

The Case of Dred Scott.

Are our readers aware of the character of this case? Dred Scott was a Missouri slave, the property of Surgeon Edmondson of the United States Army.

A Major in the regiment in which Edmondson was a Surgeon, took also to Fort Snelling a female slave. She married Dred Scott in the Fort, and had by him one child, born North of 36 deg. 30 min. of latitude, and another child born subsequently in Missouri.

By the laws of the United States, and of Illinois and of Minnesota, Dred Scott and his wife, were and are free. The children following the condition of their mother, were and are likewise free.

Dred Scott sued for his freedom in Missouri. By the ruling of the Judge who tried the case, his claim was disallowed, and he and his wife and their two children were delivered over to hopeless bondage.

But the decision against Dred was appealed from. How? Dred was of course destitute of means to carry on litigation in the distant Federal Courts of Washington. Slaves do not do such things.

It is a made up case—a politically contrived plot, for acquiring the influence of the Supreme Court of the United States to these new Democratic claims for the benefit of Slaves.

1. That the owner of human beings can lawfully sojourn with them in a Free State, and maintain his claim to them as his "chattel" the laws of that State or the Law of Nations to the contrary notwithstanding.

2. That men of Color, though gifted as Fred Douglass, Ward, McCune Smith, or Garnet, or as gifted as angels in virtue and intelligence, are not "citizens" of the United States.

3. That the "Equality of the States" requires that property in Slaves should be as fully recognized and protected in all the States of the Union, as property in horses is recognized and protected in all of the States of the Union.

4. That the constitutions of the Free States prohibiting Slavery are "penal Statutes," of which neither the Courts of the Slave States, or of the United States, are bound to enforce, or bound to regard.

Department News.

The National Intelligencer of Saturday contains the following:

We are requested to publish the following regulations, made by the Postmaster-General, in order to carry out the provisions of the act passed, requiring pre-payment of postage on all transient printed matter, viz:

Books, not weighing over four pounds, may be sent in the mail pre-paid by postage stamps, at one cent an ounce any distance in the United States under three thousand miles, and at two cents an ounce over three thousand miles, provided they are put up without a cover or wrapper, or in a cover or wrapper open at both ends or sides, so that their character may be determined without removing the wraps.

Unsealed circulars, advertisements, business cards, transient newspapers, and every other article of transient printed matter, except books, not weighing over three ounces, sent by mail to any part of the United States, are chargeable with one cent postage each, to be prepaid by postage stamps.

Where more than one circular is printed on a sheet, or a circular and letter, each must be charged with a single rate. This applies to literary and other kindred sheets assuming the form and name of newspapers; and the miscellaneous matter of such sheets must also be charged with one rate.

A business card on an unsealed envelope or a circular subject the entire package to letter postage. Any transient matter, like a circular or handbill, enclosed in or with a periodical or newspaper sent to a subscriber, or to any person, subjects the whole package to letter postage, from being sealed or from any cause whatever, all printed matter without exception, must be prepaid or excluded from the mail.

It is the duty of the postmaster at the mailing office, as well as at the office of delivery, carefully to examine all printed matter, in order to see that it is chargeable with the proper rate of postage and to detect fraud. At offices where postage stamps cannot be procured, postmasters are authorized to receive money in pre-payment of postage or transient matter: but they should be careful to keep a supply of stamps on hand.

TENDER CONSCIENCE.—A subscriber in Wellsboro Tioga co., this State employed the Postmaster to write to the publisher of the Christian Chronicle, and to state that he wished the paper discontinued because it contained too much politics, and that he should no longer take it from the office. He owes four years for the paper and stops without paying a farthing. What a tender conscience! If the church at Wellsboro wants his name as a case of discipline, by dropping us a line they can have it.—Christian Chronicle.

