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## SHE LOVED HIM.

BY OSO. P. MORRIS.

She loved him; but she knew it not—  
Her heart had only room for him,  
All other feelings were forgot.  
When she became another's bride,  
As from a dream she then awoke,  
To realize her lonely state,  
And own it as the voice she broke  
That made her drear and desolate.  
  
She loved him; but the slander came  
With words of hate that all beloved;  
A stain thus rested on his name,  
But he was wronged and she deceived.  
Ah, woe the act that gave her hand,  
That drove her loved one from her side,  
Who led him to a distant land,  
Where battling for a name he died.  
  
She loved him, and his memory now  
Was treasured as a thing apart;  
The shades of thought were on her brow,  
The seeds of death were in her heart.  
For all the world, that thing for him,  
I would not, could not be and live,  
That casket, with its jewel gone,  
A bride who has no heart to give.

## Select Miscellany.

### An Accommodating Judge.

The following anecdotes are told in Governor Ford's History of Illinois: "In those days (from 1818 to 1830,) justice was administered in the court without much show, parade or ceremony. The judges were gentlemen of sense and learning, who had their courts mostly in log-houses, or in the bar rooms of taverns, fitted up for that purpose, with a temporary bench for judges and chairs and benches for the lawyers and jurors.

"At the first Circuit Court in Washington county, by Judge John Reynolds, on the opening of the court, the sheriff went out into the court yard, and said to the people, 'Boys, come in—our John is going to hold court.' In general, the judges were averse to deciding questions of law. They did not like the responsibility of offending one or the other parties. They preferred to submit every thing they could be decided by the jury.

"I knew one who, when asked for instructions to the jury on points of law, would rub his head and the sides of his face with his hands, and say to the lawyers, 'Why gentlemen, the jury understand it; they need no instruction; no doubt they will do justice.'

"This same judge presided at a court in which a man named Green was convicted of murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence upon the culprit. He called the prisoners before him and said to him, 'Mr. Green, the jury says you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. I want and all your friends down on Indian creek to know that it is not I who condemn you—it is the jury and the law. Mr. G., what time would you like to be hung? The law allows you time to preparation.' Mr. Green said, 'May I please your honor, I am ready at any time, those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul. My preparation is made, and I am ready at any time the court please.' The judge replied, 'Mr. Green it is a very serious matter to be hung, it can't happen to a man but once in his life, and you had better take all the time you can get.'

"Mr. Clerk took at the altar, and see whether this day two weeks comes on Sunday.' The clerk looked as directed and reported that, that day four weeks came on Thursday.' 'Then,' said the judge, 'Mr. Green, the court will give you only to this day two weeks.'

"The case was prosecuted by James Turner the attorney general, who interposed and said, 'May it please the court, on occasions of this sort it is usual for courts to pronounce a formal sentence, to remind the prisoner of his perilous condition; to reprove him for his guilt, and to warm him against judgement in the world to come.' To which the judge replied, 'G. Mr. Turner, Mr. Green understands the whole matter; he knows he has got to be hung. You understand it, Mr. Green, don't you?' 'Yes,' said the prisoner. 'Then, Mr. Sheriff, let the prisoner be remanded, and adjourn court.'—*Home Journal.*

### Legal Anecdotes.

Two of the great guns of the New Hampshire bar, Jeremiah Mason and Ichabod Bartlett, had been battling all the week, and the most important cases were disposed of. The judge was half asleep, the jury in scarcely a better condition, the cases were decided before those interested hardly knew which way to turn. About four o'clock an old man was placed at the bar accused of passing counterfeit money. There were but few persons in the court room—the lawyers who had finished their business, had gone home, and the fellow seemed in a fair way to be rapidly consigned to the state prison. Mr. Bartlett the younger gun, sat with his arms folded, and his feet upon the edge of the table, while the attorney general examined two or three witnesses. Never was justice hurried through in a more summary manner: The evidence was direct and conclusive, and as witness after witness left the stand, the old prisoner's face grew paler and paler, and he trembled at the certainty of his fate.

By and by Mr. Bartlett opened his eyes, cast a glance at the gray hairs of the old culprit, frowned gently, and turning to the attorney general, said audibly, 'I'll defend this man.' He asked no questions of the witnesses and took no notes—but when the evidence was through he rose and delivered one of the most beautiful arguments ever heard. The testimony which appeared as clear as noon-day, he pulled all to pieces—he made discord of harmony—non-sense of sense—discrepancy of the most exact arguments—and when he touched on the old man's unjust sufferings he even drew tears. Without leaving their seats the jury declared the prisoner 'not guilty.'

