

FROM KANSAS.

LITTLE OSAGE, K. T., Jan. 27, 1858.

"Dear Sir: I have been a resident of Fort Scott for some time. I am a Free-State man in principle; and for that principle (I know of no other cause), I was surrounded by a mob with guns and revolvers leveled at me, and compelled to give them about \$160 in money, an order for five horses, and the key to my grocery and bakery, which they took possession of, and all of my other property and clothing to the amount of five hundred dollars; and it was with great difficulty that I escaped with my life. They now have the Postmaster prisoner without a writ and have fined him \$100 for a remark he made about their proceedings. They have one man a prisoner also. All Free-State men have been compelled to leave the Fort to save their lives. No Free-State man is safe where he has to be in their company.

"We learn also that they are threatening to invade the Little Osage Valley, to capture more men for rebellion, and, no doubt, they will take plenty of property to pay them for their trouble.

"I am the man who bailed out the Rev. J. E. Stewart, and suppose this is one reason for my mistreatment."

"D. B. JOHNSON."

From the messenger I learn that the other person, alluded to as being a prisoner beside the Postmaster, is a Mr. Dimond, who keeps the tavern or hotel. Mr. Johnson, who penned the above statement, had escaped from the Fort and fled to the Little Osage to the Free-State men for protection. He arrived the evening before the messenger started up. From the messenger I learn further particulars not included in the above. The horses belonging to the Free-State men who were taken as prisoners of war during the difficulties a month ago, were sold a week ago. They brought a trifle less than the exorbitant bills for stable expenses which had been swelled up against them. The whole proceeding is perfectly irregular, and all the actors in the outrage are simply horse-thieves. The only wonder is that they took the trouble to go through even such a formula. I presume it was with the hope of getting a legal title to the animals.

I learn, also, that in the Valley of the Osage the settlers are kept in constant apprehension of an attack from the Fort Scott freebooters—so much so that they have to lie around and watch for them, and are unable to get on with their improvements. They make great complaints of these hardships, and insist that the demolition of the den itself is the only thing that will bring peace to that section.

In relation to the difficulties that occurred in that quarter some time ago, I observed a statement in the Washington journals, purporting to be from Judge Williams, Federal Judge of the Southern District. I was surprised to see the statements in it. From my own observation at the time, on the ground, I know that many of its substantial statements were wholly incorrect, and I am inclined to believe that the Judge received all the information he thus gave to the public from the Border Ruffians themselves, who imposed on him, and thus used his position and reputation to cloak their crimes and outrages. I am led to believe so by the fact that, while in that section, he is almost exclusively with and under the influence of the prominent Border Ruffians. When I name a few of these, their character will need no explanation: Clarke, the murderer of Barber. Clarke holds, in reality, one of the important Land-Office appointments. Brock, who was first lieutenant of H. C. Pate at the battle of Black Jack, in 1856, when the Westport Rifles had a fight with Capt. Brown. Mr. Brock was the person who attempted to assassinate Mr. Bailey at Leocompton last Summer. Fleeing from justice, he has obtained an important clerkship in the Land Office. Blake Little, the old Missouri Border Ruffian, who invaded Kansas; was a member of the first Council while a Missourian. He is Auditor under Calhoun's Constitution. His son, a rabid Border Ruffian, is Deputy United States Marshal for that district. Then there is the notorious Hamilton, one of Buford's banditti, some of the rank and file of which are there. These are the prominent, controlling spirits about Fort Scott, and it was doubtless from them that Judge Williams got the statements he gives to the public over his signature.

The weather here is again cold. It is snowing lightly to-day. The Committee to investigate election frauds are here. Some of the Leocompton men have been brought down. One of them, when placed on the stand, treated the Committee with a good deal of insolence and profanity. It is claimed by some of the Pro-Slavery candidates under the Leocompton Constitution, even from that district, that they are elected. As they were beaten three to one, it will require pretty active tricks of legerdemain on their part to make out a plausible case. The Convention hall has not yet passed. Special charters are the rage.

