

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

C. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

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Poet's Corner.

MY MARY.

She blossomed in the country,
When sunny summer brings
Her rays about the earth,
And brightest blessings bring.
Health was her sole inheritance,
And grace her only dower;
I never dreamed the widow
Contained so rich a flower.

Far distant from the city,
And inland from the sea,
My Mary blossomed in goodness,
As pure as any could be.
She caught her dewy freshness
From hill and mountain bow:
I never dreamed the widow
Contained so rich a flower.

The rainbow must have lent her
Some of its airy grace;
The wild rose parted with a bluish
Tint needed on her face.
The sunbeam got her fragrance,
The long waves of her hair,
Or she had never grown to be
So modest and so fair.

The early birds had taught her
Their joyous matin song,
And some of their soft innocence,
She's been with them so long.
And for her now, if need be,
I'd part with wealth and power;
I never dreamed the widow
Contained so rich a flower.

From Syria.

LETTER FROM REV. H. H. JESSUP.

TRIPOLI, SYRIA, Friday, Nov. 28, 1856.

DEAR BROTHER:—It is a cool, cheerless, winter's night; very similar to many which you will have in New Haven, if you are spared to live there four long years. My room is quite large, very airy, and somewhat damp from the fact that the floor of cement are new and not yet dry, and although we have no frosts, there is a chilliness in the air which makes it comfortable to sit in the thickest of winter dress, with the addition of a study-gown or an overcoat. A few days since, the masons came and put up a chimney for us, but our stove pipes are not yet adjusted, so that we have no fire. Wood is very scarce and very expensive, but I shall have a fire as soon as my stove is ready, to avoid the danger of taking cold in a damp room. Very few of the people here have fires in their houses, and nothing is more common than to see them shivering and wrapping themselves in thick woollen cloaks, when the damp West wind blows a gale from the Mediterranean. I am somewhat surprised to find it so cold here. I expect to see snow and ice here in Tripoli, before the winter is over, especially as the winter has opened with great severity. For a few days past we have had a deluge of rain, with a very violent wind. Our mail due on steamer on Wednesday, reached us to-day (Friday)—and our river, Kadisha, is very high. The amount of snow which has fallen upon the mountain above the cedars, is very great. It seems like a great white cloud on the summit of Lebanon. I wish that you could see it for a moment. The impression of such a scene would glow in your memory, and be a joy forever. Perhaps fancy may help you. Lebanon is nearly 10,000 feet high, behind Tripoli. West rock is less than one thousand. Pile up nine West rocks on the top of the present one, remove the whole to a point about twelve miles from New Haven, and crown the top with snow, and you will have Lebanon. I have a rude ladder from my door to the house-top, and I go up upon the terrace several times every day to enjoy the fine prospect, and walk for my health. Sometimes I feel a little lonely, and my infallible remedy for such a feeling is a walk on the terrace, where I soon forget myself in contemplation of the magnificent scene—the Mediterranean, so blue and vast and beautiful—the gardens, so green and fresh and lovely—the mountains, so magnificent and soul-inspiring. No one who can look upon such mountains, and bear the roar of the rest- less surf as it lashes the shore, can ever excuse himself for the indulgence of narrow or depending thoughts; and the longer I live here, the more I wonder that this Arab race, so many of whom are gifted with more than ordinary intellectual powers, are so utterly insensible to the grand and beautiful in nature. This deadness of the sensitive nature in this respect, may have something to do with their utter insensibility to the more affecting and momentous truths of our Divine religion—or rather, I may say, it grows out of it; for our friend Yanni, who is a sincere Christian and whose whole nature has been expanded and refined by the influence of the Holy Spirit, has as vivid and sensitive an appreciation of natural scenery as any person within the circle of my acquaintance. I love to walk out with him and admire the scenery. It is undoubtedly true that many men have a highly cultivated aesthetic nature, and a pure and exalted appreciation of the beautiful in every sphere, whose religious nature is wholly neglected. And yet I insist upon it, that their taste is not as pure, nor their sensibility as refined, as it would be under the influence of a thoroughly religious sentiment. A painter should be a religious man. So should an architect. A divine influence introduced into the spiritual system and permeating the very texture of the soul, cannot fail to exalt and improve the entire moral and intellectual nature. When a man becomes a Christian, the windows of his soul are opened, and light and beauty come pouring in from every visible object; and even the invisible world ministers to his growing love for the highest forms of beauty—a love becoming ever more intense, and only satisfied with the final revelation of the glory of God amid the realities of heaven.