The weeping man, with clasped hands, leaned forward, seeming to invoke a blessing on the head of his defender. 'Let him out constable,' said Mr. Bartlett, 'and now, you old rascal, go about your business, and never let me catch you passing counterfeit money again.' The jury started in wonder, and I left the Court House, laughing, yet sorrowful.

### Leap-Year Dialogue.

Miss, will you take my arm?  
Yes sir, and you too?  
Can't spare but the arm, Miss, replied the old bachelor.  
Then replied she, I shan't take it, as my motto is go the whole hog or nothing.

## How Some Folks Marry and Live.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, marries it, goes to house-keeping with it, and boasts of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are nine to ten he has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an old story—or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted—and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid his attention to, all that he set-up with, all he ever bargained for, all he swore to love, honor and protect, he gets sick of his trade, knows a dozen faces which he likes better, gives up staying at home evenings, consoles himself with cigars, oysters and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding house. A family of children grow up about him; but neither he nor his "face" knows anything about training them, so they come up helter-skelter; made toys when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when young men and women; and so pass year after year, and not one quiet, happy hour is known throughout the whole household. Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances the polka with it, exchanges billet-doux with it, pops the question to it, gets "yes" from it, takes it to the parson's weds it calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says (poor fellow) that he, too, is married and has got a home. It's false. He is not married; he has no home, and he soon finds it out. He's in the wrong box; but it is too late to get out of it. He might as well hope to escape from his coffin. His friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the new Bible, the baby—and then bid the "fortune," and he who husbands it, good-morning! As if he had known a good morning since he and that girl-doll fortune were falsely declared to be one! Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, proffering themselves both in exchange for one heart. The dear Miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home the prize, shows it to pa and ma, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there were never such a pair of whiskers before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married? Yes, the world calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and the unlucky discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one though all the priests in Christendom pronounced them so.

### East India Jugglers.

One of the old men came forward upon the gravelled and hard-trodden avenue, leading with him a woman. He made her kneel down, tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded her eyes. Then bringing a great bag made with open meshes of rope, he put it over the woman, and laced up the mouth, fastening it with knotted intertwining cords in such a way that it seemed an impossibility for her to extricate herself from it.

The man then took a closely woven wicker basket, narrowed toward the top, lifted the woman in the net from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without the exertion of some force that he could crowd her through the narrow mouth. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket, in which, from its small size, she was necessarily in a cramped position, he put the cover upon it, and threw over it a wide strip of cloth, hiding it completely. In a moment, placing his hand under the cloth, he drew out the net quite united and disentangled.

He then took a long, straight, sharp sword, muttered some words to himself while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead, then pulled off and put aside the covering, and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket.

Prepared as we were, in some degree, for this, and knowing that it was only a deception, it was yet impossible to see it without a cold creeping of horror. The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes, driving the sword through and through the basket, while the other jugglers looked on, apparently so much interested as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective. Stopping after he had riddled the basket, he again scattered dust upon his top, lifted the lid, took up the basket from the ground, showed it to us empty, and threw it away. At the same moment we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees at the distance of at least fifty or sixty feet.

Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat, the old man and woman were quite removed from the rest of their party. The basket stood by itself on the hard earth, and so much beneath the verandah on which we were sitting, that we could easily see all around it. By what trick our watchful eyes were closed, or by what means the woman invisibly escaped, was an entire mystery, and remains unsolved.

FRUIT IN THE WRONG PLACE.—The fashion of wearing vegetables upon the head has been introduced the present year, and ladies look as though they had been to market and were just returning with their purchases hanging down the back of their necks. The favorite ornaments for bonnets and head dresses, at present, are bunches of fruits, plums, oranges, lemons, peaches, apples and quinces. Most Pomona like and tempting do the spring bonnets look, with these fruity decorations, and the normal fondness of the mother of us all for apples, appears to have broken out in the most astonishing form.

Can a man who sells tea urns, be said to urn his living.