A GOOD IDEA.—On Tuesday Town Meetings were held in Montgomery county. The number of "floodwood" voters having alarmingly increased in Canajoharie, and the candidates being opposed to "bony funds," upon "principle," a company of thirty persons was organized, properly uniformed, equipped with a long knotty rail, and headed with martial music. As soon as a "greaser" was found, who had sold his vote, he was given a taste of the "Rail Rode" through all the streets, to the tune of the "Rogue's March." Our informant saw one customer "put through," who as soon as he was "switched off," mizzled like "a locomotive with a tender behind."

Scholarly Republican.

UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECTED.—Ex Gov. Grimes has been recently elected United States Senator from Iowa, place of Geo. W. Jones, whose term expires with the present Congress. Gov. Grimes is a sound Republican, and will do no discredit to his State on the floor of the Senate. The Democratic Senators from the Northwest are steadily decreasing in number.

Mr. Everett has repeated his oration on Washington sixty-six times, and contributed by it \$33,000 to the fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon.

THE AGITATOR.

M. H. Cobb, Editor & Publisher.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA.

Thursday Morning, Feb. 18, 1858.

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

We cannot publish anonymous communications.

We shall ask to be excused from publishing the proceedings of Court for second week. Cause apparent to everybody.

The sun has been invisible for the greater part of five days. The weather is a conglomerate of sunshine and snowsqualls—the latter cropping out uncommonly thick.

CASUALTY.—A little child of Mr. A. KNOWLTON, of Gaines township, was so shockingly burned on Friday last that it lived but a few hours. The child was about 34 years old, a girl. Her clothes are supposed to have caught from the stove.

We have received a sack of superfine Flour from Messrs. A. & C. J. HUMPHREY, Proprietors of the DePui Mills, Tioga Village. This Flour appears to be excellent for choice cookery as well as for bread and biscuit. We cheerfully commend them to the patronage of the public.

We are requested to state that the Annual Distribution of the Cosmopolitan Art Association has been put off until the 25th of March. The shares are already taken up to about 40,000. The Distribution is advertised positively to take place on the day given above.

The snow storm noticed last week, resulted in a batch of good sleighing which continues up to date. We have had fair, yet not severe winter weather for six days and people do not grumble. Last Friday night the mercury sunk six degrees below zero—the coldest night of the season by two degrees at least. We learn that Potter county is buried in snowdrifts. No matter for that; her hearts are loyal and warm toward Freedom.

We have received a neat pamphlet circular from the "People's College," located at Havana, N. Y. It is embellished with a fine engraving of the proposed College building, designed by Mr. S. B. Elliott, of Mansfield in this county. The design does exceeding credit to the genius of Mr. Elliott and entitles him to a place among the best architects in the country. We learn that Mr. E. will superintend the erection of the edifice. May he prove eminently successful in his new vocation.

CAUTION.—The queries of our correspondent in last week's paper led to an examination of the laws dealt in by C. E. Todd & Co. Mr. A. Foley, Jeweler, of this place, informs us that their wares are comparatively worthless because spurious. His assay relates to such of their gifts as have been submitted to his inspection. It therefore becomes our duty to caution all persons against patronizing C. E. Todd & Co., unless they desire to encourage those gentlemen. We have taken their advertisement from our columns, preferring to violate our contract rather than to knowingly encourage such adventurers. Again we say, beware. Do not trust your money with such dealers even though they give you the full value of your money. Their fairness with us was doubtless intended as a blind.

Still Harping on My Daughter!

Certain of our shameocratic contemporaries here in the northern Tier, are getting into desperate humor over the recent events in Congress and elsewhere—Congressional events, principally. The invincible prince of Swaggers, second of Bully Brooks, &c., etc., has been treated to a knock-down argument at the feet of that "infamous Black Republican," Mr. Grow! "Disgraceful proceeding!" shriek the shameocratic organs. Mr. Grow is a ruffian, a shoulder-hitter and a short-boy, in the eyes of our very proper and circumspect contemporaries. In the affecting language of our Wayne county admirer, "The nation is disgraced!"

