

SEPARATION  
BY A HEART  
We parted in silence, we parted at night,  
On the banks of that lonely river;  
When the earth with the winter snow was white  
The night wind sang, and the stars above  
Told many a touching story,  
Of those that went to the Kingdom of Love  
But four short years before this.

But when we spoke our last farewell  
In wild and bitter sorrow  
Our whispered words (remembered well)  
Thimble the dark to-morrow.  
The lips that school that vow of mine  
As cold as that lonely river;  
And that eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,  
Has shrouded its fire forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,  
And my heart grows full to weeping;  
Each star to me is a sealed book,  
Some news of my loved ones keeping.  
We parted in silence, we parted in tears,  
On the banks of that lonely river;  
But the mystic spell of our two short years  
Will rest on my spirit forever.

### Interesting Narrative.

#### The New Outrage on the Rev. Pardee Butler Described by Himself.

LAWRENCE, Wednesday, May 7, 1856.

One year ago I came to Kansas and brought a claim on Sugar Creek, Atchison County.

On the 18th of August the Border Ruffians of the town of Atchison sent me down the Missouri River on a raft.

We parted under a mutual pledge—I, that if my life was spared, I would come back to Atchison; and they, that if I did come back, they would hang me.

Faithful to my promise, in November last I returned to Kansas with my family; visited Atchison in open day, announced myself on hand, and returned without molestation.

Kansas being yet sparsely settled, and having few meeting houses, it was determined that Mrs. Butler should live on our claims with her brother's wife, while I should return to Illinois and resume my labors as a preacher. I have been for a number of years in the employ of churches in the counties of Brown and Adams, Illinois, a majority of whose members were, I suppose, born and raised in Kentucky.

April 30th I returned to Kansas and crossed the Missouri at Atchison. I spoke to no one in town, save with two merchants of the place, with whom I had business transactions since my first arrival in the Territory. Having remained only a few minutes, I went to my buggy to resume my journey, when I was assaulted by Robert S. Kelly, junior editor of *The Squatter Sovereign*, and others, was dragged into a grocery, and there surrounded by a company of South Carolinians, who are reported to have been sent out by a Southern Emigration-Aid Society.

In this last mob, I noticed only two were citizens of Atchison or engaged in the former mob.

It is reported that these emigrants from the Palmetto State seek out a claim and make for themselves a home; neither do they enter into any legitimate business. They very expressively describe themselves as having "come out to see Kansas through."

They yelled—"Kill him!" "Kill him!" "Hang the d-d Abolitionist!"

One of their number bustled up to me and demanded—

"Have you a revolver?"

I replied—"N."

He handed me a pistol saying—"There, take that, and stand off ten steps and G-d-o-n you, I will blow you through in an instant."

I replied—"I have no use for your weapon."

I afterward heard them congratulating themselves in reference to this—that they had been honorable with me. The fellow was furious; but his companions dissuaded him from shooting me, saying they were going to hang me.

If I can picture to myself the look of a Cuban bloodhound, just ready with open jaws to seize a panting slave in a Florida swamp, then I imagine we have a correct counterpart of the expression worn by these emigrant representatives of the manly sentiment, high-toned courage and magnanimous feelings of the South Carolina chivalry when first they scented—in their own imagination—the blood of a live "Abolitionist."

"Hang him!" they yelled; "hang him! hang the d-d Abolitionist!"

They pincioned my arms behind me, obtained a rope, but were interrupted by the entrance of a stranger—a gentleman from Missouri, since ascertained to be General Tu, a lawyer, of Buchanan County. He said—

"My friends, hear me. I am an old man, and it is right you should hear me. I was born in Virginia, and have lived many years in Missouri. I am a slaveholder, and desire Kansas to be made a Slave State—if it can be done by honorable means. But you will destroy the cause you are seeking to build up. You have taken this man, who was peaceably passing through your streets and along the highway, doing no person any harm. We profess to be law and order men, and should be the last to commit violence.—If this man has violated the law, let him be punished according to law; but for the sake of Missouri—for the sake of Kansas—for the sake of the Pro-Slavery cause, do not act in this way."