## Life in Africa.

Rev. Mr. Beachman, a minister of the London Wesleyan Mission, recently returned from a visit to Africa, and in a sketch of the social condition of the negroes inhabiting the Gold Coast and its vicinity, he furnished a truly awful picture, thus: "Scarcely had one of their barbarous customs been abolished, from the earliest period of which we know of them. They will even pave their court-yard places, and even the streets or market places of their villages or towns with the skulls of those butchered in their wars or at feasts, funerals, or at sacrifices to Bossom.

"Still, their wives and slaves are buried alive with their deceased husbands and mates. When Aphanzon died, two hundred and eighty of his wives were butchered before the arrival of his successor, which put a stop to it only to increase the flow of blood and number of deaths in other ways. The living wives were buried alive amid dancing, singing, bewailing, the noise of muskets, horns, drums, yells, groans and screeches: the women marched by headless trunks, be-daubed themselves with blood and mud.—Their victims marched along with large knives passed through their cheeks. The executioners struggled for the bloody office, while the victims looked on and endured with apathy. They were too familiar with the horrid sacrifice to show terror or to imagine it was not as it should be. Their hands were chopped, and then their legs were sawed off to prolong the amusement. Even some who assisted to fill the grave, were then hustled in alive, in order to add to the sport or solemnity of the occasion. Upon the death of the king's brother, four thousand victims were thus sacrificed. These ceremonies are often repeated, and a hundred slaughtered at every rehearsal massacre which occurs.

At their Yam customs, Mr. Bowditch witnessed spectacles of the most appalling kind. Every cobco or noble, sacrificed a slave as he entered the gate. Heads and skulls form the ornaments in their processions. Hundreds were slain, and the streaming and teeming blood of the victims was mingled in one vast pan, with various vegetable matter, fresh as well as putrid, to compose a powerful Fetich. At these customs, the same scene of butchery occurs. The king's executioners traverse the city, killing all they meet. The king, during the bloody saturnalia, looked on eagerly and danced with delight in his chair.

The king of Dohaney paves the approaches to his residence, and ornaments the battlements with the skulls of his enemies. The great Fetich tree at Barbary has its wide-spreading limbs laden with carcasses and limbs. The want of chastity is no disgrace, and the priests are employed as pimps. Murder, adultery and thievery are no sins there.

THE MAYOR'S COMPLAINT BOOK.—It is the custom of some of the Mayor's of the North to keep complaint books, in which the people may enter their complaints of nuisance they want abated. Apropos of one of these. The Spirit of the Times gives the following amusing story:

(Scene, Mayor's Office, 10 o'clock A. M. Enter a bilious looking man, dressed in a seedy coat and black whiskers.) Saffron Gent.—Is the Mayor in? Mayor W.—Yes sir. Gent.—Are you the Mayor? Mayor (looking dignified)—Sir, I have the honor.

Bilious Citizens.—Have you a book in which people can leave their complaints? Attentive Dignitary.—Yes sir; and at once proceeded to open a volume large enough for a country umbrella. The Mayor having seized a pen and dipped it in the ink, proceeded as follows: Will you put your complaint in the book, or do you wish me to do so?

Gamboge Subscriber.—Well, as I am a little hurried you can put it in the book. Interested Functionary.—What is the complaint? Sallow Individual.—It is the liver complaint.

It is sufficient to say that the ponderous volume was shut in a jiffy. The pen dropped, and when we caught a glimpse of His Honor at Hank's, a few moments after, he "consigned the cora," and put on his customary "smile."

A SOLDIER'S STORY.—During the Mexican war, the veteran General Riley, since deceased was ordered to lead the storming party at Cerro Gorda. During the war of 1812-14 Gen. Riley had been shot in the throat, and consequently had a peculiarly strange intonation. He was ordered to storm one of the batteries of Cerro Gorda, and when his command was mustered, and was thus addressed by his second in command: "General, I do not think we can take this work."

"Think! By—you are not paid for thinking." "But Sir," said Col. B., we can't take it!" "Can't take it—you have got to take it." The old General put his hand to his belt, and pulling out a paper, said, "Here their ilk Gen. Scott's orders in black and white to take the thing." And they did take it.

It is the law in France, that men draw for the military service must either serve themselves, procure a substitute, or pay certain amount to the government. The sum paid into the treasury in this way amounted during the continuance of the late war to 62,400,000 francs representing 22,285 substitutes.

