

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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The following, entitled "Watch, Mother," is beautiful—one of those little gems which touch the heart—  
Mother! watch the little feet  
Climbing o'er the garden wall,  
Bounding through the busy street,  
Ringing collar, shed and hall.  
Never count the moments lost,  
Never mind the time it costs,  
Little feet will go astray;  
Guide them, mother, while you may.  
Mother! watch the little hand  
Picking berries by the way;  
Making houses in the sand,  
Tossing up the fragrant hay.  
Never dare the question ask,  
"Why to me this weary task?"  
These same little hands may prove  
Messengers of light and love.  
Mother! watch the little tongue  
Prattling, eloquent and wild,  
What is said and what is sung,  
By the happy joyous child.  
Catch the words while yet unspoken,  
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;  
This same tongue may yet proclaim  
Blessings in a Saviour's name.  
Mother! watch the little heart  
Beating soft and warm for you;  
Wholesome lesson now impart;  
Keep it keep the young heart true.  
Extirpate every wrong seed,  
Sowing good and precious seed;  
Harvest rich you then may see,  
Reaping for eternity.

### A Frightful Snake Story.

The following incident was related to us the other day by one whose veracity is unquestioned, and who was an eye-witness of the fact. It is more appalling than any we recollect to have ever read in the history of those reptiles.  
Some time last Summer the inhabitants of Manchester, Mississippi, gave a barbecue, which was attended by most of the fashion and beauty of the town and surrounding country. It happened that among the guests there was a young lady, Miss M., recently from one of the Eastern cities, who was on a visit to her relations in the neighborhood of the town.  
Miss M. was a gay and extremely fashionable young lady, and withal possessed of an uncommon share of spirit and courage, except in the matter of snakes, and of those she dreaded to walk about except in the most frequented places, for fear of encountering them. Every effort was used, but without avail, to rid her of her childish fears. They haunted her continually, until at last it became the settled conviction of her mind that she was destined to fall a victim to the fangs of a rattlesnake. The sequel will show how soon her terrible predicament was fulfilled.

Toward the close of the day, while sources of the fury feet were keeping time in the dance to the music, and the whole company were in full tide of enjoyment, a scream was heard from Miss M., followed by the most agonizing cries for help. The crowd gathered around her instantly, and beheld her standing, the perfect image of despair, with her hands grasping a portion of her dress with all the tenacity of a vice. It was some time before she could be rendered sufficiently calm to tell the cause of her alarm, and then she gathered from her broken exclamations that she was grasping the head of a snake among the folds of her dress, and feared to let go her hold for fear of receiving the fatal blow. This intelligence caused many to shrink from her; but the ladies, for their honor be it told, determined not to leave her in that state of extremity.

They thought her not to let her hold as safely depended upon it, until some one could be found with courage enough to seize and remove the terrible animal. There were none of the ladies willing, however, to perform the act, and the situation of Miss M. was becoming more and more critical every moment. It was evident that her strength was failing fast, and that she could not maintain her hold many minutes longer.

A hasty consultation among the calmest of the ladies was held, when it was determined that Dr. Tison, who was present, should be called to their assistance. He was quickly on the spot, and being a man of uncommon courage, he was not many minutes within the circle of weeping and half fainting females until he caught the tail of the snake and wound it round his hand to make sure of his hold.

He then told Miss M. that she must let go at the moment he jerked it away; and to make the act as jerked as possible, he would pronounce the words one, two, three, and at the moment he pronounced the last word she must let go her hold, and he doubted not he could withdraw the snake before it would have time to strike. All stood in breathless horror awaiting the act of life or death; and at the moment the word three was pronounced, the doctor jerked out the largest and most diabolical looking beast that was ever seen in Mississippi. This whole affair was then explained. The fastenings of the machine had become loose during dancing, and it had shifted its position in such a way that it dangled about the lady's snake, and induced the belief that it was a snake with an enormous head.

The doctor fell right down in his tracks and fainted—he did.

Dance.—It has already been stated that the Honorable Miss Murray, sister of a Scotch Duke, and maid of honor to Queen Victoria, is on a visit to this country. An exchange paper says:

"Her frank and cordial manners, her intelligence and great kindness of heart, have secured her many friends. She appears, however, to have been struck with astonishment at the 'extraneous' expenditure of the helplessness and ill health of that unfortunate class of beings, the fashionable women of our cities. Miss Murray, like the fashionable women of Europe, dresses so plainly that it probably costs her less to dress a whole year than many a New York lady expends for a half-dozen hankerschiefs. It is a settled thing in Europe, that extravagance in dress is the very extreme of vulgarity, and it is never indulged in except by those whose only claim to distinction is their length of purse."

