The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

George J. Chase, Publisher, | Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, May 29, 1856. | Volume 13, Number 22.

Choice Poetry.

A Welcome to Hon. Jas. Buchanan.

On his return from his Mission to the Court of St. James.

BY JAMES M'CAFFERTY.

TUNE—Hail to the Chief.

We hail to thy time-honored locks, white and hoary,
We hail to thee, Jamie—true, trusty and brave;
We welcome thee home to thy cradle of glory,
Where freedom still triumphs o'er tyranny's grave.
Staunch and unbending still—freedom defending still—
Faithful we found thee by land and by sea;
For which thy dear Father Land gives thee its loving hand,
Star of the Keystone and pride of the free!

We blend not thy name with the glories of battle,
Which grace our proud pages as memoirs of yore;
When Freemen's resolve and the cannon's loud rattle,
Expelled the invader with shame from our shore.
But prompt to thy Country's call—gracing each Senate Hall—
Wreathing fresh garlands round liberty's tree;
We always have found thee, Jim—winning that noble name—
Star of the Keystone and pride of the free.

The knave may survive when the war-cry is dying;
And usurp the laurels his legions have won;
While the philanthropy bravado defying,
Sheds lustre around thee more bright than the sun.
While glorious undying fame clings to thy noble name
Lancaster's bosom lies open to thee;
Kind welcome, nations cry, with us to live and die,
Star of the Keystone and pride of the free.

How oft have our moments of fond expectation,
Been wrecked on the tempest of anguish and fear;
Still hope's blissful charms gave new consolation,
And whispered our treasure will shortly be here.
At length the soft balmy gale, swells the proud floating sail,
Brought us our Jamie and happy arawe;
Now let our rude mountains ring, while the glad millions sing,
Star of the Keystone, thrice welcome to thee.

Miscellaneous.

An Indian Tragedy.

The incident recorded below, and which is of recent occurrence, has been copied from one of our Western exchanges:

Logan Fontonelle, chief of the Omahas, has just been slain and scalped at Loup Fork, by a band of Sioux. Logan was a noble fellow, and in this last mortal conflict, he dispatched several of the enemy to the spirit land before, to herald the coming of his own soul. He fought long, desperately, and with great effect, but numbers finally overcame him, and his life departed through a hundred wounds. He died a martyr to his people, and his name should be carved upon fame's brightest tablet.

He was on his annual hunt with his nation. A number of his lodges were pitched upon the plains near Loup Fork. As a young warrior one day rode around the adjacent hills, he espied a powerful band of Sioux encamped along a stream in a sequestered vale. He hastened to inform Logan of the propinquity and power of their natural foe. Logan ordered his people to back immediately, and proceed in a straight line, with all speed, for home, while he would remain behind, and divert the Sioux by false camp-fires and other devices, from a different pursuit of them.—This was about twilight. The people got under way as quickly as possible, but not too soon; for scarcely had they turned a highland, when several Sioux warriors came in sight and discovered the place of their recent encampment. They examined it and found that the Omahas had been there, and they then returned to notify their Chief and bring an adequate force to pursue and slaughter them.

Logan, from a hiding-place, saw all, and knew that no time was to be lost in drawing their attention from the trail, which they would soon discover and follow, and mounting his horse, he dashed away at full speed across the prairies, at right angles with the route his tribe had taken, and struck a fire about eight miles distant, on an eminence where the Sioux could distinctly see it. He had scarcely done so before a powerful band were on the spot he and his people had just left, and who, without stopping to distinguish the trail, started for the fire, which they saw rising against the clear, blue sky, and where they expected, in another moment, to imbrue their hands in the gore of their unguarded victims. But Logan had not been unwary.—As soon as the fire was lighted, he again mounted and rode eight or ten miles further, and kindled another fire just as they reached the first. This rather bewildered them.—They dismounted and examined the ground. Logan, anticipating this, had trotted and walked his horse around it, so as to make the appearance upon the grass of the treading of a dozen horses; and this drew them into the belief that a small body had lingered behind and kindled this fire, and then gone where they could see the new fire burning; and so they followed with renewed avidity. The same thing happened as before. Logan had gone on, and another fire met their astonished gaze, while the same sort of foot prints were about the one around which they were now gathered. Their suspicions were now awakened. They examined the ground more closely, both far and near, and discovered that a solitary horseman had deceived them, and they knew it was for the sole purpose of encampment they had first discovered.

