

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune. Startling Scene in the Slave Case—Pennsylvania. Arrived.

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, Aug. 30, 1855. Quite a thrilling scene took place in Judge Kelly's Court today during the trial of the Wheeler case. Yesterday the counsel of the Commonwealth had it all their own way, and their testimony went for nothing, and the woman Jane was forced away against her will—that of Col. Wheeler, was especially full and circumstantial, to this effect: In the absence of the woman, the only person competent to testify fully to the question of voluntariness, the Colonel could afford to be particularly strong; but, presto! in the midst of proceedings this forenoon Jane Johnson appeared in Court. She came in escorted by an officer, and accompanied by Mrs. (Mott), Mrs. McKim, Miss Pugh and Mrs. Blumby. She was put on the stand, and her testimony utterly and entirely destroyed that of Col. Wheeler, and his witnesses. Her evidence was clear and just to the point, reiterating in the most satisfactory manner all she had said in her affidavit at New York.

But it was a bold and perilous move on the part of her friends, and the deepest apprehensions were felt for awhile for the result. The United States Marshal was there with his warrant and an extra force to execute it. The officers of the Court and other State officers were there to protect the witness and vindicate the laws of the State. Vanduyke, the United States District-Attorney, swore he would take her. The State officers swore he should not, and for a while it seemed that nothing could avert a bloody scene. It was expected that the conflict would take place at the door when she should leave the room, so that when she and her friends went out, and for some time after, the most intense suspense pervaded the court-room. She was however allowed to enter the carriage that waited for her without disturbance. She was accompanied by Mr. McKim, Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society; Lucretia Mott and George Corson, one of our most manly and intrepid police officers. The carriage was followed by another filled with officers as a guard, and thus escorted she was taken back in safety to the house from which she had been brought. Her title to freedom under the laws of the State will hardly again be brought into question.

Great credit is due to Wm. B. Mann, acting attorney-general, for the manner in which he has behaved in this case. He has done much to vindicate the honor of the State and the sanctity of the court of which he is an officer. Judge Kelley, too, has behaved with great dignity and impartiality.

To the Associated Press.—The appearance of Jane Johnson, the slave of Col. Wheeler, in Court, caused great excitement. Her testimony was much the same as her affidavit. She said she had desired her freedom, and made such arrangements before leaving home as to expect her friends to rescue her on reaching New York. After her statement was concluded the United States officers attempted to arrest her, but the Court instructed its officers that she being a witness was to be defended with their lives.

She was taken out of Court between a long file of Police officers and placed in a carriage and driven off. Relays had been prepared and were in waiting, and she was soon beyond the reach of the officers. Great excitement prevailed about the Court-house for some time after the occurrence.

LATER FROM EUROPE. Seaboard Bombardeed and Destroyed—Russian Repulse before Sevastopol—Sevastopol again Bombardeed.

THE CRIMEA. The news from the Crimea is important, a great battle having been fought on the Chernaya. The British Government received the following dispatch: "Varna, Aug. 19.—The Russians attacked the position at Chernaya this morning at daybreak in great force. The action lasted about three hours, but they were completely repulsed by the French and Sardinians."

Second Dispatch.—"One o'clock.—The Russian attack this morning was under command of Ligrandi, with from 40,000 to 60,000 men. Their loss is estimated at from 4,000 to 5,000, and about 400 prisoners are taken. The loss on the side of the Allies was very small.

Requisit telegraphs on the 16th as follows: "For some days past rumors of an intended attack on the part of the Russians had excited our attention, and this morning at daybreak they realized their intention against our lines on the Chernaya, but in spite of the movement of imposing masses which had been collected during the night, the enemy were repulsed with great vigor by the troops forming the divisions of Generals Herbillon, Canava, Pancheux and Morris. The Sardinians placed on our right fought bravely. The Russians left a large number of dead on the field, and many were made prisoners. The Russians were in complete retreat on Mackenzie's Hill when our reserve came up, and with the aid of our brave Allies, particularly the English cavalry, the enemy received a severe blow.

