his shining wings upon a
[illegible] overlooking the broad plains
[illegible] streams of Eden, amid which
[illegible] our first parents' home. Ea-
[illegible] turns his cherub eyes to the east-
[illegible] where the distant mountain-tops are
[illegible] through the receding darkness, and the
[illegible] ins to rest upon them, assumes a
[illegible] recursive of the glorious sun-burst
[illegible] the first time about to gladden the
[illegible] earth. Broader and brighter grows
[illegible] blush of the heavens, and a group
[illegible] clouds floating in the eastern sky,
[illegible] already caught a golden gleam in their
[illegible] from the new-born king of day,
[illegible] Westward away, bright her-
[illegible] approach. All is still above the
[illegible] breeze and the rippling waters whose
[illegible] music floats sweetly along the flow-
[illegible] No wild bird's song rings from
[illegible] groves, no human voice in strains
[illegible] sounds from grove or temple, as
[illegible] the "fiery-mantled" sun rolls glo-
[illegible] forth above the mountains, and proud-
[illegible] his place in the heavens. Oh, it
[illegible] worthy the gaze of angels.

[illegible] much of all we see so bright and
[illegible] around us, then first appeared on
[illegible] Then first the flooding sunlight, as
[illegible] the rich foliage of field and forest,
[illegible] pearly tear-drop night had wept,
[illegible] of radiant gems seemed spark-
[illegible] the fair earth's breast. Then first the
[illegible] blooming through the wild wood's
[illegible] learned to weave wild, ever-
[illegible] forms upon the bending grass, and
[illegible] bright, floating stars amid the wave-
[illegible] the murmuring stream. Then first
[illegible] heavens and an inverted world appear-
[illegible] down in the crystal depths of lake and
[illegible] where tall trees grow along the shad-
[illegible] shores, and giant mountains stretch their
[illegible] towards the drifting clouds. And
[illegible] earth felt a new thrill of gladness,
[illegible] sun's radiant eye, for the first time,
[illegible] smilingly down from his blue home
[illegible] Since that how many wonderful
[illegible] have transpired here below: the
[illegible] history of man has been connect-
[illegible] this beautiful world, empires have
[illegible] and flourished and passed away, yet
[illegible] sun kindling the east each morning
[illegible] glorious light, and sinking down, at day's
[illegible] amid a halo of glory in the west, has
[illegible] appointed course in the heavens, and
[illegible] shall continue to roll till, in the full-
[illegible] time, the last sun shall go down on a
[illegible] universe. ELLEN.

[illegible] give that baby some laudanum. I'm
[illegible] anxiety for the amelioration of the
[illegible] of the human race!"

Western Correspondence of the Republican.

DIXON, Ill., Oct. 23, 1855.

EDITORS REPUBLICAN:—Last night it began snowing about dark and snowed until this morning, but it melted nearly as fast as it fell. It made a glorious mud to paddle in.

Corn-husking has not yet begun, and I miss my guess if somebody does not have cold fingers before it is all husked.

There is a new reaper and mower which has been quite extensively introduced here this Summer, patented by Danford. It works with two sickles and only requires one span of horses to operate it, while Manny's requires two. From what I have seen of it I think it would work well on the older farms of Susquehanna County. Cost, $75. It will cut ten acres of hay or grain per day.

There is also a Corn Cultivator just introduced, which I presume few, if any of your readers have seen. It is mounted on wheels, and the shovels are operated by means of levers which raise the shovels when a hill of corn is in danger, and lower them as soon as the track is clear. The driver rides upon the machine, and in fact no machine now-a-days recommends itself to the farmer unless he can ride upon it.

Our election comes off the sixth of Nov., but there are no questions at issue about which the people can get excited. Emigration is still going on as strong as ever, but the closing of the Dubuque Land Office which has been since the discovery of the great robbery, has worked disappointment to many a poor fellow, who is thus made to wait, nobody knows how long.

Potatoes were an uncommonly fine crop, but there is much complaint of the rot.—Wheat is now selling at $1,10.

G. C. LYMAN.

For the Republican.