### Frightful Narrative.

In the fall of 1840 I was travelling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburg over the mountains. My fellow passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The older gentleman's countenance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty—in air and manner, he was calm, dignified and polished, and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on different topics until the road became more abrupt and precipitous, but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his countenance. His eyes, lately filled with the light of intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious—the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead was bedewed with a cold perspiration. With a sharp convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching his arm tightly with both hands, he hung to me like a drowning man.

"Use the cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex.  
I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became more composed—but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountain, and descended into the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity, that I had at first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he with a bland smile, and a gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow travellers, also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."  
"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.  
"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveller thus proceeded: "At the age of eighteen, I was in light of heart, light of foot, and I fear, (he smiled) light of head. A fine property on the banks of the Ohio acknowledged me to enjoy. I was hastening home to my native land, and delighted to get free from college life. The month was October, the air bracing and made of conveyance—a stage coach like this, only more cumbersome? The other passengers were few, only three in all, one an old grey-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature of about seventeen, and his son about ten years of age.

They were just returning from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to attract my entire attention.  
The father was taciturn, but the daughter vivacious by nature, and we soon became so minutely pleased with each other, sheas the talker, I as the listener—that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion that I knew how the night passed us.

Presently there came a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.  
I looked through the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning showed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see, at intervals, huge jutting rocks far down its side, and the light made me solicitous for the safety of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock that was in the track of our coach wheels—a tiny bill of wood, a stray root of a tempest-trunk tree, a restive horse, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our subterranean existence with the speed of thought.

"It is a perfect tempest," observed the lady as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm!—there is something so grand among the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encountered a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in the *Jura* occurs to my mind. But were we on the mountains yet?"  
"Yes, we have begun the ascent."  
"Is it not said to be dangerous?"  
"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But what is that?" and she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a heavy volume of rain coming down at each thunder-burst, and with the deep moaning of an animal breaking upon our ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Louise, my beautiful fellow traveller, became as pale as ash. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked:  
"We are on the mountains."  
"I reckon we are," was the unconcerned reply.

With instinctive activity I put my head over the window and called to the driver; but the only answer was the moaning of an animal borne past me by the wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door, and strained in vain—it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear the following appalling words:  
"The coach is being moved backwards!"  
Never shall I forget the agony with which I tugged at the door, and called on the driver in a tone that rivaled the force of the blast, whilst the dreadful conviction was burning on my brain that the coach was being moved backwards!

What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seemed to me like a frightful dream.  
I rushed against the door with all my force, but it withstood my utmost efforts. One side of the vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and I knew from his desperate plunges against the traces that it was one of our horses. Crash after crash of coach thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played round our devoted carriage as if in gloom at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those in prayer.

I could see Louise turn her ashy cheek towards me as if imploring protection; and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignantly defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll of desperate plunges as of an animal in the last throes of dissolution—a harsh, grating jar—a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror—and I had but time to grasp Louise firmly with one hand around the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted, but that tremendous descent I soon lost all further knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.  
The traveller passed. His features worked for a minute or two as they did when we were on the mountain; he pressed his hand across his forehead, as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting narrative.  
On a low couch in a humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in a world of light and shade, joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a time all my questionings. I was carefully attended by a young girl of fifteen, who refused for a length of time, to hold any discourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident.  
"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on a ledge of rocks, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the jussible form of a lady with the other."  
"And the lady?" I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.  
"She was dead, sir, by the means that saved you—the friendly tree!"  
"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.  
"We found them both crushed to pieces, at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below where my father and uncle Joe found you and the lady. We buried their bodies both in one grave, close by the clover patch, down in our meadow ground."  
"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered, in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.  
"God pity her, indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy.  
"Would you like to see her?" she added.

I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the graves of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I need not detain you further by detailing the efforts I made to win her from her grief, but briefly acquaint you that at last I succeeded in inducing her to leave her twelfth month in the sunny south, and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with good precepts; but on the anniversary of that dreadful night she secludes herself in her room and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer.  
"As for me," added the traveler, while the faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "for me that incident has remained to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice."  
"But the driver," asked our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the story with much attention, "what became of the driver, or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"  
"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."  
"That is a boy I can trust,"  
"One visited," says a gentleman, "a large public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the master; and as he turned to go down the platform, the master said, 'That is a boy I can trust, my son, for he has a fine, open, manly face. I thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that little boy earned? He had already got what would be worth to him more than a fortune. It would be a passport to the best office in the city, and what is better, to the confidence of the whole community. I wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by elder people. Every boy in the neighborhood is known, and opinions formed of him; he has a character either favorable or unfavorable. A boy of whom the master can say, 'I can trust him; he never failed me,' will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness and industry which he has shown at school are prized everywhere. He who is faithful in little will be faithful in much."  
DRINKING LIKE MEN.—"Now gentlemen," said a nobleman to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other: are we to drink like men, or like brutes?" The guests somewhat indignant, exclaimed, "like men, of course." "Then," replied he, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want!"

