

The Independent Republican.

66 FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG.

CHARLES F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER EDITORS.

MONTROSE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1856.

FRAZIER & SMITH, PUBLISHERS—VOL. 2, NO. 41.

Doer's Corner.

For the Republic.

POLITICAL PREACHING.
The Doctor may call on his patient
And give a prescription or pill,
Laying plans how to lengthen his bill;
And while he's compounding his potions
So his victim won't soon be afloat,
He may tell his political notions,
For he's not the "Servant of God."
And Equity's champion valiant,
May have justice to fight for herself,
While a "plea" he will modestly enter
For office, not thinking of self;
That of course he would scorn as indecent,
But his name he would like to know abroad,
And ambition we ought to encourage
In one not the "Servant of God."
The farmer may leave field and garden,
The cobbler his boots and his shoes,
The merchant may pause for his bargain,
Discussing the last party news,
The tailor leave work but half finished,
The smith let the horse go unshod,
Is short, all may exchange their opinions
Who are not the "Servants of God."
But the men who have vowed before Heaven
From no work of their master to turn,
Till conquest of right shall be given,
Former lessons have now to unlearn;
The croakings of bigoted creatures
Are heard both at home and abroad,
Condemning free speech of the clergy
Because they're the "Servants of God."
Though with wrong they had promised to wrestle,
Whatever the form it might wear,
In their hearts they must hide all their enmity
And speak to the enemy fair;
They must list to the dictates of conscience,
But never send its teachings abroad;
They must fight the good fight without weapons,
Because they're the "Servants of God."
Cowardly, in the conflict with evil,
May fly with dismay from the field,
But the soldiers whose best will continue
The sword of truth fearless to wield;
This army of giants will never be
By phisians in morals to awe,
And the reason they're found in the combat
Is because they're the "Servants of God."
Great God, Oct. 11th 1856. C. M.

From Syria.

LETTER FROM REV. H. H. JESSUP.

TRIPOLI, SYRIA, June 16, 1856.

DEAR FRIENDS—I know that you would
excuse me for writing a short letter if you
knew how easily a foreigner becomes weary
in this warm, exhausting climate. At times
I feel an impulse to acquire this language at
once, or, perchance, to attempt; but subse-
quent conviction convinces me that such a language
that of the "Children of the Arabs" is not
to be mastered in a day, or a year, or a much
longer time. Several things have occurred
recently which will interest you. On Wed-
nesday, 11th, a new source of trouble came
up about the house we have proposed rent-
ing. Several persons have declared it
unsafe and in danger of falling. We
have inspected it, but are unable to form an
opinion, and we have decided to refer it to
the decision of three master-builders, who
will inspect it next Monday. We have
contract all written and ready to sign, but
the signature will be deferred until this point
is decided. In the evening a young man
came in and said that in his opinion all the
stories about the insecurity of the house came
from the Latin Monks in the convent of Ter-
ra Santa just across the ten-foot street, as
they are determined to keep us out of their
vicinity. I think there may be some truth
in the statement. These Latins are among
our most formidable enemies, and two or
three Jesuits among them are exhausting
their resources to obstruct our path. Yet
we pay no attention to them, and live on and
work on as though they had no existence.—
The Lord is able to thwart their designs, and
we know that the pure Gospel is with us
and alone, among all this great population.