MESSRS. EDITORS OF THE REPUBLICAN.—It is something worth while to note the changes that are taking place in this changing world of ours.

Examining the files of the *Democrat* for 1851–2, find Sept. 11, this language. "The Hon. David Wilmot received the unanimous nomination for President Judge of this District. It has been fairly made. The nominee is competent beyond question, and we have no doubt of his election by an overwhelming majority."

Sept. 18th. "In reference to Mr. Wilmot we can say nothing that will not appear superfluous. He is so well known personally, or by reputation, to every man, woman, and child, in this District, that the people are just as well prepared to cast their ballot to day, as the second Tuesday of October. He is universally regarded as a man of eminent intellectual attainments, possessing *amply the ability to adorn any station* to which the *partiality* of his fellow citizens may call him."

Oct. 9th, 1851. "The voice of the people was expressed in the unanimous nomination of Hon. David Wilmot as a candidate of the Democracy for the Office of President Judge of this District. This nomination was hailed by the people as proper and judicious in every respect."

QUERY.—Is the Judge Wilmot of whom the *Democrat* speaks in 1855, the Hon. David Wilmot referred to above?

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of."

"Ah then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and trembling of distress."

Two hundred and eighty years ago to-night, (August 24, 1575,) began that dreadful scene styled in history, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew!

That great event known as "Reformation", commenced at the dawn of the Sixteenth Century. Still, previous to that period, in the year 600, we believe, a set of people began to study the scriptures in their purity, and worship God in a manner different from that of the Catholic Church.

Slowly, under the darkest circumstances, the Anti-Papal creed arose from the anarchy and ignorance so prevalent in that early age. It flickered like a faint, newly kindled flame, and not until Martin Luther renounced Popery, did Protestantism illumine all Europe with its glorious light.

The Protestants of France received, from some cause, the appellation of Huguenots, and for many years this pious sect endured the most dreadful persecutions. There was hardly a town in France whose soil was not stained with martyred blood, not a province where the fires of persecution did not glow. The Country was divided against itself, distracted, furious. But, in spite of all this, the number of Protestants increased. The Bible was proclaimed among the people, nor could fire or sword, the stake nor the rack, deter God's word from finding a refuge in the hearts of his people.

We have not space to dwell even lightly upon the historical facts which preceded the massacre. We cannot detail the Jesuitical intrigues, the murderous plots, the persecutions and contests which came like a horrid prelude before an event which filled all Europe with consternation. For several years civil war desolated France. The Huguenots led by Conde, Coligny and other brave men, struggled manfully for their liberties. Several battles were fought, in which the Protestants gained "crowned victories." At length at the battle of Jarnac, Conde was taken prisoner and afterwards murdered. He was one of the first soldiers of Europe, and to the Protestant army, worth more than a thousand men. Coligny then assumed the direction of the Huguenot forces. The war continued with varied success, until just previous to Coligny's assassination. The Catholic leaders found this stern Huguenot a great drawback to their designs. He continually labored for the interests of his people, and opposed with vehemence the plottings of the Jesuitical courtiers of Charles IX. Finally the King consented to Coligny's assassination, making use of that memorable expression:—"I consent to the Admiral's death, but let there not remain one Huguenot to reproach me with it afterwards." In this dark expression we can see the foreshadowings of the Huguenot massacre.

An assassin was soon found. One Maurcal, a man so accustomed to deeds of blood in secret, that he was called the King's assassin, (vide Brantorne,) willingly undertook to consummate the murder. On the morning of Friday, August 22, Coligny was shot while walking slowly along the street perusing some papers. Yet the wound was not mortal, and being conveyed to his house, the victim lingered with strong hope of life. In the mean time preparations for the massacre were going on. The poor King, completely in the power of his Catholic courtiers, was impatient to give consent for the dreadful tragedy to begin. A Jesuit priest, Father La Chaise, is said to have so worked upon Charles' mind, that the wretched Monarch at length yielded, and with ill-concealed joy, the Papists arranged their murderous plans. Sunday, the 24th of August, was chosen as the day when, throughout all France, the Huguenots were to be put to death. Under pretext that an insurrection was brewing among the people, bands of soldiers were stationed all over Paris on the 23d, and no Protestants were permitted to leave the city. The Catholic populace were secretly informed at what hour the work was to begin, and arms distributed among them. Midnight was the hour fixed upon, and as darkness closed over the mighty city hundreds of assassins crept forth and placed themselves in convenient locations to spring at once upon the unsuspecting Protestants. It was a dreadful night! Thousands of people, good citizens, Christians and loyal subjects closed their eyes in slumber for the last time on earth. An immense multitude were unwittingly standing upon the borders of the grave. Those streets, all hushed and quiet, were soon to be filled with the shrieking victims of the Catholic butchers, and made slippery with innocent blood. Truly, it is hard to conceive how human beings could devise such an awful plot. We can only trust that God in his infinite wisdom permitted the "wicked to rage for a season" in order to carry out some great end incomprehensible to human mind.