### The Basin of the Atlantic Ocean.

The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the Old World from the New, and extending probably from pole to pole. This ocean furrow was probably scooped into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand; that there the waters which he called seas might be gathered together so as to let the dry land appear and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet, in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles.—Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off so as to expose to view this great sea, which separates continents and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, a thousand feet of rocks, with that fearful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearl and inestimable stones, which in the poet's eye, is scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death. The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is at the bottom of the sea, between Cape Race in Newfoundland and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau. A company is now engaged with the project of a submarine telegraph across the Atlantic. It is proposed to carry the wires along the plateau from the eastern shores of Newfoundland to the western shores of Ireland. The great circle distance between these two shore lines is 1000 miles, and the sea along this route is probably nowhere more than 10,000 feet deep.—Prof. Huxley.

Buckwheat.—Few crops can be turned to better account, on a poor, light, gravelly soil, than buckwheat. It possesses a chemical action on the soil, by which the coarser particles are disintegrated or rendered finer, and the soil, earth unimixed with animal or vegetable matter—is produced by the disintegration and pulverizing of the rocks. Silica, or take it more familiarly, is pulverized quartz. Clay is produced by the decomposition of felspar. Now all the stones and field-stones of the world, while existing in the form of rock, will produce a blade of grass; it is only when decomposed, or pulverized; and the finer the particles, the better the soil.

If a soil, then, is coarse, the object of the farmer should be to pulverize it, which can only be done by some chemical application, or the growing of some crop which has that chemical power. Buckwheat, by a process yet undiscovered, has that power, and the longer it is cultivated, on a given piece of ground, the finer will be the particles of the soil. It grows on land for corn, but leaves it in fine order for potatoes, and is the best crop to kill out bushes, wild grass, and mallow green sward. To fit the land for the next succeeding crop, in rotation—plow in a crop of buckwheat in blossom.

As a food for man, except in small quantities, we could not recommend it, as cakes made from it, though light when hot, are heavy as cold liver when cold. A constant use of it has a tendency also, to produce cutaneous diseases; but baked with potatoes, apples or pumpkins, it is first rate for hogs. When ground, it is excellent for milk cows. Fed raw, or left standing in the field, it is great for shagbills. (They being allowed to harvest for themselves.) The blossom affords material for the very best honey, and at a season when other flowers are gone.

It should never be given, in any form, to horses, as it bloats them, rather than fattens; and what appears to be fat, put on a horse by buckwheat in a week will disappear, by hard work, in a day.  
A young wife remonstrated with her spendthrift husband upon his conduct.—He took up a New Testament and pointing to the text, "Thou my love, said he, 'I am like the prodigal son, I will reform by-and-by.' "Guest truly there is something in the text will suit me too; I think, until you reform, it will be as well for me to arise and go to my father," and off she started.

THE VALUE OF IMPORTS.—The following is some of the leading articles imported at the port of New York, for the three months ending June 30th. Cigars, \$750,000; coffee, \$1,955,497; liquors, \$415,618; wines, \$319,619; tea \$235,263.

A COLLEGE IN AFRICA.—Sincere efforts are being made in various parts of the United States to endow a college in Liberia, and it is said that there is a strong prospect of a single college on the whole continent of Africa. Should such an institution be founded and endowed, it would undoubtedly prove a great benefit to that quarter of the world.

A decrease of population is exhibited by some of the New York towns, in the result of the present census, as compared with that of 1850. This is especially the case in Genesee Falls and Canandaigua.

A contract has been made to furnish the United States House of Representatives with hickory wood at \$8 per cord, and anthracite coal at \$1.19 per ton of 2200 pounds.

The Danville (N. Y.) paper records the death of a dog from grief and starvation at his master's grave.

There have been seventeen deaths in Lexington, Ky., from cholera, since the 20th ult. Ten of the cases were colored.

Gen. Quitman has declined a nomination for the Mississippi State Senate. Ripe peaches from Indiana are selling in Cincinnati.

