

From the Newport (Ky.) News.

Slave Instruction.

We learn from the Russellville Herald of Wednesday last, (by telegraph) that great excitement exists in the neighborhood of Volney and Gordonsville. A negro, belonging to one of the iron works of Tennessee, who knew something about their plan for liberty, died by torture of the lash rather than tell of his brethren who had conversed with him on the subject of their freedom. He received 750 lashes at the hands of white savages, (too lazy to do their own work) before he expired. How the people of America can stand by and see such atrocity committed in this professed land of liberty, and that, too, against a people whose only crime is that of seeking liberty, is more than we can understand. Even Kentucky—how can the liberty-loving people of this State stand it? Will the real producers and working men of Kentucky suffer these men to go on unrebuked until they themselves fall a prey to these barbarians, and suffer subjugation by the lash, and be bought and sold like the negro whom they now shoot, hang or whip to death for the crime of being known to possess an independent spirit? If the white working men suffer the black working men to be thus treated, they must soon expect to share the same fate. The principle is the same. The white tyrant that sanctions a law to enslave black men for the sake of gain would sanction a law to enslave the whites also for the same end, and then cut and slash, shoot, hang or whip to death all who dared to talk about freedom or self-government. The working classes of the Southern States are too thoughtless of their own doom. Man has enslaved his fellow-man the world over, and in all ages, without regard to color, when he got the power by law to do so, and will do it here on this part of the globe, and in the present age, if he gets the power.

At Cadiz, Trigg County, Ky., yesterday, says The Herald of Wednesday last, a tree negro was hung, after being tried by the Vigilance Committee, and that a number more are in jail, some of whom will be hung.

A white man was hung not long before this for denouncing this inhumanity to man, and another whipped because his heart was moved with sympathy to witness the horrid abuse of the negro, guilty of no crime but that of a love of liberty.

Thus, Fellow-Freemen, is a most horrid state of things to exist in a free country. The black man is robbed of his labor by law, and the white man of his by deed; and not a press in the whole South dare proclaim the fact (save The Newport News) lest some tyrant would say, "Stop my paper." Both black and white, that labor for a living, are viewed as animals of like caliber and low grovelling nature, by the wealthy man owner, except that the cringing white man, who reduces his own wages and that of his neighbor, by fondling around the slave master, is least respected. And such as these are used to set on chase after runaway negroes, to bring them back to work for nothing, that white men may be compelled to beg for a job, and then, like the negro, get only enough to feed and clothe them for it. Oh, sweet institution of Slavery! Oh, sweet barbarity! Sweet brutality and murder! Sweet wealth and poverty! Sweet learning and sweet ignorance! Oh, sweet trifling humanity!

You that dare speak out in Kentucky, let us hear your voice! Speak over your own signatures like freemen, or ask for yourselves a rope for the gallows! The time has come when we should knock a skulking Tory from a patriot of liberty; and to know whether we must live by acting the tyrant, or die for imitating a Washington.

HUNTINGDON THE FORGER.—The trial of Huntingdon is the absorbing topic in New York at present. His counsel concede the fact of his guilt,—acknowledge everything alleged in the indictment,—exaggerate to the greatest possible extent the criminal acts of their client,—and swell the amount of his forged paper to the incredible sum of Twenty Millions of Dollars,—for the purpose of setting up the plea of—Insanity!

The New York Times of Saturday in its report of the proceedings of the Courts in this case says:

"The absence of any great excitement during the progress of the case thus far, and the comparatively brief period within which the whole evidence for the prosecution was compressed, had indeed a very general belief that the trial would pass quietly and stupidly to its close. The illusion was dispelled, however, when this morning the junior counsel for the defendant proceeded to open his case and propound the theory on which an acquittal was to be sought for at the hands of the jury. The assemblage was electrified; and as the idea of the defence assumed sharp and consistency, the astonishment burst through the doors, spread all round the park, gathering strength as it expanded, until finally it assumed the full-blown proportions of a positive assertion that Huntingdon had been declared "Not guilty" on the ground of insanity."