Evening waned away. Charles, as the hour drew nigh, became seized with terrible ranklings of remorse. To prevent his resolution from changing, lying reports that the Huguenots were about to rise and kill all the Catholics were poured into his ears. His Jesuit confessor assured him that the will of God would shortly be accomplished. The Queen also exhorted her son to remain firm to his promises; for she hated the Huguenots beyond all description. Yet in spite of all the clamors of his court, the King manifested a strong desire to stay the work of blood.—But to prevent this, the Queen herself sent trusty messengers to the leaders that she was about to give signal, and at two o'clock, one hour earlier than Charles had expected, the great bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois rang forth the signal to commence! The brazen clang echoed over that silent city, and at the first peal the murderers rushed like liberated fiends, to the slaughter of those defenceless Christians. An instant after the bell had commenced tolling, the report of a pistol rang through the street and smote upon the King's ears. He knew that the massacre had begun, and was so horrified that he at once gave orders for the murder to be stayed, but it was too late.

Now, throughout all Paris, and even into the country, and the provinces, stalked the angel death. Doors were broken open and the Huguenots murdered in their beds. Companies of Musketeers stationed in the principal streets, shot down all who endeavored to escape, while bands of murderers, armed with swords and daggers, rushed from house to house, sparing none. All the Papists wore bands of white linen upon their arms and white crosses upon their hats, that they might be distinguished from the Huguenots. Neither age nor sex was spared. Children were butchered like young lambs. Terrified women shrieking for mercy, were cloven down without one sign of remorse. Men received their death wounds from pistol, musket and sabre. Some of the victims resisted nobly, and died with their faces to the foe. But no mercy was shown by the Papal executioners. Many Huguenots attempted to escape, but were mostly cut off, and bands of armed men at the city gates put every travelling fugitive to death. Others of the victims hid themselves and their families in secret places, but the assassin's dagger penetrated every stronghold. It was a fearful sight—those inhuman murderers reeking in blood and slaughter!—The massacre continued and the sun rose upon a revolting scene. Blood literally flowed in the gutters of Paris. Mutilated corpses lay in every direction, in the streets, in the alleys, in the squares, and in the houses.

Sulphurous smoke hung over the city, for thousands of firearms were discharged.—Bands of assassins all covered with blood, rushed from place to place killing every person who did not wear the white band and cross. The day waxed on, but still the emissaries of death continued their gigantic tragedy. With dreadful imprecation, and wild ravings, the Papists encouraged each other in their labor. They exhorted each other to spare neither relatives nor friends, nor did children withhold the sword from their parents' throats. And this was called God's service! Large bodies of Huguenots were collected into court yards and there shot by the musketeers. The poor victims died like martyrs, rejoicing in their faith. Some of them cried: "Great God, remember the sufferings of thy people!" and others called upon Jehovah to avenge the murder of innocent men. Many were killed on their knees in prayer, and some died with a holy song upon their lips. But the massacre went on! "Death to the Huguenots!" cried the Catholics as they plied the sword and spear.—"Spare none—not even babies!" shouted the Jesuit Priest, who did not cease to exhort the murderers. Into the King's Palace burst a band of ruffians, and Protestant noblemen were shot and stabbed in the halls of royalty. Even the Queen's chamber was searched for fugitives; one man received his death blow in the chamber of the Duchess of Lorrain! Over seven hundred persons took refuge in the prisons, thinking to escape the fury of the mob, but the poor wretches were brought out in small companies, knocked on the head and thrown into the river. King Charles having become reconciled to the horrors, assisted with his own hands in the work. With a blunderbuss he fired several shots into the crowd from his window, and cheered on the assassins by crying, "Kill, Kill."