They dragged me into another grocery and appointed a moderator. Kelly told his story.

I rose to my feet, and calmly, and in respectful language, began to tell mine. I was repeatedly jerked to my seat, and so roughly handled that I was compelled to desist.

My friend from Missouri again earnestly besought them to set me at liberty.

Kelly turned short on him and said, "Do you belong to Kansas?"

He replied: "No; but I expect to live here in Atchison next Fall; and in this matter the interests of Missouri and Kansas are identical."

# THE AGITATOR

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

COBB, STURROCK & CO., PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

VOL. 2. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1856. NO. 44.

These unfortunate men, whose one-idea-ism on the subject of Slavery and Southern Rights has become insanity—when these irresponsible South Carolinians, sent out to be bull dogs and blood hounds for Atchison and Springfield—when they could be used as tools to take my life, he was ready to do it.

Our gunpowder Moderator cut the discussion short by saying, "It is moved that Butler be tarred and feathered, and receive thirty-nine lashes."

A majority said "Aye," though a number of voices said "No." The Moderator said, "The affirmative has it."

I began to speculate how that sort of thing would work as far north as the latitude of Kansas. There was a good deal of whispering about the house. I saw dark, ominous and threatening looks in the crowd.

The Moderator again came forward, and in an altered voice, said:

"It is moved that the last part of the sentence be rescinded."

It was rescinded.

It was given into the hands of my South Carolina overseers to be tarred and feathered. They muttered and growled at this issue of "the matter," "Bey," said there, "if we had known it would have come out in this way, we would have let —"

"shoot Butler at the first. He would have done it quicker than a flash."

One little sharp-visaged, dark-featured, black-eyed South Carolinian, as smart as a cricket, who seemed to be the leader of the gang, was particularly displeased. "D—n you," said he, "if I came all the way from South Carolina and spent so much money to do things up in such milk-and-water style as this."

They stripped me naked to the waist, covered my body with tar, and then, for the want of feathers, applied cotton wool.—Having appointed a Committee of three to certainly hang me the next time I should come to Atchison, they tossed my clothes into my buggy, put me therein, accompanied me to the suburbs of the town, and sent me naked out upon the prairie.

I adjusted my attire about me as best I could, and hastened to rejoin my wife and two little ones on the banks of the Stranger Creek. It was rather a sorrowful meeting after so long a parting. Still, we were very thankful that, under the blessing of a good Providence, it had fared no worse with us all.

The first mob that sent me down the Missouri River on a raft—always excepting Robert S. Kelly—were courteous gentlemen compared with this last one. When I was towed out into the middle of the stream I do not remember to have heard a word spoken by the men on the shore. This last mob, when they left me on the border of the town, shrieked and yelled like a pack of New-Zealand cannibals. The first mob did not attempt to abridge my right of speech. In reply to all the hard and bitter things they said against me they patiently heard me to the end. But these men who have come to introduce into Kansas that order of things that now exists in South Carolina, savagely gagged me into silence by rapping my face, choking me, pulling my beard, jerking me violently to my seat, and exclaimed, "D—n you, hold your tongue!" All this was done while my arms were pincioned behind me!

Many will ask now, as they have asked already, what is the true and proper cause of all these troubles which I have had in Atchison. I have told the world already, and I can only repeat my own words. I have said: "The very head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more."

I had spoken among my neighbors favorable for making Kansas a Free State, and said in the office of the *Squatter Sovereign*, I am a Free-Soiler, and intend to vote for Kansas to be a Free State. It is true that Kelly, by an after-thought, has added two new counts to his bill of indictment against me. The first is that I went to the town of Atchison last August, talking Abolitionism. I have not the honor of being an Abolitionist. And, second, that I spoke, somehow or other, improperly in the presence of slaves. All this is not only utterly false, but the charges are ex-post facts; for not a word was said of this the day they put me on the raft.

