THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Mind.

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For the Agitator.

WHAT DOES A WOMAN'S HEART MOST CRAVE.

What does a woman's heart most crave,
As her bright form bends o'er the cradled slave?
Can wealth with glittering banks appease,
And fill the aching void with ease?
No, wealth can never state the breast,
Wish, nor still throb to pleasure and rest.
Let Beauty satisfy the lonely wishes,
Can the proud world with adulation blush,
The fatal point of its vain delights,
And fill the heart with world delights?
Oh! no, not none; this a mark, his end,
Has to be heard a higher transport tone.
The wish may move in his career,
With no soft hands to bind to cheer;
But woman asks for a higher boon here,
Sought she in earth or Heaven above;
Oh! yes, history has been most cruel,
As tempest-tost life's sea she trave.
Not love that transient beauty wins,
Nor that which learning's power brings;
The next alone affection reaps,
In sunshine soft, the storm it fears;
But when it rests upon the rock,
Of Heavenly love, earth's storm may mock,
For 'twill prove a shelter whence to hie,
When tempest clouds obscure the sky.

Northumberland. ALLIE.

Political.

Letter from Hon. Philip Dorsheimer.

We take great pleasure in publishing the following letter from the Hon. PHILIP DORSHEIMER of Buffalo, N. Y., so pertinent is it to the question at issue, and soon to be pronounced upon at the ballot box. Mr. DORSHEIMER, as will be seen, is an adopted citizen, a German, and one of many of his distinguished countrymen, who have declared for FREMONT and DAYTON. With him Democracy is something more than a name—it is a great *principle*; and that principle being found in the Republican, and not in the so called Democratic platform, explains his repudiation of Mr. BUCHANAN. Read it citizens, adopted and native, it will do you good. It is a noble and manly letter. It has been furnished us by J. F. Donaldson Esq., of this place, to whom it is addressed:—

BUFFALO, JULY 15, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter asking me to visit the counties of Tioga and Lycoming. I have delayed answering this invitation because I hoped to be able to accept it; but I am sorry to say that my present engagements are such, that I cannot fix upon any definite time for visiting Pennsylvania. Sometime in the Autumn I may be able to, and if so will inform you.

It is the special duty of foreign-born citizens to vote the Republican ticket. Most foreigners come here, as I did, with no other wealth than the strength of their hands. They have to depend upon their labor for all their hopes of future comfort, usefulness and dignity. Of all the blessings which American liberty promises them, the most valuable is the assurance it gives of freedom to work, and security for their earnings. They can part with all other privileges—the elective franchise—eligibility to office—rather than this one. Slavery degrades the working man. It reduces him to the level of the slave. No Know-Nothing proscription can be so effective as that which excludes free labor from slave soil. From all that soil comprising more than one-half the territory of the States, foreigners are to day banished by laws more positive than any legislative enactment, and it is now the purpose of a large and powerful party to banish them from the prairies of the west. Those regions belong to all of us, to the southerner and northerner, the foreigner and native; and it is that each man may have his share and enjoy his rights, that the Republican party enters the fight this campaign.

You say sir, that most of the Germans in your neighborhood, have hitherto been democrats. This is the very reason why they should be Republicans now. For more than thirty years I have been a democrat, never voting any other ticket, and that is what makes me a Republican. The Republican policy is the democratic policy, a policy which was carried out by the administration of Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson and Polk; which received the approval of democratic statesmen like Van Buren, Silas Wright and Cass; and the constitutionality of which was never, until within a few years, called in question by any democrat, not even by such doubtful and unsteady democrats as John C. Calhoun and James Buchanan. This new policy of the extension of slavery, is not democratic at all. It was not thought so by its author until after he had left the democratic party, and entered the cabinet of a whig President. Its chief supporters from the south are renegade whigs. Every foreigner ought to be a Republican, but if he is a democrat as well as a foreigner, I cannot see how he can refuse to become one.