Coligny was one of the first victims. He was recovering from his wound and could walk. No sooner did the signal bell toll, than the Duke of Grise, with several soldiers, repaired to the Admiral's room. The brave man heard them coming and said to his servants: "Save yourselves, it is all over with me. I have been long prepared for death." Soon the murderers, with drawn weapons, burst into the room. "Art thou Coligny?" asked the foremost ruffian. "I am he indeed," was the answer. The assassin instantly plunged his sword into the old man's body, and the other murderers stabbed him with their daggers. His bleeding corpse was thrown from the window into the court yard where scores of Papists viewed it with joy. But we will dwell no longer upon this scene of horror. The massacre continued for several days and nights, until more than seven thousand persons were murdered in and around Paris. The head of Coligny was cut off and sent as a present to the Pope, who received it with great joy!

The massacre was stopped by proclamation throughout the realm. Strict orders were issued not to kill another Huguenot until further directions. On the twenty-eighth of August Charles came out boldly, and declared that he had ordered the whole matter; and he also prohibited the Protestant faith and the reformed religion from being exercised in his kingdom.

Throughout Europe the intelligence of the great slaughter created universal horror.—All the Kings, Emperors and crowned heads of the Continent, expressed their astonishment and anger, but two, the King of Spain, and the Pope. Indeed, all the Chistian world shuddered at the barbarous act. But the Papal authorities were kindled into great joy.—The Pope had anticipated the news several days, and when it came he said: "The King of France has kept his word!" Great were the rejoicings at Rome. A magnificent procession followed the Pope to high mass, and a *Te Deum* was sung to celebrate the event. Cannons were fired, bells were rung, buildings blazed with illuminations. A gold medal was also struck in honor of the event, bearing on one side the head of Pope Gregory XIII, and on the other an extirminating angel striking down the Protestants, with this inscription: "*Huguenotum Strages*, 1572."

The massacre in Lyons, Augens, Bourges, Orleans, Rouen, Toulouse, and other cities, was carried out with no less cruelty than in Paris. No correct estimate could be made of the number destroyed throughout France, on the fatal occasion. At Lyons, the assassins, after killing about four thousand people, repaired to the Cathedral and received entire absolution at the hand of the Catholic Cardinal Arsini.

The persecution of the Huguenots went on. A long and bloody war between the Protestants and Catholics embroiled several countries of Lower Europe in arms. The Catholic governments entered into a "League" against Protestantism. Numerous battles were fought, and at last, at the battle of Jory, the Catholics suffered a dreadful defeat, and the "League" received a death-blow.

There are few of our readers, we dare say, that have not read the stirring ballad by Maculay, entitled, "The Battle of Jory: It Begins:

"Now glory to the Lord of hosts, to whom all glories are,
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre."

It is allowed to be one of the most glorious ballads in the English language, and describes the whole contest with great power.

But we must bring this article to a close. Our people can see the spirit which was manifested by the Papacy then, when it revelled in power, and compare it with the sentiments expressed by the Catholic Church at the present day. Can we as Americans, encourage a sect which never hesitates to use fire and sword, the rack and the dungeon, to advance its ends. Can we entrust political power to a system so imbued with evil, and so dangerous to liberty, life and happiness? God grant that such another dreadful event as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew shall never stain the pages of history. May Heaven preserve our land from the machination of Jesuits, and the devastating effects of Roman Catholicism. Time will prove, we doubt not, that the blood of those seventy thousand martyrs, was indeed, "the seed of the Church." Protestantism, despite its persecutions, has spread all over the earth. It now towers upward in beauty, strength, and righteousness, while slowly, but surely, the worm of destruction gnaws at the vitals of Popery, and the whole rotten fabric is tottering for its final overthrow.