FRIDAY, June 13, was an eventful day and
one long to be remembered. We arose as
usual between six and seven, my teacher
came at eight and remained with me until
nearly eleven o'clock. I commenced the trans-
lation of that little allegorical gem known
as "a specimen of Welsh preaching," which
is indeed a most thrilling picture of the vic-
tious work of Christ in human redemption.
I was sitting by my table writing with my
pencil the Arabic of the tract as rapidly as
I could translate with the aid of my teacher,
when suddenly I heard a deep rumbling
sound very much like the thundering jar of
an approaching train of cars, when one is sit-
ting in the Depot. It was an awful sound,
so strange, so unusual—what could it be?—
And then my lamp shade began to shake;
the table jarred, my chair trembled under
me, the floor was actually moving to and fro,
the walls were trembling! Could it be what
I have always so much dreaded? Yes! See!
The solid earth itself is jarring and trembling!
There is no help! I no escape! An earthquake!
It was but for a moment. Yet a cold chill
shot through my veins, great drops of persi-
ration stood upon my face. I felt power-
less, motionless, unnerved. My teacher
gazed for a moment at the table then at me.
"Did you more that table?" said he. "No
you did not—see! hear that wall! It is
cracking over your head!" And he sprang
from his seat and was outside the door upon
the terrace in a moment. But it was all
over! I ran down a long flight of stairs as
soon as I felt the shock was over, to see
whether Mr. Lyons and his wife had per-
ceived it and I met Lorenzo running from

the room below, with little Mary, to avoid
any danger from a repetition of the shock.—
The crockery and all movable articles in the
house had been moving at no small rate, and
we concluded that it was best to place our-
selves in a position from which we could
readily make our escape in case of another
or a greater shock. I sat near the door dur-
ing the whole forenoon until there seemed
no probability of another during the day;
and I can assure you a person's sensations are
anything but agreeable at such a time. Dur-
ing that little hurricane on the Atlantic
when our little bark was quivering under
the thundering of mighty waves, I felt help-
less indeed, and could find peace of mind only
in Him who is mightier than the winds and
waves in all their fury. And so at this
time. Even the last earthly reliance seemed
cut swept away. On the sea the storm-toss-
ed mariner can think of solid ground, and
the thought is refreshing. But when terra
firma becomes terra infirma where shall we
look but away from earth to the throne of
Him whose strength makes even earth to
tremble.

I have often expressed the wish that I
might feel the shock of an earthquake in or-
der to have experience in the most awful and
sublime of all earthly scenes. I have no de-
sire to witness another. It is a great trial
to the nervous system and sets upon the
emotional and sensitive part of our nature
with such intensity that the shock is not readi-
ly recovered from. The unsightly crack in
the plastering of my room reminds me daily
of the awful power of the latent forces which
slumber beneath the surface of the earth and
are ready at any moment to overturn cities,
plains and mountains in a common destruc-
tion. Earthquakes are not unusual in Syria,
but they are generally slight. Persons who
profess to understand the history of similar
shocks here are of opinion that this must
have been very heavy at some distance either
North or South. This has been the first
and I hope it may be the last earthquake dur-
ing my residence in Syria.

Monday, June 20th. I have just been
looking over the "Contract" which I made
last April with the owner of the house in Du-
ma. It is nearly as follows: "We have
rented the place ours to the Hon'ble J. Jessup
—two places (rooms) above, and two places
(chambers) below—and for each month fifty
piastres (two dollars) a half of which is twenty-
five piastres, and he paid to us the rent for
two months and a half according to our pleasure;
from the first of July, Western time, he
enters it, the house, and we shall cleanse
and repair the house and spread new mat-
ting on the floor; and also there shall not be
any thing of ours in the house." If he
wishes to remain longer than two months
and a half, we so let it be."

"15 April, Western time."
This is a specimen of an Arab contract,
and if there had been in it a warrant against
flour, it would have been a perfect contract.

July 4th. It is the Fourth of July, and I
feel so patriotic that I can hardly believe that
I am so far away from that dear old native
land. There is no land like it on the face
of the earth.
It is evening now here. This forenoon,
six men from the *Mena*, or Port, called to
congratulate us upon the freedom of America.
After giving them coffee, Lorenzo played
the violin and I played the Melodion for
them. We gave them "Yankee Doodle,"
"Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Ban-
ner," and many other tunes. They seemed
greatly pleased. At one o'clock we went
over to Yanni's house to dinner. There
was quite a concourse of people assembled,
consisting of the English Vice Consul, Aus-
trian Consul, and others, with their wives and
children. They all seemed as happy as Am-
ericans, although the great part of them
could not appreciate the nature of the day.
The flags of the Consuls were floating in the
breeze, and as it is Friday, the Mohammedan
Sabbath, the Turkish flag is also aloft on the
Castle above the town; but none was more
beautiful than the "stars and stripes."