Gentlemen, it always did and always will make a difference whose ox is gored. When Brooks assaulted Sumner, without the shadow of provocation, inhuman and cowardly as was the outrage and perpetrated in the Senate Chamber, these very proper and circumspect editors shrieked—"Good enough for the rascally Black Republican! Served him right!" Mr. Keitt violently assailed Mr. Grow in the Hall of Representatives. Mr. Grow, in self-defense, knocked Keitt down: Upon this, the organs of South Carolina and Kansas Ruffianism fall to raving about the awful disgrace of the thing! "Ye hypocrites!"

Reverse the case: For words spoken in debate Mr. Keitt stalks up to Mr. Grow and without warning knocks him down. What would these very proper editors have said to that? They would have disgusted their readers with eulogistic comments upon the heroism of bully Keitt, spiced with insinuations upon the head of the "infamous Black Republican, Grow!" It was right for Brooks to fall upon CHARLES SUMNER unawares and beat him right to death, without the slightest personal provocation; it is right for Keitt to seek a quarrel with Mr. Grow and even to throttle him; but it is awfully disgraceful for Mr. Grow to resent the insult—to knock the puppy down! Republicans will take notice that they are to put up with all manner of outrage hereafter from the short-boy democracy, even to the waiver of the right of self-defense; since the General Government licenses its sucklings to commit all manner of outrage upon the persons and property of such as presume to differ with them politically and further presume to assert any rights whatever.

We are quite ready to admit that the Halls of legislation are not proper arenas for pugilistic performances; but we likewise hold that all times and places are proper for self-defense. The blame rests not upon the man who defends himself from assault but upon him who assaults. Mr. Keitt sought a quarrel with Mr. Grow; the latter very properly knocked Keitt down. Had he fallen upon the prostrate Keitt with knife or cane, he could not have been justified. No man of honor would have offered a word in justification of such after proceeding.

It will not do to blame the combatants in a lump, as one of our contemporaries does, in order to hide from the public eye the ruffianism of an Administration man. It is a cowardly meeting of the truth in the case. Nobody blames you for feeling ashamed of your party, gentlemen; but if you desire to reform your public men you have got to work at the wrong end. If you desire to coax your Congressmen into some sort of decency, don't begin by covering up their villainies. If you desire to drive vice out of community or party, don't set about covering it up, but strip it stark naked. That is the way to battle vice.

But this is not the only artful dodging to which the so-called democracy are given of late. They are still bent on covering up the iniquities of their accomplices in Kansas. They think it very dangerous to permit the Kansas question to be discussed in legislative halls, lest the true state of affairs in that Territory may creep out in the proceedings. Even in that "tuppenny" concern, the Legislature

of this State, the white slaves of the Administration are ordered to employ the gag to keep down investigation. The official menials engaged in this despicable business may as well forego their labors; there is very little danger to their constituents from a thorough investigation and discussion of any subject, since a fair proportion of those constituents are guiltless of a knowledge of the mystery of letters. The truth is, that the democratic members of the Pennsylvania Legislature are nearly unanimously in favor of Leocompton, yet dare not permit a resolution instructing our Congressmen to oppose the admission of Kansas under the Leocompton Constitution to pass to a second reading, so as to bring the matter before the house. Such a resolution was offered by Mr. WILLISTON, from this county, but a few days ago and was rejected by a full party vote. To show in what thorough contempt the people of Kansas are held by the honorable body at Harrisburg, one Stephens, of Wayne, remarkable heretofore only for his unmitigated stupidity, offered a stereotyped resolution proposing that the honorable body do adjourn to meet in Kansas, there to deliberate. The resolution was decided not in order; but its present-ment shows in what estimation the interests of freedom are held among Pennsylvania democrats.