What are the Sound Dues.

The Goverment of the United States is engaged in a negotiation with Denmark, relative to the tribute levied upon commerce passing through the "Sound." It is attracting great attention even in Europe. The last foreign news states that Denmark has proposed a Congress of Nations to settle the question.

As these dues may possibly give rise to a serious dispute between the United States and Denmark, it be will interesting to know what they are. The "Sound" is a narrow straight laying between the Island of Zealand, belonging to the Danes, and the Swedish coast, and gives entrance to the Baltic Sea.—The fortress of Cronburg Castle commands the passage, and exacts a payment from all vessels entering the Baltic; the ships of Denmark herself have to pass, as well as foreign tonnage.

England, France, Holland and Sweden pay a duty of one per cent, on every cargo entering the Baltic. Other countries, including the United States, pay one and a quarter per cent; even Danish ships are taxed at this rate. In the year 1826 a treaty recognizing this duty was concluded between the United States and Denmark. This treaty, however, according to one of its stipulations, may be dissolved by either of the parties, provided they give one year's notice of their intention. This notice has been given by the United States, and hence the dispute.

SLAVERY IN A FREE STATE.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I have no ambition to obtrude my personal history on the attention of your readers, but as my name has already, without any desire on my part, been placed before the public, I avail myself—by advice of friends—of my brief sojourn in your city to offer you such a statement of facts as may place me in a right position before the public; and I hope the narrative may serve to illustrate the bearings of Slavery upon the personal security of the citizens of free States, and upon the civil and religious liberties of the American people.

I am a native of Kentucky and was educated there, but to the honor of my parents, who were not slaveholders, my education was such as to incline me against Slavery.—About twenty years since I became a minister in the 'Cumberland Presbyterian church.' This ecclesiastical body is located at the South-west, and its members have been, from the beginning, with few exceptions, decidedly in favor of Slavery. Their General assembly refuses to legislate on this subject, on the plea that, as a spiritual body, they have no cognizance of civil matters. During the six years of my ministerial labors in Kentucky, I was known to be unfriendly to Slavery, though favoring the scheme of Colonization. Sometimes I preached on the subject, which made me an object of suspicion, and subjected me to some obloquy, but I met with no serious molestation. Yet my removal from my native State was owing to my aversion to the practice of slaveholding. During my fourteen years' ministry in Princeton, Indiana, I used my liberty to preach more freely against Slavery than I had done previously. I encountered no serious opposition from my brethren, until the rise of the excitement growing out of the Nebraska question. Then they began to cry out that it was a political question, which ought not to come into the pulpit. It was not until after this time that the events took place which have involved me in trouble.

In May 1854, Thomas Brown of Henderson, Kentucky, was arrested and imprisoned on suspicion of aiding two female slaves, with their children, to escape from Union county, Ky., into Canada. An indignation meeting was then held, and a committee appointed to notify his wife and two little daughters, to leave the State within a few days, which were specified, or abide the consequences. She accordingly removed with her children to Indiana, and came to Princeton, the place of my residence. She was then a stranger to me, but of course I befriended her. A knowledge of this fact was conveyed to Union co., where I had formerly resided, and where Brown was imprisoned. This, as I soon learned, occasioned a suspicion that I was somehow connected with the escape of the slaves.

The arrest of Brown, though of course it had taken place in Kentucky, had been effected by a Mr. Gavit, a Sheriff of Indiana, without any legal authority to do so. To this person the following note was now addressed:

'HENDERSON, June 6, 1854.

"Mr. GAVIT: The citizens here have raised for you and those who assisted you one hundred dollars, for the apprehension and lodging in Union county jail, Brown, charged with stealing negroes. The citizens here and in Morganfield authorized Mr. Harris to say to you that for the apprehension and sending to the penitentiary of Brown, who is thus charged, they would see that five hundred dollars be paid you. Should you produce against Brown such testimony as will convict him of stealing slaves from this side of the river you may rely on getting this sum from the citizens—say five hundred dollars, less the one hundred dollars now enclosed to you. Please acknowledge the one hundred dollars now inclosed. Yours respectfully,

ARCH. DIXON.
A. J. ANDERSON.