The dinner was rather a sumptuous affair
for Missionaries; but we enjoyed it, as it
comes but once a year, and our friend Yan-
ni would not hear of our declining his invita-
tion. The Fourth of July is a great day
to him. He would be a genuine Yankee if
he could speak the English language.
After dinner we spent the afternoon in
conversation about various things in our
country, and I described quite particularly
the coal mines and railroads. Some of the
young men exclaimed, "Poor Syria. We
can have nothing of that kind with such a
government." I heard that day that there is
an extensive bed of coal six hours from Tri-
poli, which lies on the surface, and has never
been worked. I shall ride out there in the
fall, and examine the place and get some
specimens of it.

Mr. L. had taken his new Microscope
over to Yanni's, and the company were amaz-
ed at its revelations.
One of the Arab women sang Arab melo-
dies for us. Some of the little girls have
very sweet pleasant faces, but not one of them
could read.
The ladies were dressed in their best at-
tire, all had jewels on their heads, necks, and
ears, and some had satin dresses embroid-
ered with gold. The people here think much
more of ornament than they do in America,
and sometimes a woman has all her prop-
erty on her person in gold and precious stones.
They cannot read, and of course never buy
books to read, and no one teaches them the

folly of such extravagance. Perhaps there
are some young ladies in America who have
the same weakness.

This is my last day in Tripoli for the present.
To-morrow morning, at three o'clock,
I expect to start for the mountains. Also
Seleem, our teacher, goes with me.
Duma, Mt. Lebanon, Monday, July 14:
We are now beginning to experience some-
thing of the practical realities of Missionary
life. We have great occasion of gratitude
to God, that our lives and health have been
preserved, and it is a blessed reflection that
our Heavenly Father's hand is ever open for
the supply of all our wants.

I was busy all day long on the 7th in
packing and preparing for the journey.—
The road to Duma is one of the worst in
Syria. A person fresh from America would
be almost paralyzed with horror even to
walk over it, to say nothing of riding.
Our brother Yanni has been very kind to
come here regularly three or four times
every day to inquire if we need anything.

This evening he sent one of his servants
to a town two hours from here to stir up
our muleteers who had failed to let us know
if they were coming. About half past ten
they came—six in all—booting, screaming
through the streets and driving their mules
into our yard with a clamor which must have
made Mrs. Lyons tremble. Of all persons
in this land, there is no class which can com-
pare with the muleteers in every thing re-
pulsive, dishonest, corrupt, and detestable.
If they make a bargain they are sure to break
it; and when you trust your goods to them
it is with the expectation that everything
"jingle" will be smashed to atoms.

When they arrived I spent about an hour
in trying to persuade them to take all my
things, but they refused with awful imprec-
ations, and after telling them to call me when
they were ready, I retired to my room to
sleep. But sleep was impossible in such a
clamor. The rude fellows quarrelled and
shouted, until at length I fell asleep out of
pure exhaustion and was just beginning to
congratulate myself in a half-waking dream
that my tormentors had gone, when one of
them shouted at my door that they were
ready to start. It was half past three, A. M.

The sun was yet far down behind Lebanon
when we set out for Duma. I could
hardly believe that it was Tuesday morning
as we picked our way under the dark arches
by the light of our paper lanterns. When
we emerged from the darkness and passed
the gate we had quite a company. Also
Seleem rode one of the mules, and his daughter
Katrina, another, and the four animals la-
den with beds and bundles followed, here and
there picking out their own road, and I fol-
lowed behind leisurely on, giving the early
moments to meditation, and almost en-
tured with the glories of Lebanon. The
heat of the sun grew very oppressive, but my
white umbrella afforded ample protection,
and at twelve M. I arrived here in Duma,
somewhat weary, and about an hour in ad-
vance of the muleteers. I made prepara-
tions at once for the night, and arranged my
things and crowds of Arabs, men, women,
and children, who came in uninvited and
would not go away after all sorts of hints,
that they were not needed.