Besides, Sir, we adopted citizens ought to do all in our power to put down this sectional agitation, and to preserve the union of these states, upon which our prosperity and the prosperity of all citizens depend. For this, what course is left open to us? On the one side we see a party which has reopened sectional agitation; revived the slavery dispute; and which proposes to aggrandize one portion of the country, at the expense of all others. This party is now represented by an administration, the most influential member of which and whose chief supporters in Congress, are southern secessionists, open and avowed disunionists. These men do not seek to preserve the Union, while in it they use the power of the government, so that southern territory shall be larger when they go out of it. On the other hand, we see a party, fortunately neither large nor powerful, which besides being fully committed to these sectional schemes of disunion, seeks to destroy the harmony of our society, by drawing distinctions between men of different races and creeds. I have no choice left except to go with the only truly national party, the great Republican party, by which the whole country both north and south, and all citizens, catholic and protestant, native and foreign, will be protected in every right, privilege and liberty; and in whose hands the Federal Union will be safe against all enemies at home or abroad.

We are singularly fortunate in our candidate. I know Col. Fremont to be an honest man, with ability more than sufficient for any duty which may be required of him. His whole career, all his associations show him to be a truly national man. He is the son of a foreigner, he is a southerner by birth and education, his life has been spent in the service of the whole country, he has done more for her than any living American, and he is conscientiously in favor of that time honored policy which protects slavery where it exists under state laws, and prohibits its extension into territory now free.

Hoping to see you in the course of a month or two, I remain most truly your servant,

PHILIP DORSHEIMER.

To J. F. DONALDSON, Esq.

THE LAST SWINDLE.

The mis-named "Peace Measure" concocted by Douglas and his confederate conspirators, is the meanest and basest swindle of all the long list of scoundrelisms which have marked the whole history of this memorable conflict on the side of the Oligarchy and its menial Doughfaces. It is mean, because it is a yielding, in a spirit of arrant cowardice, to the muttering thunders of the people; and because it is a hypocritical pretence of fairness, while the train is all laid which will prevent any fair and just results. After the Free State men have been driven out, harrassed, disheartened, and demoralized; after guards are placed on the Missouri river to prevent any accession from the Free States, and while the leaders of the Free State party are in prison or exile, it is proposed as a "Peace Measure," that the President—aye, the President!—that pink of justice and pattern of impartiality, shall appoint Commissioners to take a census, and the names of the persons only, enrolled under such circumstances, and by such emissaries of slavery, shall be permitted to vote in the election to be held in October! This is a "Peace Measure" with a vengeance!

The reasons why this bold game of deception should be rejected, are ably and unanswerably set forth in the following minority report, presented to the Senate by Mr. Collamer. Senator Douglas having on Monday morning called a meeting of the Committee on Territories and read to it a Report he proposed to make on the several propositions before the Senate for quieting Kansas, Judge Collamer of Vt., the minority of said Committee, having been taken completely by surprise, as he was not previously aware that any written Report would be made, asked permission of the Senate to submit a minority Report next morning, which was granted. That report was submitted and should be read by every man who loves honest and fair dealing, and despises hypocrites and deceivers.

VIEWS OF THE MINORITY.

In the Senate of the United States, July 1, 1856.

Mr. Collamer, from the Committee on Territories, to whom was recommended the bill (S. 172) "to authorize the people of the Territory of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government preparatory to their admission into the Union when they have the requisite population;" and the amendment proposed thereto by Mr. Seward, and the amendment intended to be proposed by Mr. Toombs to the said bill, and to whom were referred the bill (S. 342) "to restore order and peace in Kansas;" the bill (S. 340) "supplementary to an act to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas;" and the bill (S. 351) "supplementary to An Act to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas, and to provide for the faithful execution of the said act in the Territory of Kansas, according to the true intent and meaning thereof," submitted the following, which was ordered to be printed, and 10,000 additional copies be printed with Report No. 198:

It is now proposed to pass the bill to enable the present inhabitants of Kansas to choose delegates to form a State Constitution. It is well understood that the only topic of difficulty there, is the subject of domestic Slavery. As there is not the number of inhabitants there to entitle a representative, according to the present apportionment, it is entirely a matter of Congressional discretion whether a State shall be formed at this time.