I do not believe that an infidel can appreciate real beauty.

SATURDAY, Nov. 29.—On Monday morning of this week, we heard of the arrival of Mr. Wood, the American consul general of Beirut. He had been to Baalbec and the cedars, and arrived here just at the beginning of a violent storm of wind and rain. Had he been detained a day longer, I fear that he would have been exposed to great suffering, as we can see clearly from here, that an immense quantity of snow has fallen around and above the cedars. Before Mr. Wood reached Tripoli, his Janizary, a Moslem from Beirut, died on the road. As he died at a village of Maronites, a sect of ligoted Papists, he could not be buried there, and the body was brought here for interment in the Moslem cemetery. It is not customary for "infidels" (as all Christians are called) to attend the religious ceremonies of the Mohammedans; but, as Hahmood the Janizary had been a faithful servant, and the consul was greatly attached to him, we made arrangements with Mr. Wood, Yanni and several others, to go to the funeral. It was a special favor, that we were permitted to attend, and we willingly embraced the opportunity, as we had never witnessed before, and may not soon witness again, this peculiar rite of the Mohammedan religion. The body was brought to the city on Monday evening. Immediately after its arrival, it was taken to one of the Moslem "praying places" by two men who attend to this part of the ceremony, and it is said that they sat up all night and read the Koran for the edification of the departed.—The teacher tells me that this *profess* to read all night, but probably sleep the greater part of the time, on the principle that "dead men tell no tales."

When the Moslems in the city heard that the American Consul intended to attend the funeral of his Moslem servant, they were greatly surprised, and from what we could learn seemed very much pleased that so much notice should be taken of them. And although it was an unheard-of thing that a Frank should attend their religious ceremonies, they seemed highly gratified to see a person of some official distinction manifesting so much real sympathy and affection for a person of a different religion. You who live in the atmosphere of a Christian land, where nothing is more common than that persons of different religious denominations should cherish the warmest affection and friendship for each other, cannot understand the intensity and rancor of religious hate which exists between persons of different religious sects. The Moslem hates the nominal Christian, and the Christian hates the Moslem. The Jew hates and is hated by both. The Greek curses the Catholic, and the Catholic curses the Greek. Each teaches his children to hate every other sect, and you can well understand how this hatred, so carefully and constantly enjoined upon the child, both by precept and example, becomes at length a settled habit, and a source of much of the unhappiness and ill feeling which prevail here in the East. No one expects a person of different religion to be capable of cherishing any other feeling than one of hatred towards himself. It was, then, a matter of great surprise to all of the Mohammedans to hear that a Frank, and a Protestant, too, cherished such kindly feelings towards a fellow Mohammedan, and they came together in great numbers to the funeral, knowing that the counsel would be there.

At nine o'clock, on Tuesday morning, consil Wood sent us word that he was ready, and we at once went with him to the "school," as the Moslem's call it, or "praying place," to witness the singular ceremony. I was about to style it a "performance," but of the strange and novel nature of the whole affair was such, that I could hardly believe that it had reference to the awful and solemn services of a funeral. A large crowd was assembled in a small yard of a triangular shape, about fifty or sixty feet in length, and perhaps forty feet in width next to the street.—This yard was paved with stone and surrounded by a high stone wall on two sides, the third side being the building used for a school and a place of prayer. A tree stood on the left side, and in the farther end of the yard there was an elevated space about twelve feet square, and nearly two feet in height above the pavement. The whole interior of the yard was crowded with people as we entered. It was a motley crowd. I have not seen a better exhibition of Moslem physiognomy and Oriental costume, to say nothing of the ceremonies. There were Moslems from Southern Egypt, with faces as black as anthracite, wearing huge white turbans and flowing robes; and pale, fair-skinned Moslem young men and boys, with the traces of the beauty of their Circassian mothers in their faces, seeming to flaunt their purple and scarlet robes in proud contempt of us foreign infidels. And then there were men of a Chinese complexion and cast of countenance, and indeed almost every shade from charcoal to chalk. Some seemed intelligent and intellectual, but the great mass were coarse, sensual, heartless-looking men, who had come to take some part in the ceremony, that they might have some part in the pay. I counted fifty men who wore green turbans. The green turban is said to be worn only by the lineal descendants of the prophet Mohammed, and if this is true, I am sure that there were some members of his numerous family present, whom even Mohammed would be ashamed to own. In many parts of Syria, they are among the lowest class of society, and are beggars, scavengers, and money-lenders.