Wednesday, July 9th: Mr. and Mrs. L.
arrived this afternoon, at two o'clock, in a
burning sun. Mrs. L. was quite exhausted
having walked over a part of the road. We
have crowds of people in upon us constant-
ly. It is provoking to have them so famil-
iar when you wish to arrange your house in
peace; but we have to put up with such
things in order not to alienate the people
from us in the outset. Here is an old priest,
with his beard and long pipe, followed by an
unwashed multitude of men, women, and
children, all of whom exclaim as they gaze
here and there, "shoo hida?" (what is this?)
Now they are looking into my chest as if
I take out a book—now they are staring at
the cooking utensils—gazing at little Mary,
pulling aside the curtain which we put up to
make a place of retirement for Mrs. Lyons,
and making themselves generally ubiquitous.
Then one is striking his sister, another strikes
his mother in the face, while the rest laugh
at the performance, and soon a tall, officious-
looking Arab, anxious to display his authori-
ty, seizes a stick and drives the whole or-
d of children down the stone steps, where they
all rush, as if frightened out of their senses.

I never saw a more untutored multitude
and it is painful to think of their sad condi-
tion. A brief residence of three months will
hardly enable us to exert much of an influ-
ence upon them. They think that the only
reason why a person can ever do a generous
act is because he is paid for it. They have
no parental training, and every species of
vice is rife among them.

Thursday, July 10th. The people contin-
ue to crowd in as usual. The melodion is
a great attraction. I walked out, to smell
the air, this evening. Directly to the West
of the village is a lofty cliff about a thousand
feet high, behind which the sun sets more
than an hour before it does on the mountains
North and opposite.
This gives us a long evening for walking,
and I went with Abou Seleem, his daughter,
and a promiscuous retinue of children, up the
mountains to see the fountain and an old ru-
ined temple by a great green tree. The foun-
tain was cool and sparkling. The women
were washing sheep, and the only wonder is
that they do not sometimes wash themselves.
In an old dark, arched room under the ruin,

I found an altar of this wretched people's idol-
atry—a home of heathenish superstition.—
The altar was built of stone and very old,
now covered with little uncouth lamps, the
new pottery, and various other articles used
by the people in their offerings. The women
are the principal worshippers here, and
whenever in trouble of any kind, they bring
oil to the lamps and expect an audience from
the Virgin, or some other saint equally re-
mote and equally deaf to all their entreaties.

In a dark niche in the wall was a little frag-
ment of a marble column about three inches
in diameter and six inches long, of a beauti-
ful purple color, which struck my fancy at
once, and I proposed to Abou Seleem that I
take it as a specimen. With his usual cau-
tious gesture, he said, "perhaps you had bet-
ter not, as that stone is next to a divinity
among the Arab women." Whenever one
of their children is sick, they take him to this
old temple and rub the stone over his body
from head to foot, thinking this a sovereign
remedy for every disease. The priests and
the men generally do nothing to discourage
this heathenish custom, saying it is good
enough for the women. Poor creatures!—
No one in this land cares for them, and but
for the labors of the Missionary there would
be no voice to protest against such desperate
degradation.

If I had taken it away and anything evil
had befallen my child in the neighborhood,
it would have been charged upon me. I gathered
some flowers among the rocks—flowers
growing where no rain had fallen for many
months—sustained by the hand of God like
the christian graces in a sorrow-stricken heart.
A beautiful single white rose grew luxuri-
antly in the cleft of an immense rock.
As we descended the hill, I tried my strength,
by throwing stones and jumping with the
Arab boys, and enjoyed their discomfiture
when they saw a "book man" excelling them
in the exercise of the hands and feet.
(To be continued.)