If the state of circumstances there be such as to furnish a well-founded expectation that a fair, just, and impartial expression of the opinions and wishes of the actual bona fide inhabitants of the Territory cannot now be obtained, then this experiment should not be attempted at this juncture of their affairs. A succinct statement of recent events in relation to that Territory, its present unhappy and unsettled condition, and the causes which have produced it, will fully show that no fair election of delegates, no just expression of opinion, no true decision, can, at present be there obtained.

In 1854, when the bill establishing the Territorial Government of Kansas and Nebraska was passed, it was enacted that they should, when admitted as States, be admitted "with or without Slavery, as their Constitutions should provide." This, however, was not satisfactory to the Slaveholding States, and, therefore, that provision of the Missouri Compromise which forbid Slavery forever north of 36 deg. 30 min. north latitude, that bill of repose for which the Slave-holding States had received and secured forever their consideration, and which had been sanctioned by thirty years of acquiescence, was repealed, and the novel experiment was professedly instituted of submitting the subject to the people who should come into the Territory.—This was done to admit Slavery into the Territory, which that Compromise forbade. This breach of faith was effected by making another plight of faith, that is, by providing that the settlers of Kansas should be *perfectly free* to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way.

Relying on this last national assurance, many people from Free States, as well as from Slave States, settled in Kansas; and how has that assurance been kept? Neither the Executive nor Congress has redeemed that plighted faith, or executed that law; state, from information which I regard as entirely reliable, and as facts which I believe capable of the most unquestionable proof, which can at any time be presented, that of the 6,307 votes cast in March 1855, for the election of the Legislative Assembly of Kansas, 1,021 of them were cast by armed bands of the inhabitants of Missouri, who invaded Kansas for that purpose on that occasion; that only 1,410 legal votes were cast, and a majority of those were for the Free State candidates, though most of the Free State voters were driven from the polls. This invasion extended to all the Council Districts, and to all the Representative Districts but one, and elected and controlled a large majority of both Houses. The people of the Territory have not been left free, but have been invaded and subjugated, and they are, and their institutions have been, controlled by the people of Missouri, through, and by the tyrannic laws enacted by that Assembly, and more tyrannically enforced by the officers by them appointed. These laws, so made by usurpation, the Executive of this Government has aided to enforce, and in Congress no relief has been granted. The complaints and representations of this usurpation and perversion of the organic act have been represented here as complaints of a mere irregularity, and been treated by the Senate with apparent indifference and neglect, as no measure even of inquiry into their truth has been instituted.

The people of Kansas, thus oppressed and subjugated, have complained and struggled in vain. They have done as they understood the people of other Territories had done before them; that is, formed a State Constitution, inviting all to participate therein, and presented the same to Congress for admission. All such attempts have but brought down on them the reproach of being traitors and subverters of authority.

Abandoned to their oppressors, the Free State people of Kansas have been pursued by them in the same spirit which made the invasion. The acts of said Assembly have by their officers been made the color for all forms of political persecution and oppression. Indictments for constructive treasons and pretended nuisances deprive them of liberty and destroy their property. Under the form of Sheriff's posses, armed bands of people from without the Territory prowl over it and take and destroy property and lives, and intimidate and drive off the Free State people. These people have thus, for several months past been harrassed and scattered, and any attempt at self-defence has been represented by the army of the United States, or been declared *constructive treason*, and treated accordingly.—The settlers have thus in large numbers been driven from their settlements and from the Territory. This is but a brief and feeble statement of the facts. A full picture of the public atrocities and private violence which have been committed with impunity upon the Free State people of Kansas, would excite and arouse the deepest sentiment of indignation.