The New-York TRIBUNE publishes me as a Methodist preacher that was put out a raft for preaching Abolitionism. I am a member of the denomination known as Disciples (Campbellites), and have never alluded to the subject of Slavery in my preaching.—I published a narrative of the whole affair in *The Missouri Democrat*, not one word of which has ever been denied, to the best of my knowledge, except this: I said I had heard that Kelly was born in Massachusetts. He says he was not born there; that he was born in Virginia. Robert S. Kelly, junior editor of *The Squatter Sovereign*, and GOVERNMENT PRINTER, shall be born just where he pleases.

Still, it will be regarded as mysterious and incredible that a man should receive such treatment for uttering words as I report myself to have uttered. The matter is clear enough when the facts are understood that I will explain.

Prior to August 16, 1855, there was, properly speaking, no Free-State party organized in Atchison County perhaps not the whole Territory of Kansas. Free voters did not know their own strength, and all were disposed to be prudent—some were timid.—Here in Atchison County we were determined that if the Border Ruffians were resolved to drive matters to a bloody issue, the responsibility of doing so should rest wholly with themselves. There are many Free-Soilers in this County; brave men, who have no scruples to hinder them from arming themselves and preparing to repel force by

force. The Border Ruffians sought, by a system of terrorism, so to intimidate Free Soilers as to prevent them from organizing a Free-State Party, or even discussing the subject of Slavery and Freedom in Kansas.—They carried this to such an extent of outrageous violence that it came to be currently reported that it was as much as a man's life was worth in the town of Atchison to say: "I am a Free Soiler."

We deprecated violence and wished a peaceful discussion of the subject. It was therefore most fitting that a man whose profession forbade him to go armed should put to the test of actual experiment whether an American citizen of blameless life could be permitted to enjoy the right of free speech—the privilege of expressing views favorable to making Kansas a Free State—such views being uttered without anything of angry, abusive or insulting language. It was for this purpose the above words were spoken, and which has been the cause of all my troubles in Atchison.

If the Border Ruffians had permitted me to depart in peace they would have been without the shadow of an excuse to mitigate its atrocity. But, whatever might have been the result, I had counted the cost and was prepared to abide the issue.

If there is any class of men that stand behind the curtains and pull the wires, we would respectfully represent to them that it will do no good to urge these understrappers on to these deeds of violence and ruffianism. We are not of a class of men to utter childish complaints at any wrongs that we may suffer, but we know our rights and we intend to have them.

In conclusion we would suggest to South Carolina that she had better send for her emigrants home again. They will do her cause more harm than good. However this way of doing work may do among the field hands of a rice plantation, it won't do here at all. We, in Kansas, are not made of metal to be worked in such a fire. Respectfully,

PARDEE BUTLER.

### Richness of Russia.

Few persons in this country have any just or definite idea of the immense wealth and resources of Russia. Even the extent and value of her fisheries are not properly estimated. It is stated that 500,000 individuals are employed about them, in the Lower Volga and Northern Captain. The sea coast fisheries in the Black Sea, sea of Azof, the Baltic and White Sea are great and productive. All her noble rivers everywhere abound with fish, owing to the numerous fests in the Greek Church, the consumption of fish, in Russia, is very great.

There are in the Russian Empire 542,177, 248 acres of land in forests. These are of immense value, and as communications are opened up throughout the country, they will become still more valuable. There has been immense wastage in times past, but of late years the government has appointed special officers to look after them, to preserve them from unnecessary destruction. Russia is one of the best wooded countries in the world. The quantity of timber yearly consumed must be immense, when we recollect that nearly all the houses throughout the Russian Empire are built of wood.