Political Correspondence.

For the Republic.

Freedom for Laboring Men.

EMPIRE, Ill. Oct. 8, 1856.

'Presto, change! and what a change! The
moon has hardly changed since the Demo-
cratic party were abusing the Whigs for not
being true to the great principles of the
American government, namely, the equality
of all men, white men particularly, and the
right of the majority to rule in all cases.—
But now they openly and boldly declare that
if what they in their wisdom are pleased to
term the free Democratic party should hap-
pen to be in the minority, why then, and in
such case, the minority ought not and will
not submit to the majority. Now if there
can be no majority, what is the sham-
democratic leaders are tyrants, there it is,
just as plain as that two and two make four.
They say, if we gain the day we shall rule
you as we please, for you, being in the mi-
nority, are bound to submit; but if you gain
the day, we will arise in our might and seize
the reins of government and put you under
and keep you under. So, fellow-laborers,
you and I, who earn what we eat and wear
by the sweat of our own brows, and with our
hands hardened by honest toil, are now to be
told that we are worse off than slaves, and
worse than they, we are now too good to
be slaves. Yes, Sirs, Southern Slaveholders
and the northern pimps of the great harlot,
thrust into our very teeth the insult of being
no better than the slaves they kick, the slaves
they buy and sell. And why? Because we
labor. When John Elliot first came to
America, my ancestors came. Not to gov-
ern, not to eat what others earned, but to es-
cape the oppression and insolence of the ty-
rants of Europe. From that day to this they
have been found wherever labor was to be
done and honest bread to be earned. At the
loom, the anvil, the mast head, the plow, and
where the giant forest first fell to the conquer-
ing arm of the woodsman were they; and
here am I, on the banks of the Mississippi,
willing to toil. And am I, my kin who have
aided in every state from Maine to Iowa
to make the wilderness bloom and blossom
as the rose, now to be told we are all a pack
of slaves and dogs? Men! I mean work-
men, you who know what toil is by ex-
perience, you and I have a work to do, a name
to vindicate, we have it in charge to show ty-
rants and demagogues that though our faces
be browned and our hands hard we yet have
the ability to govern ourselves, to trample
under foot the tyrants of the past. It is
for working men to stand up and assert the
dignity of their station and send slave-catch-
ing wolves howling with shame and pain to
their dens. And now is the day; now a
bloodless victory may be ours; but if our
slave-driving enemies rule us four years long-
er, blood will flow before we escape them.

To bring about the change we desire, to
put labor in its own proper place, and where
it shall receive its just estimate, to again let
all the world know that the great first prin-
ciple in our government is LIBERTY, we must
work a complete revolution. The men who
now hold sway, totally ignore the dignity of
labor and the liberty of the laboring man;
they openly and boldly declare their hatred
of free speech, free press, free schools, free
labor, and all the adjuncts of freedom.
Now these men in order to retain their foot-
hold to more fully another out the remains
of liberty, tell us plainly they shall vote for
James Buchanan, that he, and he alone is the
man to accomplish their purposes. I ask you

Northern laborers, if the man for the slave-
ocrat is the man for you; if the man whom
they expect to aid in putting liberty beyond
the hope of redemption, making Kansas slave
territory, (thereby gaining the control of the
government, in which case they plainly de-
clare no more free States shall be admitted
into the Union,) and putting free labor under
the foot of the slave driver, and on a level
with slave labor—I ask you if such a man is
the man you want; if that is the ignominy
you wish to live under, and dying, leave to
your children? If it is, all I ask is, go into
it with your eyes open; and having gone into
it, never repine at anything you may re-
ceive. But if that fate is what you wish to
shun, then do not vote for the man who will
do all he can to bring it upon you. Do not
let men who would kick the foot of a planter
if they could thereby without labor, fool
you into the belief that James Buchanan is a
free-labor man, or an ardent champion of any
sort of freedom unless it be free-robbing, rap-
ine, and murder, such as now exist in Kan-
sas.