## A Scene in Church—Redemption of a White Girl from Slavery.

In the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Church, yesterday, at the close of the sermon, a curious scene occurred. Mr. Beecher stated that he was about to do something which perhaps would be misunderstood, and subject him to considerable criticism and imadversion. He read the following, from 12th chapter of Matthew, to show that he had a precedent in the conduct of Christ for what he was about to do:—

9. And when he was departed thence, he went into their synagogue: 10. And behold, there was a man which had his hand withered. And he asked him, saying, is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day? that they might accuse him.

11. And he said unto them, What man is there among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will not lay hold on it and lift it out? 12. How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore, it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day.

13. Then saith he to the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it forth; and it was restored whole, like as the other.

After reading the above, Mr. Beecher continued:—About a week since I received a letter from the city of Washington which contained what I conceive to be most extraordinary story. A certain young woman nearly white was offered for sale in that city, by her own father, for a purpose so infamous, that it is impossible for me to allude to it here. Strange to say, a Slave-dealer who knew of the facts became interested in the girl, and to his credit interposed in her behalf, to save her from the fate that awaited her. The price of the girl was fixed at \$1,200. He subscribed \$100 himself, and actually induced another Slave-dealer to give another 100 towards raising a fund for her liberation. Application was made to certain eminent men of Baltimore, and \$500 more were raised, leaving \$500 more to complete the required sum. The girl was sent here on her own personal security, and she must go back next week unless the \$500 are subscribed before to-morrow. You, brethren, are to say whether she will go back or not. It is said that Abolitionists talk about the freedom of the Slave, but do not act. It is for you to show that the statement is untrue. I will show you the girl who is to be condemned to an infamy unless this Christian congregation interposes to save her. Sarah, come up here.

This girl came forward and ascended the pulpit, Mr. Beecher handing her up the steps and furnishing her with a seat, so that the whole audience could see her. The utmost curiosity and interest was manifested by the audience when the girl was in sight. She was almost white, had straight hair, and might in a crowd have passed for a white woman. She was about twenty years of age, was neatly dressed, and might be called handsome.

While the plates were passing around, many of the women in the house were in tears, and the contributions were most liberal, the plates being covered with gold coin and bank bills.

Mr. Beecher continued addressing the audience while the money was being collected, and asked "was they willing that vast territories should be thrown open for the enslavement of women such as the one now before them?"

Here an old gentleman in the audience rose and stated that several persons in his neighborhood had pledged themselves to raise all that was necessary over the collection to free the woman. This announcement caused loud applause, as the feelings of the audience were aroused to the highest pitch. The stamping of feet and the slapping of hands continued for some minutes.

Several females in the vicinity of the writer were applauding loudly, and waving handkerchiefs; they were generally used—indeed, the utmost excitement prevailed.

Mr. Beecher said he did not approve of an ungodly clapping of hands in the Church of God, but he could see no harm in doing so on the present occasion. The hills of Judea were wont to ring with the plaudits of the people and the sound of cymbals, when any signal instance of God's presence was manifested, and he could forgive that natural outburst of enthusiasm on any occasion like the present. Let us now, he continued, join the hymn—the first hymn of freedom our sister has ever heard.

A hymn was then sung with great fervor, when the audience slowly dispersed. We learn that \$900 were collected, \$300 more than was required. It is stated—with what truth we know not—that this girl is the daughter of one of the first gentlemen of Virginia, has been well educated, and is accomplished and refined. She ran away from her master last Christmas, and was arrested and imprisoned in Baltimore.—Her owner then sold her for \$1,500. She was purchased by a slave dealer, who knowing her good character, and the odious relation which she had been compelled to hold in her master's family, took compassion on her, and purchased her in order to give her freedom. For this purpose, he and his friends contributed \$300. The sum of \$450 was contributed for the same object by persons in Washington, through the agency of Dr. Bailey, of the National Era. She was then sent North to Mr. Beecher, on her parole of honor, to obtain the balance of \$500 necessary for her redemption.

A printer never ought to back out from an "affair of honor" because he is skilled in the use of shooting-sticks.

## Who are the Leaders in Kansas?

An impression seems to prevail extensively throughout the country at large that the leaders of the movement in favor of making a free State out of this territory, have all been strong anti-slavery men in former times, or, in other words, Abolitionists. They have been the very reverse of this. Not one of them ever had any sympathy with the Free Soil or Liberty party, nor ever acted with it, so far as we are informed. The five most prominent men are Gov. Robinson, Lieut. Gov. Robertson, Senators Reeder and Lane, and Mr. Delahay, the member of Congress elected under the new Constitution.