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.—Mr. Valentine Stier, a machinist by profession, and resident of our Boro, lost his life while sporting a few days since, from the accidental discharge of his gun. He and a friend were out in pursuit of game; it appears deceased was passing over some logs, when his foot slipped and he fell, his gun striking on the hammer of the lock with force sufficient not only to discharge the load, but to break off the hammer. The ball took effect in his throat, fracturing the lower jaw in several places, passed through the posterior part of the mouth, the base of the brain, and lodged within the skull at the back of the head, causing instant death. The deceased was a German by birth, and highly respected.—Penrynian, Susquehanna Depot.

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOR. It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour. Don't let them. Anger is merely a pure waste of vitality. It is always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by wrong done to another; and even that noble rage seldom mends the matter.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. Cobb, Editor.

All Business, and other Communications must be addressed to the Editor to insure attention.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

Thursday Morning, Jan. 1. 1857.

The Annual Meeting of the Tioga County Bible Society will be on Tuesday, July 6, in the Lecture Room of the Presbyterian Church, at 2 o'clock, P. M. JAS. I. JACKSON, Sec'y.

No snow yet. Winter looks like a decayed gentleman—rather steady.

WOOD.—Those who engaged to pay for their papers in wood, will confer a great favor on us by delivering it immediately.

The Carrier of this paper will visit our Village patrons with his annual address, to-day. We hope he may meet with a cordial reception on all hands. It must be remembered that the delivery of newspapers by the Carrier is entirely gratuitous at \$1 per year for subscriptions, with the exception of what he may receive from the sale of his Address. The practice in many places is, to charge 25 cents extra for papers left at the doors of patrons by Carrier.

We prefer leaving the Carrier to the generosity of the public. Our Carriers have had no cause of complaint for two years past.

We present a pretty formidable array of original matter this week, outside and inside. There is an interesting letter from Minnesota, by an old resident of this county. Then "Frank" makes some good hits at the tendency of honors and emoluments to elude away from workingmen. "Melanie" teaches Contentment in one short but sweet lesson; but can she teach us "lords" how to be contented under the pressure of pecuniary obligations when debtors won't pay up? "Anna" sends us another short lesson on the importance of spending time properly. "Jennie" sends all her friends a very pleasant New-Year Greeting. And "Jehosaphat" discourses of "Our Village" in a style which invites wit, humor, pathos and morality to a millennial love-feast.

Friendly contributors, one and all—here's a New Year greeting: May you have more sweet than bitter in your life-cups through this fleeting year!

To Republicans.

We are at all times receiving subscriptions for the Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly Tribune and forming Clubs for the same, by joining which, the two latter editions may be had at reduced prices.

By reference to the Tribune's advertisement on third page, it will be seen that an effort is being made by the party in power to proscribethe Tribune and other influential Republican papers. No true Republican will permit this thing to be done in so far as his influence is concerned. Let us all aid in increasing the circulation of such papers as the Tribune and Post.

Shocking!

THEODORE PARKER has "been and done it!" Heterodoxy and orthodoxy are certainly running mad. No sooner does one get into a scrape than in pops the other. Between them, they manage to keep the pro-slavery democracy in a moral perspiration, and the Free Press has its match to prevent the patients from "catching their death of cold." Theodore Parker had the audacity to preach a sermon against our national sin on Thanksgiving Day. The Tunkhannock Democrat waxes indignant thereat and measures out two columns of censure to the audacious preacher, in order to show him that the border-ruffian democracy of Pennsylvania are down on such conduct. Theodore Parker must look to it, or some of our hunkers will frown him out of society.

We trust that our labors in this direction will be appreciated by the rash men who call them out. Of course we expect to retrieve the lost reputations of those preachers who "desecrate the pulpit" by preaching the Gospel as they understand it. Of course Theodore Parker feels uncomfortable under the terrible lash of our North Branch contemporary, and of course he will experience immediate relief when this article shall be published. It will be understood, then, that our efforts are incited by a charitable desire to relieve distress.