Our losses, although much less numerous than those of the enemy, are not yet known." PELLISSIER. Affairs before Sevastopol were unchanged. Omar Pacha had received hasty orders to return to the Crimea instead of going to Aasia.

The London Morning Post (Ministerial organ) says editorially: "We have reason to believe that stirring and hitherto unexpected intelligence may be looked for from the Crimea within the next few days."

It is supposed to refer to the secret expedition or field movements. The St. Louis Republican notices the shipment from the city of several new mail and passenger coaches for the line between Independence and Salt Lake. They were built in New Hampshire, for W. M. F. Magraw, Esq., the well known mail contractor.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. COBB, Editor.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA. Thursday Morning, Sept. 6, 1855.

FOR President in 1856. Hon. SALMON P. CHASE, of Ohio.

FOR Vice-President. Hon. DAVID WILMOT, of Penn'a.

County Republican Nominations.

For Representative, FRED H. BARNES, of Tioga. For Sheriff, JOHN MARSHALL, of Clarion. For Treasurer, O. H. BLANCKSON, of Armstrong. For Comptroller, J. T. COOPER, of Elk. For Auditor, J. S. WATSON, of Gaines.

Cometary Meeting.

Persons afflicted with Bilious Diseases will do well to read Mr. Rhodes' advertisement on 3d page.

Mr. H. O. Cole has established himself in the Shaving and Hairdressing business at Robinson's Hotel in this village. We understand that he comes well recommended, and what is full as well, that his work recommends itself.

Bank Ruined.—We regret to learn that a barn belonging to Mr. Erastus Niles of Middlebury, was entirely consumed by fire, together with some 150 bushels of wheat and 25 tons of hay, on the 30th ult. Circumstances indicate it to have been the work of an incendiary. It is to be hoped that the guilty person will be brought to justice. A man who will burn barns, will do worse should malice require.

What does the Balance mean by calling us "astidians"? Do we go awathed in "purple and fine linen"? Do we seek our locks in "adorable pomatum" in order to render our accents palatable? Do we sport immaculate kids, and patches on the knees of our "incomprehensibles"? Do we shake hands with the tips of our fingers? Do we ever complain of the "haswily bows" that afflict our poor devils, editors? No sir! We deny all these insinuations and demand satisfaction.—Yes sir, satisfaction. Our friend, Theophrastus Thunderbolt, will wait upon you!

The Cemetery Company are wide awake and appear to be doing with all possible despatch, what ought to have been done twenty years ago. A fine plot has been purchased, with good natural facilities and capable of improvement at a moderate outlay. This is as it should be. The city of the dead, like that of the living, should be beautiful without ostentatious display, and so softened and reclaimed from the general desolateness of such spots, that death and its surroundings may invite, rather than repel the traveler who slowly but certainly approaches its gates. The idea of Rest, should be actualized in every graveyard surrounding.

The Price of Freedom.

"The man may remove the mountain, but the mountain cannot remove the man."—is an old Persian proverb; and though old and an importation at that, it is excellent and truthful.

Looking over the great field of political Reform, it seems impossible that a single soul of the North-wise exactions of British statesmen could stir up the cooler blood of our fathers to mutiny against the most powerful nation on the globe, in defence of their liberties, how is it that outrage upon outrage descends upon us—their children, free men—to madden for a brief moment and then to take place with other recorded enormities, unrelaxed and unavenged! In Right, is Justice less sacred in the eyes of this generation than of that passed away?

It may be doubted if even a spark of that spirit of honest and earnest resistance which secured immortal names to the men of the Revolution, subsists in the bosoms of their children. Pillar after pillar supporting the superstructure of our liberties is stricken down by the Slave Power, and the falling fragments threaten to crush us; yet we content ourselves with crying—"shame! shame!"—like very children Conservatives cry—"peace! peace!"—for the sake of the Union and our liberties!—and yet as of old, there is no peace—except that which precedes a total subversion of those very liberties which we are here at the North exhorted not to peril by manly resistance to violence and wrong.