It would seem to be demanded by a sense of common justice, and by what this nation owes as well to the cause of truth as to its own character and self-respect, that inquiry should be made, and usurpation be subdued, and the public faith be redeemed, by redressing all the wrongs produced by such means. This is not proposed, nor is the law of repose to be restored, or the Constitution already formed to be allowed.

But, instead of this, it is now proposed to consummate the whole by leaving usurpation in possession of its power, and provide no security for those they imprison, oppress, and disperse, but provide that those *now* there, and those only, shall determine the definite condition of that Territory, by now forming a State Constitution. This is but to encourage violence by rewarding it with success. That any result of such an experiment will produce definite national peace and satisfaction, is to suppose the people of this country blind to the power of ordinary discernment, or lost to every sentiment of justice and humanity.—

J. COLLAMER.

Too Honest.

"Mr. Slocum, I believe sir?"

"Yes, sir, James Slocum."

"Some six months ago, Mr. Slocum, you gave me credit for a pair of boots—price $5, I have called to liquidate the demand."

"Gwe me five dollars! Well really, I had no remembrance of that fact."

"Be that as it may, the debt is honest and it must be paid."

Here the middle aged gent, in pepper and salt cassimeres, took out a well filled pocket book, and handed Slocum a twenty dollar bill. Slocum balanced the account and handed the middle aged gent in seasonable wearing apparel, fifteen dollars, being the balance on the boots.

The middle aged gentleman left while Slocum went off in a revery.

"Well the world is not so bad after all; here is at least one genuine honest man. I will never speak ill of the human family again."

Scene Second.—An exchange office.—Enter Slocum.

"Bullion, my boy, just discount that lot of money and give me current."

"Certainly, sir."

Bullion runs over the pictured blotting paper and throws out a $20 bill.

"What do you throw that out for?"

"Not worth a cent—one of the new counterfeits that came out yesterday."

Slocum once more gets into a revery.

"Curse the scoundrel! That's the very bill that honest man paid me yesterday for the boots. What a vile world I don't believe there is one upright man on earth."

The last we see of Slocum, he was waiting for the "perlice" to enter a complaint.

MORAL.—Don't allow yourself to be "done" by too much virtue.

ANTIQUITIES.—To confine our studies to mere antiquities, is like reading by candle-light, with our shutters closed after the sun has risen.

A Story of the Heart.

In a beautiful little cottage upon the Tombigbee River, half obscured by the shrubbery of thirty years' growth, lay a lovely girl, with that fatal malady the consumption. She smiled, oh, how sweetly, and whispered to her friends to sing some song of heavenly worth, for her soul is weary and fain would tarry longer!

She is but seventeen—too young by far to quit the scenes of joy and mirth, yet she is fast passing to the realms of eternal bliss. So lovely she looks now, even in the last hour of life, you would scarce have taken her for a being of this mundane sphere; but rather have thought her a messenger from the land beyond "death's dark vale," where all is bright and flowers ever bloom.

Let us go back over three years of her short, young life, and see what has planted the foul destroyer so securely there, to rob the earth of its fairest jewel in the springtide of life.

Laura Linton at the age of thirteen removed with her parents from Virginia to Alabama, and located on the Tombigbee River, near St. Stephens in Washington County. Mr. Linton was not rich and yet he was not poor, for he had enough of this world to make him comfortable. He had bought a cottage estate which was situated upon one of the most romantic locations near St. Stephens, which I had ever beheld, not excepting the picturesque scenery along the far famed Hudson. Nature may have taken sublimer strides along the glorious Hudson, and thrown more of the deeply wild, sublimely grand and truly romantic than here in the shade of "Greenwood Cottage." But this was a scene of perfect retirement, yet every voice of nature would converse with you in their gushing, joyous strains. Here were books and music—fields and flowers and cultivation—fair as any need to look upon. This was the abode of Laura Linton; a frail, delicate being, with blue eyes and auburn hair, and a skin white as alabaster. She was mild, pleasant and interesting in company; for she had been much in society at that girls age.