Logan saw them going round with glaring torches, and understood their object, and knew that his only chance of safety was in immediate flight towards his home; and he further knew that by the time they could retrace their way to their place of starting, and find the trail that his own people had taken, they would be beyond the reach of danger.

The Sioux, in the meanwhile, had divided into small bands, the largest of which was to return and pursue the Omahas, and the others to endeavor to capture the one they had missed. They knew that he must be an Omaha, and that he would either go further and kindle another watch-fire, or start for his nation in a straight line; and therefore, one party went on a little further, and the others spread out to the Omaha country, for the purpose of intercepting him. Logan passed forward as fast as his jaded steed could bear him, until he thought he had entirely eluded them; but, as the day dawned, to his horror and dismay, he saw his pursuers close upon his track. He turned his course for a ravine, which he distinguished at a distance, covered with trees and undergrowth. He succeeded in reaching it, and just within its verge he met an Indian girl dipping water from a spring. She was startled, and about to cry for help, when he hastily assured her that he needed protection and assistance.—With the true instinct of a noble woman, she appreciated his situation in an instant, and all her sympathies were with him. She directed him to dismount and go to a small natural bower, to which she pointed him, in the verge of the woods, while she would mount his horse and lead his pursuers away. He obeyed her, and she mounted his horse and dashed on in a serpentine way through the wood, leaving marks along the bushes by which she could be traced.

The pursuers soon followed. When she had got some distance down the branch, she rode into the water and followed its descending course for a few steps, making her horse touch its side and leave foot-prints in that direction, and then turned up the stream and rode above the place at which she entered it, without leaving a trace, and back to where Logan was concealed. She told him to mount and speed away, while his pursuers were going in a contrary direction down the ravine. He did so, and got a long distance out of sight, and again thought himself out of the reach of danger, when in a valley just in front of him he saw fifty braves coming up the hill to meet him. They were some of those who were returning from the pursuit of his people. He changed his direction and tried to escape, but his poor horse was too much exhausted to bear him with sufficient speed. With savage yells they plunged their rowels into their horses, and gained upon him. As the foremost approached within good shooting distance, Logan turned suddenly and sent a bullet through his brain. Then loading as he galloped on, he soon made another bite the dust; and then another, and another, until four were strewn along the plain. Just then, however, as he was again re-loading, his horse stumbled and fell, and the band rushed upon him before he had well recovered from the shock. He was shot with bullets and arrows, and gashed with tomahawks, and pierced with lances; notwithstanding all which, he rose amid his foes and with his clubbed rifle and hunting knife, he piled around him five prostrate bodies, and fell with his back upon their corpses, and expired still fighting. He was scalped, and hundreds of warriors held a great war-dance over him.

Thus Logan Fontanelle departed, and his noble spirit was followed to the spirit land by the sighs and lamentations of his nation, and the sympathies and aspirations of the brave of every land.

A Five Dollar Touch.

Somebody tells a good story of a clergyman, which forcibly illustrates from a new point of view, the value of the 'almighty dollar.' The clergyman in question had for a long time been in the habit of borrowing a five dollar bill from one Porter, a friend of his, every Saturday night, and returning the identical bill on the Monday following. The narrator says:

Since he had discovered this fact he had made private marks on the note; still the same was handed back on Monday morning. On Saturday evening Porter sent a five dollar gold piece instead of a note, and marked on it Y. S. (short for 'Young Sam,' to which order he belonged.) Still the very same coin was returned on the Monday. Porter got nervous and bilious about it; he could not sleep at night for thinking of it; he would awake his wife in the middle of the night and ask her what she thought about it. He once took Pierce Pungent into Will's candy store and filled his pockets with cough lozenges for his children, merely to ask what *he* thought of such a phenomena. He was fast boiling over with impatience and curiosity, half inclined to think that his friend was a certain gentleman in black, when a note came from the reverend borrower, one Christmas eve, asking the loan of *ten* dollars. A brilliant thought struck our friend. He wrote a note in reply, regretting that having paid his gas bill (it was all gas) he could not do it. Handing it to the parson's 'help,' he put on his greatcoat, resolving to call in a few minutes and demand an explanation of the mystery.—Shortly after he had seen the 'help' enter, he rang at the door and asked for the Rev. Mr.* When he was shown in his friend's study he found him plunged in the profoundest melancholy.