The plain intention of the majority in our Legislature is to postpone action upon Leocompton until Congress shall dispose of the question. If Congress sustain the Administration, then Pennsylvania, thro' a majority of her legislators, will give in her adherence. The democracy make no stand on principle. Self-preservation is the highest instinct of the leaders of that party. Even the leading Douglas men denounce Leocompton chiefly because Leocompton threatens to demolish the party utterly. Forney cares not a snap of the finger about the result of the battle of Freedom, except in so far as it may affect the integrity of his party organization. All is resolved into one all absorbing inquiry: "How shall we plan for the preservation of our power as a party?" Take up a Douglas journal, and you will find the Administration denounced because its policy tends to endanger the permanence of the party. You will find no mention of danger to principles from the measures of the Administration. Not a word about principles have we yet found in a Douglas paper, but we note how very often they tell their readers that the "great democratic party" cannot exist a day, at the North, if Congress endorse Leocompton. Whether these prophecies be true or false, one thing is certain: While that party preserves its organization in the North Slavery will rule this nation. We have the President's own words in evidence that that party has ever stood by the South. Applied to that party at any time since 1846 and the President says truly. The so-called democratic party is the adopted daughter of the "institution" and the servants, the white slaves of the Oligarchy are forever and eternally "harping upon my daughter."

CONGRESS.—Somebody has had the impudence to charge certain members of Congress with having received money, as compensation, in some sort, for voting as somebody wished them to vote. Now, who believes that an M. C. can be bought and sold in the Capitol of the nation like merchandise! The very thought is positively awful! It is charged that a big Bubble Manufacturing concern in Massachusetts paid Congress \$80,000 to shape the tariff in some way to suit its interests. This matter is now being investigated by a Committee. Some rich developments are "turning up," meanwhile, under which the "unreformed democracy" are squirming beautifully. For instance, one man testifies that the British Government paid our Congressmen and other high officials upward of \$700,000 to destroy the tariff of 1842—the Protective tariff, so called. This witness especially implicates Buchanan and Cass in the transaction. The Committee object to carrying the investigation so far into the past. No doubt it might result unpleasantly to some distinguished democratic statesmen, but the people should demand a thorough investigation of the whole matter and leave the guilty to take the consequences.

One Wolcott, cited to appear before the Committee, refused to answer certain questions and was brought to the bar of the House to answer for contempt. He asked until next day to purge himself of the alleged contempt, which delay was granted after a brief debate. Immediately thereafter, Mr. Hoard of New York, went into the Clerk's desk and read certain extracts from the Virginia papers stating that the President had been heard to say that Leocompton must go through; that it needed only a few more votes to ensure its passage, and that those votes were in his control. Mr. Hoard moved an investigation to ascertain whether the Executive patronage had been used to influence the votes of members. Upon this Warren, of Arkansas, arose and protested that his side of the house could not be influenced by bribes of money or patronage—indeed they couldn't! After a querulous debate the democracy refused to institute an inquiry into the manner and purposes of the dispensation of patronage by Mr. Buchanan. Of course it would not do to inquire into a matter which involves so vitally the perpetuity of the power of the democratic party. Mr. Hoard should have known better than to propose so ridiculous an investigation. Pierce bought Nebraska through Congress by a judicious bestowal of patronage and Buchanan will force Leocompton through by the same power.

It is said that the first struggle on Leocompton in the House has resulted in a victory for the anti. The first vote was upon referring the Message to the Committee on Territories, which was negatived by one majority. The final vote upon the motion to refer the Message to a special Committee carried by a majority of four. This victory was reversed in the construction of the Committee by Mr. Speaker Orr, he giving the Leocomptonites a majority in the same. Douglas has been three times defeated in the senate in attempts to get the bill for the admission of Minnesota taken up. Thus ends our chapter on Congress for this week.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS WITHOUT FOOD.—Some time ago we published an account of a woman in Warren Co., N. Y., who had lived a year without food. Mr. A. J. Fisk, of Belle Ewart, Canada West, called at this office last week and gave us certain facts touching this singular case.