The ire of our North Branch friend is provoked because Mr. Parker would treat Slavery as an act, at wrong; whereas, that editor, in accordance with the decisions of the shamocratic leaders, declares Slavery to be a fancied wrong. The rank and file can take their cue from this declaration. Slavery is only an imaginary evil. Important fact!

"Don't you see that the free blacks in Massachusetts are, many of them, miserable and unhappy, Mr. Parker?"—asks Tunkhannock. Mr. Parker will have to reply "yes," to that. "Then why do you neglect the evils near home for fancied evils south of Mason and Dixon's line?"—asks Tunkhannock. That will be a poser.

"Don't you see that many of the poor white folks in Wyoming are miserable and unhappy, Mr. Tunkhannock?"—Mr. Parker might ask. Tunkhannock would doubtless reply affirmatively. "Then why, in the plenitude of your compassion, don't you help to remove them from the actual miseries of free society, south of Mason and Dixon's line, where, thanks to the beneficent 'institution,' misery has only an imaginary existence?"—asks Mr. Parker. "You are a political priest and an infidel,"—Tunkhannock might reply.

Tunkhannock should pitch into the agents of the Missionary Society. Are there not heathen enough at home, without going to Barmah and to the islands of the Sea? Why, here is the great shamocracy! During the campaign, the leaders hung out a banner on which was inscribed:

BUCHANAN

AND

BRECKINRIDGE.

THE CONSTITUTION FOR EARTH!

THE BIBLE FOR HEAVEN!!

On the supposition, doubtless, that the misery on the bitter side of Jordan is all imaginary. The Buccaners know better from personal experience. Such was one of the banners flung to the breezes during the late campaign by the suddenly-grown pious slavocracy. Rev. Mr. DUANE, Rector of Grace Church, Honesdale, alluded to the sentiment on that banner, in a sermon the Sunday following. Then slipped from the least the "Slave-hounds of Democracy." The pen of the Herald dripped with the blood of martyrs; the Herald thundered, paused and frowned. "Religion is in danger!"—howled the editor, when he gained his breath. "The ministerial robes will be soiled; the holy Sabbath has been desecrated!"—he whined. "The pious Christian should withdraw the light of his countenance from Grace Church!"—he pleaded.

Mr. DUANE "still lives!" Our North Branch friend introduces the testimony of one Rev. Mr. Barger, against "political sermons." We shall look at Mr. Barger through his

own spectacles, since he is so good as to lend them. He says he cannot preach against Slavery because "I am a Methodist minister, I find this regulation in our discipline, with which I am bound to comply." "Always suit your subject to your audience," and a slavery does not exist in my bounds I have nothing to do with it.

Very good, sir. Just stick to your interpretation of that regulation and observe where you lodge. You will please make no allusion to either Mormonism or polygamy in your sermons; Premises; there are neither Mormons or polygamists in your congregation.

You will be good enough to avoid all allusions to the degraded worshippers of Booth and Fo; to the fanatics of the Ganges or to the horrible practices of Fetichism; Because, none of your congregation are pagans or infidels.

You will also avoid denouncing infidels and atheists, as it is not very probable that such form any considerable portion of your audience. Also, let the bones of Tom Paine rest hereafter. Thomas Paine does not sit under your preaching. Likewise never preach against murder, theft, or adultery; for, by "suing your subject to your audience" they will understand that you estimate them as a pack of murderers, thieves and adulterers. Such is the practical effect of your interpretation of the regulation quoted.

How do you like it, Mr. Barger? His second reason is—"I don't find the subject 'included in my commission.' The command is—'preach the Gospel.' Exactly. Now let's see you preach 'glad tidings of great joy which shall be to 'ALL people'—without preaching freedom to the bondman. You can't keep your audiepre awake, preaching such gospel as you speak of, Mr. Barger. His fourth reason should have been his first—"My people are as well acquainted with the subject of 'slavery as I am.' Don't doubt it in the least, as, but a few lines above this sentence, we find him declaring that he does not recognize slavery as a moral evil. We apprehend that Mr. Barger may with justice say the same in respect to theology—"My people are as well acquainted with that subject as I am."