'Mr.***,' says our friend, 'if you will answer me one question I will let you have the ten dollars. How does it happen that you always repay me the money you borrow on the Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday?'

The parson raised his head, and after a violent struggle, as though he was about to unveil the hoarded mystery of his soul, said in faltering tones—

'Porter, you are a gentleman—a scholar—a Christian and a New Yorker.—I know I can rely on your inviolable secrecy. Listen to the secret of my eloquence. You know that I am poor, and when I have bought my Sunday's dinner, I have seldom a red cent in my pocket. Now, I maintain that no man can preach the gospel and blow up the congregation properly without he has got something in his pocket to inspire him with confidence. I have therefore borrowed five dollars of you every Saturday, that I might feel it occasionally as I preach on Sunday. You know how independently I do preach—how I make the rich shake in their shoes; well it is all owing to my knowing that I have a five dollar bill in my pocket! Of course, never having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but invariably returned to you the next morning. Now, as Mr. George Law is coming to hear me preach to-morrow, I thought I would try the effect of a ten dollar sermon on him!'

Kean and the Publican.

While playing in England, at the height of his popularity, Kean was invited to dine with some gentlemen at one of the principal hotels. He drove there in his carriage. The dinner was announced, the table was sumptuously decorated—and the landlord all bows and submission, hoped that the gentlemen and their distinguished visitor found everything to their satisfaction.

Kean stared at him some moments, and then said:

"Your name is——"

"It is, Mr. Keen; I have had the honor of meeting you before."

"You kept, some years ago, a small tavern in the outskirts of this town?"

"I did, Mr. Keen. Fortune has been kind to both of us since then. I recollect you sir when you belonged to our theatre here!"

"And I sir," said Kean, jumping up, "recollect you! Many years ago I came into your paltry tavern, after a long journey, with my suffering wife and sick child, all wet to the skin. I asked for a morsel of refreshment. You answered me as if I were a dog, and refused to trust it out of your hands, until you had received the trifle which was its value.

I left my family by your inhospital fireside I sought for lodgings. On my return, you ordered me like a brute, to take my wife and brat from your house, and abused me for not spending in drink the money I had not for food. Fortune as you say, has done something for us both since then; but you are still the same I see, the same cringing, grasping grinding, greedy, money hunter. I sir, am still the same—I am now in my zenith, I was then at its nadir; but I am the same man—the same Kean whom you ordered from your doors; and, I have now the same hatred to oppression that I had then; and were it my last meal, I'd not eat nor drink in a house belonging to so heartless a scoundrel.

"Gentlemen, said he, turning to his friends "I beg pardon for this outbreak, but were I to dine under the roof of this time serving, gold loving brute, the first mouthful, I am sure, would choke me."

Kean kept his word, and the party adjourned to another hotel.

THE ANCIENT DIVINES OF NEW ENGLAND.—Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, in a very readable article by him in the *North American Review*, thus briefly characterizes the most famed in the ministerial ranks of New England of "the ancient time;" "Hooker and Davenport initiated a severe but wholesome discipline. Roger Williams, by his teachings and example reconciled the strickest faith with practical toleration. John Elliot, by his patient ministry among the Indians, won the title of their Apostle. Cotton Mather bequeathed a most richly characteristic story of New England colonial life—the unfailing resource of the modern historian. Jonathan Edwards was and is the great metaphysical expositor of Protestant theology. The wit Byles is a vivid local tradition. The character of Dr. Emmons is still cired with reverent affection. Bishop White's devotional services hallowed the memory of those discussions—than which none in history are more pregnant with great results—which led to American Independence. John Woolman was such a rare specimen of Quakerism that he was beloved of Eliot and is the idol of Whittier. Dwight was one of the earliest New England travelers and bards who gave elaborate record to their impressions."