charm of a descent from such an ancestor seems to be lost. I have even heard it asserted that men belonging to other families have donned the green turban, so that it has ceased to be a mark of distinction, in some places. But in Tripoli, but few innovations have been made, and it is probably genuine, though I doubt not it will soon become, as it is elsewhere, a mere form, something like the title of Esquire, or General, which sometimes becomes attached to persons in America without any assignable reason. The day may come in Western America, when the descendants of Joe Smith and Brigham Young will be known by the green turban, or some other equally expressive mark of distinction.—It is the sacred color of the Moslems of the East, and not the sacred color, it is certainly a very appropriate one for the Moslems of the West. I also observed twelve blind men in the crowd. They are considered to be a kind of saint or sacred character among the Moslems, and are always present when any religious ceremony is performed. One object of their attendance is that they may assist in the exercises, but the chief object is to receive the usual bucksheesh, or present of money. Poor creatures! Blind in body and blind in soul, they are truly objects of sympathy. And when they passed out of the gate in the procession, one groping his way ahead and the rest following holding on to each other, the act seemed a most fitting representation of the true nature of Islamism,—the blind leading the blind.

Soon after our arrival, the sheikh of all the Moslems in Tripoli, came in with his attendants. He had a magnificent countenance.—His tall commanding figure, his piercing black eyes, his clear lofty brow, and his long snow-white beard, formed a perfect picture. My idea of the majestic appearance of Moses, or Aaron, was never realized until I saw this venerable sheikh ascend the elevated place at the opposite end of the yard, and take his seat among the robed and turbaned Moslem priests. One of the old prophets seemed indeed to have risen again.

The time had now come for the beginning of the ceremony. The body of the deceased was brought in and laid upon a low table to be washed and purified for burial. Men appointed for the purpose proceeded with the washing, perfuming and dressing of the corpse, while the priests and sheikhs and blind men commenced chanting, singing and *groaning* prayers and extracts from the Koran. At first several old men with flowing beards stood up in a row and repeated in a low, solemn, guttural tone the words "La ilah illallah, There is no God but God." They spoke slowly and their deep-toned voices sounded like a dirge. It had a singular effect upon us all, and was the most solemn and impressive part of the service. Next came a kind of responsive chant sung or wailed by the sheikhs and blind men. We could not distinguish many of the words, but they seemed to be little else than "Mohammed" and "Allah." During this time the wailing of the body proceeded. It was washed several times and then clothed for burial. According to custom, it was first enfolded in a white shroud then in a green one. A piece of the calamus, or reed, a few inches in length was fastened to the neck. Within the reed was a paper inscribed with extracts from the Koran. The face was closely veiled. Within the outer shroud was placed a tin tray, containing oil of roses, an herb for coloring red, and incense gum. What these are all for, is more than I can tell. The doctrines of the Koran with regard to a future state are so thoroughly sensual, that they bestow upon the body alone, that care in purification, which Christianity teaches us belongs to the soul. While observing these arrangements our attention was arrested by a singular commotion, attended by a more singular sound, on the elevated platform occupied by the chief sheikh.