For the Independent Republican.

Letter from Kansas.

[Messrs. Editors.—The following extracts
from a private letter received from my brother
in Topeka, Kansas, are at your service for
publication in the REPUBLICAN if you think
advisable.]

JACKSON, Pa., Oct. 14, 1856. C. H. F.]

TOPEKA, KANSAS T., Sept. 1856.

DEAR BROTHER—I have just received your
letter, and infer that there is some excite-
ment outside of Kansas. And well there
may be. This whole Territory is in an up-
roar. Disorder, confusion, and anarchy reign.
Murder, robbery, horse-stealing, and all
other crimes which fiends are capable of, are
committed all over the land. But the Free
State men have gone into the work of self-
defense with a desperate coolness which en-
dures triumph. Our enemies have learned
of late that Northern men will fight. They
say, "The Abolitionists fight like hell." A
few times we have been able to get them in-
to an open fight, but for the most part they
are a set of sneaking cowards and assassins,
afraid to come out in open and manly war-
fare, but prefer to stab men in the dark and
shoot them down when traveling alone. This
is exactly the kind of enemy we have to deal
with. It has caused much surprise among us
to find the "chivalric sons of the South" such
cowards, they having been so much more fa-
miliar with blood than Northern men; and
perhaps in a good case they might behave
credibly. We have tried all manner of
arguments and persuasion, but find that rifle
barrages and bayonets are the only arguments
that make any impression on our enemies.
Our men only take life in self-defense, or in
battle. Circumstances have made it entirely
obliged to do some things we regret being
obliged to do.

The very generous creatures we have to
contend with are getting famous for ingenu-
ous plans and devices for sweeping us all
out of the world in one grand, smashing op-
eration. Among these they conceived the
idea of starving us to death. This was con-
sidered a grand hit—a capital plan to save
powder and ball; and then 'twasn't half so
dangerous. To carry out this plan, they sta-
tioned small armies at different points, to
stop all Free State wagons, and thus our
stock of flour ran low and soon we got out
entirely. This you know would hardly do.
We were not used to go without flour, and
besides our corn was not quite ripe; it was
therefore necessary to have a little flour.—
And what do you suppose we did? The most
natural thing in the world. Empty wagons,
escorted by Sharp's rifles and bristling bayo-
nets, went directly to stores not many miles
distant, kept by active pro-slavery men, and
came back with flour, meal, and such other
articles as we stood in need of.

I should have mentioned before that six
wagons were sent, under an escort of 14 men,
from Lawrence to Leavenworth, after flour;
and the men were all taken prisoners, and
the wagons and horses converted to the use
of the pro-slavery men.
There are numerous acts and incidents
which you will get, sooner or later, in the
papers. I will select a few. Thirty men
under Capt. Brown, killed thirty-two Ruf-
fians at the time they attacked and burned Ossawat-
tomie. Gen. Lane, on Bull Creek, with 300
men, fought an army of 1,400. Le-
compton has been the stronghold of the Ruf-
fian forces, for some time, and it was believed
by Gen. Lane if they were routed a gen-
eral scattering would take place; and to ac-
complish this he disposed his army in three
bodies around the place, on the North, West,
and South; and the arrangement was so com-
plete that he had them entirely at his mercy,
and they were so certain of defeat that they
fled in confusion and terror, some into the river,
and anywhere to avoid what seemed to them
inevitable destruction. The interference of the
U. S. troops prevented actual collision, and
saved the miscreants from an inglorious de-
feat.

At Ossawattomie, a Free State prisoner
was liberated. He was chained with a log
chain, and had been thus confined six weeks.
All the Free State men of Leavenworth,
men, women, and children, were driven, some
half-naked, on board a steamboat, as we drive
hogs and as Southerners drive slaves, and sent
down the river.
One of our men by the name of Tibbles
was released at the taking of Titus camp.
Titus had given orders to the guard placed

over him, to shoot him immediately in case
of an attack; and as our Cavalry came in
sight, the guard drew up his musket accord-
ing to orders to shoot him, but Tibbles, not
liking that mode of dying, wrested it from
him and saved his life.

