

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

(NUMBER 7.)

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

VOLUME XXV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, 1854.

## VALUABLE WATER POWER AND FARM FOR SALE.

THIS property, known as "IVY FACTORY," is situated on the Patuxent Falls, 18 miles from Baltimore, and three miles from Reisterstown, and contains about

81 Acres of Land, part in the timber, and part under cultivation. The improvements consist of two good substantial DWELLINGS, and three large

STONE AND BRICK HOUSES, formerly occupied by the hands of the Cotton Factory, lately burned down.

The Water Power is fine, having a fall of eleven feet, and the race and dam are in good order.

A SAW MILL, and STONE QUARRY are on the premises, and the proposed route of the Western Railroad passes very near to the property.

Terms liberal. WM. H. GLENN, Trustee, No. 20 North Charles Street, Baltimore. March 31, 1854.—41

## FARMS FOR SALE, NEAR GETTYSBURG.

No. 1—160 Acres: good Stone House and Barn, with other out-buildings, plenty of good timber, meadow, and never-failing water.

No. 2—175 Acres: large Stone House, large new Barn, Shops, Sheds, Corn-cribs, water in nearly every field; plenty good fruit, sufficient timber and good meadow.

No. 3—125 Acres: first rate House and Barn, and out-buildings, excellent meadow, good running water, choice fruit, timber, &c., near the turnpike.

No. 4—180 Acres: good large Brick House, with out-buildings, plenty never-failing water at the house and in the fields; 60 Acres excellent timber, plenty good meadow, first rate Orchard, of all kinds of fruit, good mountain-horse, &c.

No. 5—200 Acres: large brick House, with back-buildings, large stone Barn, with sheds and cribs, and all other out-buildings, such as dry-house, smoke-house, &c.; between 50 and 60 Acres in good meadow, plenty good timber, good fencing, Orchard of all kinds of choice fruit, several wells of water, &c.

No. 6—247 Acres: near Pipe Creek, Frederick county, Md., large Stone House, Barn, Smoke-house, Spring-house, sheds, pens, cribs, plenty of water and fruit, from 50 to 60 acres of good timber—can be bought cheap.

No. 7—105 Acres: adjoining the above, good Stone House, Barn, out-buildings, good water, &c. [These two Farms are handsomely situated on the public road.]

No. 8—A Mill with 30 Acres of land, good buildings, shops, sheds, other out-buildings, &c.

Any person desirous of buying or selling property will please call upon F. E. VANDERSLOOT, Agent, Gettysburg, Pa., Feb. 17—50w

## NEW HARDWARE STORE.

THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened a NEW HARDWARE STORE in Baltimore, adjoining the residence of David Ziegler, Gettysburg, in which they are opening a large and general assortment of

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, CUTLERY, COACH TRIMMINGS, Springs, Axles, Saddlery, Cedar Ware, Shoe Findings, Paints, Oils, & Dyestuffs,

in general, including every description of articles in the above line of business—to which they invite the attention of Coach-makers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cabinet-makers, Shoemakers, Saddlers, and the public generally.

Our stock having been selected with great care and purchased for Cash, we guarantee (for the ready money) to dispose of any part of it on as reasonable terms as can be had elsewhere.

We particularly request a call from our friends, and earnestly solicit a share of public favor, as we are determined to establish a character for selling Goods at low prices and doing business on fair principles.

JOEL B. DANNER, DAVID ZIEGLER, Gettysburg, June 13, 1851.—11

Tell it, Jonathan. THAT MARCUS SAMSON, has just opened a splendid assortment of Paints of every variety and style which he will sell at prices that will defy competition here or elsewhere. Remember I buy for cash, and under the most favorable circumstances, which enables me to do just what I promise. No humbugging, call and judge for yourselves.

TRACT DEPOSITORY. A DEPOSITORY of the publications of the "AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY" has been established at the Book-store of S. H. BUEHLER, in Gettysburg, where all the Books and Tracts of the Society can be had at the publisher's original prices.