Mr. Fisk stated that he visited this lady on the 17th ult., and remained in the immediate neighborhood several days. She is about 28 years of age, and during the greater part of three years has lived in a kind of trance, and for the last eighteen months has not taken a morsel of food or sustenance of any kind whatever. She lies upon her back with her head so drawn back that the forehead rests on the pillow, and is thrown into convulsions upon the introduction of food, spices or tobacco into the room. He stated further that she has laid one hour and three minutes without breathing, and that she lay 30 minutes without breathing while he was himself in the room. She is reduced to a state of extreme emaciation, the abdomen having wasted away so that the vertebra of the spine may be distinctly felt through it. One hand is tightly pressed to the stomach and the other is moved violently when the frame is convulsed. Physicians do not understand the case, which is certainly the most wonderful on record.

The name of this woman is HAYES. Her husband is a farmer residing in Day, Warren county, N. Y.

The Douglas Democracy of Williamsport last week assembled and passed a series of anti-Leocompton resolutions. The meeting broke up with three cheers for Douglas. The meeting was officered and addressed by Messrs. Henry White, C. B. Bowman, Jno. V. Woodward, C. H. Debler, Heppner McClure C. D. Emery, C. D. Eldred, George White, E. P. Robertson, Furman Field, H. H. Smith, C. Lloyd and H. C. Parsons.

We have arranged with the publishers of The Atlantic Monthly to furnish that sterling Magazine to any of our subscribers at \$3 per year. This Magazine enjoys the reputation of affording the cream of current literature. The finest writers in this country and in England contribute to its pages and combine to render it in the words of the leading reviewers "The Leading Magazine of America." Those liking solid literature will like The Atlantic; and those preferring flash literature will not like it.

Godley's Lady's Book for March, opens with a superb engraving entitled "The Mother's Blessing," assuredly one of the best in design and execution ever published in a Magazine. The literature is varied and entertaining.

Peterson has given his patrons the best specimen of a \$2 Magazine ever published, in his March No. The illustrations are excellent and the pattern department is pronounced "very good" by the ladies.

A Rich Joke among Rich Men. Paying \$500 for the Proffered Services of a Coachman.

The day before New Year, two gentlemen well known among the citizens of Brooklyn as "men of means," named Theodore Polhemus and William Hunter, met at a saloon in Fulton st., near Hicks, when Polhemus asked Hunter if he was going to make calls on New Year. Hunter replied that he had intended to make calls, but had no coachman, and in a boasting manner said that he would give \$500 for a good looking coachman, at the same time saying to Polhemus, "Why don't you take the job, you are good looking and would make a splendid coachman." Polhemus acknowledged the compliment, and said he would serve for that sum. Hunter then told him to be on hand at two o'clock the next day ready for service, but demanded that if he failed to perform his agreement he should forfeit a basket of wine. The conditions were agreed to and they parted.

The next day Mr. Hunter, who resides in Pierpont street, was at his house about the time agreed upon, with him were most of the party who were witnesses to the bet of the day before, anxious to see the denouement. A few moments before two, Hunter reminded the guests of the bet, and remarked that it would be fun if Polhemus did not keep his engagement. A moment afterwards Polhemus was announced, and appeared, whip in hand, ready for service. He asked Hunter where his coach was, when the reply was made that he had none. Polhemus offered his own, stating that he was ready to drive according to agreement. Hunter then excused himself, stating that he would not go out except in his own coach. Polhemus offered to get the best team that could be had in the city, but Hunter still insisted that he would not go out.

Upon that, Polhemus replied that he supposed his services would not be required.—Hunter replied, "I will take a glass of wine." "I came here as a coachman, and shall demand payment for my services, according to contract. If I had failed in performing my part of the agreement, you would have exacted the penalty and I now demand the \$500." Hunter laughed, the wine was drunk, and the company parted.

No suit has been brought for the \$500, but it will be paid by Hunter. Both parties are well known as being wealthy. The joke was a dear one to the party making the wager, but as he is able to stand it, it will do no harm and may tend to make him more cautious in future how he employs coachmen. The proceeds of the sport will be applied to charitable purposes.—N. Y. Com. Ad.