The number of horses in Russia exceeds by 7,000,000 the total number in France, Austria, Prussia, the United States, and the United Kingdom together; about 14,000,000. The value of the whole must be very great. Saddle horses sell from 300 to 1500 silver rubles each; and with the exception of the numbers that roam the Eastern provinces, say 4,000,000—a peculiar and hardy and valuable breed—the Russian horses are of an excellent quality. Their cavalry horses are equal to the English, and superior to any other in Europe. The number in Russia present to our view a force equal to 129,000, 000 effective men. Taking them at half the average value (£32.10s) of horses in the United Kingdom, or £16.6s each, the total value will be \$354,750,000.

The total number of cattle in the Russian Empire exceeds by nearly 6,000,000 the total number in France, Austria and Prussia (24,923,384), and their value is also very great. At half the average value of those in the United Kingdom, the amount at £7 each will be £217,000,000.

Minerals of the most valuable and useful kinds abound in Russia. Salt is found in various places; but there is a district of country on her Southern frontier, extending nearly in a like parallel with the northern coast of the sea of Aral and the Caspian, and to the north of the line mentioned, between both, where salt is found of the finest quality in such abundance that it is sufficient to supply the whole world for millions of years! Immense beds of sulphur have lately been discovered about Saccamara, on the banks of the Volga; and vast gold fields, richer than those in California and Australia, have lately been discovered around the sources of the Lena. Silver is most abundant at Nartshinsk, on the Chinese boundary. There is good reason to believe that all Siberia abounds with the precious metals. Very large fields of gold have been found in various parts of Russia, especially in the iron districts. To the westward of the Ural Mountains and the Don, in the government of Ekaterinofsky, a vast field of the very finest of anthracite coal has been found, and is now working to a great extent.—The gold produced in the Ural Mountains was, in 1851, £3,500,000. Sometimes it is much more and nearly double. Beside gold and silver, Russia has a vast extent of iron mines, yielding that metal of the very finest quality. There are also large mines of platinum, copper, lead and zinc.

### Misery Likes Company.

Some months after the close of the Mexican war, one of the disbanded volunteers, who was in possession of more wit than cash, made his appearance in, one of the largest hotels in Cincinnati, with a stomach as empty as his purse, and displaying a Mexican shilling to the landlord, inquired if that kind of coin was current here.

"Oh, yes," replied he: "you can have whatever the house affords for that money: it passes current here!"

The fortunate soldier finding himself in such compliant quarters, called about him most lustily, and the most sumptuous dinner the house could afford, washed down by sundry bottles of the most expensive wines, was dispatched without ceremony. On going away, he tendered at the bar the identical shilling which the landlord had inadvertently led him to expect to perform such wonders.

The stare, the shrug and the exclamation elicited from "mipe host" by such a tender may be more easily conceived than expressed. An explanation very much to the dissatisfaction of the landlord took place, who quickly found not only that nothing more was likely to be got, but also the laugh would be tremendous heavy against him. This part of the profits he had a very Christian wish to divide with his neighbor. Taking, therefore, his guest to the street door of his hotel, he requested him to look over the way.

"Do you see," said he, "that large hotel opposite? That fellow, the landlord of it, is my sworn rival, and nothing can keep this story from his ears, in which case I shall never hear the last of it. Now, my good fellow, you are not only welcome to your entertainment but I will instantly give you a dollar into the bargain if you will promise, on the word of a soldier, to attempt the very same trick with him to-morrow that succeeded so well with me to-day."

Our veteran took the money and accepted the conditions; but having buttoned up the dollar very securely in his pocket, he took leave of the landlord with the following speech and a bow that did no discredit to the gallantry of a soldier:

"Sir, I deem myself in honor bound to use my utmost endeavors to put your wishes into execution; I shall certainly do all I can, but I must candidly inform you that I fear I shall not succeed, since I played the very same trick with that gentleman yesterday, and it is to his particular advice alone that you are indebted for the honor of my company to-day."

### Family Government.

It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye; to frown at their merry outbursts of innocent hilarity; to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy little models of octogenarian gravity.