The whole elevated space was crowded with Moslem priests, Effendis and Sheikhs, who stood surrounding the venerable sheikh who sat in the center. Each one of them had his eyes shut, his hands folded, his head turned backward and a little to one side, and, keeping time with astonishing exactness, they would throw their heads forward with a sudden jerk, at the same time uttering a most hideous sound, very much like the growl of a wild beast. It is very difficult for me to describe it. You may imagine that the leader of this strange chorus, was beating "double time," and saying "down, up," "down, up," giving the *down* stroke a most fearful emphasis. The crowd followed him, using for the down stroke, a hoarse explosive growling sound, and for the word "up," the name of God, "Allah"—somewhat thus: "Bow—Allah," "Bow—Allah," the growl being accompanied with a sudden angular jerk of the head from one side to the other, and an expression of countenance (the eyes being closed) which was really frightful. This was kept up for half an hour, and it really seemed as if we were witnessing the wild dance of a set of infernal spirits. I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind by that demoniacal howl. At times it was so peculiar that Mr. Wood asked me if there was a steam engine in the next lot, he having supposed until then that the hoarse lumpy abrupt sound was made by the escape-pipe of a steam engine. It did not seem possible that such a sound could be enacted by any other than incarnate demons.—It was most revolting and frightful, and each moment became more and more so, as the sounds grew louder, the measure more rapid and abrupt, and the convulsions of body and grimaces of

countenance more sudden and confused.—And then in the midst of all, some "chief singer" from one of the mosques struck up a high yet slow and plaintive air as a prayer. I closed my eyes and listened. The sound is indescribable—confusing and fearful. And while I stood amazed that the religion of Mohammed, (which is claimed by its votaries to be a system of extreme simplicity,) countenance such a heathenish if not fiendish performance. I also felt sad to think that these fellow mortals, journeying on with me to Eternity, are the victims of soul-destroying error. Who can estimate what fanaticism and spiritual blindness, what hatred of everything good and pure and holy, what bitter demon-like animosity toward our Divine Redeemer, abide and increase and burn in the hearts of all this multitude! "Father, forgive them!"

After the body was washed and clothed in the two-fold shroud, the dancing and singing gradually died away to a faint murmur, and the coffin was brought. As the Moslems do not bury the coffin with the body, the same wooden box is used on all occasions, as a hearse is in our country. This box is of rough boards, open at the top, with a wooden ball at the head about eighteen inches in height. After the body was placed in this box, it was taken from the yard, and placed upon the bier which was awaiting it in the street, whither the crowd of sheikhs and effendis and blind men immediately repaired. A highly ornamented cloth covering was then thrown over the coffin, flowers were placed within and upon it, and a *turban* precisely similar to the one worn by the deceased, was wound upon the wooden ball. The bier was then taken upon the shoulders of four men, and the funeral procession was formed. In advance were two men bearing large Turkish flags inscribed with extracts from the Koran. Then came the crowd of sheikhs and religious officials, walking slowly, and chanting a prayer in deep, solemn, prolonged guttural. So many voices repeating the same words in perfect time, gave it a very impressive effect. In the rear of the procession, (or crowd, as there was no order about it) was a mixed up multitude of Moslems and Christians, many of whom had come to see the consul rather than the funeral. We were behind all the rest, and somewhat separated from them. As we passed out of the city gate, a crowd of Moslem women stood with their veils half drawn aside to look at the consul and just as we passed, they burst out into the most pitiful sobs and cries, as if poor Hahmood had been a relative of them all; but the moment we were out of sight around the corner, their sorrow seemed to cease by magic. The object of their wailing was that they might make a display of sympathy before the consul. The fountains of tears in this land, lie very near the surface. We followed the crowd through the cemetery to the large Mosque outside of the city, where the body was placed in the door and a prayer chanted over it. We entered the outer courtyard of the Mosque, not expecting to proceed further, and waited until the crowd had passed out. Our position was directly in front of the huge folding door which opens into the mosque, and as the attendant was closing them, Yanni asked Mr. Wood if he would like to go in. He replied in the affirmative, and several of the *caresses* of the consul, who are Moslems, went forward at once, inviting us all to go in and examine the interior.—We proposed conforming to the custom of removing the shoes, but they said "no, it is not necessary," so in we all went, with our shoes on, and walked from one end of the beautiful building to the other. The floors are all of polished marble and fine mosaics, and the columns which support the roof, are all ancient granite and porphyry columns from the Roman ruins in the vicinity, and are surmounted by capitals of white marble, which bear the marks of great antiquity. In the extreme corner of the Mosque is a dimly lighted room containing two beautiful tombs of polished marble, and in the main room is a pulpit with a stair-case, and above it an old inscription in Arabic, said to be five hundred years old. Nothing can be more severely simple than the interior of a Mosque. Not a picture, not a chair, or cushion—simply the unadorned walls and naked floors. Yet the walls of the nominal Christian churches are covered with pictures and crucifixes, and the candles, candlesticks, censers and images about the altar remind one of the display made by a Herr Alexander or Signor Blitz in their feats of legerdemain.—This is one of the reasons why the Moslems so justly charge the Greeks and Maronites with idolatry, and despise them.