The first was born in Massachusetts, and both there and in California, where he lived for some years, actively supported one of the great parties which divided the nation up until 1852. He never was either a liberty man or a Free Soiler. In fact, throughout his whole life, until he emigrated to Kansas, he took decided part against them and their peculiar doctrines.

Lieut. Gov. Robertson is a native of Fayette county, and was a leading and active member of the democratic Legislature which assembled at Harrisburg in 1854. He was, from the time of the introduction of the Nebraska bill into the Senate by Douglas until its passage, a warm advocate and friend of its principles.

Every one in this State knows Alexander H. Reeder. All know he is a Pennsylvanian and a man of talents. His devotion to the Democratic faith procured from President Pierce his appointment to the Governorship of the territory. His warm advocacy of squatter sovereignty placed him in direct contact with the Free Soilers. Indeed, he has been in collision with them throughout his political career.

Mr. Lane was elected Lieut. Governor of Indiana by the Democratic party shortly after his return from the bloody field of Buena Vista, where he had won high renown. Subsequently, he was sent from the same State by that party to Congress, and recorded his voice in favor of the Nebraska bill.

Delahay is a native of Alabama. Some years since he removed to Illinois and edited a Democratic Douglas paper. When he removed to Kansas, he took his press with him and established a squatter sovereignty organ at Leavenworth. But because he dared to deprecate the invasion of the Territory at every election by the Missourians, the chauvinistic citizens of that State threw his press into the river. He is now decidedly in favor of freedom for Kansas.

It is not necessary to say that the Free State men in Kansas, and such are their political antecedents. If they are Abolitionists, then no man in the North can escape having that sobriquet affixed to him. Original advocates of squatter sovereignty, they still believe that the people of Kansas should be permitted to govern themselves without interference from Missouri.—*Phila. Times.*

### Eloquence.

The following passage is from the speech of Hon. John A. Bingham, of Ohio. It is said to have produced a thrilling effect upon the House. We can well conceive that it would do this. The records of Parliamentary eloquence in this country furnish few finer passages. Mr. Bingham, in speaking of the "bloody code, of Kansas, said:

Ay, sir, Congress is to abide by those statutes, which make it felony for a citizen to utter or publish in that Territory anything calculated to induce slaves to escape from the service of their masters." Hence it would be felony there to utter the strong words of Algernon Sydney "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God;" a felony to say with Jefferson, "I have sworn upon the altar of my God eternal hostility to tyranny in every form over the mind and body of man;" a felony to utter there in the hearing of a slave upon American soil, beneath the American flag, the words of fame which shook the stormy soul of Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death;" a felony to read in the hearing of one of those fettered bondsmen the words of the Declaration, "All men are born free and equal, and endowed by the Creator with the inalienable rights of life and liberty;" a felony to utter those other words, blazing in letters of living light on the great written charter of our National Government, "We the people of the United States, in order to establish justice; the attribute of God, and "to secure liberty," the imperishable right of man, do "ordain this Constitution;" a felony to harbor or aid a slave escaping from his thalldrom; a felony to aid freedom in his flight; a felony to shelter the houseless, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to help him that is ready to perish; a felony to give to the famishing a cup of water in the name of our Master. Oh, then, before you hold this enactment binding on an American Congress, tear down the banner of Freedom which floats above us, for stirring reminiscences linger in its folds and the stars upon its fields of azure have gleamed upon its field of "poised battle," where the earthquake and the fire led the charge, and where American virtue and American valor maintained the unequal conflict against the mighty power of British tyranny and oppression. Before you hold this enactment to be law, burn our immortal Declaration and our free press, and finally penetrate the human soul, and put out the light of understanding which the breath of the Almighty hath kindled.

If you don't want corn on your feet, don't wear tight boots. If you don't want to be corned all over, don't get tight yourself.

## Choice Reading for Doughfaces.

### SUMNER SYMPATHIZERS.

From the Richmond Enquirer (Buchanan organ), June 9.