And when they have been in fault it is not to punish them simply on account of the personal injury you may have chanced to suffer in consequence of their fault; while disobedience unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a flood of angry words; to stun him with a deafening noise; to call him by hard names which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets, which would be extravagant if applied to a fault of ten-fold enormity; or to declare with passionate vehemence that he is the worst child in the village, and destined to the gallows.

But it is to watch anxiously for the first risings of sin, and to repress them; to counteract the earliest workings of selfishness; to suppress the first beginning of rebellion against rightful authority; to teach an implicit and unquestioning and cheerful obedience to the will of the parent, as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirements of the civil magistrate, and to the laws of the great Ruler and Father in Heaven.

It is to punish the fault because it is a fault; because it is sinful and contrary to the commands of God; without reference to whether it may not have been productive of immediate injury to the parent or to others.

It is to reprove with calmness and composure, and not with any irritation, in a few words, fitly chosen, and not with a torrent of abuse; to punish as often as you threaten, and threaten only when you both intend, and can remember to perform; to say what you mean, and infallibly do as you say.

It is to govern your family as in the sight of Him who gave you your authority; who will reward your strict fidelity with such blessings as he bestowed on Abraham, or punish your criminal neglect with such curses as he visited on Eli.—*Religious Herald.*

QUARRELLING NEIGHBORS.—The physical appearance of a man sometimes changes the current of events. A case in point occurred recently. The children of two neighboring families had their quarrels and fights, and torn garments. The father of one family believing his children to have been sadly maltreated, and being a very passionate man, concluded that the surest way to settle the differences between their households permanently, would be to chastise the head of the other family, although as yet, he had never seen him.—He thereupon procured a raw-hide, and abruptly entering his neighbor's tenement inquired in a threatening tone for the man of the house.

"I am here, sir," said a personage of upwards of two hundred and twenty pounds, as he approached to learn the business of his neighbor.

"Did I understand you to say that you are the gentleman of the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I—I just dropped in, sir, to see if this was your raw-hide."

### Communications.

For the Agitator.

Mrs. Edmond, a Being a native of the "Keystone State," ever have I been delighted to see her take a forward step in civilization.

One from the very constitution of his nature, must have Patriotic emotions in proportion to the advancement or development of his State or nation and vice versa. Hand in hand, with the progress of state, go those two fathered institutions, which have ever blessed humanity from the days of creation, as history so amply attests:

The one, with "King Oppression" as its leader, has swayed the destinies of nations, and heaped up their ruins to the admiration of all the world. The other, I need hardly add, under the supervision and immediate care of Bacchus, has visited all nations—made its debut and indelibly left its impress. These we class among the auxiliaries essential to solve the mystery of man's existence, and the attainment of the end of his being.

In 1855, we did greatly lament to hear that the kind, good Bacchus, who had swayed his brush over the Keystone State with such complacent care and mildness, from time immemorial, had been dethroned; and that so much of his kingdom was probably lost for ever to his influence.

All rational intelligence, of course, must have said, that that was a retrograde movement, taking a backward step toward the dark ages and barbarism itself! Most obviously so, for its purpose was to eradicate drunkenness and all its consequences—to make the drunken sober—the infirm well—the mad and deranged sane—to clothe the naked and feed the hungry—to lessen misery and degradation, yea! to raise men from the brute, to his spiritual sphere of action!

All of this was most bitterly opposed to that substratum upon which rests all law, human & divine; which declares that "Summum bonum est suprema lex."

But upon the other hand Bacchus has been upon the alert. Most untiring has been his zeal—furious the contest, till at last, the glorious victory has been achieved, and he has resumed his throne—given his edict that his "most laudible subjects" shall return to their former laudible vocation—that quietude and harmony—"peace and good will to men" are to be the supreme potentate of the land! Doubtless he is now marching at the head of his army—all inspired with divine fury—armed with thyrsi, clashing cymbals, and other musical instruments, uttering the wildest cries over his lately achieved domain, yea, such is but a faint shade of the existing affairs in Pennsylvania.