DR. GLEASON SHOT.—A Dr. GLEASON, who lectured in this place about a year and a half since, and sojourned for a time in Elmira, was shot by his own wife somewhere in the interior of Tennessee a few weeks ago. It appears that the Doctor had abandoned his wife, and was living an illicit life with another woman. His wife became enraged at his conduct, and proceeded, with a revolver, to his residence, where, finding the guilty couple in bed, she shot the recreant husband, he expired instantaneously.—Brad Reporter.

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. 22, 1857.

The Friends of Rev. A. A. MARPLE are respectfully invited to attend a Donation visit at the Episcopal Parsonage, on Thursday evening, Jan. 22, 1857.

The severe storm of Sunday night and Monday, cheated us out of a New York mail on Tuesday.

Sunday, will be remembered in this region, as a day of intense cold. The mercury ranged from 10 to 6 degrees below zero. The weather has been intensely cold for many days.

There is little news from Congress of importance. On the 14th inst., Mr. GAZOW, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill to authorize the inhabitants of Minnesota to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to entering the Union as a sovereign State.

TOWNSHIP ELECTIONS.—These will take place on the 30th inst. It is hoped that our Republican friends will remember the good old "Democratic" custom and see to it that the officers chosen be honest and efficient men. Town officers are important functionaries, notwithstanding the little esteem they are held in too generally. Elect good men. The social and political framework is constructed of many little things; and upon the integrity of these parts depends the perfection of the whole.

We really hope no one will think that he is meant by this—"To live and owe no man a cent must be the height of bliss!" A dizzy height from which to look upon the world below, must be a precious right which we, poor types we! may know.

The bitterness of living so the printer sadly knows; To walk the streets in borrowed boots and other people's clothes; "to be or not to be, to sleep, perchance to dream"—of being cooked with dunning notes upon the Stygian stream; of wandering in Platonic realms, dogged by a dusky shade, bearing in hand, "We summon you!"—and which must be obeyed; all this we printer chaps must bear—for 'tis our 'nater' to—hang on the sides, and not to live, as other people do. Now ye who think a petty bill of twenty shillings, say, may be put off two years or more, neglected day by day, and yet presume that such a sum, so paltry and so small, will never "make a man if paid," or break, not paid at all—just lend full half a thousand men, say twenty shillings each, and let them keep it at their will—just practice what you preach! We've trusted you two dreary years much to our grief and cost, and bore the sharp and cruel nip of Disappointment's frost, until we're out of everything but sorrow, trouble, debt, and these are lions in the way that must be ever met. Now will you come to our relief and pay those little bills? the act would be a blessed act of healing for these ills; 'twould be a blessed act indeed and aid us to support, the burden of some 100's next February Court.

Politics and Pupils.

We assure the Tunkhannock Democrat that we did not assume to be the champion of "Pulpit politicians" in reply to its strictures upon "political preaching." We only claimed, and so stated, the right of interesting some little defence between our Tunkhannock contemporary and Theodore Parker, whom he so dangerously assailed. Our happiness lies in the happiness of the world of Man around and about us; and therefore it was but natural to take the part of the weaker party.

We must disclaim any unusual agitation on the appearance of the article in the North Branch organ. The editor flatters himself in cherishing—flattering an idea. The article afforded a very good view of the grounds of the opposition to what he calls "political preaching." Not that those grounds of argument are intrinsically of any value, but that they were very well and fully exposed. And we are bound to give him the full credit for even so doubtful a merit as that.

But we did not, as he charges, represent him as saying what he did not say. We do not pretend to determine his meaning by his language, for the language is unmistakable. Yet he declares that it did injustice to his intention—or what is the same, that he holds to just the converse of his declaration:—"The Agitator displays uncommon ingenuity in building up his cob-houses and knocking them down again. He makes us say what we never thought of saying, for the purpose of getting at something like a dare attack. We did not say that 'Slavery is a fancied evil.' We never believed that it was not, and is not a real evil. * * * Our language was as follows: 'Vice and crime and poverty and distress make their appeals to them (the political preachers aforesaid) from the very streets of the cities and towns where they preach; but some fancied wrong in some other clime, but which offers no complaint, and makes no appeal to them for redress, monopolizes their abundant sympathies.'"