This Arch. Dixon was formerly Governor of Kentucky, and was afterwards the successor of Henry Clay in the Senate of the U. States.

This reward for testimony being offered, Mr. Gavit's associate, John Ward, Marshal of Evansville, Indiana, succeeded in securing a witness, one James Steele, who went to Kentucky and gave the only testimony upon which Brown was convicted, though his testimony, in reality, amounted to nothing, and therefore was never published.

At the request of Mrs. Brown, previous to his (Steele's) going to Kentucky on this business, I waited on him and endeavored to dissuade him from going. This was another ground of suspicion against me.

Another circumstance was the following: Some time in the ensuing autumn (1854) a citizen of Evansville, Indiana, Eli Bryant, a native of Kentucky, being in Henderson, Ky., was arrested, and without even the formality of an affidavit, was thrown into prison, and detained there for more than half a year, without right or justice, merely on suspicion, and then discharged without a trial, on his signing a bond of two thousand dollars, never, during life, to come into the State again, where his relatives reside. While in confinement he wrote a letter to his wife, in which he advised her to consult with me, in respect to obtaining assistance for the family, for they were poor. This letter was intercepted, broken open and copied, and furnished the final ground of proceedings against me. A reward of one thousand dollars was thereupon immediately offered, in private, to any person who would decoy me into Kentucky or take me there by force.

A little before this time the Indiana presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, to which I belonged, while in session at Washington, Davies county, Indiana, resolved. 'That it is not expedient to discuss the subject of American Slavery from the pulpit.'—The resolution was passed by a vote of seventeen to three. This was immediately after I had preached a sermon against Slavery before the Presbytery. Paying no regard to this action, I proceeded to preach afterward as I had formerly done.

The Presbytery met at Mount Moriah, Gibson county, last April. A resolution was introduced by one of the members and seconded by myself as follows:

Whereas, It is the duty of every Christian and ecclesiastical body, as such to bear their testimony against all evil; and *whereas*, American Slavery is a great moral evil:

Resolved, Therefore, that it is the sense of this Presbitery that American Slavery is a great moral evil, contrary to the spirit of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This resolution with the preamble was rejected by the Presbytery in the adoption of a substitute indorsing the views of the General assembly, and dissuading from the agitation of the subject as 'fraught with fearful consequences, and which, if persisted in, may result in severing the body of Jesus Christ.'

Pending this action a charge was preferred against me by the Rev. J. D. Corwan, formerly of Texas, for 'unchristian conduct.'

'*First specification.* For associating himself with an association known as the underground railroad, whose avowed business is to assist slaves from slave to free territory.'

'*Second Specification.* For actually engagging in the business of assisting slaves in making their escape from slave to free territory, which is contrary to the laws of the United States and actual laws of the State of Indiana.'

Whether *this* action of a 'spiritual body' took 'no cognizance of civil matters,' the reader will judge.

The testimony consisted merely of statements of what I had myself said. But several of the statements were not true.

Upon this they proceeded to suspend me 'from the functions of the Gospel ministry;' but previous to their decision two other ministers, belonging to the Presbytery, together with myself, had withdrawn, and organized ourselves into a new ecclesiastical body.

A minister from the Cumberland Presbyterian church from Kentucky was present during the discussion of the resolution relative to Slavery; and immediately on his return home the court convened that sentenced Brown to the penitentiary for two years for abducting slaves, and on the same testimony the grand jury immediately found a bill against me for, the crime of abducting and stealing slaves, &c.— *the accusation referring to the removal of the same slaves—although I had not been in the State of Kentucky for several years.*

This action, it will be perceived, accords with the doctrine of the Missouri courts—that persons *out* of the State may be indicted and tried for crimes under the laws of the State—a doctrine acted upon by a grand jury and governor of Alabama several years since, in the case of the late G. R. Williams, for whose extradition a requisition was unsuccessfully made on Gov. Marcy of New York.