Drawn-up—Come and See! J. L. SCHICK would inform the Ladies that he now offers the largest assortment of BONNETS, Bonnet Silks and Velvets, Ribbons, Flowers & Hair Brides, ever before opened in this place. Call and see them—no trouble to show Goods.

## NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ARNOLD HAS just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with as large and handsome a stock of NEW GOODS as has been offered to the public at any time in this place, among which is every variety of

Ladies' Dress & Fancy Goods, M. Delains, Berge Delains, Poplins, Persian Cloth, Alpaca, Berage, Bombazine, Alpaca, Lawns, Gingham, Chinzies, Calicoes, Silks, Caps, Collars, red and white

Crape and other Shawls in great variety, Bonnets, Bonnet Silks and Trimmings of every variety, plain and embroidered linen Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Gloves, Vests, &c. Also, the

Cheapest Cloth, Cassimere, and Ready Made Clothing in town, with every variety of Goods for Gentlemen's wear. Also, a large lot of cheap Domestic, Hardware, Queensware

GROCERIES, &c. The Ladies' attention particularly is invited to a large and beautiful selection of DRESS AND FANCY GOODS.—The Gentlemen's attention is invited to a large stock of Cheap Cloth, Cassimere, &c. &c.

Give us a call; we pledge ourselves not to be undersold by any establishment in this or any other place.

GEORGE ARNOLD, P. S. Old Debtors thankfully received. March 31, 1854.

## BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.

One price—and that as low as at any Establishment out of the City.

S. H. BUEHLER RETURNS his acknowledgments to his friends for the long continued and liberal patronage extended him, and invites attention to his present largely increased stock of goods just received from Philadelphia and New York. He deems it unnecessary to enumerate the assortment, which will be found to embrace every variety of goods in his line, viz:

Classical, Theological, School, Miscellaneous BOOKS, and Stationery of all kinds, embracing, as he believes, the largest and best assortment ever opened in Gettysburg.

He also invites attention to his large supply of

FANCY GOODS, embracing Gold and Silver pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, Plain and Fancy Note Paper and Envelopes, Motto Wafers, Sealing Wax, Portmoneuses, Soaps, Perfumery, &c., &c.—all of which will be sold at the VERY LOWEST RATES.

Call and examine for yourselves at the old established BOOK & DRUG store in Chambersburg street, a few doors from the diamond.

S. H. BUEHLER, Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 21, 1853.

## WHITE HALL ACADEMY.

THREE MILES WEST OF HARRISBURG.

THE Seventh Session of this flourishing Institution will commence on Monday the 1st day of May next.

The advantages which it affords, it is believed, are of a superior character, and parents and guardians are respectfully solicited to inquire into its merits, before sending their sons or wards elsewhere.

It is favorably situated, the instructors are all competent, and experienced men; the course of instruction is extensive and thorough, and special attention is paid to the comfort and health of the students.

TERMS. Boarding, Washing, Lodging, and Tuition in English, and Vocal Music, per session, of five months, \$65 00

Instruction in Ancient or Modern Languages, each, 5 00

Instrumental music, 10 00

For circulars and full particulars address D. DENLINGER, Harrisburg, Pa.

March 3, 1854.—2m

## A STEWARD WANTED

at Pennsylvania College.

THE present Steward of Pennsylvania College being about to leave, applications will be received by the undersigned from persons desiring the situation. Information in regard thereto can be had of either of the undersigned.

Possession will be given on the 1st of April, or sooner if desired.

MORRIS MCLEAN, S. FARNESTOCK, H. S. HUBER, Committee of Board of Trustees. Gettysburg, March 3, 1854.—1f

## TIN WARE! TIN WARE!

GEORGE E. BUEHLER informs his friends and customers that he has a very large assortment of

TIN WARE on hand ready for the Spring sale, made by experienced workmen and of good materials, which will be sold low for CASH or COUNTRY PRODUCE. Call and see.

Gettysburg, March 10, 1854.

Bretnig, Fronsfeld & Co's., VEGETABLE CATTLE POWDER, AND CATTLE LINIMENT.

SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, by S. H. BUEHLER, agent for Adams county. Dec. 30th, 1853.