SAD ACCIDENT.—As two boys, sons of Zera Bradley, of Kanona, were skating on the mill pond above the Kanona Mills on Sunday last, the elder boy, about 14 years old, ventured where the ice was too thin and broke through. His brother George, aged 12 years, came to his rescue, when the ice gave way and he, too, plunged in. Together they struggled manfully to extricate themselves; as they would attempt to climb upon the ice, it would break off and they would sink, and together rise for a new effort, to be defeated by a new break, until, chilled by the cold water, George's strength failed and he passed under the ice, to rise no more. Zera succeeded at last in getting upon the ice and reached home, but so overcome by the cold that his strength failed, and it was several hours before he could speak to tell of his brother's fate. His father, fearing what might have happened, hastened to the river and found where his sons had broken in. After cutting away the ice, the body of George was raised in about ten feet of water, after having lain in the water over four hours.—This should prove a lasting warning to the young who enjoy the sport of skating, not to venture too far from safe ground, and we would suggest that it would be well always to avoid it on the Sabbath, while in view of Him who said, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."—Steuben Farmer's Advocate.

THE FIGHT IN CONGRESS.—The Schoharie Republican, (Dem.) has the following severe remarks touching the fight between Keitt and Grow:

"We have never heard of a more impudent, overbearing and insulting proceeding than that of Keitt's, and should have rejoiced had 'Galusha' given him a thorough flogging. When will ho-headed Southern men learn to cease carrying out the designs of Nature, by making John Donkeys of themselves in the halls of Congress? A few more such disgraceful exhibitions would be sufficient capital for the 'Republican' party to embark upon the Presidential campaign of 1860.

And then, too, such things give us such an enviable, world-wide reputation—and is a beautiful commentary upon the beauties of a Republican form of Government, and reflects so brilliantly upon the spotless purity of the law-making powers!

Send such fellows, like Keitt, to State Prison, but keep them out of Congress."

Thrilling Congressional Reminiscence.

The Albany Evening Journal, in an interesting sketch of scenes and incidents that occurred in the old Representatives' Hall, during its thirty years occupancy by Congress, thus describes one of the warmest and most memorable occasions ever witnessed in that old Hall:

On the 18th of January, 1837, the House adopted the usual rule to lay Anti-Slavery petitions on the table; this being denominated the "Hawa's Gag," and the "Atherion Gag." On Monday, the 6th of February, 1827, Mr. Adams having occupied an hour or more in exhausting his pile of Anti-Slavery memorials, paused, and looking significantly at Mr. Speaker Polk, said, "I hold in my hand a paper purporting to be a petition from certain Slaves. If I should present it to the House, would it go on the table under the order of the 18th of January?" The Speaker seemed bewildered, and had just time to stammer out something about the gravity of the question, when the entire Pro-Slavery side of the chamber exploded with the most intense wrath. "Let him be expelled!" screamed a score of voices. "Let him be expelled!" shouted Dixon H. Lewis, whose huge body, weighing five hundred and forty pounds, came waddling and wheezing towards the Clerk's Desk. The whole corps of Oligarchs were on their feet, screaming, swearing, gesticulating like demons. Polk plied his gavel and called to order in vain, while the spectators in the overhanging galleries caught the spirit of the scene and were going wild with excitement. Quick as thought resolutions were prepared for the expulsion of Mr. Adams, based on the assumption that he had presented a petition from Slaves for the Abolition of Slavery. Ere they were fairly before the House, they were offered in a modified form by Mr. Waddy Thompson, now demanding the severest censure rather than expulsion. Thereupon the debate began. It raged violently three days. Thompson, Dromgole, Wise and Underwood leading off for the Slavery, while Lincoln, Cushing, Phillips, Granger and others, defended Adams.