Governor Powell, of Kentucky, accordingly made a requisition on Wright of Indiana, requiring my delivery to his agent, the same Gavit, the sheriff, who was to have received four hundred dollars for Mr. Brown's conviction. Gov. Wright apparently evaded the responsibility of direct action by a timely visit to Washington City. His private secretary, Francis King, made out the papers; but the Secretary of State, E. B. Collins, esq., refused to affix to it the seal of the State, and sign the warrants, because he did not believe the private secretary to be Governor of the State. On the return of Gov. Wright, he issued the warrant. I have in my possession a certified copy of the documents from Kentucky, upon which the warrant was issued, attested by the Indiana secretary of State.

By the concurrent action of ecclesiastical and civil authorities, I am thus proscribed, hunted, and driven out as a vagabond from a Free State, so called, a State of which I am a lawful citizen,—for no crime, and only because I am suspected of an act which, far from being criminal, had I committed it, would only have been doing to others as I would have others do to myself. For mere suspicion of this, I am separated from my wife and children, whom I cannot visit but at the hazard of being dragged as a felon into the land of manacles and bowie-knives.

This act of Gov. Wright, in this case, is the more remarkable on account of its juxtaposition to a case wherein a similar principle in respect to requisitions was involved. Not a year had elapsed since Gov. Wright had made a requisition on Gov. Powell, for the delivery to a citizen of that State, who *on the soil of Indiana*, had commited a crime against her laws. Gov. Powell promptly refused a compliance, on the ground that in Kentucky the offence charged was no crime. So much more sacred are the claims of Slavery than the claims of Freedom. T. B. MCCORMICK.

New York, Oct. 31st, 1855

A FINE STREAM.—A good story is told of a Philadelphia judge, well known for his love of jokes. He had advertised a farm for sale with a fine stream of water running through it. A few days afterwards a gentleman called upon him to speak about it.

"Well, Judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised for sale the other day, and find all right except the "fine stream of water, you mentioned."

"It runs through a piece of woods in the lower part of the meadow," said the Judge.

"What, that little brook? Why it does not hold much more than a spoonfull. I am sure if you empty a bowl of water into it, it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream do you?"

"Why, if it were much finer you couldn't see it at all," said the Judge, blandly.

We never heard whether the gentleman bought the farm, but we rather suspect he didn't.

THE AMERICAN INVENTORS, represented at the Paris exhibition, have received about twenty gold and silver medals, which gives a medal to every eighth exhibitor—a higher proportion of first class medals than will be received by any other nation. McCormick's reaping and Pitt's threshing machines, Blanchard's for bending wood, Singer's sewing machine, Goodyear's vulcanized india-rubber, Fowles and Parterre, for artificial teeth, Richmond's machine for cutting iron for steam boilers, and Maury's maps and charts, are among the articles that took the medals. Colt's guns and pistols met with great opposition, and many competitors from France and Belgium, and he, in consequence, gets but a third class medal. Fairbairn, the celebrated engineer, before the British Association, paid a marked compliment to the many new and useful inventions which he found at the Paris exhibition by American contributors.

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—Six years ago not a steamboat plied on the rivers in Oregon. Now there are eleven. Two run on the Columbia from Astoria, one from Fort Vancouver, and one from the Cascades to Portland; two to Oregon City. Three ply on the Upper Willamette to Carrolles, [head of steam boat navigation] and two between Cascade City and the Dalles.

STARTLING NARRATIVE OF CRIME.

A Murderous Trio—Powerful Memory of a Murderer.

From the San Francisco Herald, Oct. 5.

Some months ago, a large section of the interior country, embracing portions of the counties of Calaveras, El Dorado and Placer, was the theatre of a series of horrible and mysterious murders, attributed to Mexican banditti. In most cases, the victim was a miner, known to have been working a gold claim, and situated in a locality where, in case of attack by robbers, he would have little chance of escape, and still less of assistance from neighbors. In several instances men were murdered and their bodies burned on the spot; and upon making search for the missing, the only ground for suspicion that the party sought for had been murdered, was in the fact that his tent or cabin bore traces of having been rifled and evident hasty departure of the occupant. The officers of the law were unable to gain any trace to the route pursued by the murderers, or their number and character, although it was universally believed that they were Mexicans.