Unless the Northern masses can put party preferences aside and unite as one man with the open and bold purpose of repelling any and all future invasions of their rights, not by foreign, but by home tyrants, the North had better give the Slave Power a quitclaim deed of all its blood-bought territory, and hold out its million hands for the shackles. It is useless to prate of Compromises, for with Freedom half the loaf is not better than no loaf. No! Freedom never was and never can be partly the transfer of a single foot of free territory to the trafficker in immortal souls. All, or none—all the broad and fertile prairies, this vast expanse of hill and valley and unbroken forest—all this was a sacred bequest to Freedom and sealed with the blood of the testators, who discerned as with the prophets' vision the great need of Humanity in the future. That bequest is sacred. Earthly courts have no power to invalidate that will. It was written in tears and blood and sealed with blood, and we, the legatees, are its Executors.

The friends of Human Freedom have no choice left but to work. Further parley is useless, nay, dangerous. While we seek an accommodation, the very rights we endeavor to preserve inviolate are slipping away from us forever.

It is an alarming and humiliating fact that, in every struggle between Slavery and Freedom since the gauntlet was thrown down in the Declaration of Independence, the former has triumphed. It has never lost a battle and never will, until, like Napoleon, it finds its Waterloo. Freedom has been worsted so often that its sacred inviolability may well be doubted. But the great principle has never been defeated. Only the possibility of its universal application has failed of demonstration. When Freedom seemed to die in the surrender of Greece and Rome to tyrants, its death was only seeming. Its friends had sung the syren song of "Peace, peace—for the sake of peace!"—to the hurt of Freedom. Had they grappled with aggression and innovation in the beginning and spared those disgraceful parleys, during which tyrants were strengthening their defences and multiplying their means of offence, the world had now, perhaps, been comparatively free.

The Convention of '37 was a serious failure. It was then that America took a serpent to warm and nurse in her bosom, and if it does not sting her to death it will not be for lack of malice. Had the whole North been *spes fides*, Slavery might have been crushed out of existence. But then, as now, there were venal men and fair-faced foes of Freedom. New-England was false to herself and therefore could not be true to Freedom. There is no word of

apology to offer for her treason. Even the wise and sagacious Sherman whose memory will ever be fresh in the hearts of every New-Englander, succumbed to the spirit of compromise, and went down in his knees to the potent spirit of Slavery to save the Union! Yet he was not of that "base soul" who do the "unbecoming of 16 days." These were perilous times and self-government was an untried experiment. War had desolated the land. For seven long years the colonies had fought shoulder to shoulder in a common cause, and nothing seemed so terrible to those men as a dissolution of the common bond. Besides, Slavery was thought to be on the decrease. "In a few years it will die of itself," said they.

"In a few years it will die of itself." Nearly 70 have elapsed since then, and the victims of the system have increased near ten-fold. Alas! they had no conception of the strength of the monster they took to nurse. Then it was weak and insignificant; now it is mighty, and insists on disputing inch by inch with Freedom, the precedence.

Men and brethren, we are all workers in the field before us. Banish sloth, and sleep, and folding of arms. There is no disguising the danger of inaction. A moment lost now and the evil gains a day's growth. If the Union is worth saving let it be saved now, from blight and ruin which it is threatened by the Slave Power. Men must make a stand for Human Rights; if the Union can make a shift to exist on that platform it will stand.

What is this Union of which demagogues prate? Is it a union of Freedom, or is it a fictitious union of two mighty antagonisms? Certainly it is a marriage which the parties perpetuate with a lie on their lips. Freedom and Slavery can never dwell together in unity. No sane man believes it. No demagogue dares maintain such a monstrous proposition before an intelligent audience. The North and the South are divorced in heart and spirit—the form only remains. Let the South retroc its steps; let it shrink back from the unholy design of cursing our fields as she has cursed her own, with the blood of men and the tears and groans of women and children! The free North will accept of nothing less than this.