Now, how must the editor's meaning be determined, when he speaks of "fancied wrongs"? What wrong does he refer to? This can be learned from the context and from the antecedent subject matter. These both point to Theodore Parker as offending against the dignity of the sacred desk and our opponent's sense of propriety. How did Theodore Parker offend against these? Our opponent says, that he preached against the South. What is the great wrong of the South? Theodore Parker says it is Slavery. Now, in the name of common sense, if the wrong of the South was the preacher's theme of denunciation, and that denunciation the object of the editor's censure, what "fancied wrong" did he refer to, as monopolizing Theodore Parker's "abundant sympathies"?

But the editor cuts his own words in the very next sentence following the extract above given:—"The fact that such fancied wrong is one for which they are in no way responsible, and over which they have no control, seems to intensify their holy zeal. In the very agony of their repentance for other people's sins, they would rain down fire and brimstone, and devote to eternal ruin that portion of the Union that refuses to square its morals by their standard. If this subject of SLAVERY did not afford a pretext for political agitation, pious gentlemen would hardly covet the pleasure of repeating over it."

This sufficiently indicates what wrong is referred to by the artless dodger of the North Branch Democrat, when he speaks of a "fancied wrong." He would do well to keep a file of his paper for convenient reference when he sits down to indite. We can see how a well-meaning man may find it difficult to preserve his consistency while tramping under foot his convictions of Justice and Right. Our friend is not so bad a man as he would seem to be.

But he is not content with such evidence as may be found on record. He abandons these and endeavors to invade the realm of metaphysics and to lose us in its indefinite mazes. We assure him that "being lost" is not pleasant; and that we shall feel low him only so far as it may be necessary in order to aid him to distinguish between argument and a quibble:

"The word 'fancied,' was not designed to express the quality of the thing, but the nature of the evidence which they have of its existence."

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For The Agitator.

Our Village.

It is a pleasant evening. The cool bracing air is propitious for observation and reflection. It is such a night as one might wish for the evening of a New Year's day. Let us go out into the open night, and take note of passing events, and learn the great secret of enjoyment, for to-night, the world is happy. Another year of life has passed, and earth's traveler is one year nearer his home, the grave, and he rejoices. Ah, Seneca, thou wert right; "we would that our journey might last forever, and yet how we rejoice as each successive stage is passed over."

We had written thus far when our Secretary, Minehaha, Laughing Water, as we call her, gave us a slight twinge of the ear, and reminded us that we had promised to go out with her this evening and visit two or three localities in our village, which she had particularly desired to see. Taking her therefore, under our arm, we sallied out, invisibly as a matter of course, and bending our steps up Main Street, following in the wake of a smiling young gentleman, and a highly pleased young lady, we passed along with them into a splendidly lighted saloon, and were greeted with smiling faces, joyous words and happy hearts. We could not but observe that all were happy; the gray-headed old man, the middle aged woman, for woman doesn't get to be middle aged till she is quite advanced, and, not then if she can help it—the smiling youth, the gay and laughing belle and the blushing bride. How they are mixed up; childhood and old age, laughing youth and sober silver hairs! See how joyous that old man looks, and how his heart warms as he sees all this happiness, and thinks himself a youth once more. The gay laughing chat of that damsel; the coy blushing awkwardness of that young swain, as he tries to say something gallant and can't get it off right; the tender glance of young Selim as he catches the eye of that "sweet young lady" over the other side of the room, and the exceeding politeness of that old man of a dozen children, as he tries to do up his best as young Strephon, all conspire to impress one with the idea that such a scene as this is the place to be happy in. The gay notes of music, the mazy dance, and even the uproarious noise of the gay promenade are but the outpourings of the hearts best melody. Such social gatherings are the public worshippings at the shrine of nature's God. The family circle, joyous as it should be, is the private chapel, the closet, where we pour out to the same God the pure devotions of the soul. Why should not such worship be more frequent, for attempting with reason and purity, it will always purify and exalt society. That society seldom becomes corrupt where social gatherings of the young and the old, male and female, childhood and youth, are encouraged. They act as a charm to purify, exalt and fraternize the masses.