Holding Mr. Barger's argument up in the most favorable light, it is puerile and unmanly. Really, it is not an argument, nor an apology for an argument. It is a few words based on pure selfishness. The doctrine carried out would permit the children of Vice in alluring the feet of men from the path of Virtue. And when the editor of the North Branch Democrat declares such arguments to be "convincing," he leaves his readers in doubt whether he intends to be ironical or candid.

Books.—The maker of a good book is a benefactor of the race. A good book is a preacher in the household. The father of a family can do no more laudable thing than to furnish good books for that family.

What is a good book? A good book must be a teacher of good, a developer of the higher and nobler faculties of man. It instructs. When read, the reader must find him or herself bettered by the reading. Such is our idea of a good book.

Scott cultivates the intellect solely; Dickens cultivates the feelings, the sensibilities. The one incites to brain labor; the other to heart labor. The one awakes ambition; the other unlocks the fountains of love and pity. Scott might have educated a world of scholars, but Dickens develops a race of men and women. Both are profitable book-makers but neither, alone, is sufficient to educate the perfect man.

A good library, in our view, must be formed with reference to the faculties to be developed. We have looked over some private libraries in which the works seemed hewed from the same block. One, and the first to which we had free access, was, with the exception of the "Columbian Orator," at that time a discarded school book, devoted to Theology in general and Calvinism in particular. Yet this was deemed an excellent family library. Next we ran aful of a collection of unmitigated trash, which sufficed for a lifetime. Then came a small, but well-selected collection, with Dickens, Shakespeare, Campbell, Kirke White, Scott, and other notables in the foreground. Then an opportunity for growing presented itself.

Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, publish as valuable works as any House in this country. All the old English writers worth reading, appear in their Catalogue. We notice Prescott's Historical Works, published by them in styles to suit the means of the masses, and which should form a part of every family library. History should occupy a liberal space in every home library.

The New Year is a fine time to purchase standard works. New Year feasts afford but a fleeting gratification, while a good book may educate a generation.

Bro. COLB, of the Wellsville Free Press, has declared himself free and independent—of such as do expect the printer to furnish them with papers gratis. We congratulate him on recovering his independence. Had he concluded to go the whole figure, a year would have satisfied him that extreme measures are best in newspaper business. A man who has stood to his duty so long and faithfully as he has done, deserves two thousand cash subscribers. He has earned them; and a dozen active men in Allegany county could drum them up for him in a week. The editor of a paper should never be ripped financially. He cannot write with the Sheriff at his elbow, he cannot think of himself and of his fellow-man at the same time. But parties are as blind as bats and owls. Launched upon the current of public sentiment, it is taken for granted that the editor's canoe must drift into the harbor of Competence, without the aid of oars or sails. It is a mistaken notion. The road to competence is a steep up grade when trod by honest men. There is no short cut leading through fields of perennial flowers for them.

Perhaps it is well to enslave oneself that he may better comprehend the misery of servitude, and thus better plead the cause of humanity. But after quaffing the bitterness of that cup for four years, further experience cannot be necessary to a mind of ordinary aptness. Few will forget the bonds of dependence, though happily emancipated. We shall bear the scars to the grave, even should fate strike off the irons to-morrow. Whether our Wellsville friend has felt the irons, or whether he has passed the ordeal unscathed, we cannot tell; but we wish him as much prosperity as his arduous labors deserve and as much happiness as he can bear.

On the night of the 16th ult., the barn of Mr. David Jacobs, in Charleston township, together with a large quantity of grain and hay and two horses, was destroyed by fire. Circumstances led Mr. Jacobs to suspect foul play. The bones of but two horses were found, while three horses were kept in the stable. This led to the conclusion that the incendiary escaped on the missing horse. Pursuit was made and the villain arrested by A. G. ELLIOT, Esq., by whom he was brought to this place last week and lodged in jail. The prisoner is a Penitentiary bird, named Gregory, sent from Bradford county. He stole a horse from Mr. Jacobs some few years ago, we understand. He confesses to the theft, but declares the burning to have been an accident. Says he lighted a match to find a bridle and thought it put out.