Let Conservatism amuse itself with its toys—words of affected moderation. Few of them have any sympathy with oppressed humanity. Like the dog in the manger they will do nothing themselves, and insist that the whole world shall keep silence also. The world must moderate its pace to theirs; and as far as the non-extension of Slavery is concerned, they will always be found flinching to the skirts of the movement, exclaiming at ever advantage gained over the South—"Behold what our moderation has accomplished!" Listen, and you will hear many thus delivering themselves in less than two years, even here in Tioga County.

The Democratic Convention.

The last day in August witnessed the complete hucksterization of—we will not say, the Democracy of Tioga county—but of some 50 delegates, supposed to represent that party in the several election districts. The Convention organized at about three o'clock by calling Col. N. A. ELLIOTT to the Chair. The names of the several gentlemen acting as Vice-Presidents and Secretaries did not reach us, owing to the confusion.

There was a very full representation present; but we are credibly informed that in many, and it is believed that in a majority of the districts represented but very few voters attended the primary elections, in some cases not half-a-dozen. The whole proceedings revealed a sad lack of concentration in the democratic sentiment, notwithstanding the unwearied efforts of the little clique of Wellsboro' lawless demagogues to stir up the people.

Messrs. Watson, Ed. WETMORE, Rose, Wilson, Werline, Darling and Howland, were named for the Assembly. Mr. Howland was nominated on the 2d ballot. He is thought not to be sound on the Maine Law, and is a thoroughgoing hunker. It is thought that he can canvass the county at less expense than any other man. Mr. Wetmore got three votes, and maintains that if all the fools and crazy men in the county will vote for him, he can yet be triumphantly elected. There is no little sarcasm in Mr. Wetmore's composition.

Messrs. Lathrop, Potter, Coates, Smith and Caldwell, were named for Squire. Mr. Potter being a Free-soiler, was thrown overboard. Mr. Coates was served ditto. Mr. Lathrop was nominated on 7th ballot. He is a hunker of the Douglas stripe and unsound on Prohibition. As he holds one county of office already which does not expire until a year from this fall, it is quite probable that the people will administer a rebuke to his somewhat prurient ambition on the 9th of October. Still, it must be admitted that he is not a little generous and self-sacrificing in thus volunteering to take the burden of two offices on his shoulders at the same time. Mr. Lathrop is said to be excellent on the location of county bridges and it would be a pity to remove him from the Board of Commissioners.

Messrs. Gray, Fox and Green, were named for Treasurer. Mr. Fox was nominated on 1st ballot. He is also a pro-Slavery hunker and against Prohibition. Mr. Gray's connection with the anti-Nebraska party last fall, probably accounts for his defeat. Mr. Green walked the plank for some reason.

Mr. J. G. Albeck was nominated for Commissioner on 1st ballot. He is said to be of the tribe of Judah, and ought therefore to be a good financier.

Mr. C. G. Denison was nominated for Auditor on 1st ballot. He is lately from 'York State', a hunker, and—so forth.

H. Allen and D. C. Holden, Esqrs, were elected Senatorial Congresses. The Committee on Resolutions now reported: 1st. That we endorse the principles and financial policy of the Democratic party as held by Jefferson and Jackson, "and other sages of the Democratic party." (Mem. "Other sages" is supposed to mean Aitchison, Pierce, Stringfellow & Co., as their doings in Kansas and elsewhere, were silently passed over until a later moment, and thus tacitly endorsed.)

The Committee then proceeded to bestow sundry kicks and cuffs upon the dead bodies of the Whig, and Know-Nothing parties, which it was very safe to do, as dead bodies cannot kick back. We hate to see men prove their courage in such a mean way however. One resolution censured the last Legislature for repealing the Tonnage Tax on coal and lumber. By reference to a file of the Legislative Record, we find Mr. Baldwin's vote registered against the repeal of the aforesaid Tonnage Tax; and we are both surprised and pleased to find Mr. B's, course in this matter, approved and endorsed by the Democrats of Tioga in Convention assembled.

Gov. Reeder's course was faintly endorsed and his removal as faintly disapproved of. The act of the last Legislature, fixing the salaries of members at \$500 for the session instead of \$3 per day as former. ly, was censured. Doubtless Mr. Howland would accept of \$250 as compensation for services rendered—if elected. We suggest that he be so publicly pledged.