THE CROWN OF THORNS.—The second crown of thorns which girded the brow of Christ is said by Catholic writers to have been kept with much veneration at Jerusalem, and afterward at Constantinople until the thirteenth century, when Baldwin II. gave it to St. Louis, King of France, at a time when the capital of his own empire was no longer considered a place of security against the Saracens. The sacred treasure was carried by holy men, by way of Venice, into France. St. Louis, with his mother, and many prelates and princes, met it five leagues from Sens. The pious king and his brother Robert, barefooted and attended by an immense multitude, carried it to the cathedral of that city. It was thence conveyed to Paris with extraordinary solemnity, where the king had built for its reception a chapel, called the Holy Chapel.

PRESENT POSITION OF DISSENTERS IN PRUSSIA.—The Eberfield *Gazette* publishes a letter from Nordhausen which exhibits the position of Prussian Dissenters' as one not to be envied. It concerns a decision recently issued by an officer of the temporal executive against the Rev. Edward Baltzer, a clergyman of a free congregation. By this decision he is bound, although a minister of religion, to send his children to receive religious instruction in the public school of the place, or otherwise, from duly qualified private teachers. The reason of this is, that the religious instruction he himself may impart to his children is not recognized as able to replace the religious instruction which the authorities require in the name of the law.

REFORM OF THE CHURCH AT SARDINIA.—The nine articles proposed for the reformation of the Church at Sardinia, which are to be acted upon at the next session of the Parliament at Turin, will, it is thought, uproot some great abuses. The most important of them are:—The entire independence of the Church of Sardinia from Rome; the denial of tradition as a source of dogmas; permission to all the people to read the Bible and interpret it for themselves; abolition of compulsory celibacy of the priests; and the use of the popular language in the Church services.

☞ The Episcopal Bishop of Maryland recently held a confirmation service in Baltimore, and of the thirty-two candidates, fifteen were formerly Methodists, three Lutherians, three Baptists, two Roman Catholics, and one Quakeress.

☞ Lord Erskine having lived a bachelor to an advanced age, finally married his cook, for the purpose of securing her services, as she had frequently threatened to leave him. After she became Lady Erskine, she lost all knowledge of cookery, and it was a mortal affront to hint the possibility of her knowing how any sort of eatables were prepared for the table.—*Miss Leslie.*

EXTRACT,

From a speech delivered by Gen. CASS, in the U. S. Senate, May 14, 1856.

Mr. President, yesterday I submitted to the Senate a view and review of the constitutional principles, which regulate the relations between the United States and their Territories, and of the course of legislation with regard to those dependencies, and to-day I propose to submit some remarks upon the state of things in Kansas, and upon the measures, which Congress is called upon to adopt.

Mr. President, I am not going into a detailed examination of the occurrences in that Territory, which render our interposition necessary, especially after the investigation, which they have undergone, and which we have read in reports, and listened to in debates. I shall deal only in general facts, with a view to general conclusions.

In the first place, sir, allow me to observe, that whatever unjustifiable proceedings have taken place in Kansas—and there have been too many of them—they have not shaken, in the slightest degree, my conviction of the right of man to govern himself, nor my confidence in the salutatary operation of that true principle of human authority. I have read and heard sneering remarks upon the so-called failure of the experiment of popular sovereignty, preposterously called an experiment, after our experience of generations—remarks made, I have no doubt, by those who desire a failure. Even were it so, it would not touch the question, unless we are prepared to test the truth of a great principle by its accidental abuse. The political organization of our country is the history, as well as the exemplification of popular sovereignty, for a long series of years. Glorious has been its work, and more glorious will it be hereafter; and yet there is scarcely a State in the Union, in which, at some period of its existence, commotions have not broken out, and the laws been resisted, and sometimes the most alarming consequences threatened.—But these have all happily passed away; and, while leaving their memory a warning, leaving it also a proof, that free institutions carry with them the power of self-conservation, and the means of safety. And in all this time, and during many a day of trial and danger, not one human life has been sacrificed to avenge the law, or restore its supremacy!—What other country can say as much since the first institution of government, after the dispersion of the descendants of Adam upon the plains of Shinar? I am satisfied, from some examination, that there was a greater waste of human life and treasure in the riots of London, in 1780, than there has been in this country in all the acts of resistance to the public authority, which are found in our history, colonial or independent. Does the experience of the world show that man is fitter to govern others than himself; and that power is safer with the few than with the many? Let history answer this question, and answer also the indignant interrogatory of Mr. Jefferson, "Have we found angels in the form of men to govern us?"