When we came out of the Mosque, we found the Moslems quite stricken with amazement that we had walked into their sacred place so unceremoniously; but they said nothing on account of their gratification at the fact that the consul had expressed so much interest in a Moslem servant as to attend his funeral. When the body was laid in the grave the face was turned toward Mecca, and an imam or priest approached and addressed the dead as follows:

"Thou servant of God, thou son of my servant and my nation, if there come to you this night the two angels Munkir and Nekir, the merciful and your companions, (Peace unto them from God,) and sit upon your body and say: 'Who is your Lord? What is your religion and in what faith did you die? Do not fear or shrink from them, but say, God is my Lord in truth, and Mohammed is my prophet, and Mecca is my Moh-

le (or point to pray towards) and the imam is my high priest, and prayer is my duty, and Muhammad am my brother; and I and you will ever say, 'La Allah ill Allah.'—There is no God but God, and testify that Mohammed is His Servant and Apostle," &c.

These words I have translated from the Arabic paper given to Yanni by one of the Moslem scribes who took it from the priest, and wrote it out for him. We did not wait to see the conclusion, but returned home with Mr. Wood at half past ten, in a rain storm.

We heard during the day that the matter was the subject of conversation and discussion throughout the city. What the effect will be upon the Moslems, we cannot say, but there is every evidence that it will dis- pose them kindly toward us, as they all say that an American is the first person whom they have ever known to manifest anything like respect or affection for a poor Moslem. We earnestly hope that it may tend to soften some of their prejudices.

Mr. Wood paid all of the expenses of the funeral; and to give you some idea of the nature of these expenses, I will copy the account made out by Yanni's Moslem servant, and which I have just translated for Mr. Wood. The translation is more literal than beautiful, and the perusal of it is no small test of one's gravity, notwithstanding the nature of the subject. What can be more ridiculous than the item XXIV, where a charge of *six cents* is made by the man who whispered in the ear of the corpse? It seems like a burlesque, but I can assure you that it is all true.

The funeral expenses of Hahmood, the Janizary of the American Consul:

1. To the sons of Sheikh Hahmood, the price of their singing and praying, \$1.00
2. To Sheikh Mohammed, the owner of a "Kahwookjee," or "long hat," the price of his singing and praying, 1.00
3. To the great Sheikh Reshid, the price of his singing and praying, 1.00
4. To All the pilgrims—a Moslem saint, 20
5. To the Menseh, the chief singer, 20
6. To Omar Kodovaha, also a chief singer, 21
7. To the Sheikh Hareer, the sheikh Sheikh, the expense of the flags and drapery, 21
8. To the attendant at the Mosque, 21
9. For the "Mowennes" or "comforting companion," a paper enclosed in a hollow reed and fastened to the neck of the corpse, 25
10. To the blind Sheikhs and the beggar Sheikhs, a customary bucksheesh for their prayers and attendance, about ten cents each, 2.62
11. Price of the green cloth, 55
12. Price of the white cloth, 55
13. Price of the apron, veil, and cotton wadding, 34
14. Coarse soap and perfumed soap, 07
15. Cloth garment, 08
16. Price of a tin tray containing Ottar of Roses, Henna, (an herb for coloring red), Leaf, (for washing,) and incense gum, 20
17. Wood for heating the water used in washing, 10
18. Zebub and Renjis, flowers used over the body and left over at the grave, 12
19. Wages of the two men who watched during the night with the body, and read the Koran for its edification, 40
20. To the sons of Barood, or "sons of a gun," for washing &c. and digging the grave, 1.00
21. Mule load of sand for the grave, 04
22. Wages of the muleteer from the town where Hahmood died &c., 1.68
23. Use of towels from the public baths (!), 12
24. Wages of the Sheikh who whispered in the ear of the corpse about the angels &c., 06