During the height of the tempest, the rotunda, the galleries, the passages of the capitol being filled with an excited throng, the colleagues and friends of Mr. Adams felt great anxiety not only for his fate in the House, but for his personal safety. Meantime resolutions were going through various modifications, all tending to soften their terms and mitigate their conclusions. All this time the old Roman sat unmoved in his place, the calmest man in the chamber, with the incendiary petition safely locked up in his desk. At length it began to leak out that the paper was not exactly such a document as the slaveholders in their hot haste had imagined it to be. Whereupon, Dromgole, of Virginia, still further modified the resolutions, by setting forth that the member from Massachusetts had a right to petition, etc., a phrase on which Adams afterwards roared him alive. Finally the pro-slavery side of the House began to suspect that they were pursuing the negro in the wrong direction; that if there was a colored individual in the case at all, he was more likely to be found in the pining than in the petition, and so they stopped to take breath. Then Mr. Adams rose to address the House. With great deliberation, his voice pitched upon a shrill key, that penetrated to the corner of the galleries; and with a frail bit of paper rustling in his aged hand, he called the Speaker's attention to the question he had put him three days ago, which still remained unanswered, viz.: Whether a paper purporting to be a petition from slaves, would, if he were to present it, go on the table, under the order of the 18th of January? Looking around him with a mingled expression of sarcastic cunning and lofty scorn, which Lord Chatham would have envied, he cried in a voice not of thunder, but in a sharp, hissing tone, such as lightning might be supposed to employ, if it spoke at all, "And am I to be expelled from this loquacious, babbling House for simply asking a question?"

For the first time the thought flashed on friend and foe, that Mr. Adams had neither presented the paper nor proposed to present it. Everybody felt queer, while some grave men looked like lank sheep suddenly denuded of their fleeces. It had now got wind that the paper was a forgery, the work of some stupid slaveholder in Washington, and purporting to be signed by Scipio, Sambo and other bogus negroes, asking the House to expel Mr. Adams from their body.

And now "the old man eloquent" took his turn in the debate. How he demolished one opponent after another, scourging, flaying, scalping, impaling to his heart's content—how rank upon rank of the chivalry went down in heaps before his trenchant blade—how he spitted poor Dromgole, and roasted him before a fire of sarcasm, when he told him that "giving color to an idea" was not a Northern but a Southern practice, one of the peculiar domestic institutions of Virginia with which he had no desire to interfere—how the House screamed with laughter, as Dromgole essayed a grim smile in acknowledgement of this delicate allusion to the bleaching chemistry employed by the South to eradicate the dark tints in their variegated population—how he wound up his triumphant philippic by warning his young adversaries "never again to run on an errand till they knew whether they were going"—and how the House firmly refused to lay the resolutions on the table, but brought their authors to a direct vote, and finally trampled them down by a decided majority: Are not all these things written in the Chronicles of the Old Hall of the House of Representatives?

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.—Pennsylvania has at last agreed to provide a house for her Chief Magistrate to reside in! Gov. Pollock immediately signed the bill providing for the purchase, thus gracefully making one of his last official acts a provision for the comfort of his successors in office. Gov. Packer enters upon office with a salary of \$4,000 per annum—five hundred more than Gov. Pollock received, and a handsome house provided for him by the State. He will thus be enabled to keep up a little more state, and practice a little more hospitality than his predecessors have been able to afford.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

From the Northern Independent.

Beauties of the Institution.

\$300 Reward—Ran away from the subscriber, from the neighborhood of Town Point, on Saturday night, 24th inst., my negro man Aaron Cornish, about 35 years old. He is about 5 feet 10 inches high, black, good looking, rather pleasant countenance, and carries himself with a confident manner. He went off with his wife Daffney, a negro woman, belonging to Reuben E. Phillips. I will give the above reward if taken out of the county, and \$200 dollars if taken in the county; in either case to be lodged in Cambridge (Md.) jail. LEVI D. TRAVERSE, Oct. 28, 1857.