The last resolution was the best of this series. It set forth that the country owed everything to the Democratic party. (Slavery included.) About one-fourth of the entire delegation was present at the adoption of these resolutions. But the crowning act of the Convention, and but

for which some might have been left in doubt as to the true ground now occupied by the Tioga Democratic leaders, was accomplished in the defeat of the following resolution: Resolved, That we have been and still are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which Kansas and Nebraska were admitted to Slavery, regarding it as a violation of a solemn compact, and destructive of the harmony of the nation and dangerous to the cause of Freedom; and that we are in favor of its restoration.

This Resolution was VOTED DOWN!—So the Democratic party of Tioga County is made to endorse the Nebraska bill, and the opening of Kansas and Nebraska to the curse of Slavery! Will the anti-Nebraska Democrats of this county give the lie to their professions and support a ticket nominated under such auspices? If they do, it must be true as we have often heard it alleged, but which we do not believe to be true—that "The Democratic party in Tioga County is managed by a clique of Wellsboro' wireworkers." There are not a few who can do better such a humiliating allegation without unmistakable evidence.

No man present in that Convention could fail to notice the fact that it was under close, but singularly palpable management. A minority of the delegates acted independently; it will be seen whether the majority were led, or will lead. We incline to the latter opinion.

No better ticket could have been selected for the interest of the Republican party, and every Republican owes a debt of gratitude to the Democratic Convention.

THE CATTLE-SHOW & FAIR.—Amid the crowd of cares, the bustle of business and the din of politics, it is presumed that the good people of the county will not lose sight of the fact that the Annual Exhibition of the Tioga County Agricultural Society will take place in this village, on the 26th & 27th of the present month. The occasion will be in a high degree interesting and profitable to all classes—farmers, mechanics, professional men and gentlemen. We make no mention of the Ladies in this connection, as it is generally admitted that no public occasion can be either interesting or profitable without a good attendance of ladies. We can think of no man disposed to be so un-gallant or unfair as to hint that a Fair could be much of an affair without a fair representation of the fair—sex. (Please excuse this somewhat clumsy endeavor to see fair play in public affairs, as punning is out of our line of business; for which reason our readers fare no better.)

We understand that the Committee of Arrangements have procured sufficient ground of Mr. Erastus Fellows, to accommodate with pasturage, stalls, &c., all the stock that may be entered for exhibition. A temporary building will be erected on this ground, in which the Fair will be held. Ample preparation has been and is still being made to render everything convenient and pleasant for exhibitors, whether there be few or many. No pains or expense will be spared to render the two days' visit agreeable. Our landlords are making extensive preparations to accommodate all that may come to the Fair.

We make this statement on the assurances of the Committee, who are all solicitous that the arrangements shall be ample and satisfactory—as they will be. Those wishing to enter animals should lose no time in notifying Mr. John Dickinson, Chairman of the Committee.

The Slave Power has received a just and merited rebuke by Judge Kelly of Philadelphia, in the bold and manly stand he made against the interference of the Federal officers in the case of Jane Johnson, the freed slave woman, who was brought into Court to testify as to the violence used to her. Her testimony corroborated that of numerous other witnesses, whose combined testimony fully proves Col. Wheeler to be a pitiful, whining, officious baby—unworthy of the name of man and a disgrace to the office he holds. Judge Kelly's charge is brief and to the point and will be published next week.

Wiggletown, (no allomox hear) teen55. Mr. Aitjant eskwir eur: This is a grate county. A tremendous konglomerated konglomerated almy sublimation county, productivity ymen, anymuls, punkine polyotics, potatoe, pankakes and perduce in ekul kwantities like all natur. Old Wiggle was the first squatter and he is near yit, as tall as a nose, the head deaf and dum and blind and haint got no legs. The first was caused by the terrible noise maid by the grain of the crops, and as he lost a sight every year that good clean out of the county, it fillers naturally that he would hev any site left. His legs wot took oop about 20 years ago by a punkin vine that ran from a lot a mile off a site, & ran thru his winder onto his bed & round his legs. The legs had to be amputated.