What is to be done? In the language of a Henry, do you propose to lie supinely on your backs till the enemy shall have bound you hand and foot? May we trust there is yet moral consciousness in the heart of Pennsylvania of the wrong that is crushing out her rights. The ray of hope has not entirely abandoned her. Her soul must still throbb, sending the burning pulsations through her veins for the right! She, a suppliant extends her hands soliciting assistance. Shall she not have it? Shall the future historian record the blackening stigma upon her history's pages, that she died a moral death to the good of rum in eighteen hundred and fifty six? The colonists were routed at Lexington. But Truth and the Right were on their side, and it was but to rally them to renewed energies to retrieve the wrongs of their infant nation. Let the question be again put to the citizens of Pennsylvania. Shall Temperance and Truth meet the opposing elements and assert their claims, or shall rum be the God of the state, and madness, pauperism, crime, degradation, misery and blood abound therein? Let the wisdom and discretion of the people decide.

Alfred Seminary. H. G. JOHNS.

A STORY FINISHED.—Some years ago, a Cincinnati paper received and printed the first chapter of what promised to be a thrilling romance, with the expectation of being provided with the concluding portions as might be needed. The chapter was very ingeniously written and concluded, leaving the principal character suspended by the pantaloons from the limb of a tree over a perpendicular precipice. It attracted the attention of the press; inquiries were frequently made concerning the continuation of the story, and the fate of the hero. Day after day, the victimized publishers looked for the remaining chapters, but in vain; they never came to hand. Finding that they had been "sold," and wishing to put a stop to the jokes their cotemporaries were cracking at their expense, they briefly concluded thus:

CHAPTER II.—Conclusion.

After hanging to the treacherous tree four weeks, his pantaloons gave way, and Charles Melville rolled headlong over the yawning precipice. He fell a distance of five miles, and came down with the smail of his back across a stake, which so jarred him that he was compelled to travel in Italy for his health, where he is at present residing. He is engaged in the butchering business, and is the father of a large family of children.

"CALL YOUR NEXT WITNESS."—Yesterday, in the Court-House, while the third speech in an important case was being made by a learned barrister, the Judge fell asleep. The barrister proceeded for some time, but at length sat down, remarking "the court's asleep." Lawyer, officers and spectators sat in profound silence for some time, seeing the court in repose. At length a lawyer, bolder than the rest, ventured to shake the court, when rubbing his eyes, his honor cried out, "Call your next witness." But having been thoroughly awakened by the laugh that followed, he corrected this by saying, "Proceed with your argument."—*Cin. Gazette.*

### Arrest of Governor Robinson.

We had an interview yesterday, at Barnum's Hall, in this city, with Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Governor elect of the Free State Party of Kansas, and learned from her that on the 10th inst., on-board the steamer Star of the West, at Lexington, her husband was arrested by a mob under the leadership of Gen. Shields of that place. Robinson at the time was in his stateroom asleep. The party in search went thither and called him out.—He demanded of them the cause of his arrest, when they charged that he was a fugitive from justice, and stated that they should detain him until they could hear from Governor Shannon in relation to the case. To this Robinson replied by saying that he was a fugitive, and stating that he was on his way East on personal business. His plea, however, was not credited, and he was taken to the house of Gen. Sawyer, where he is now a prisoner under guard. His wife accompanied him, but afterward left for St. Louis.—Governor Robinson was told that if he did not submit to the capture force would be used. He, therefore, permitted himself to be taken without resistance. Mrs. Robinson states that no process of any description was served against her husband, and that he left Lawrence with the knowledge of hundreds of people. She says the mob was boisterous but made no hostile demonstrations. She presumes her husband will be liberated in a day or two.

MRS. ROBINSON'S OWN STATEMENT.