## The Lay of the Lowly.

ROBERT NICHOLS, a Scotch poet, is remarkable for the unaffected simplicity of his verse. He selects homely themes, but he throws into them the loftiest feelings. The following poem will go home to every heart:

We are lowly—very lowly. Misfortune is our crime; We have been trodden under foot From all recorded time. A yoke upon our necks is laid, A burden to endure. To suffer in our legacy. The portion of the poor!

We are lowly—very lowly. And scorn'd from day to day. Yet we have something of our own Power cannot take away. By tyrants we are led to death—By hunger we are kill'd; But peace is in our hearts, it speaks Old times all faithful!

We are lowly—very lowly. Nor house nor land have we, But there's a heritage for us. While we have eyes to see. They cannot hide the lovely stars, Words in creation's book. Although they hid their fields and flocks, Corrupted by our look!

We are lowly—very lowly. And yet the fairest flowers That by the roadside raise their eyes—Thank God, they still are ours! Our's is the streamlet's mellow voice, And ours the common dew; We still dare gaze on hill and plain, And field and meadow too!

We are lowly—very lowly. But when the cheerful sun Comes forth with flowers upon her feet To hear the thrush sing. Although we dare not seek the shade Where haunts the forest deer, The evening leaves will canopied be—The humming birds can hear!

We are lowly—very lowly. Our hedgehog paths are gone, Where woodpeckers laid their fairy hands The hawthorn's breast upon. Yet slender mercies still are left, And Heaven's dew enshrouds. And hear the prayers that upward rise From the afflicted poor!

## LITTLE PINKY.

BY MINNA.

"Oh, what a beautiful star, Serene, just on the verge of the Western horizon; see how it flashes and twinkles, and is all encircled with such rays of bright light; do tell me the name of that sparkling star, my good Serene."

"That beautiful star is called Venus, my child, and is the nearest of the primary planets to the earth we inhabit; it is the brightest we see in the heavens. One part of the year it is called the morning star, the other the evening star."

"Oh, beautiful planet; when I die, Serene, I hope I may be permitted to go to that star, and look down upon this world. I do not wish to come back here any more, but only to look down upon it—though I expect it would appear only as a dark speck in the distance."

"Why do you think so, Pinky?"

"Because this world don't shine, the ground is dark, the deep forests are dark, the waters are dark, and all looks dark but the sun and stars."

"Why, I am sure the moon, just rising yonder in the east, does not look dark."

"Oh no, the moon is bright and beautiful, Serene; it shines with a white light, and is much bigger than the stars."

"There you are mistaken, Pinky; the moon is smaller than the stars, and it is her nearest neighbor to the earth that makes her appear so much larger. But the moon, Pinky, is not bright, it is a dark opaque body, like the earth you live upon."

"La! Serene, how can the moon be a dark body when it appears so very light? to me this seems a contradiction."

"Have you never noticed a looking-glass in a dark room?"

"I have, frequently."

"Did it appear very bright then?"

"No indeed, it did not."

"Well, you have seen when a lighted candle has been brought into the dark room, or placed in a position where the light from the candle would fall upon the glass, that the glass would instantly reflect the light and appear bright."

"Oh yes, to be sure, but it is the candle shining on the glass that makes it look bright; but the moon has no candle to shine upon it, Serene, except all those little stars should be lamps and light the moon."

"Many of those stars are, themselves, dark opaque bodies, and like the looking-glass, shine by the light of reflection."

"Well, then, I cannot see how the moon shines, without it is by her own light."

"Then I will try to explain this phenomenon to you, Pinky. And thus, it is the sun that sends his rays of light on the moon, and she reflects those rays, and casts them to the earth; in the same manner that a mirror when held to such a position that the sunbeams may fall upon it, will reflect or throw back those bright beams, often casting them to the opposite side of the room, or what ever place it may happen to be."

"And is this the reason the moon is called a secondary planet or satellite?"

"No, the moon is called secondary because it belongs to the second order of planets and satellites, because it attends the earth, which is a primary, in her annual revolutions around the sun. There are many other primaries and satellites, of which you will learn as you pursue the study of astronomy."