The chap that rit that pecco for the Egl sind Outsider, is old Wiggles 15th sun. Hes a fenomian. He has faces on every side of his bed, and is a pecky one chap. He come it over the Egl sun mity nite, maxoz you see he intended that article he had adintiment. You see he got out of bed when he cant do without 1 day. And he gets out of eider so often they call him old Outsider. He got 2 bars of eider by that advertisement.

Old Wiggles had got another sun called Patrick Henry Wiggles. But he aint considered so cute as the rest on em. Old Wiggles keeps a hired man to bring him into the house wen it rains.

not a bean. Patrick Henry Wiggles met with a crybald accident last nite. He got so near the fire that his head melted and run down into his shins! The old man sez as its only a matter of location it wunt make much difference. Prof Sadger.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.—Among the Chinese, no relics are more valued than boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate.—In Davis' China, we are informed that whenever a judge of unusual integrity resigns his situation the people all congregate to do him honor. If he leaves the city where he has presided, the crowd accompany him from the residence to the gates, where his boots are drawn off with great ceremony, to be preserved in the hall of justice. Their place is supplied by a new pair, which, in their turn, are drawn off to make room for others, it being considered sufficient to consecrate them that he should merely draw them on.

Remarkable as it may appear, a similar custom prevails among us. Here, however, we seem to care little whether the course of the judicial officer has been upright or equivocal, and yet—judging from the evidences around us—there are numbers, who, though they would not give a fig for a "functionary's" boots, are quite eager to stand in his shoes.

RUM AND DEMOCRACY.—The Americans of Northampton county have called a meeting to be held in the public square at Easton, and invite "all who are opposed to the Liquor Law passed by the last Legislature" to join them in it. The Eastern Argus characterizes this invitation as unparalleled imprudence, by which it means we suppose, that Rum and Democracy are now, and will be henceforward, one and indivisible. "Rum and Democracy" What a partnership. Which member of the firm has most reason to be ashamed of the other?

Honesdale Democrat.

Communications.

Slavery—Past and Present.

Mr. Editor:—With your permission, I will lay a few thoughts before your readers on the subject of slavery.

Truth will bear repeating, and reason drawn from facts, is never rejected even by the wise. Were these things not so, the moralist and the reformer would fail to accomplish their mission, and the world would move on and grow worse instead of better.

This is the only thing that has enabled the men opposed to the extension of slavery to maintain their courage and increase their numbers. "I see," said an eminent professor in one of our eastern colleges, "that our review lessons are altogether the most profitable;" the same fact may be observed by noting the progress of anti-slavery for the past few years in the Northern States. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher uttered volumes of truth and eloquence, when he said to his people in Brooklyn, that "many of the great states of this Union might hear the Declaration of Independence read with the emphasis of a man who believes in it, and they would suspect that it was newly written."

Those immortal words penned by Jefferson nearly eighty years ago, now fail to arouse the souls of freemen, as a DECLARATION that affects the well-being of humanity. They should be thundered in the ears of every traitor, who voted for the Nebraska Measure, and passed on the front of every prating politician, who has intelligence enough to realize the curses of slavery, but has not moral courage enough to talk and vote as his own heart declares to be right. These back-boneless followers of office-seeking demagogues, should not only be informed that "all men were created free and equal," but that the Founders of this Nation on the 4th day of July 1776, publicly declared that all men had the inalienable right to life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness; and now on this day supposed to be a living, binding instrument, notwithstanding the fact that the men of the present generation, are by their votes constantly surrendering vast quantities of our western lands, to an institution that gives the lie to every line of that sacred Declaration.

There is no man of common intelligence, but knows that a nation holding territory has a right to govern that territory, make all needful rules and regulations" in regard to it, and to exclude slavery from its soil; and moreover there is no man of common intelligence, who has an unperverted conscience, but feels in his heart that he ought to use all his influence, and especially his votes, to restrain an evil so revolting and monstrous in its character, as in narrow boundaries as possible.