"Let us go," said Minehaha; "I see you are getting extensively sentimental and profoundly metaphysical, and there is no knowing but that in your zeal for preaching ethics, you may reveal yourself and surprise the audience with a sermon."

We could not help thinking that we saw a visible satisfaction on the countenances of two of our guests present, and no doubt they felt psychologically relieved as we went quietly out as we had gone in, and left the gay scene for another equally gay, equally joyous, but not equally pure, for no circle of society can be pure or purifying where woman is not a constituent member. A social circle without woman is like a tree in midsummer without foliage.

In an upper room equally well lighted and warm and comfortable as the one we had left, we seated ourselves in a quiet nook and noted the scene before us.

There are four men seated at a table; there are no dark passions observable on their countenances, and one would not imagine that they felt any ill will. They do not, for they are happy, and happiness dwells not with ill will. They have set down for a social game of euchre. They would be equally happy in the gay saloon with ladies at their side, or in the social circle of their own domestic fireside.

"A dog for the raws and then a rub for the 'gaw water,'" "And the devil for us all; cut for deal." "Pass." "Rap." "And I too." "Different here." "Hah! you saw well." "Diddled by gad."

"I take it up again, will you?" "Assist and play it for four." "I'd like to see you make it. Guess you'll find Jordan a hard road to travel this time." "Deu say!"

There's the left bower, don't put on the right. Well, if you haven't got it, I'll play it; then the ace, and then the ten spot; h-o-o-o-old on there—save the right one.—The longest pole, you know, takes the perpendicular.

"Yaw! haw! haw! haw! and one to spare on the next game. Lets see your counters." "We'll show you before we get through who's kanoshus."

"Go it, old Baraboo, and see if you can deal me a hand this time." "All passed round to me? Well I'll—no I'll turn it down by crackee." "Spades and alone."

"I guess you'll make it by G—d against the left bisette." "No swearing among gentlemen, it hurts my feelings awfully."

"Catched me by gracious, and the left bower bisette takes another sartin. Hadn't I better be looking out for my persimmons!" "That's a tight squeak; a miss is as good as a mile, however."

"What the devil is trumps?" "Let's see, you are one and we are four." "Pears to me I can hear old Niagara. I guess we'll stop at the Clifton House and see if Bully Brooks has got along."

"Out and gone to the races." "Boy's you can't come to tea, when we have euchre for supper. One game more

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and then old blinker, we'll take the oysters." "All passed? By golly, that's a hard one. I'll go it if I am euchred." "Well, you ain't nothing shorter. Two bowers and an ace kinder does it." "The devil can't play against such luck. We'd better pay the oysters and done with 'em." "Go ahead, 'tis a long road that has no turn." "I'll assist."

"Hadn't you better play it alone, old Limberton." "That's my trick, and I shouldn't wonder—but never mind; go ahead. If you ain't diddled this time I'll chew snakes."

"Hip, hip hurrah! two games and four on the next. Hadn't you better sarr off and not play the next hand." "You be d—n. Fools are always lucky."

"All around to me. We'll, I'll make it a club and—no, we don't want but one. Play to that—and then to that, and then to that." "Zip! now sarr."

"The lowest with—"

Gentlemen, you will excuse us if you please. We are very much interested in your game, and admire its intellectuality and manliness; but the fact is, we have another engagement this evening and cannot possibly stay with you a moment longer. Good bye, all. We hope you will have a good time with your oysters and 'dog water."

In a warm and well lighted sitting room in our village, were gathered on New Year's evening, a little family circle. The clock is just striking nine. The oldest girl has just laid aside her slate; another one is putting up her playthings; a little boy is finishing the last word of a copy in his writing book and another one still larger is deeply absorbed in one of Arthur's story books.