GOVERNOR.—The papers in the Northern Tier of counties of this State, have, generally, declared their preferences for Judge WILLIAMS, as the Republican candidate for Governor. We find it to be the ruling sentiment among Republicans in this county, so far as we have been able to get at it. The Montrose Republican, in speaking of the matter, says: "Probably there is no man in the State who has done more for the Republican cause, or is better qualified for the office, than David Willmot. He possesses great strength here in the North. The frantic efforts of the Sham-Democracy for the last two years to injure him, have resulted in their complete discomfiture, having only served to strengthen the confidence of the people in his wisdom and patriotism. The great Republican majorities in this Congressional District at the late elections, are not only an evidence of the firm hold that the principles of Freedom have upon the popular heart wherever they are well understood, but may also be considered a full endorsement of the political course of Judge Willmot as well as of Mr. Grow."

Give us DAVID WILLMOT as a Gubernatorial candidate, and Tioga will give him a majority of 3500. The District can give him 12,000. Wayne can give him 500—that is, if the Shamocrats do as liberally as they did in November. The nomination should be made with reference to the permanent unanimity of the Northern Tier.

Communications.

OUR VILLAGE.

In a little niche in the Alleghenies, in the north of Pennsylvania, is OUR VILLAGE.—Not far from it, rise the head waters of the Alleghany, the Genesee and the North and West branches of the Susquehanna. From our hills we send forth refreshing streams, intermingling with waters less pure, into Chesapeake Bay, and into the gulf of St. Lawrence, and Mexico. We are therefore, a high people, and in one sense, more highly favoured than some of our lowland neighbors, and as far as our women are concerned we are better favoured. We are surrounded on all sides by hills, though on one of the highest hills on the continent, having a few out-lets and avenues out and in, or rather passes, through which gentle streams murmur and sunlight streams in upon us in our solitude. We are not however a very solitary people, for we have stores and shops and taverns and groceries and oyster saloons, with and without the "special trimmings" where the raws are eat and paid for, or won and eat just as the taste or skill or moral sense of the eater may dictate; and where the stews are served up in the same way, often "sarr'd off" for, and not unfrequently carried down to the living tomb of all dead oysters on beer.

We have a Court House too, for it is known, we are a Shire town, so called, we suppose, because rogues often come into it from sheer necessity, and not from choice; corresponding offices on each side of this palace of justice; three meeting houses, or to speak in a certain vernacular, a church, a meeting house and a Methodist chapel, and let us see, quite a number of law offices. We have, also, three doctors, clever of their kind, who won't kill unless the interests of science or humanity require, and a grave digger. We have, had, are about to have an Academy, it is in a kind of transition state now; just going off, or coming on; wants doctoring, at all events, so has gone down to the Druggist to be near the medicine chest. We are thus particular in the beginning, for like the "Devil on two sticks," we are rather an observing being, and intend in these papers to be specially particular about a great many things, and want to get our burgher citizens interested in our talk.

We have, too, a most beautiful Green; that is, as Pythagoras used to say, we have the figure in the marble, though a most unsightly block, and it only requires the skill of the artist to bring it out to perfection. Our Green, it is true, is in the block, yet we think it will be hewed out in the spring. We would suggest by the way to all artists to begin on the outside to hew, and not in the middle, as our Green artists did last summer, though, doubtless, another summer they will not be so green. We almost forgot one institution, a peculiar institution—we have a printing office; a newspaper to agitate the public mind; and it has been hinted that another village has one here too. We will endeavor to find it out and if we don't forget it, will speak of it.