Since the above was in type, we have received from Mrs. Robinson's pen, the following statement of facts relative to the proceedings on board of the Star of the West, which will be found highly interesting:

St. Louis, Thursday, May 12, 1856.

As Gov. Robinson and myself were passing down the Missouri River on our way to St. Louis and further East, upon affairs of business, we were taken off the boat at Lexington, at the instigation of lawless men, they pretending that Gov. R. was fleeing from an indictment. He assured the gentlemen, some eight or ten in number, who gathered about our state-room door, opening upon the guard, that such was not the case, that he had heard of no indictment, that his whereabouts, whether in Lawrence or elsewhere, was at all times known, that if the Marshal had desired to serve such a process upon him he could have easily done so and he should have suffered no resistance. He told them also that he would never think to escape from an indictment for any political offense, and had he been doing so, of all places he would have avoided the Missouri River and Lexington. Upon the statement of a gentleman that the delay in consenting to leave the boat, as the crowd had found the bar and were drinking freely, only added to Gov. R.'s danger of personal violence, he said, "Let me see the crowd, and I can shortly convince them that I am not running from an arrest; then I can continue on my journey." To which the reply was given to the effect that he would be in immediate danger of mob violence. It was also insisted upon as a means of safety that we pass out on the guard in leaving the boat, while the exasperated people, a "cabin full" of them, should be unaware of our departure. A carriage was in readiness to take us to the town. We were quartered in the house of a Mr. Sawyer, who kindly offered his home as a place of safety, the night-guard about the house alone reminding us of the fact that Governor R. was a prisoner. I omitted to mention in its proper place that the gentlemen upon first coming to the state-room said they had been talking to the crowd for fifteen minutes, trying to persuade them to leave the boat, but that none would be satisfied unless he remained in Lexington until they could learn whether an indictment was out against him, while others cried, "Drag him out." To Gov. R.'s suggestion that if he was running away from an arrest, he could see no grounds for another State to interfere, one of the gentlemen replied, "He did not wish to get into an argument, &c. Gov. R. is retained a prisoner, while I am allowed to pass on."

I make this statement that the true state of the case may be known.

SARA T. D. ROBINSON.

INDEPENDENCE.—We like independence; like to hear a man express his honest convictions on any and every subject on which he may have occasion to speak. A man who is a mere echo of some leading politician—some distinguished divine or some shrewd financier; whose religious sentiments are the sentiments of his church—his political views a fac simile of his party organ—who listens with open mouth and glaring eyes to those whom accident has elevated, pecuniarily a little above himself, not daring to utter an opinion which does not fully coincide with that coming from such a source; may find appropriate spheres in this world; but the moral and intellectual condition of the community will not be greatly improved by any thing he dared to do or say.

A FATAL DUEL.—The Baltimore Sun states on Saturday last a duel was fought on the line of North and South Carolina, between Dr. Wilkins and Mr. Flanner, a commission merchant, both of Wilmington, N. C. On the first fire the ball of the latter cut off a part of the Doctor's ear; the second fire put his ball through the Doctor's hat? Nothing daunted the latter coolly remarked that his hat was a new one, and desired that it should not be aimed at. The seconds here interposed, and used their best endeavors to reconcile the difficulty, but without success. The combatants then resumed, when the ill-fated Doctor was killed at the first fire. The quarrel originated on political grounds.

GIANTS IN THEIR SLUMBER.—The Burlington (Iowa) State Gazette says that while some workmen were engaged in excavating for the cellar of Gov. Grimes' new building, on the corner of Main and Valley streets, they came upon an arched vault, some ten feet square, which, on being opened, was found to contain eight human skeletons of gigantic proportions. The walls of the vault were about eighteen inches thick, well laid up with cement or indestructible mortar. The vault is about six feet deep from the base to the arch. The skeletons are in a good state of preservation; and we venture to say are the largest human remains ever found, being a little over eight feet long.