Many came to "Greenwood" to walk in its cool shades and enjoy its enchanting scenery; and all who once went, always returned a second time.

Among the visitors there came Geo. B——, he was a man of twenty five years of age, intelligent, handsome, and some said wealthy. He seemed to have fallen deeply in love with everything around this romantic spot. Laura was his constant companion; walking, or riding she was ever by his side.

Month after month went round and a deep and holy love sprung up in the heart of Laura Linton for her companion. He had sworn eternal fidelity and pledged his undying love in words calculated to win the female heart.

Deeper and deeper burned the holy flame on the altar of pure affection in the breast of the artless girl.

Little did she think that him she so fondly loved, idolized and adored was a seducer and a villain of the most libertine character. No, she would not, could not have believed such the case. But in one year she was a ruined, forsaken and broken-hearted girl. Still her parents did not as some have done, far too many, drive a daughter from beneath the parental roof for one fatal step. No, they sought to keep up the spirits of the sorrowful being.

The father questioned his daughter and she revealed all to him—how she had trusted, loved and hoped, and been deceived. Mr. Linton started from a deep reverie into which he had fallen after his daughter's recital of her wrongs; he swore a fearful oath of revenge, and started that very night for New Orleans, whither the villain had fled.

It was never known whether he found the destroyer of his daughter's honor or not; for never one word could be elicited from him on the subject. But it is believed he had his revenge.

But three years ago Mr. L. D. Lanne and myself were riding out from St. Stephens in the evening to pass a pleasant hour up the Tombigbee. Passing along, as we turned our horse rather shortly around, to keep the little winding path, a glimpse of a secluded grave with a white marble column at its head, drew our attention. Upon it is inscribed: "Laura Linton sleeps here; tread lightly round her grave." Strong hearts sometimes grow weak, and tears are our only resource to composure again.—*Independent. Watchman.*

I DON'T DANCE.—A plain unlettered man came from the back country in the State of Alabama, to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went early to church. He had been accustomed to attend meetings in school houses and private dwellings where each one appropriated to himself the first seat which he found unoccupied. He selected there a convenient slip, and awaited patiently the assembling of the congregation. The service commenced. Presently the music of a full toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never heard one before. At the same time the gentleman who owned the slip came up to the aisle with his lady leaning on his arm. As he approached the door of the slip he motioned for the countryman to come out, in order to give place to the lady. This movement the countryman did not comprehend, and from the situation of the gentleman and lady, associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that a cotillion or French contre dance or some other dance was intended. Rising partly from his seat, he said to the gentleman, who was still beckoning to him—"Excuse me, sir—excuse me, if you please—*I don't dance*?"

Freaks of Imagination.

Tulpius mentions a painter, who verily believed that all the bones of his body were so soft and flexible that they might easily be crushed together, or folded one within another, like pieces of pliable wax.

A Lusitanian physician had a patient who insisted that he was perpetually frozen, and would sit before a great fire even in dog days. The Portuguese doctor made him a dress of rough sheepskins, saturated with aqua vitæ, and set him on fire. He then said he was quite warm, rather too much so, and so was cured.

Galen and Avicen makes mention of people who have fancied themselves earthen pots, and therefore have carefully avoided being touched for fear they should be broken.

Then there is the case of the insane watchmaker, mentioned by Pinel, who insisted that he had been guillotined, and that another head had afterwards, by mistake, been put on his shoulders, instead of his own. "Look at these teeth," he would say; "mine was extremely handsome—these are decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul. How different is the hair from that of my own head!"

Mr. Haslam, in his work on insanity, mentions a case of one, who insisted that he had no mouth, and when compelled by force to swallow, declared that a wound had been made in his throat, through which the food had been introduced.

Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated Florentine artist, in his Life, says, that "the governor of the castle in which the former was confined had a periodical disorder of this sort; every year he had some different whim. One time he conceived himself changed into a pitcher of oil; another time he conceived himself a frog, and began to leap as such; another time again, he imagined he was dead, and it was found necessary to humor his conceit by making a show of burying him. At length he thought himself a bat, and when he went to take a walk, he sometimes made just such a noise as bats do; he likewise used gestures with his hands and body as if he were going to fly."

A young man had a strong imagination that he was dead, and earnestly begged his friends to bury him. They consented, by the advice of the physician. He was laid upon a bier, and carried upon the shoulders of men to church, when some pleasant fellows, up to the business, met the procession and inquired who it was; they answered: "And a very good job of it," said one of them, "for the world is well rid of a very bad character, which the gallows must have had in due course." The young man now lying dead, hearing this, popped his head up, and said they ought to be ashamed of themselves in thus traducing his fair fame; and if he was alive he would thrash them for their insolence. But they continued to utter the most disgraceful language. Flesh and blood could no longer bear it; up he jumps, they run, he after them, until he fell down quite exhausted. He was put to bed; the violent exertion he had gone through promoted perspiration, and he got well.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A young lawyer in the interior was the hero a few evenings since, of an amusing mistake, and as it is not worth while to spoil a story, especially a good one, "for relations' sake," we propose to give it, though the hero was a staunch Republican. The young lawyer had gone to the 'rural districts,' to try a cause before a justice, but, the witness being absent, the cause was adjourned till morning. The lawyer went to his client's house near by, to take tea; and in the evening was invited to attend a meeting at the school house. Thither he went, and being full of politics, he jumped at the conclusion that it was a political meeting. After sitting a while in silence, the lawyer got upon his feet, and remarking that while the audience were waiting for speakers, it might be as well to improve the time, launched into a tremendous harangue upon Kansas and Sumner. His "few words" spun to an hour and a half, when G——, a bitter old hard shell, got up, his voice trembling with inward rage, and said, "Since our young friend has concluded his remarks, brethren let us pray." It was intended for a prayer meeting.—*Detroit Tribune.*

GOOD ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.—When serving your apprenticeship, you will have time and opportunity to stock your mind with useful information. The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness, is to devote himself to study during his leisure hours. First, be industrious in your business—be frugal, be economical—never complain that you have to work; go to work with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit which will make you respected and beloved by his master or employer; make it your business to see to and promote his interest, by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own. Young men at the present day are too fond of getting rid of work. They seek for easy and lazy employments, and frequently turn out poor miserable vagabonds. You must avoid all wishes to live without labor; labor is a blessing instead of a curse; it makes your food, clothing, and every other thing necessary, and frees you from temptation to be dishonest.

Did you ever travel in an omnibus on a rainy day, windows and doors closed, eight on a side, limited of course to six, and among that number two women covered with musk? "Dirgste," said a Frenchman, "let me out of ze dore; I am sullocate. You ave vot you call one musty rat in ze omnibus. I ave no parapluye, mais je prefaire ze rain water to ze mauvis smell."

A Northern Preacher Tarred and Feathered.

From The Chicago Tribune.

MANHATTAN, TERRITORY, June 19, 1856.

A courier from Lawrence has just handed me the subjoined communication:

TOPEKA, Kansas, June 19, 1856.

DEAR SIR—In reply to your favor of the 10th inst. I will give you a condensed statement of facts in the case you refer to.

On my returning to the Territory, from Ohio, in May last, I was intercepted at Lexington, Mo. A small party of the citizens of that place came on board the boat, who made themselves rather officious by questioning travelers as to their destination—most of them Southern men, bound for Kansas. A gentleman (?) stepped up to me and held out his hand, remarking at the same time, "I certainly know you." I replied, 'twas possible. He asked me to accompany them into town. I declined, stating that the boat would soon put out, and that I would not have time. He then turned to the others who came on board with him and held a short consultation, when he again turned to me and said: "Accompany us into town."