Our Post-Office is an institution also. It is pleasant to go in there about one o'clock, while the mail, the daily mail, yes we have a daily mail, is being opened; to see the anxious faces; the joyous smile as a letter pops into the right box; the deep anxiety, and gloomy doggedness that settles on the countenance of now and then one, as the wicket opens, while his box is empty. The post-office is a great institution. It carries about more joy and more sorrow; more fun and frolic; more love and hate; more treason and roguishness, than all the other institutions of the world. It isn't Pandora's box exactly, but it is a great box, at all events. Did not you see that young girl go into the post-office just now? Did you see her as she came out? There was a tear in her eye, as she went pensively down a back street to escape observation. "Why don't he write?" My dear girl, he has forgotten you. He don't intend to write. He'll marry a western hore ick girl, and you—well you are foolish to care for him. Let him go. You can find a lover that won't go west to get rid of an engagement.

There goes another girl in. She's out again. How she trips it in her street.—Did you see that letter she hid in her bosom? There is something in her bosom besides that letter; there is joy there; "He's written, I knew he would."

There goes a middle aged woman to the post-office; she asks as she has done for nearly every day for the last six months, for a letter. It don't come. "He must be dead. He would have written. He wouldn't have forgotten his poor mother." My dear woman, he is not dead, I saw him not long ago. He was in an oyster saloon, I saw him playing for oysters and beer. I saw him again playing for money, I saw him with the brandy bottle, then at the loo table, then at poke; then at vingt-un; and I saw him reel to the door peniless, and as he went out into the dark night, I heard him repeat that holy name "Mother," that sacred word stayed his hand as it was lifted against his own life, but it didn't save him. He went back next night mother, your son is lost, you will be childless soon, and should you go to visit his solitary grave, place at his head a tombstone, and en-

grave on it—"He died of disease contracted at an oyster saloon."

There is another mother coming from the post-office. She has a letter from her son.—She's reading it. Let us catch the sentences as she reads—"doing well"—"twenty dollars a month to begin with"—"don't gamble"—"don't go to oyster saloons"—"got a good preacher"—"sunday school"—"going to be a teacher"—"wish I was a christian." Pon my soul the woman is crying—and laughing too hark! "Thank thee oh my God, that my son is preserved from the oyster saloon!" My dear madam, what of the oyster saloon? Oysters are good, "but costly" said she with a sneer "cooked with pasteboard and brandy." Take them raw then, said we. Raw! and she repeated it again "raw! what a dish seasoned with pepper, salt and 'canal water'!" my dear sir I would not give a snap for that young man who takes raw oysters and beer.

Mr. Editor, I don't know exactly what I have written, but I am near the bottom of my page, and here it is. I am a kind of wandering Jew, not the one, that so much is said about, but a good deal younger; and I'm everywhere about, and know all that's going on; and thought as I passed along round I might as well give 'n sketch of matters and things for winter amusement; and if you'll print, I'll have my secretary write down my thoughts for the good of the dear gentiles.

Yours truly, JEHOSAPHAT.

Dec. 24, 1856.

Happy New Year.

A happy New Year to all. My heart gushes and overflows with love and respect to all the inhabitants of this lovely little Village. Here in this quiet place among the mountains, removed far from the hurry, bustle and noise of my native city, I feel much happier; a spring of good, pure and joyous feelings have welled up in my heart, never felt before. I am only a frail child of earth, yet I have a great heart with strength and vigor; though exposed to many temptations, my soul has grown and strengthened mightily.—God has given it life for a good purpose. It was not born merely to die, but to love and be beloved; and new opportunities for retrieving and redeeming mispent moments; for healing the wounds my imprudence has caused; to be kind to the fallen and neglected; to make them feel there is still pity and sympathy for their fallen and unhappy situation. We should not despise them; they have fallen, and we may fall. Instead of crushing, we should endeavor to lighten the burden of sin and suffering. God grant all may be happy in this New Year. Let us all be kind to each other. In such a place as this, all should be as one family. Be kind to all, and our hearts will be light and joyous. I am truly happy here, the dear little Churches with their plain appearance, fill my heart with devotion. The free and pure air expands my soul, and it flows out in gratitude and love to God. So grand and sublime are the works of nature all around us, that all man's work sink into insignificance. All truly noble men, worship God, for he is LOVE. In a few short years we will all have passed away. May we all be prepared to die, that when this soul escapes from its prison—for 'tis truly said that the soul is a prisoner which always kills its keeper when it makes its escape—we will hope and strive till faith crowns us with the wreath of eternal bliss and gain life eternal.