Slavery is the only question which can engage the attention of the people until the wounds, which have been made and torn open by the despotism of parties, and are now bleeding upon the soil consecrated to Freedom more than thirty years ago, are healed. Cunning and devising politicians may seek to press the question of Catholicism, but it will avail nothing—slavery extension and broken compacts are the fields of warfare, and upon them men must stand or fall. With these preliminaries, I propose to offer a few "review lessons" on a subject that interests every true man of America, every child yet unborn and every negro in the world. The first point to which I would draw your attention is the utter recklessness of parties. It seems as though truth, justice, liberty, benevolence and all those higher attributes of the human soul, which have a tendency to elevate and refine society, have no place in the hearts of those who make any pretensions at political management. And yet on a moment's reflection, I can think of a Sumner, a Chase, a Benton, yes, and even a Wilmot, who have stood up amidst the contempt and calumny, which have been heaped upon them by their enemies, as the rocky islands of the North stand against the dashing billows of the Atlantic.

True, some of them have fallen martyrs to their principles, and in their noble undertaking have made no compromises, which could rebound to their own advantage or safety, and have relinquished all the praises and emoluments, they might have received, had they not faced, and hurled defiance into the teeth of hydra-headed error, yet they have a consciousness of having acted in the right, and can say with the dying philosopher of Athens; "What disgrace is it to me if others are unable to judge of me, or treat me as they ought?"

Luther was branded a "lying heretic," Wilberforce a "fanatic and hypocrite," yet they made no faltering steps; and let their examples be so many lessons to all who labor in the field of truth.

Is it not strange, that farmers, mechanics, merchants, day-laborers, preachers and above all back-boneless editors, who never held an office in their lives, and never expect to, and who have no interest in the game which is going on among the political card-players, except the success or defeat of those by whom they have been duped and led astray, will destroy their consciences, their hearts and even their souls by becoming members of a party and accomplices with a set of men, who try to apologise for opening the Territory of Kansas and Nebraska to the Slave-dealer, who may go there and profit by exchanging men, women and children as he pleases? Truth is forgotten; justice is forgotten; benevolence is forgotten; the duty they owe to their country is forgotten; the duty they owe to their God is forgotten. All these things are given up and bartered away; and for what? Not for office—for there is not one in five hundred among the classes of which I have spoken, who ever held an office outside of the town in which they reside; not for honor—for there is nothing but shame and remorse stamped upon the looks and countenances of all those who, having a spark of honesty burning in their bosom, undertake to reiterate the self-condemning apology; not to stop agitation—for the clashing of knives and the reports of revolvers have not yet ceased to thrill the minds of freemen, as they come booming along over the extended plains and the timber-covered hills which lie between us and the waters of the Missouri; not for humanity—for every man who loves his fellows, possesses a heart that revolts against every apology that may be offered for the extension of slavery.

I can see nothing that will justify their course—hence leave them to work out their own salvation. Next week I will tell you something about Pennsylvania's past course and present position. APOLLO.

Terrible Railroad Disaster.

Twenty-five Persons killed—Upwards of Eighty wounded.

A frightful accident occurred on the Camden and Amboy Railroad on the 29th ult, by which twenty persons were killed outright and upwards of eighty mutilated. We gather the following particulars from the Tribune: The circumstances of the catastrophe are briefly as follows: The 10 o'clock train from Philadelphia left punctually on Wednesday morning, and consisted of five passenger-cars, baggage-car, and locomotive. Israel Adams was the engineer and Isaac Van Nostrand the conductor. The train reached Burlington station a few moments past 11 o'clock, and waited the arrival of the New York train from five to ten minutes. The up train not making its appearance, the Philadelphia train moved onward at a moderate rate—the engineer keeping a lookout for the other train, it had progressed about a mile and a-half, when the expected train came in sight, and immediately gave two loud, sharp blows of the steam-whistle, which is the signal for the brakemen and to reverse the engine. The engineer of the Philadelphia train, alarmed at his desperate position, instantly commenced backing, and got under a headway of between twenty and thirty miles an hour, for Burlington again. To comprehend this reverse movement, it must be remembered that the passenger-cars, usually placed behind and coming after the locomotive, were now in front and pushed forward by the locomotive. Thus the engineer was of course ignorant as to what was in advance of the backward-going train. He had run but one-half of a mile when the first passenger-car came in contact with a light wagon driven by Dr. Heineken of Columbus, N. J., who attempted to cross the track in front of the cars.