"The moon is dark, Serene; then I do not think as much of her as I used to, when I thought she was bright and beautiful of herself; but she is dark, dark, and shines but, by reflecting the light of another body."

"Yes, Pinky, the moon is indeed an opaque body; but think how bright and glorious must be that orb which from its own supernatural lustre can diffuse those brilliant rays of light which cause so many worlds to shine, and be as lamps of brightness to the children of God, my dear; they are naturally dark, having no light within themselves; their hearts are opaque bodies, and can only be enlightened and made to shine by reflecting the immortal rays of light divine emanating from the Sun of

Righteousness—the glorious Redeemer of a fallen, sinful world. The little angels of heaven, Pinky, bathe in those streams of ethereal light which flow from the Savior's smiles, and are happy. Then take heed to your ways, dear child; walk in the narrow path that leads to life, and you too shall live in the light of that glorious sun which illumines the home of the blessed in heaven."

"Look here, Serene, what beautiful flowers; how varied their hue, and how soft the green sod on which they repose, sweet offerings of early spring—what pity they must fade; Serene, when I die lay me where those wild flowers blow; their fragrance breathes to me of the joys of that heaven of which you spoke of last night; and, Serene, when I sleep, I dreamed, and it don't seem like a dream now—it was so plain that a little angel could not lead me to that blessed abode, with flying wings, like that bright star in the west—I thought so beautiful. When it drew near to me it said: will you go with me, little Pinky, to that heavenly home where I dwell? There is no darkness there, the Sun of righteousness shines in his own glory, and all reflect his glittering beams; there is no sickness there; you will never know sorrow nor pain; no clouds arise there to obscure the bright beams of the sun, which shines day and night in the city of our God; the flowers that bloom there never will fade; they are watered by the River of love, which flows from the throne of the Lamb. 'Yes, take me,' I cried, 'lead me to your bright happy home.' But oh, Serene, that little angel replied that she must pass the cold river of Jordan, which she had to go through, before I could reach that bright happy home—She showed me the river—I thought it was dark, and I was afraid to plunge in it, and the angel said you must try yet a while, little Pinky, till you conquer your fear, and then I will come for you again. The little angel then spread her bright pinions and soared up to heaven. When the angel was gone out of sight, there appeared a man bright and beautiful beyond anything I had ever conceived, and clothed in radiant so dazzling white, that it pained my eyes to look upon him; he drew near to my side and said, 'Why are you afraid of the river, little Pinky?' 'Because it is dark, and is cold,' I answered, 'and no sun shines there, to warm and to light it.' 'Look,' said he; I turned to behold, and lo! when he stretched out his hand to the river, it became lighted above the brightness of the sun; and on the other side of the river I saw my little angel visitor, who seemed waiting for me to come over. 'That's my son,' he told me that he was the true light, and would guide me safely through the dark stream, and be the lamp of my salvation; for soon I must plunge in its dark waters—but not alone, he would be with me. Now, what is that river, Serene, that lies between me and that heavenly home? 'That dark river is death, little Pinky, and Jesus the Savior, is he who can light you safe through its dark waters.' 'Cold and pale was the sweet face of little Pinky, as she lay on the snow white couch, with her little fair hands clasped over her motionless breast. Yes, little Pinky had crossed the deep river, but to her it was not dark; the lamp of salvation had shown on its waves, and the valley of the shadow was illumined by its beams. She glided softly through the billows, and was received on the shores of fair Canaan by the angels of light, and on wings of bright glory mounted triumphant to her heavenly home."

"Little Pinky was laid where the wild daisies blow. So sweetly above the green sod. Another fair flower of earth is laid low. Another star shines in the kingdom of God."

A TREASURE COSTING NO MONEY.—Which will you do—smile, and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all those young ones gloomy, and the elders ones miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and a pleasant tongue. Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind and pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your business.

A smile—who will refuse a smile, The sorrowing heart to cheer, And turn to love the heart of gloom, And check the rising tide of tears, A pleasant smile for every face, O't is a blessed thing, It will the lines of care erase, And spots of beauty bring.