To you all my dear friends a happy New Year. JENNIE.

Proclamation.

To the Clergy of Wayne Co. Pa.

REVEREND SIRS: The ever-shifting current of public events demands that the Democracy again address you in regard to your duties. As the opportunity is not offered on the stump, this method is adopted.

Another subject is to be entered upon the list of those topics which we prohibit the ministry from introducing into their pulpits. We allude to the African Slave Trade.

The subject of re-opening this trade has been broached by its late Governor to the glorious and chivalric State of South Carolina, which recently cast an unanimous vote for Buchanan and Breckenridge. The question has also been discussed in the Southern Commercial Convention, whether African flesh and blood would be a proper article of commerce and its propriety sustained by the delegates from the unworshipping Democratic States of Texas, South Carolina and Alabama. Nay, further, there has been a vote in the House of Representatives at Washington upon it, and forty-eight democrats have voted against a resolution declaring "that this House regard all suggestions or propositions of every kind, by whomsoever made, for a revival of the slave-trade, as shocking to the moral sentiments of the enlightened portion of mankind."

The question, therefore, of the African-slave-trade has become a political one, and you are hereby warned, Reverend Sirs, to abstain from the slightest allusion to it in the pulpit. If any of you should so far overstep your duties as preachers of righteousness, as to touch upon this topic, you will come under the condemnation of our invincible party. It is possible that the question to which we allude may still be a moral question, and considered as such, be not out of place in the pulpit; but since it has assumed a political bearing, of course, it must not be handled. So beware! The faithful have been instructed, (if any minister shall announce Exodus 21st chapter and 10th verse, as a text,) to take their hats and leave the temple of God so disgracefully desecrated by political allusions.

By order of the Democratic Executive Committee.

JEFFERSON WOODRUE, Chairman.

The Huntingdon Journal will please understand us correctly. We say, positively, that Fillmore editors from the valley of the Juniata were in the pay of Forney during the late campaign. The only difference between two of them was this: Jones of the Tyrone Era was more fortunate in fobbing a few of Forney's gold-dollars than Barr of the Huntingdon American. Forney's check did not cover all of Barr's expenses. He said he would be down on him for it. Let him tell the whole truth, and make a clean breast of the sale.—Blair Co. Whig.

Kansas Items.

Travel between this place and Kansas City is mostly suspended. Our business is all done at Leavenworth.

There has not been any taxes laid on lots in this city up to present dates. The titles to lots are the same as a year ago.

Col. TITUS.—Before Col. Titus left Kansas, he offered to liberate any Free State prisoner who would join his command, and go with him to Central America. One man accepted his offer, so far as to promise to meet him, on the 10th of next month, at St. Louis. Titus then took him from the guard, and gave him his liberty.

Three hundred Free State prisoners at Le. Compton, have all either escaped, or been acquitted, save fifteen who are sentenced at Le. Compton. The latter, we have no doubt, Gov. GEARY will cheerfully pardon, when asked to do so, which we hope will be the case soon.

CAPITAL IN LAWRENCE.—Every house in Lawrence, public and private, is overrun with strangers who have recently entered the Territory. Most of them have come with the view of permanent settlement, and are searching for claims, and buying up city property. A greater amount of capital is now represented in Lawrence, than has been at any former period. The future of Kansas was never so cheering as at present.

WILL THEY VOTE.—A friend, writing from Boston, inquires whether the Free State settlers of Kansas would vote for a member of Congress, or take any action, towards forming a new State Constitution, if Congress would empower them to act in the premises. Most certainly they would. The people of Kansas have only refused to vote under the bogus laws. We cannot and will not recognize them. We had no voice in their enactment. They were imposed upon us by a body foreign to our soil, who sought our enslavement. To vote under laws of their enactment, is to surrender the whole question.