The pole of the carriage breaking, the occupants, consisting of the Doctor, his wife, two children and wife's father, escaped unhurt. One of the horses was dashed to pieces, but the carcass of the other, falling across the rails, turned the first car off the track. The subsequent destruction can be readily understood when the rapid rate at which the train was impelled is considered. The first car being driven backward, the second was thrown diagonally across the track, and its center literally smashed into atoms by the concussion with the third. Both of these cars fell down the embankment, a height of about seven or eight feet. There were five cars torn to pieces. A more complete wreck was never witnessed. One of the cars was reduced to splinters; another was cut in twain, one end being reversed, and the other end in an upright position, frightfully shattered. The other cars were ripped from one end to the other and beyond repair. Some of the heavy iron axles were twisted into a bow. The heavy T rail was bent in some places and torn from its fastenings, the inside flanges being cut as if by a sharp ax.

The scene which ensued baffles description. The cars piled upon each other, in shattered fragments, from beneath which myriads of human beings were crawling, maimed, broken, and reeking with blood like preparation; the shrieks, groans, nay, absolute howlings of the wretched beings thus entombed as it were in destruction—mangled form of men and women huddled together with broken panels, bars of iron, massive wheels, and scattered baggage—all combined to render this fearful scene even more terrible to the imagination. One of the passengers—Mr. George Ridgeway—jumped from the train, and the next instant was buried beneath it a lifeless, disfigured mass. Those persons who came to the rescue knew not where to begin the work of assistance from the urgent calls which arose on every side. The unhurt and the least injured were crawling up the banks, many of them being able to walk to the houses in the neighborhood, where they prayed for a glass of water—their sufferings being fearfully aggravated by thirst. On every side could be heard the sobs and wailings of those who had just recognized a dear friend or relative among the mangled and conglomerate mass. Wives for their husbands, husbands for their wives, parents, children—all joined in swelling this vast aggregate of agony and horror.

Another Outrage in Kansas!

The following Statement of Mr. Pardee Butler, concerning a shameful assault made upon him recently by the Kansas ruffians, will be read with indignation by every true freeman: It is from the St. Louis Intelligencer: "My residence is on the Stranger creek, about twelve miles from Aitchison. On the 26th of August, I went to Aitchison for the purpose of taking a boat down the river.— Mr. Kelley is Postmaster at Aitchison. After transacting some business at the post office, I said to him, in presence of Arch Elliot, Esq., "Sir, I should, some time since, have become a regular subscriber to your paper, only I do not like the spirit of violence that characterizes it." He said, "I look upon all free-soilers as rogues, and that they are to be treated as such." I replied, "Well sir, I am a free-soiler, and expect to vote for Kansas to be a free State." He said, "I don't expect you will be allowed to vote."

Not another word was spoken—I left the house. Nothing more transpired on that day. The next morning, Mr. Kelley, the Postmaster, entered my boarding-house, followed a number of men, and presented me the foregoing resolutions, cut out of the Squatter Sovereign, and pasted on a sheet of white paper, and demanded that I should sign them. I commenced reading the resolutions aloud, having first glanced my eye over them. I wanted to give myself time to frame a wise and prudent answer. He fiercely interrupted me, and demanded that I should "sign." I felt that I wanted impartial witnesses to what should transpire. I rose up, walked down stairs, and into the street. Here they stopped me, and demanded, "will you sign?" I said "No!" They seized me and dragged me to the river, cursing me for a d-d abolitionist, and saying to me they were going to drown me.

Arrived at the bank, Mr. Kelly went through