The love of admiration is the cancer upon the heart of many a lovely woman. It insinuates itself into the nature and either makes the woman an object of vulgar stare or public notoriety. When her beauty is gone, the absence of the stimulus to her weakened nature leaves her irritable and disappointed. Beauty is a dangerous inheritance, and requires a special duty from the owner of it. The destiny of a beautiful woman is nobler than to be stared at by a vulgar, or flattered by heartless society.

COME HEAR THE BIRDS SING.—The late Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death said to his wife: "You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not go in the shades of evening or in the dark of night. These are no times to visit the grave of one who hopes and trusts in a risen Redeemer. Come, dear wife, in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

Love one human being with warmth and purity, and thou wilt love the world. The heart, in that celestial sphere of love, is like the sun in its course. From the drop in the rose to the ocean, all is for him a mirror, which he fills and brightens.

Happiness is not found in the social glass, nor in the festive hall, nor in the hilarities of the ball room, nor at the gaming table, nor in the pursuit of wealth, nor worldly fame or honor; but it may be found in doing good.

## "PROGRESS" IN THE PULPIT.—REV.

Henry Ward Beecher, the best specimen of Young America to be found in the Ministry, in a recent discourse delivered in Washington city, held forth as follows:—

A CHURCH ON AN ENDLESS NEST.—A true minister must know no fear.—He must be a warrior. He must not preach to please the Justice of the Peace, or the Senate. He must go forth and attack wrong wherever he finds it. Does he say that is perilous? Why, it is perilous to live. When preachers do their duty faithfully, there will be less dogs to bark. They are told to mind their own business, and not to be meddlers. But the minister who never creates any agitation, is like the husbandman who never plows, because he may rip up some old ruin. It is a peculiarity of the Gospel that it don't mind its own business. It is aggressive. It don't wait for man to come to it for relief, but it goes out to find man, wherever he is. A Church may have all truth in its creed, but if it sits on its eggless nest and never incubates, it is just as dead as its opposite neighbor, who believes in all manner of error.

DEAD MATTER.—Preaching is substance in life. A bullet must have power behind it, or it is dead matter. If men needed only argument, analysis, and deductions, then the Bible would be enough. But the object of preaching is not to build up a creed, or a system, but to repress sin and evil. The churches of the present day disputing about the correctness and tendency of different articles of faith, reminded him of a number of workmen assembled to erect a building. They begin to compare their shovels, disputing which has the sharpest; their chisels, contending which has the best temper—and their axes, boasting of the skill and fame of the makers—but never strike a blow or make a tendon towards the erection of the edifice.

SILK STOCKINGS AND WHITE KIDS.—The ministers of these churches think it no sweet and gentle to attack sin indirectly. But the Gospel is direct and revolutionary. There was a meaning in the declaration of Jesus that he came to send a sword and not peace. The Saviour wants stout and brave men, not gentle men in silk stockings and kid gloves. Their preaching must be bold and applicable. The Gospel, it is true, is very inconvenient to sinners, but it must be preached, so that drunkards, stingy, and crabbed souls, unjust men, and oppressors, will feel that it is aiter them.

PREACHING TO PLEASE THE PEWS.—Sometimes the men in the pews are impelled to break out against wrong, but their pastor tells them it is not prudent. If I (said Mr. B.) had a Gospel like that, I would throw it overboard. I would never preach to please the pews. There are congregations of men who build splendid edifices, with rich pulpits, handsomely carpeted aisles, well cushioned pews, splendid organs, and have very respectable choirs—but don't call such Churches of Christ—call them Odd Fellows—Mutual Insurance Companies—anything respectable but churches.

A MAN AND HIS DOUBLE.—An Italian farce, which has attained considerable popularity, is distinguished by the following somewhat comical incident.