Total \$12.54

One would judge from this that the zeal of some of those concerned in the ceremonies, was awakened by something other than a religious motive.

During the rest of the day (Tuesday) we had high winds and a heavy rain storm. Wednesday, November 26, was a cool cloudy day. In the morning we went with Mr. Wood and Yanni, to call upon the English consul and the Governor. The Governor is a weak old man, a Turk, whose wives are not numbered and who drinks too much liquor for the good of himself or his people. Lorezo and I were interpreters for Mr. Wood, and the interchange of compliments was so ludicrously Oriental, that neither Mr. Wood, the Governor, nor ourselves could refrain from laughter. For instance, the Governor told Mr. Wood, that he hoped that he would live forever. Mr. Wood replied, expressing his wish that the Governor might live still longer than that, and ever enjoy peace and prosperity. The Governor then expressed his sympathy with Mr. Wood, in being so far away from his family and friends. Mr. Wood replied that the friendship of the Governor in a great measure made up for the absence of friends, &c., &c. The Governor told us that he would call upon us. An announcement which we thanked him for, but which does not render us peculiarly anxious to continue the acquaintance. However, we shall not be wanting in courtesy to the Moslem Governor, and if he comes, we will entertain him with coffee and music and degenerate dances and songs, and such conversation as may be seen best. He is in some respects an intelligent man, notwithstanding his bad habits and want of conscience. Hahmood died the previous day, and not on Wed-

The Admission of Kansas.

REMARKS

MR. SIMON B. CHASE.

Of Susquehanna County.

In the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania on February 6, 1857, on the Resolutions relative to the admission of Kansas into the Federal Union.

MR. CHASE said:—
Gentlemen upon this floor, sir, did not think the question of the admission of Kansas, one of the most important that has occupied the attention of Congress for many years—a question, the decision of which will give character and impress to our civil and political institutions for years yet to come. And in the few remarks I have to offer, I will endeavor to pursue such a course—I will try to be cool, so calm and unimpassioned—that gentlemen in this House, who differ with me in opinion, will have no occasion to cry to me "bleeding Kansas!"

Gentlemen upon this floor, sir, would fain have us believe that this question is all settled—that, first, because a majority of the people of Pennsylvania, at her last election, gave their votes for James Buchanan for President, that, therefore, they have given their unequalled verdict of approval to the repeal of the Missouri restriction, have given their verdict in favor of the principle recently promulgated, that Congress has no right to exclude slavery in its territories. This question settled! I tell you, Mr. Speaker, this question can never, never be settled until Kansas is admitted into this Union as a free State. I repeat it, sir, it can never be settled, until every foot of soil embraced in the original Missouri restriction, is placed beyond the reach of the slave holder's grasp—beyond the influence of this dreadful, horrible, execrable despotism.

This territory, Mr. Speaker, is a part of the original Louisiana purchase, fertile in its soil, abundant in its resources, salubrious in its climate, and richly endowed by nature with all that contributes to a growing and prosperous State.

By an act of Congress passed more than a generation ago, these fair and fertile plains were forever dedicated to freedom and free labor. The men of that day, in their wisdom, and actuated by an earnest desire to arrest any further extension of human slavery, decreed that its mildew blight should never darken, nor its bloody tread stain, this fair territory.

In 1819, Missouri, after a protracted and heated discussion, was admitted as a slave State, with a proviso, however, that slavery should never exist in all the remainder of the province of Louisiana, north and west of Missouri, and north of the parallel 36° and 30' min. north latitude.