I replied that I would not.

He then said, "By God, you shall go! Come on, boys, lay hold!"

And, suiting the action to the word, they laid hold of me, and forcibly dragged me off the boat. Resistance would have been useless. They took me to a hotel, where I was introduced to several distinguished (!) individuals, after which we got supper. About 9 or 10 p. m. the same evening I was invited to take a walk. Of course I was obliged to go. After walking about two miles we met another party—one of whom carried a pail. Very little was said to me; the talking was all among themselves aside. I was asked if I was returning to the Territory? What business I intended following when there?

I had forgotten to state that the leader of this party of hell hounds had seen me when I was a prisoner in the Missouri camp at Lecompton, K. T., in December, 1855. At that time I had in possession two hundred copies of the "Constitution of the State of Kansas," which, with other papers, were stolen and destroyed.

To the inquiry as to my future business in the Territory my reply was that I would probably be connected with a paper. They talked apart for some time. Finally the leader told me:

"We owe you a small debt, and it might as well be paid now as at any other time."

I replied, "As you see fit, gentlemen; I am in your hands."

"He takes it cool," said one of them; another, "It's a damned shame, boys, let him loose."

"No! no!" said half a dozen voices.—"Let us fix him and give him a starter toward Abolitionism."

"Good," cried the crowd.

"Well, Sir," addressing me, "you will please divest yourself of your clothing."

"I would rather be excused."

"No parleying now Sir; take hold, boys; lay his garments one side, and let everything be done in an orderly manner."

My clothing was removed from off my back; and instead I was covered with a sticky substance, generally called "tar;" feathers were poured over it. I also received several severe strokes from persons in the gang, and was otherwise brutally treated. My clothes were then given to me, and I was told to depart. I started toward St. Louis; walked about fifteen miles between that and morning, pulling up at a wood-yard as soon as the boat came along, and I took deck passage for St. Louis, where I tarried a few days, and again took passage for Kansas City. I arrived safe. Several interesting scenes took place on my second trip, but I will not give them here.

Yours for Freedom in Kansas, J. F. CUMMINGS.

A LESSON FROM THE BIRDS.—A gentleman observed in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling, a collection of brown thrushes who for several days attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At length curiosity was so much excited, that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of the excitement among them.

On examing the bushes he found a female thrush, whose wings was caught on a limb in such a manner that she could not escape. Near by was her nest, containing several half grown birds. On retiring a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared, with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother and then to her young; she the meanwhile cheering them in their labors of love with a song of gratitude.

After watching the interesting scene until curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman released the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer.

CONNUBIALITIES.—It is the hardest thing in love to feign it where it is not, or hide it where it is; but it is easier counterfeited than concealed. The face of her we love is the fairest of sights, and her voice the sweetest harmony in the world. A man is more reserved in his friend's concerns than in his own; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her own concerns better than another's. A woman thinks herself slighed if she is not courted, yet pretends to know herself too well to believe your flattery. Absence is to love, what fasting is to the body; a little stimulates it, but a long absence is fatal. The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, in sleep; and the greatest medicine, a true friend.

LEARNING.—Drink deep of learning, but avoid muddy and impure fountains. There are "waters of life," clear as crystal and refreshing as the dews from Heaven; there are also waters of death, dark, turbid and impure, and baneful as the poisonous Upas. Who would not prefer the former to the latter? The one quenches the thirst of the soul, the other aggravates and enrages it. It is just as necessary that we should choose between good books and bad, as that we should prefer wholesome aliment to deadly poison.

SKIRTOLOGY.—We see in Broadway windows a "seamless skirt," for ladies, advertised. Good. Anything that will make their skirts seamless will be grateful to gentlemen who have to pass through hoop-frequented streets. Who is the inventor? He deserves a service of plate.