A traveller reaches an inn, and finds it crowded with occupants; his choice lies between no bed at all, or one in the same room where a black man is sleeping; he adopts the latter, and orders the servant to call him at a very early hour. In the middle of the night a mischievous wag wanders into the room, and assumes himself with blacking the traveller's face.—When the servant wakes him, his first question is to look in the glass, when he exclaims, "The fool has blacked the wrong man!" and calmly goes to bed again.

TITLES OF OLD BOOKS.—"A Rusty Saw, for the throat of the Pope."—"A Slice of Bread and a piece of meat, spiritually administered for the nourishment of hungry souls."—"A Sharp Knife, for ripping open the pillows under the arm holes of sinners"—for the first time whetted and ground on the grindstone of the Evangelists.—"A New Wheelbarrow, for wheeling away the burden of corruption from the Church."

A Rush Light, to assist the true believer in understanding the fifth verse of the ninth chapter of St. Luke.

A Handful of Moss, gathered from the Stone which the builders rejected.

A Telescope, by looking through which, the humble Christian may see over the battlements of Heaven."

MAGNITUDE OF RUSSIA.—Russia is the greatest unbroken empire, for extent, that ever existed, occupying vast regions of Europe and Asia, and nearly one sixth of the inhabitable globe. It is forty-one times the size of France, and one hundred and thirty-eight times that of England. Yet it was too small for the ambition of Alexander, who is reported to have said, "I insist upon having the Baltic to skate upon, the Caspian for a bathing place, the Black Sea as a wash hand basin, and the North Pacific Ocean as a fish pond."

He "conquered on Tartary for a pasture, on Persia and Georgia for a vineyard, on Turkey for a garden, on Poland for a farm, on Finland and Lapland for a hunting ground, and took part of North America as a place of banishment for offenders."

CHRISTIAN GRACES.—Christian graces are like perfume—the more they are pressed, the sweeter they smell: like stars, that shine brightest in the dark; like trees, the more they are shaken the deeper root they take and the more fruit they bear.

Happiness is not found in the social glass, nor in the festive hall, nor in the hilarities of the ball room, nor at the gaming table, nor in the pursuit of wealth, nor worldly fame or honor; but it may be found in doing good.

## The two Characters.

Some murmur when their sky is clear, And wholly bright to view, If one small speck of dark appear In their great heaven of blue; And some with thankful love are fill'd, At one ray of God's great mercy, and The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask, In discontent and pride, Why life is such a weary task, And all good things denied; And hearts in poorest huts admire And love to have in their old (Love that not ever seems to tire.) Such rich provision made.

SONNET.—I dream'd I saw a little rosy child, With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing; Now stopping here, and then afar off straying, As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled. 'Twas changed—one summer's day I stepped aside, To let him pass. His face had manhood's seeming; And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming On a fair maiden, whom he called his bride. Once more—'twas evening, and the cheerful fire I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding; The room with harmless pleasure humming; And in the midst I marked the smiling one— The heavens were clouded, and I heard the tone Of a slow-moving bell—the white-haired man was gone!

The Speech of a True Man. S. M. BOOTH, editor of the Milwaukee Free Democrat, was arrested shortly after the rescue of a slave in that town, on a charge of aiding the fugitive, and violating the Fugitive Law. He made the following speech before the Commissioner, after which he was held to bail in the sum of two thousand dollars for his appearance before the United States Court. He gave the required bail and was discharged:

May it please the Court—I do not propose to reply to the counsel for the Slave Catcher, on whose unsupported oath I am arrested as a criminal, and now on trial for liberty. I leave that task to my counsel. But I wish to say a few words, at this stage of the examination, in my own defence.

For the first time in my life, I am arraigned before a tribunal, invested with the forms of law, on a charge of crime. The warrant for my arrest charges me—so the legal fiction runs—with "unlawful aiding and abetting" the escape of a human being from bondage.

My answer to the charge is that it is not true. Whatever aid and comfort I may have rendered the hunted and hated fugitive, it was only such aid and comfort as the laws permit, or humanity dictates, and as the plainest precepts of the Christian religion require of me, on the peril of my soul. So far, therefore, from having to reproach myself with what I have done, I ought, perhaps, to blame myself for not doing more. Instead of keeping as I have done, strictly within the letter of the law, perhaps I ought to have braved the penalty of those who broke open the jail, and set an example of resistance to this Fugitive Law, by siding in the forcible rescue of Glover.