It is idle to talk of union, or peace, or truce with Sumner or Sumner's friends. Cataline was purity itself compared with the Massachusetts Senator, and his friends are no better than he. They are all (we mean the leading and conspicuous ones) avowed and active traitors. The sending the Congressional Committee to Kansas was done with the reasonable purpose of aiding the rebellion in that Territory. The Black Republicans in Congress are at open war with Government, and, like their allies, the Garrisonian Abolitionists, equally at war with religion, female virtue, private property and distinctions of race. They all deserve the halter, and it is vain and idle to indulge the expectation that there can be union or peace with such men. Sumner and Sumner's friends must be punished and silenced. Government, which cannot suppress such crimes as theirs, has failed of its purpose. Either such wretches must be hung—or put in the penitentiary, or the South should prepare at once to quit the Union. We would not jeopard the religion and morality of the South to save a Union that had failed for every useful purpose. Let us tell the North at once, if you cannot suppress the treasonable action, and silence the foul, licentious and infidel propagandism of such men as Stephen Pearl Andrews, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Garrison, Sumner, and their negro and female associates, let us part in peace. We would like to see modesty, female virtue, common morality and religion, independent of Government. The experiment at the South, to leave these matters to the regulation of public opinion, works admirably. We are the most moral, religious, contented, and law-abiding people on earth, and are daily becoming more so.

The reverse of all this is, for the time, at least, true at the North. If you cannot expel the Black Republicans from power, punish them and silence them for the future, you are incapable of self government. You should adopt a military despotism. We adhere to our Republican institutions. Your sympathy for Sumner has shaken our confidence in your capacity for self-government, more than all your past history, full of evil potentials as that has been. He had just avowed his complicity in designs far more diabolical than those of Cataline or Cethegus, nay transcending in iniquity all that the genius of a Milton has attributed to his fallen angels. We are not surprised that he should be hailed as hero and saint, for his proposed war on everything sacred and divine, by that Pandemonium, where the blasphemous Garrison, and Parker, and Andrews, with their runaway negroes and masculine women congregated. He belongs to that crew himself. He is a proper saint for a Free-Love saloon or an infidel convention. But unless there be enough of patriotism, religion and morality at the North, to express general detestation of his crimes and congratulations at his merited castigation, we had better part company. No evil that can befall the South would be so great as association with Sumner and Sumner's sympathizers.

We give below an extract from his speech, that is in truth the programme of the Abolitionists. It threatens us with the sundering of every human tie, and the setting of every man war. Now this is just what Abolition proposes North and South. And we are to be subjected to those unheard of ills, because we assert our equal right to the common domain of the Union. The North knows that he and his compeers have already inflicted on society there, many of these very ills with which he darkly threatens the South. Blasphemy in the Pulpit, such as Parker's and Beecher's, Infidel Conventions; lectures, essays and speeches against marriage, and against female virtue, licentious philantropies, Oneida haunts of communism and incest, Agrarian doctrines and Anti-Rent practices, Free-Love saloons, Mormon States and Shaker villages, and a thousand other vileisms, are the fulfillment, the interpretation, and the commentary of this fiendish oration. These constitute a strife, "more than foreign, more than social, more than civil, but something compounded of all these strifes, and in itself more than war." He and his vile associates have already sturred up at the North the strifes with which he vainly threatens the South. Sympathy with such a wretch is a crime against morality, religion and God.

The reader will find that, although he attempts to involve and darken his meaning, and his threat, his real intentions are those which we have attributed to him. This is what he says:

"But this enormity, vast beyond comparison, swells to dimensions of wickedness which the imagination toils in vain to grasp, when it is understood, that for this purpose are hazarded the horrors of intestine feud, not only in this distant Territory, but everywhere throughout the country. Already the muster has begun. The strife is no longer local, but national. Even now, while I speak portents hang on all the arches of the horizon, threatening to darken the broad land, which already yawns with the mutterings of civil war. The fury of the propagandists of Slavery, and the calm determination of their opponents, are now diffused from the distant Territory over wide spread communities, and the whole country, in all its extent—marshaling hostile divisions, and foreshadowing a strife, which, unless happily averted by the triumph of Freedom, will become war—fratricidal, patricidal war—with an accumulated wickedness beyond the wickedness of any war in human annals; justly provoking the avenging judgment of Providence and the avenging pen of history, and constituting a strife, in the language of the ancient writer, more than foreign, more than social, more than civil; but something compounded of all these strifes, and in itself more than war; sed potius commune quoddam ex omnibus, et plus quam bellum."

The spirit of the People of Kansas is not subdued—the blood of the martyrs will enrich the soil of liberty, from which will rise a new life and a new power that will overcome the brutal tyranny that now grinds them into the earth, and restore them to the enjoyment of that freedom and independence which was sanctified by the blood of their fathers, and is now their own rightful inheritance.—*Germantown Telegraph.*