ARREST OF FREE STATE MEN.—The Governor, some three weeks ago, sent a couple of companies of United States Cavalry to the south-eastern portion of the Territory, to assist in restoring order and confidence in that vicinity. A few days afterwards, they were followed by E. Hoagland, U. S. Commissioner, and J. A. W. Jones, as Deputy U. S. Marshall. In the vicinity of Middle Creek and Pottawatomie Creek, many complaints were made before the Commissioner, seven arrests, and the following individuals were committed for trial, viz: James Townsley, William Partridge, Henry Kilburn, William Kilburn and Samuel W. Kilburn.

All Free State men of course. The Kilburns are peaceful farmers, living on the Pottawatomie Creek, twelve miles above Ossawatimie. Their buildings and their hay and wheat stacks were burnt by the Ruffians, now, they are suspicious persons, and must be arrested. We are disgusted with this one-sided business, is it possible, that in all these excitements, no Pro-Slavery man has committed any crime worthy of arrest and trial? Two or three hundred Free State men have been arrested, and most of them severely punished before trial, whether guilty or not. But one Pro-Slavery man has been arrested, and he is out on bail. Our opponents expect to make capital out of such conduct they mistake the men they are dealing with.—Herald of Freedom.

The Telegraph to Europe.

The Trans-Atlantic Telegraph has become a fixed fact. The discussions of the British Chambers of Commerce on it are given in another column. The line has been sounded and surveyed. The bed has been chosen whereon to lay the Wire; the Mechanics hired to forge it; the Ships spoken for to lay it, and the day set for them to sail.

Two vessels, each carrying half of it, meet on May 31st in mid-ocean. The ends are linked, and one sets sail for America, the other for Ireland. The cable runs out overboard at the rate of 10 miles an hour. When one ship reaches Galway and the other Cape Race, the work is done.

It will cost a million and a quarter of dollars. Liverpool subscribes a quarter of a million, Manchester a hundred thousand; New York, London, Birmingham and Boston, will raise the rest. So settled an affair do the Stockholders seem to consider it, that they are beginning to discuss what dividends they will pay next year, and how much they will charge for "ten words" from New York to London!

Submarine telegraphs multiply fast. There is a wire from Dover to Calais under the British Channel. There is a wire from Ostend to Dover under the German Ocean. Dublin and Liverpool are connected by a wire under the Irish Sea. Vienna and Sevastopol are linked by a wire under an arm of the Black Sea. Ionian Isles are next year to be wired fast to Greece. Algeria is to be fastened to France, Malta, to England, and Egypt to Constantinople! The London Telegraph Operator in 1855 will hold in his hand wires running to the four quarters of the Globe, as easily as a Coachman gathers up the reins of a Four in-hand.—Alb. Jour.

PRINTERS' FESTIVAL AT ELMIRA.—The members of the "craft" in Elmira have perfected arrangements for a Festival at that village in commemoration of the anniversary of FRANKLIN'S birthday on Friday, the 16th of January next. An address will be delivered on the occasion by a distinguished member of the "craft," and an original poem will be read by FLORENCE B. PILKINGTON, Esq. present Editor of the Chemung County Republican.—a grand supper, with toasts, speeches, &c.—"a feast of reason and a flow of soul"—will be an entertaining portion of the programme of festivities. In the evening, those who feel "light-footed" will "join in a jovial dance" at Holden's Hall. We are authorized to extend a general invitation to all in this vicinity, who desire to attend.—Wellsville Free Press.

By the last foreign arrival we have intelligence of the death of the celebrated Doctor Pusey, the most famous theological writer of the present century. He was the originator of the Anglican or Puseyite party in the Church of England, and, though his early associates, Dr. Newman, and a vast number of his disciples, have gone over to Papacy, Doctor Pusey remained in the English Church.