Some weeks since, a murder was committed in El Dorado county, and suspicion attached to a man named Wilson, and although there was nothing of proof sufficient to warrant his arrest, a deputy Sheriff of that county resolved to try what could be done by stratagem, and accordingly approached Wilson and charged him directly with the murder. Wilson manifested every symptom of guilt, and immediately exclaimed, "Have they caught Kelley?" The officer said, "Yes, we have got Kelly;" when the other replied, "Then the d——d scoundrel has blowed it upon me." Wilson was immediately taken to the Coloma jail, when he was induced to become State's evidence, with the condition that he should be liberated upon the conviction of his partners in crime. He then commenced a long narrative of murders, to which he had been a witness and party, and implicated two men named Kelly and Mickey Free, with whom, it appears, he was associated in nearly every murder that has been committed in the section of the country specified during the last year. He related his story with such minute detail, apparently exhibiting such a wonderful power of memory, that his listeners were almost induced to the belief that they were being deceived by the imaginings of a mad man.

Many of the circumstances which he related, however, were in some measure known to the officers, and a careful note was taken of all the descriptions which he gave relative to the positions of the bodies of men that had been murdered by him and his companions, and burned, as a precaution against immediate investigation of the murder. In every instance these descriptions were found to be wonderfully correct, even in such details as the tearing of a garment and stuffing the fragments into the mouth of the victim, to prevent his calling for assistance. Bodies of murdered men, described by him as having been burned at a distance from any habitation, were found in the exact position indicated. The form and color of a rock, the peculiar inclination of the branches and shrubbery of a tree in a spot visited by him but once, and then under circumstances which gave little time or opportunity for remark, were described with such accuracy that the officers had only to refer to the chart which he had marked out for their guidance, and they were sure of finding the objects which it indicated. Soon after the arrest of Wilson, a policeman of this city visited him in his cell at the Coloma jail, with the view of ascertaining if he was the person of the same name who is accused of murdering a man in Montgomery county, some years since. As soon as the officer entered the cell, he saw that Wilson was not the man he was looking for, and immediately turned away—when the jailer remarked to the officer:—"I'll bet you that Wilson can describe to me every article of your dress." The officer remained in a position where he could listen without being seen by the prisoner, and was startled to hear a complete description not only of his apparel, but even of peculiarities of his person which he himself had never previously noticed. It is admitted by all, that a man of such remarkable talent, capable of employing it in the manner illustrated by his own story of crime, is too dangerous a person to be allowed his liberty. Mickey Free, one of the murderous trio, has been arrested, and will undoubtedly be executed. Kelley had not been captured at the last accounts, but it is believed he is in the State, and cannot finally escape the punishment which is justly due for the crimes he is said to have committed.

HOW THE PROCESS OF COLORING GLASS WAS DISCOVERED.—At a meeting of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, Professor Mapes stated that a few years ago the art of staining glass was unknown, when at a club composed of mechanics, a member stated he had stained glass blue with cobalt and another, that he could color it red with ease, but not blue, until finally others came forward with their facts applied to other colors, and when all were combined, the result was a mass of facts that has produced the beautiful combinations of colored glass, equalling the art when it was applied to the old cathedral windows, centuries ago, in Europe.

As an evidence of the sport to be had in Texas, we give the following paragaph from the Austin State Gazette:—"We frequently hear of fine sport in bear hunting in our upper Valley. Some panthers too and leopards are occasionally killed. But the last best specimen is related by the Liberty Gazette. The editor says in the last number that Benjamin M. Green, of that county, killed in twelve consecutive mornings before dinner, *thirteen bears, one panther, one wildcat, and seven deer.* No wonder that a Texan can whip his weight in wildcats."

"Pat, I think you should buy that trunk." "An' what should I do with it?" replied Pat, with some degree of astonishment. "Put your clothes in it," was his adviser's reply. Pat gazed upon him with a look of surprise, and then with a laconic eloquence which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed—"*an' go naked!*"

A FEMALE school teacher in her advertisement, stated that "she was complete mistress of her own tongue." "If that's the case," said a caustic old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

SELF DENIAL.—Looking out of the first floor window and informing the tax collector that you are not at home.