The rout at Leavenworth had a great effect
on the enemy generally, so that in a day or
two nearly all had left the Territory. And
it seemed probable that they might rest
while satisfied. Just at this time news of the
new Governor's arrival at Leavenworth
came in, and he made a speech to the Ruf-
fians, telling them that they must go to Mis-
souri, and stay there.

A great many Free State families have left
Kansas. A large number of houses belong-
ing to our people have been burnt, and the
families have come to Lawrence and Topeka
for safety. Ten wagons from one settlement
passed through here for Iowa. Our people
have burned no buildings except those used
as forts.

Political Miscellany.

The Democracy Disunionists.

The following which we copy from the
Richmond Enquirer, the leading Buchanan
organ in Virginia and the South, shows which
is the disunion party:

"THE CRISIS.—SHALL THE SOUTH
TRY FREMONT'S ADMINISTRATION."

"Shall we try Mr. Fremont's adminis-
tration and thereby give his party full time to
prepare our destruction? Shall we wait for
over-acts when the work will be half done
before they are ventured on. Shall we look
for safety to the Senate and incur the fate of
the man who remains under his roof when an
earthquake has prostrated all the pillars but
one and that is tottering on its base? Shall
we acquiesce in Mr. Fremont's election be-
cause the forms of the Constitution are ob-
served? They would be equally observed
if the army were increased to a hundred thou-
sand men and concentrated in the Southern
States; if squadrons of war steamers were
stationed in Southern ports and at the mouths
of Southern rivers; if the forts in the South
were commanded by Northern men, and every
possible preparation made to subjugate
us, and yet we should hardly be advised to
acquiesce in such things because they were
constitutional.

The question is whether the possibility
of a constitutional administration by Mr.
Fremont should induce us to give his party
the immense advantages that will accrue
from actual possession of the government, if
they determine to proceed with their assault
on slavery. That possibility is so small as
to be a feather in the balance when weighed
against the dangers of submission. Make
the estimate calmly, and you will find the
character of its candidate, examine the
States; if squadrons of war steamers were
stationed in Southern ports and at the mouths
of Southern rivers; if the forts in the South
were commanded by Northern men, and every
possible preparation made to subjugate
us, and yet we should hardly be advised to
acquiesce in such things because they were
constitutional.

"If secession is delayed until overt acts of
aggression are committed on the South, it
must be attended with bloodshed; for overt
aggressions will not be attempted until pre-
parations are made to use force. If Mr. Fremont
is elected, he will accept a declaration of
human probability the war will proceed no
farther than the declaration. By prompt se-
cession we shall erect a Government entitled
to receive the allegiance of all our citizens, and
to recall from the federal service such of them
as remain in it. At least one-half of the mili-
tary officers of the present Government are
natives of the South, and will not carry arms
against her. But we must never permit them
to be commanded by John Charles Fremont.
It must never possess the right to treat them
as deserters, but on his accession to power, he
should find them already in the service of our
Government, equally legitimate with his
own. Prompt secession will paralyze the
military arm of the present Government by
withdrawing from it many of its best officers.
Delay will expose them to the perplexities
of a decision between the orders of their leg-
ally qualified commander and the cause of
their native States.

"By prompt secession we check at once
the flow into the present treasury of revenues
derived from Southern commerce, and divert
those revenues to a treasury which will be
used to defend and not to destroy it. We
transfer Executive patronage from a
Government which uses it to weaken and di-
vide the South, to one which will use it to
consolidate her power. We protect our citi-
zens from corruption, and teach them that
patriotism and fidelity to Southern interests
are the only avenues to honor and emolu-
ments in the South.