These were peculiar circumstances, attending the institution of government in Kansas to which, and not to the principles that regulated it, are the lamentable proceedings to be traced. Those principles were wise and just, and not a voice has been raised in their condemnation among the people over whom they were to operate. From the 4th of July, 1776, to this day, they have been the American guides of political organization. But at this time they were applied to a country beset with external, rather than internal, difficulties and dangers. These arose out of the question of slavery, which seems destined, by its opponents, to be an eternal subject of agitation—a subject which, though never sleeping, becomes quadrennially more violent, as the presidential term approaches its renewal. This is its recurring season, and time and experience teach us no lesson of wisdom or forbearance. My sentiments on the general subject of this slavery excitement are already before the country; and events as they pass by serve but to strengthen my convictions.—I listened with deep interest, the other day, to the masterly effort of the Senator from Alabama, [Mr. CLAY,] who, while doing justice to his constituents, did honor to himself and to the Senate. Though I dissented from some of his remarks and conclusions, yet in the general scope of his observations, there was great force and justice—considerations of the gravest character, appealing to every true hearted American. While I listened to the complaints he spread before us in behalf of the South against the North, I wished I could deny their justice, but felt that I could not. And as he proceeded with his recapitulation, I felt also that this eternal warfare against one half of the Union had become as disgusting by its repetition, as it was unjust in itself and dangerous in its consequences.—I begin to have as little charity for many of those engaged in this crusade, as sympathy with the movement itself. The South intermeddles not with the social institutions of the North; let the North exhibit the same spirit of toleration, and we shall be the strongest and the most contented, as we are the freest nation, on the face of the globe. We have been told here, time and again, recently and formerly, that there is no design to interfere with slavery in any of the States of the Union. The power is disavowed as well as the purpose. But the disavowal is contradicted by events, that are hourly passing before our eyes. He who believes in a higher law, of whose extent and obligations he is the judge, and which justifies him in disobeying a human law, is prepared to follow the fantasies of the wildest imagination. What is the Constitution to him, who has a constitution of his own, overruling and overriding the laws of his country? Why, sir, in the House of Representatives, during the present session of Congress, a member from New York maintained, that slavery in the United States is unconstitutional, and therefore unlawful.' The Constitution, both in spirit and express terms repudiates slavery, and bars its existence.'

And, even now, we are just told by a resolution of the 'American Anti-Slavery Society,' that the right to enslave a human being on any pretense whatever is not a debatable question, any more than is the right to commit adultery, burglary, highway robbery, or piracy.'

And we are told in another resolution, 'that they are struggling to drive slavery out of the land.' It requires a good deal of moral courage, in the face of such declarations, to contend that no one entertains a design to interfere with slavery in the States. No man of ordinary sagacity can doubt the tendency of the doctrines, which are disseminated in high places and in low places upon this whole subject, and that are addressed to passions, more easily excited than allayed.—Among other dangerous signs, a spirit of fanaticism is evoked, before which the guarantees of the Constitution may be prostrated, as easily as the marks on the sand are obliterated by the incoming tide of the ocean. It is already doing its work, and this is the most alarming symptom in this national malady. It is fostered and encouraged by men professedly servants of the Most high, and ministering at his altar. It prostrates the judgement and almost paralyzes the conscience, and prepares the excited mind for strange delusions and dangerous deeds. The scene, which lately passed at New Haven, when God's day and God's house were desecrated by appeals to fierce passions to stimulate men to action, instead of being devoted to the true purpose of guiding and restraining them, was a spectacle to be contemplated with regret, with indignation indeed, and alarm. The temple at Jerusalem was defiled by the money changers, who converted it into a bank on that day, and made it a scene of abominations. Our Saviour drove them out, saying, 'It is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.' The house of prayer is now made an armory for the collection of weapons to arm Americans against their countrymen; and clergymen are not indeed money-changers, but gatherers and distributers of carnal, not of Christian weapons, to fight the battles of the flesh, and not the battles of faith, forgetting that 'all that take the sword shall perish by the sword;' and that they are warned by the Apostles of the Gentiles that 'the weapons of their warefare are not carnal.' &c.