"Ma," said the little girl who had just laid aside her doll. "I wish Pa would stay at home as he used to do."

"I wonder where he goes night's," said the little boy, who had just finished his writing lesson.

The mother walked to the window and looked out into the street, and then she drew her hand across her eyes to brush away a tear or two which she could not hold back.

"Oh, I wish he would come," said she to herself, but loud enough to be heard by her children.

"He didn't use to stay away so," said the eldest girl.

The woman turned to the bureau and took down the Bible.

"My children," said she, "this is New Year's night, let us begin the year differently from what we have ever done before. Oh, we need, we doubly need now, the protecting care of Providence."

It was the first night of family prayer in that house. The mother gathered around her, her little brood, and kneeling with them, while tears fell fast and thick, weeping up from a mother's heart, she commended herself and them to the God of the widow and the fatherless, for she felt that she might soon be more than a widow, and they more than fatherless.

Jan. 2, 1857.

Letter from New York.

MR. EDITOR: Your very able and interesting journal (I believe that's the way to begin) comes regularly to hand, containing very wise selections, and considerable interesting original matter. "Such as it should be." Nothing gives so much interest to a country paper as local thoughts, anecdotes and ideas. To say nothing of the "immortal wreaths" accruing to the contributors. Speaking of contributors, I thought it might not be uninteresting to your numerous readers to receive a few lines occasionally from Gotham.

Well, to begin: New Year come not like the New Year of your quiet little village, "wrapped in a blanket of snow flakes, pinned together with an icicle"—out was snowed in about half past twelve—as usual, half drunk. Your humble servant, like many others upon that day, made some very firm resolves, which nothing but bad rum will be able to overthrow. By-the-way, I should judge from the article of "Jehosophat," that somebody in your goodly town was addicted to drinking beer, and that somebody's name is John: what John? Well I don't know as it makes any particular inference to me, but I can say, that I could "crack one, pitch pennies at a spot, may hit the lucky numbers, from 1 to 75 on bogey, or set an Faro all day long, and lose every time, and still not use one half the profane language that John uses on a single brow of our "heads."

Of course, I can acquaint you with out few items of news, as you are made aware of important events within forty-eight hours after their occurrence.

Baker, the murderer of Mot, was on Broadway yesterday, together with a numerous suite of admiring friends. I indeed, connected with the same tragedy, I again in the Tombs, although released but last Wednesday. Liberty and adulterated whiskey were entirely too much for him. He was arrested for knocking down two Policemen.

Huntington, the forger, has leased an office in Sing Sing, for four years and six months, and has already opened business. Wish him much success in his new calling.

The only political excitement at present is caused by the exposition of the fraud in the Minnesota Land Bill. The reporter of the N. Y. Times, has been very properly reprimanded by the parties interested, for making known to the people said fraud, and thereby injuring a very handsome speculation. The public Press will keep continually exposing that class of "honorable" thieves, who hang around Uncle Sam's vaults at Washington, like hyenas round a new made grave. Why don't some one introduce a resolution in Congress to muzzle the press.

We have had very little snow in this city yet; but during the last week, the coldest weather of the season was felt.

Wishing you prosperity during the New Year, I remain &c.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12, '57. YORK.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER has been chosen by the Republicans of the Michigan Legislature to replace Gen. Cass in the U. S. Senate. Mr. C. is a leading and popular merchant of Detroit, and at the same time, an energetic and zealous politician.

FROM KANSAS.

The Aid for Kansas.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Dec. 30, 1856.

For months the Committees in Kansas have been disburbing to the needy settlers, or the wants of the Free-State cause, such funds or articles as came to their hands. During the Summer and early part of the Fall, the amounts thus to disburse by committees were comparatively small, much of what was raised being used to send and aid emigrants going into the Territory, and the larger portion of what was sent directly to the Territory finding its way through private channels.