"By prompt secession we prepare for con-
flict, if one be inevitable, and meet it as a
defeat which we are prepared to meet. We
meet it with a united front, organized, well
armed, without a treasury, without a mili-
tary force, and relying wholly upon the un-
disciplined valor of our citizens. Even then
we should triumph, but what disasters, what
bloodshed shall we not avoid by preparation.
It will be said that we shall be worse off
after secession than before; that now we
have the fugitive slave law, and then we shall
have none. We have now a fugitive slave
law which brings back no slaves, and is a
source of everlasting outrage on Southern
citizens in pursuit of their property. As a
separate nation we shall have revenue cutters
and custom-house officers to prevent smuggling,
who will also be required to capture fugi-
tives. We shall have prevention instead
of sham cure. Then, as now, fugitive slaves
which now are impossible. Cut off from polit-
ical connection with hostile powers, slavery will
be under the protection of a government de-
voted to its preservation. No government but
its own will have power within its limits, or
have access to it for its mischievous pur-
poses. The overland din of slavery contro-
versy will be banished from the laboratory, and
we shall have time and opportunity to give our
attention to other matters, and to develop our
resources in peace.

"Aggression will not come if it be forced
to take the form of intercourse war. It is
one thing to denounce and maltreat citizens

subject to a government controlled by the
aggressors, and quite another thing to invade
the territory of a sovereign power able and
willing to defend herself. Abolition philan-
thropy is an exceedingly cheap virtue under
the present government; it will not be quite
so cheap if it be forced to raise armies and
fight battles to achieve purposes which it flatters
itself will be accomplished now by a lib-
eral expenditure of breath.

"But if aggression take that form it will
be infinitely less dangerous than under the
insidious garb of laws and constitutions not
observed. We shall at least know how to
meet it. We have more than a million of
fighting men, well acquainted with the use
of arms, accustomed to field sports, used to
an active life in the open air, many of them
trained to arms in the military colleges so
numerous in the South, and with all the vig-
or, hardihood and courage usual among an
agricultural people. Our institutions have
been tried by war and the presence of in-
vading armies; the result was not insurrection
and divided force, but a capacity to bring in-
to the field a much larger proportion of our
fighting men than it is practicable to spare
from the peaceful avocations in non-war-
holding States. It is sometimes said that the
slave population is no longer so devoted to
their masters as in the days when Dun-
more proclaimed their freedom and invited
them to the royal standard. Possibly in ex-
posed districts they may not be. In the
main, we have no reason to think them less
devoted to the whites than formerly. Be-
cause this is so, there is one counterbalancing
circumstance that must not be forgotten.—
During the Revolution the white population
outnumbered the blacks in the Southern
States about 600,000; now they outnumber
them nearly three millions. The whites have
gained on the blacks more than half a million
of fighting men. War is the time of security
against insurrection, for then the dominant
race are armed, organized and on the alert.

"We do not think the South need fear ag-
gression in the shape of war, and if it come
she may defy any force that can be brought
against her.

"After every view of this great question
that presents itself to our eyes; after calmly
weighing all its attendant circumstances, and
with a most solemn sense of the importance of
a right decision by the South, we are forced
to the conclusion, that the only safe and
honorable course for them to pursue, if Mr.
Fremont is elected, is to withdraw immedi-
ately from the Union, and to establish a separate
government for themselves.

"We have warned our Northern brethren,
from time to time, of attempts made by our
common government to extend an unwarranted
jurisdiction over us. We have remon-
strated them of the circumstances of our emigra-
tion and settlement here. We have appeal-
ed to their native justice and magnanimity,
and we have conjured them, by the ties of
our common kindred, to disavow those usur-
pations, which would inevitably interrupt our
kindred, to disavow those usurpations, which
would inevitably interrupt our connection
and correspondence. They too have been deaf
to the voice of justice and consistency. We
must therefore, acquiesce in the necessities
which denounce our separation, and hold
them, as we hold the rest of mankind, ene-
mies in war, in peace friends."

John C. Fremont and Sewall L. Fremont
How low meanness and calumny can de-
scend in political warfare has been tested by
<