But I knew that human bloodhounds were on my track, ready and eager to pounce on me with all the authority and force of the General Government, and that the Federal Courts and Federal officials, who take so deep an interest in this prosecution, and whose suggestions have been so valuable to the prosecuting attorney, would rejoice at an opportunity of enforcing the penalty of an infamous law, against one who had done his part to make that law odious to a liberty loving people. I knew that the slave power would be rejoiced at an occasion which would enable it to silence my press, while the Nebraska inquiry was waiting either for an ignominious birth and a premature baptism by faith-breaking god-fathers, or a hopeless death and an infamous grave, and so I chose the path of prudence, and maintained an outward regard for a law I inwardly loathed and abhorred, and treated as a legal verity what I believe in my inmost soul to be a stupendous fraud, as wicked as a seditious, and a nullity before God and man.

But I am frank to say—and the prosecution may make the most of it—that I sympathize with the rescuers of Glover, and rejoice at his escape. I rejoice that, in the first attempt of the slave-hunters to convert our jail into a slave pen, and our citizens into slave-catchers, they have been signally foiled, and it has been decided, by the spontaneous uprising and sovereign voice of the people, that no human being can be dragged into bondage from Milwaukee. And I am bold to say that, rather than have the great Constitutional rights and safeguards of the people—the writ of Habeas Corpus and the right of Trial by Jury—stricken down by this Fugitive Slave Law, I would prefer to see every Federal officer in Wisconsin hanged on a gallows fifty feet higher than Haman's. [Loud cheering. The Court said if it was repeated, the room should be cleared of spectators.]

May it please the Court; I understand well, and this community understand well why I have been singled out by the prosecution. It is not because I am specially guilty, or more guilty than hundreds, whom the Slave-catcher's attorney would not think of prosecuting, but because it is desired to make an example of me, and the Slave Power wants me for a victim. That power wishes to introduce the discipline of the slave plantation among the Editorial fraternity, to silence their voice in behalf of Freedom, and therefore, it cracks its lash, or gets the District Attorney and this Honorable Court to crack it about my ears, as one thought to be most in need of such discipline. My conviction and punishment, it is hoped, will strike terror to the hearts of the people, and compel them to stifle those feelings of humanity, implanted in every human soul, which prompt them to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, hide the outcast, and obey the commands of the merciful God, instead of the edicts of cruel and wicked men.

## I have done nothing in this case, which, living, I could wish to forget, or, dying, I would wish to blot out of the memory of mankind. What I may be the finding of this Court, I leave to their judgment, in the hearts and consciences of all who love Freedom and hate oppression—of all who stand for Order, regulated by righteous law—of all who value Republican institutions, and would transmit them pure and free, as a heritage to their children—of all who scorn the infernal mean, and inhuman business of kidnapping and slave-catching—of all who honor manhood and despise base avenging and servile fawning to the Slave Power, and of all who would die on the battle-field or on the gibbet, rather than sacrifice their consciences, deny their Maker, and surrender their liberties to the worst despotism the sun ever shone upon.

With these brief remarks, I leave the defence of my case to my counsel, whose age, experience, attainments, ability, and fidelity to Truth and Freedom, entitle him to my fullest confidence.

THE DOCTORS ON DRINKING BEER.—"Medical men," says Dr. Gordon, "are familiar with the fact that beer drinkers in London can scarcely scratch their fingers without risk of their lives. A copious London beer drinker is one vital point. He wears his heart on his sleeve; he has a death wound even from a rusty nail or the claw of the cat."—Sir Austin Cooper, on one occasion, was called to a dayman who had received an injury in his finger from a splinter of a stone. Suppuration had taken place, this distinguished surgeon opened the small abscess with his lancet. On returning he discovered that he had forgotten his lancet case, going for this he found his patient in a dying state. "Every medical man in London," concludes this same writer, "dreads above all things a beer drinker for his patient."