For nearly two months the committees have kept on hand and distributed a large amount of goods, clothing of all kinds, and also articles of food. The amount thus distributed reaches to very many thousand dollars in value. Considerable sums of money have reached the Territory beside the clothing, part of the latter being employed to purchase provisions and other articles, as it has been the determination for some time back to distribute nearly all that was given in the shape of some necessary article, generally food and clothing.

Prior to his departure for Chicago, Mr. Army, Secretary of the National Committee, appointed a new local, or Kansas Committee, and as Agent for the National Committee, removed all business from the Kansas Central Committee. This Kansas Central Committee was elected at the Convention held at Topeka last Fourth of July, and consisted of members representing every District in the Territory. The members of the new Committee appointed by Mr. Army, reside in this place. It consists of the Rev. Messrs. Lum, Nutt and Lovejoy, S. C. Wattles, esq., and Mr. Stearns, who is Treasurer and Disbursing Agent. The members of both these Committees are, I believe, all worthy gentlemen, and esteemed in their respective localities. Mr. Hyatt is now traveling in the South part of the Territory. I believe he sustains the position of Mr. Army. He is at present engaged earnestly in efforts to relieve the suffering.

Messrs. Hyatt and Army have taken a great deal of trouble in founding a new settlement on Cedar Creek, a branch of the Potawatomie. The emigrants thus located were members of the Chicago company and others, many of whom have, until recently, been members of Capt. Walker's company of Georgia militia. These have obtained contiguous claims and located a town. The interests of the town and the claims are to be among them by lot. There is a "emancipation clause" in the articles of company consideration, with penalties for forfeiture of interest, and in several other respects we see instances of an enthusiastic and laudable desire to settle these emigrants down securely, and, possibly, make a model colony of them. The policy of expending part of the contributions and fund to such a colony is a point on which there has been interference of opinion.

Kansas Central Committee thought that it should only be given to those actually in want, and as many members of the Chicago company were young men, unaccustomed to their mode of living, doubtless both of these modes of distributing the funds are within the scope contemplated, both of the two committees would distribute to the wants of the needy, and I feel that I could trust the members either of them.

There is a little clothing for instance here at present. Nearly all that has been distributed, and he remains in the way between here and Chicago, such as different points, and will not arrive until the Spring. Many of those who have never received, I do not know how many number of women were in the committee rooms; some of them had overheard through the door more than thirty times, but they could obtain little that they needed; some of them cut in tears, have heard from persons who have had opportunities of knowing, that many families of settlers had nothing but corn meat to eat. Everything to be obtained in the stores was at almost exorbitant high, or difficult to obtain; swing, energy, to the high rate of freights on the river at the close of the season—\$3 per hundred pounds from St. Louis to Leavenworth, with necessary and proportionate expense of land and freight, so that none save those well supplied with means, can afford to purchase any.

There are many, however, who are in need of receiving a direct gratuity; some even cannot be persuaded to take on such assistance are not uncommon persons, and their necessities are not to be despised.

There is another proposal which may engage those who can advocate State appropriations. I can understand, from which the impoverished emigrant can borrow money at a moderate interest, on the security of his farm, or purchase it. This fund could be kept as a public fund for any purpose the donors specified, and would, in the meantime, do much good. We have not the excitement of war now to offer as an inducement, or relief. God knows how soon we may have, or I fear it is not over yet.

THE ARREST OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.

St. LOUIS, Jan. 7, 1857.

The Free State Legislature met in place yesterday. Most of the members were present, but neither Gov. Robinson nor Lieut. Gov. Roberts were at their post. The latter gentleman was detained at W. and out, but was taken his seat as soon as he can reach Topeka. Gov. Robinson, as I before informed you, resigned. The absence of two principal members created much dissatisfaction among the gentlemen present, and after a short session they adjourned.

The United States Deputy Marshal, under a writ issued by Judge Cato, arrested several of the members on charge of treason, for having taken the oath of office on the 4th of March last. The arrests were made after adjournment, and as the members were leaving the House, and as they were to be immediately taken to Tecumseh, and