The vote upon this question in the Senate was thirty for the proviso to free against, every negative vote being from non-slaveholding States; thus it seems to have been principally by many of the northern members, but they did not want the prohibition in the remaining territory, by any means, but they were unwilling to allow one inch of it to be polluted by slave labor. They were opposed, and rightly opposed, to any compromise with wrong, and had they untiedly adhered to this determination, the stars and stripes of our glorious confederacy would not now float in shame over so much soil desecrated by this heathenish system.

This prohibition remained upon our statute books up to 1854, when Congress, pressed by all the mighty machinery of President Pierce's administration, declared it void. The country had rested so securely upon this compact for such a long number of years, that it was regarded as an insuperable barrier to the passage of the master and slave, and such a Modco-Perian law, unchangeable. Such an introduction of the bill to take it off, by Senator Douglas, came like a thunderbolt upon the country, sending an electric shock that thrilled every nerve throughout the length and breadth of the entire North. Meetings were held, conventions called, resolutions passed, remonstrances signed, and but one united protest went up from every hill and dale throughout the entire free States against this iniquitous measure.

Now, sir, in precipitous as all must admit it to have been, whence the necessity of so high handed an outrage? Had the prohibition of slavery in the old northwestern territory, now composing the five Northern States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, worked badly? Had those States complained? Were they not as flourishing as the sister States upon the opposite side of the time? Now, so far as discovered at the time, but one reason was urged, worthy of attention, and that was its unconstitutionality. Not that this was the *bona fide* reason for so bold a step, by any means. The real reason was this: The South had found it necessary to their ascendancy in our national councils, and to hold that political power in their grasp, to pass more territory from which to carve slave States, and no portion of our domain was fairer for this purpose than Kansas. But in order to gain their ends, of course that "impassible gulf," the Missouri Compromise, must be removed; and as, to the new dogma that Congress has no constitutional right to restrict slavery, christened "popular sovereignty" was seized as the happiest expedient to cheat and defraud the honest recovery of our land. A great many other false pretences, of course, were used; but this was the principal one.

Now, it seems strange, that men of tried ability and experience, and sound legal minds, should question the constitutionality of an act prohibiting a relation which can never exist under natural or common law, and which is well known, and generally conceded to be a great moral and political error, to say the least, which is tolerated.

In constitutionality, sir, appears evident to me in four points of view, either of which is strong enough to convince any reasonable mind, and all together becomes an overwhelming argument, that I only wonder any man ever entertained a sincere doubt upon it.

And first, enacted as that measure was by able, sound and experienced men, many of whom were eminent jurists, who would not be likely to give their names to any measure which they did not believe to be just and

the sanction of all the early fathers and founders of our nation, that should be deemed satisfactory; as we would regard a man in a court of justice well beloved up with the dicta of legal minds.

Again, all the best legislative history of our nation, from Washington to the administration of Polk, is but one continuous chain of recognition of the right of Congress to exclude slavery in its territories; and certainly, when the uninterrupted legislative history of any country affirms any great principle, and has been repeatedly recognized by the highest courts of that country, no better evidence need be sought of that principle's constitutionality.

And further, the words of the Constitution give to Congress express power "to make all needful rules and regulations for its territories;" and surely I need not stop to answer the very frivolous argument frequently advanced that this gives power to legislate about the land or soil, but to regulate the government of the inhabitants, when and wherever the United States extends its jurisdiction, as in the case of the Supreme Court of the United States and other courts, to support it, that this clause gives absolute and unqualified power to Congress to legislate upon any question in its territories.

But a further reason for the constitutionality of the Compromise was that it prohibited an institution which robs man of his absolute God-given rights, and civil liberty, which is the first and great object of our Constitution to secure to every one, regardless of race or color.

Now those who maintain the negative of this proposition must, of course, believe that the Constitution of the United States recognizes slavery; that it is not, as has been repeatedly decided by the Supreme Court, and God-given rights, and civil liberty, which is the first and great object of our Constitution to secure to every one, regardless of race or color.

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