Mr. President, to preach the Gospel of Jesus is work enough for any human heart and intellect. He who devotes himself to this duty and then goes after strange gods, entering the field of politics, and mingling in its strife and bitterness does more injury to the cause of true religion, within the sphere of his labors, than the writings of Voltaire and Hume, and all the other infidel authors who ever sought, by their sneers and malign influence to destroy human confidence in the most precious gift of God to man. And it is a consolatory proof of the reality of revealed religion, that it is equally triumphant over the assaults of its open enemies, and the indescretion, or something worse of its professed friends.

I have already remarked, that the intention to interfere with slavery in the States is disavowed, and therefore the more immediate theater of these labors of strife is the Territories, over which there is no constitutional grant of power in relation to this subject, and if there were, there would be no justice in its exercise, because it is a question, which the people are competent to determine for themselves and which cannot be determined for them by a foreign body, where they have no representation, without violating a great principle of self-government, the very foundation of our institutions, in defense of which our fathers engaged in a contest with the mightiest nation on the face of the globe. I have no patience with Americans, who thus condemn the patriots of the Revolution, casting dirt on their fathers, as the eastern phrase is, and seek to exercise a power over another which they would not suffer to exercise over themselves. Upon the very first attempt they would indignantly resist at home the interference, they so loudly call for elsewhere.—Their consciences, which now dictate violent action, where self is not concerned, would soon learn their true duties when their own rights were in question. And the zeal, violence, indeed, with which they claim to govern others, is asserted and prosecuted, in the very face of our whole history, is a moral phenomenon, betokening some strange hallucination.

And it is a part of the prevailing system of aggression to excite and nourish prejudices against the South by making slavery the perpetual theme of denunciation, and too often of misrepresentation, as though, if it were all its enemies say of it, the present generation, of whose social system it make an essential part, were responsible for its introduction, or could terminate its existance. It came to them by inheritance, not by their own cooperation; and when or how it is to cease is known only to Him, who holds nations, not less than individuals, in the hollow of His hand, for it is beyond the sagacity of man to discover. The emancipation of nearly four millions of human beings, of different caste and color and condition, living in a state of servitude among a superior race, superior in numbers, in power, in intellect, is a fearful question, which no right-minded man can contemplate without the deepest solicitude.—I am not presumptous enough to say how it could be done. But of this I am certain, that it is a matter, which should be left to those whom it vitally interests, and who alone can decide it. If it were in my power to set free, to-morrow, every slave in the United States I would not do it. I think the act would be followed by fearful convulsions, the apprehension of which should cause the wisest to pause, and the firmest to tremble. The result of the experiment, which England made in the Antillies, has not been such as to encourage other countries to follow the example. The standard English historian, Allison in a new volume from the press, tells the story in melancholy terms. He says:

"The effect of the emancipation of the negroes has been to ruin our own planters, stop the civilization of our own negroes, and double the slave trade in extent, and quadruple it it in its horrors."

He repeats;

"Disastrous as the results of the change have been to British interests, both at home and in the West Indies, they are as nothing to those which have ensued to the negroes themselves."

To emancipate a comparatively small number of slaves in a West India island, which may be covered by the troops and surrounded by the fleets of the mother country, is one thing. To do the same deed of liberation in a far-spreading region, measured not by miles but almost by great circles of the globe, and destitute of a military force to restrain the revengeful promptings or the dangerou suggestions of suddenly-acquired freedom, is another and quite a different thing. Believing that slavery is a misfortune to any country I hope it will come to an end in ours, but it must be in God's good time, and in some far away day, when master and slave are prepared for it.

In the prosecution of this warfare against the character, the tranquility, the rights of the South, the press, not less than the pulpit, has been made an active condjutor, and the world has been inundated with log-cabin books, and other productions of equal fairness and value, and about as worthy of credit as the travels of the renowned Gulliver, too often drawing their facts from the imagination, and their conclusions from a wild or false heart, or of a disordered head. Sir, I am no defender of the South. It needs not my aid. It has powerful advocates here, and elsewhere able to assert its cause; and the latest among them, who has volunteered in this commendable work—the member from Louisiana, (Mr. Benjamin)—in his address to the Senate a few days ago, made an appeal to American justice and patriotism which I have never heard surpassed in vigor of intellect: or in true eloquence. The undivided attention of this high body was a just tribute to the effort of the gifted speaker. As a man loving my country, and jealous of her name and fame among the nations of the earth, I feel indignant at these atrocious calumnies upon a large portion of my countrymen, and I have no disposition to conceal nor to repress that feeling. I know something of the condition of the slaves; and I believe, as I have before said in this place, that they are treated with all the humanity, which can reasonably be expected in their situation—with a humanity honorable to the proprietors as a class, and, to say the least of it, quite as well as they would be in the northern States, had this kind of servitude survived till this day, and far better than by many whose philanthropy is shown by the railing and reproachful words they utter, and not by the relief they contribute to human misery.