The above advertisement I clipped from the Cambridge Democrat. Levi D. Traverse is a worthy local preacher in the M. E. Church in Dorchester Co., Md. Hear how this Rev. man stealer and practical Atheist talks:—"My negro man, Aaron Cornish." He acknowledges that Aaron Cornish is a man, and has a wife named Daffney. Yet he desires to catch this man, confine him in jail, separate him from his wife and sell him like a beast. Yes, this Levi D. Traverse, who professes to be moved by the Holy Spirit to preach the gospel of love, coolly determines to rob his brother man of the image of his Maker, and tempt him to turn Atheist like himself. O! how villainous does this man's conduct appear to me, when I stand at the foot of the cross and hear the dying groans of the God-man, while tasting death for Levi D. Traverse and Aaron Cornish! When I view the slave through the cross as a telescope, he stands before me magnified from simple manhood, into a brother beloved. I call upon the 6000 local preachers in the M. E. Church, whose order he has disgraced, to repudiate this blood stained robber of human rights. I call upon the Rev. H. Colclazer, the Presiding Elder, and the local preachers in that neighborhood, to spew him out of the communion of the M. E. Church. When God shall raise up another Fox to write a Book of Martyrs among the slaves of these United States of America, let it not be found that the M. E. Church fostered this viper in her bosom, after having put his name to the advertisement above named.

But I must stop writing; the blood already warms my cheeks, and my pen is charged with the electricity of a holy indignation.

Jno. Dixon Loxe, West Philadelphia, Dec. 14, 1857.

ATTEMPT UPON THE LIFE OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—A despatch to the London Times, dated the evening of the 14th, says: "The Emperor was fired at this evening, at half-past nine o'clock, when entering the Italian Opera House, in Rue Lepellier. Some persons in the streets were wounded. The Emperor showed himself to the people at the doors of the opera house, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. He remained till the end of the opera. On his return, at midnight, he was hailed by the enthusiastic cheers of the immense multitude, who were waiting in the streets to greet him."

The Monitor, of the 16th, says: "On their majesties arriving at the opera, three explosions, coming from hollow projectiles, were heard. A considerable number of persons, who were stationed before the theatre, including some soldiers of the escort, were wounded, two of them mortally. The hat of the Emperor was pierced by a projectile, and General Roquest, aid-de-camp of the Emperor, was slightly wounded in the neck. Two footmen were also wounded. One of the horses attached to the Emperor's carriage was killed, and the carriage was broken by the projectiles." The latest advices say that sixty persons were wounded, and three killed by the shells which were thrown at the carriage.

The conspirators are Italians, and many arrests have been made. The Emperor and Empress suffered nothing from the event, and on the following day attended solemn mass.

THE LATE AFFRAY IN CONGRESS.—From the Southern Fire-Eater.—A glorious affair occurred in Congress, on Saturday, in which a sneaking, rascally, Abolition, Black Republican scoundrel, named Grow, who hails from some wretched locality in the interior of Pennsylvania, got his deserts at the hands of the gallant and chivalrous Hon. Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina. It seems that the man Grow had the audacious impudence to cross over to the Democratic side of the house, and while there take part in the proceedings. For this he was rebuked by Mr. Keitt, and the man Grow replied with some Black Republican slang about this being a free land. Mr. Keitt immediately resented this insolence by making an effort to seize the scoundrel by the throat, at the same time calling him a black Republican puppy. Grow put out his fist (from the shoulder) for the purpose of keeping Mr. Keitt from hurting him, when the latter struck the fist of Grow such a tremendous blow with his eye that Keitt fell down from the rebound.

Several Southern gentlemen interfered to prevent Keitt from continuing to punish the insolent Black Republican, and Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi struck Washburne, of Illinois, such a blow in the fist with his head that the wig worn by Mr. B. was knocked off. It is hoped that this decided course, on the part of our gallant Southern representatives in Congress, will put an effectual stop to such insolence as talking in Congress about this being a free land.

ARREST UPON THE CHARGE OF HAVING DEALINGS IN BOGUS MONEY.—On Saturday evening, the 20th ult., Mr. L. A. Emsworth, of this place, was arrested upon the charge of manufacturing and having dealings in bogus money. The case was heard by Justice Anthony, and adjourned until the following Monday, when the accused waived further examination and gave bail in the sum of \$2,000 for his appearance at the June term of the U. S. Court, to be held in this place. Mr. Emsworth is one of the leading business men of Williamsport, and his arrest has occasioned much excitement; but we forbear making further comment upon it than to say that he expresses confidence that he will be able to establish his innocence when the case comes before the court.—Lycoming Gazette.

Hon. Charles Sumner is again in his cell at Washington.