I know something, also, of the condition of the poverty-stricken population of Europe, of a large portion of the inhabitants, who lie down in sorrow and get up in care, and who pass their lives in want, and many of them in a state of destitution utterly unknown in this country. And I have seen more misery in the proudest capitals of Europe, than I ever saw in our own favored land, among white or black, bond or free. The condition of slavery has existed since the earliest ages of the world, and, regretted as it is, and must be by the moralist, it is a great practical question, which every established community must arrange for itself. The Revolution found it in most of the States, and there it was at the adoption of the Constitution, and in many it yet remains, making part of the rights and guarantees of the Confederation. To touch it by the General Government would be to shake to its corner-stone our whole political edifice. And disavowed as that purpose is by many of those, who are engaged in this warfare, and who take counsel from discretion, seeing the full time has not yet come, it should be obvious to the most superficial observer that the inaritable and bitter agitation of *quasi* hostilities is to weaken the fealty and attachment to the Union; to create a morbid excitement, by which the mind and the heart are intently fixed upon one object, the abolition of slavery, to the exclusion of many a true work of charity, and to the extinction of many a kindly and patriotic sentiment, and also to the imminent hazard of following the institution, with hostile views, wherever it exists, as regardless of the rights of others as of the constitutional securities which protect it. It would almost appear as though the whole stock of philanthropy, of talking philanthropy I mean, in portions of the country, were exhausted upon the black man, and that the men of our own race were out of the circle of human sympathy. All this would be but regretable, were it not rendered serious by its danger. Its effect is but too palpable in the heart-burnings it has created on each side of the line of separation. This condition of the public mind excites my apprehension, and ought to awaken the attention and arouse the exertion of every true patriot before the evil day is upon us, and the deed of disunion shall be done.

When the Kansas act was passed, it was hoped that the great principle of self-government embodied in it would lead to the tranquil adjustment of much of this controversy. It was looked upon as the olive branch, announcing the recession of the waters of bitterness. And such would it have proved had the people of the Territory been left to regulate this subject for themselves. The times, indeed, were not as propitious as they would have been, had a better spirit prevailed at the North. The fugitive slave law had been opposed, and its operation vilified and obstructed. Laws had been passed incompatible with the provisions of the Federal Constitution, and confessedly from hostility to the South, and other acts were done, and sentiments avowed, of the most unfriendly character, which are too fresh in general recollection to require recapitulation. And under these circumstances commenced the settlement and the government of Kansas.

I have said that I had no purpose minutely to recall the untoward events, which accompanied the progress of this movement.—I have read with care the narrative compiled by the Senator from Illinois in his report, and while it is marked with signal ability, it seems to be mrked also with a commendable regard to the truth. I have rarely read a more powerful State paper, and, in my opinion, it entitles its distinguished author to the thanks of the country.

It is easy to trace the disturbances in Kansas to their true source—to external interference. That portion of the Union, connected with slavery, and where it is not merely a question of servitude, but also of safety, were in much and just excitement at the unconstitutional assaults upon this element of their social system. And this moment was chosen by the partizans of abolition, in the northern States, to organize emigrating parties, supplying them with assistance described by a learned professor at New Haven "as moral encouragement and material aid in money or arms. And these new implements, not of agriculture, but of death, were designed for human bodies, instead of a virgin soil; and, as the same literary gentlemen said, while defending this *charitable contibution*, they 'were to be wielded by strong hands and directed by corrageous minds.' And 'this material aid' was commended to the precaution of the emigrants, who were advised to hasten on to the promised land, not for their own sakes, looking forward to the reward of industry and enterprise in a new country, but as soldiers, to fight a political battle, with such weapons, whether of law or of iron, as circumstances might render expedient. It is not surprising, that the approach of these new adventurers, avowing designs peculiarly obnoxious to the neighboring State of Missouri, should excite alarm and lead the people to combine in order to resist combinations.

I am accounting for this state of things, not justifying it, and the solution is found in the ordinary principles of human nature. Confederations, to bring about great public purposes by those who seek them, are sure to be met and resisted by antagonistic unions. I think there was no justification for the interference of persons in the northern States, who did not intend to emigrate to Kansas, with a view to control the political course of the emigrants, and to pledge them to a particular line of policy, stimulating their feelings while supplying the means; and it is my deliberate opinion, that those, who planned and promoted this scheme, are morally responsible for many of its deplorable consequences. At the same time, I think, that the emigrant who went to Kansas to become a *bona fide* settler was in the exercise of his constitutional right, when he proclaimed his purpose, by lawful means, to oppose the introduction of slavery, and when he followed that purpose to its consummation at the polls. But I cannot say the same of the irruption of citizens from Missouri, some armed and some unarmed, who entered Kansas, with no design to become residents, but to contest the political power of the Territory, with a view to political action. I believe the extent of this unfortunate movement has been overrated; but after making all reasonable deductions for exaggeration, enough remains yet to excite regret, and to call for condemnation. The sanctity of elections is the very palladium of our liberty. The places where they are held should be holy ground, where neither fraud nor violence should be permitted to enter.—And, above all, they should not be entered by armed parties, with a view to subject this living element of freedom to lawless violence, thus bringing dishonor upon our institutions, and weakening respect for the laws, and impairing their obligations. I cannot be restrained by any considerations from this expression of my regret and disapprobation.

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☞ A noted plagiarist of Boston was rather sold on All Fools Day. A wag pinned on his back a handbill which he found posted up in the police office. It was headed "Stop Tuief." The poet was so offended when he discovered the "outrage," that he went off and instituted legal proceedings against the offender. We shall watch the trial with some interest. The police Tribune is authority for the above.

At the close of a teacher's institute down east, the principle of the academy in M. being requested to make a few remarks, rose and spoke as follows:—

'Ladies and gentlemen—In the language of—(hesitating)—I forgot what his name is—(still hesitating)—and what he said!'

☞ Why are Shanghie roosters like early Spring flowers? Because they are Crow-cusses.

☞ A woman's tongue has been found capable, on actual experiment, to move 1620 times a minute! Think of that and weep.

☞ A footman, proud of his grammar, ushered into the drawing-room a Mr. Foote and his two daughters, with his introduction—

"Mr. Foote and the two Misses Feet."

☞ Bill, what are you doing there on the floor?'

'Why, sir, I have had a shock.'

'A shock?'

'Yes sir.'

'What kind of a shock?'

'Why, sir, one of your subscribers came in during your absence and offered to pay.'

An old bachelor says that marriage was instituted for no other purpose than to prevent men from sleeping diagonally in bed.

GALLANT CONDUCT.—The Presbyterian church in Trenton, Tenn., caught fire not long since on the Sabbath; and several ladies were knocked down and run over by frightened gentleman in their eagerness to escape the threatened danger. The fire was extinguished.

A gentleman once said he should like to see a boat full of ladies adrift on the ocean, to see what course they would steer. A lady in the room replied, 'That's easily told—they would steer to the Isle of Man, to be sure!'

A countryman entered a daguerreotype saloon a few days since, and wished a daguerrotype of his uncle. 'I can do it sir, but where is he?' 'Oh, he's dead!' was the simple reply, 'but I've got a description of him in an old passport.'

The Welch have a saying that if a woman was as quick with her feet as with her tongue she could catch lightening enough to kindle fires in the morning.

'Do you see anything rediculous about this wig?' said a brother judge to Curran.—'Nothing but the head,' Curran replied.

An illiterate person once sent a note to a waggish friend, requesting the loan of his *noose-paper*, and received in return his friends *marriage certificate!*

A friend of ours, who is afflicted with a temporary deafness, consoles himself by the belief that nothing is going on worth hearing.

What proof have we that there was sewing in the time of David? Because he was *hemmed* in on every side.

'Your friendship is dear to me,' as the merchant said when he had to pay his endorsement for his neighbor.

☞ Good nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a spider sucks poison from the sweetest flowers.

CONFIDENCE MAN.—The man who thinks he can help a good looking servant girl to "cord the bedstead" without getting his head broke by his wife.