### A Picture of Henry A. Wise.

The Hon. Henry A. Wise lately made a speech at Parkersburg, Virginia. A correspondent of the *McDonnellville Enquirer*, who heard him, thus writes his impressions of the man:  
"I was disappointed in the personal appearance of the man. I had expected in Henry A. Wise to see a man of commanding stature, upright bearing, with flashing eyes and a noble forehead; but he is no such man. He is the medium height, not more than five feet seven or eight inches; very spare, would not weigh more than 120, probably not that.  
"There is nothing prepossessing about him. He is, in fact, positively ugly. Very gentlemanly and courteous in his bearing towards others, but in his dress he is almost a sloven. His cravat is awry, his linen was soiled with tobacco, his chin was shaved and flaked with stocks of yellow saliva; his clothing rather hung round him than otherwise. I could see no physical indication of greatness. A low forehead overshadowing a pair of lusterless grey eyes, that rolled with a nervous uneasiness in their deep sockets; high cheek bones, and a complexion sallow-hued from the inordinate use of tobacco, a stooping carriage and trembling gait, did not indicate the great man.  
"When I first saw Wise on the stand during the few moments of his opening remarks, as he stood before us, his shoulders drooping and bent forward, his chin and shirt bosom spattered with tobacco juice, those dull eyes, expressive in their deep sockets, his long grey hair, tossed unbecomingly about his temples, his arms hanging listlessly by his side, looking for all the world like a resurrected mummy, I thought, he was the most uncomely specimen of humanity that I ever saw attempt to address the audience. But when, with a voice that rang as clear as the notes of the war clarion, he made his appeal with a passionate intensity of manner, I thought him eloquence incarnate. Never in my life have I listened to such an appeal; it set the blood dashing through my veins like a mountain torrent.  
"I went right home to the heart of every Virginian present. You could see in their glowing eyes and heaving chests, and could hear in the response that made walls tremble to their foundations, the effect it had upon the multitude."

The Redan and the Malakoff.—These two famous towers, that may be said to guard the gates of Sebastopol, are already celebrated for deeds of valor, on the part both of the besiegers and besieged, that almost rival those which old Homer tells us of, before the walls of Troy. The first of those towers, the Redan, is a huge semi-circular earth-work, forming, in fact, a part of the main fortifications on the land side of the city just outside the walls. It was originally of stone, but since the English, immense earthworks have been added to it.  
The Malakoff Tower is next, north & east of the Redan; between them are the Orlovskoe ravine and earthworks. The Malakoff stands upon low ground near the head of Caroen Bay, but on the southern and western side. The Malakoff stands 400 yards in front of it in a more commanding position, and when it was taken by the French, the Russians halted; their ships out of the bay, as they were exposed to the guns of the Malakoff in the hands of the French. These three works were in fact all outworks, and have been thrown up since the commencement of the siege, almost in the presence of the French and English, but still they may be considered as forming a part of the main defence of the city. While the Malakoff, although important from its commanding position, was nevertheless a detached work, separate and distinct from the main line of defence.

Struck by Lightning.—Singular Escape. A house in Greenleaf, in the occupancy of Mr. Andrew Leinhardt, was struck by lightning on Sunday week. The fluid ran down both ends of the house, penetrating it at several places, and shattered to pieces everything in its course. We are informed that ten whole window panes were not left in the entire building, and that a bureau, clock, and several other pieces of furniture, were shattered to fragments. At the time the lightning struck, there were nine persons in the room. Mr. Leinhardt, his wife and seven sons, all escaped without injury, except one of the sons, who happened to be in the loft; and who was struck on the head with such force as to break the bridge of his nose and completely sever one of his eyelids. It is thought the sight of the injured eye will be entirely destroyed, but that otherwise he will not be seriously affected. We heard of singular freaks performed by lightning, but the above seems to be without a parallel.—Chamb. Repts.

Disbanding of Foreign Military Companies. CINCINNATI, July 12.—General Sargent today made a formal demand on each of the military companies composing the Irish battalion, to deliver up forthwith all the arms, accoutrements and uniforms in their possession, which order was obeyed only by one company.  
Gen. Sargent then served out writs of replevin, and the sheriff took possession of the entire accoutrements of the other companies. A similar demand is to be made on the German companies. The cause of these demands is alleged insubordination on the 4th July.

One of our exchanges says it requires 3,500 sheep to be kept the whole year to support the Lawrence (Mass.) mills with wool for one single day. They produce 1,500 shawls per day, and consume wool to the value of \$60,000 per annum.—Three years since there were not 500 inhabitants in Lawrence, and now there are 10,000.

Seneca Sentence.—A man was recently sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary in Mississippi, for stealing goods of the value of \$300.

### THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

#### SPEECH OF T. H. FORD, Of Ohio, delivered June 13, 1856, at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia.

MR. PRESIDENT.—I feel much embarrassed when I reflect that I rise to represent the views of the mighty West on this vexed question of Slavery, now under discussion. I would to God that some gentleman more competent to the task had undertaken it. Gentlemen from other States have shown a strong disposition to discuss party politics in this debate. With the dirty details of party politics we have nothing to do in Ohio. Our principles are patriotic and pure, our purposes high and holy. The gentlemen who preceded me have all mistaken the policy of the founders of the Republic. They never intended to tolerate Slavery or even be responsible for its existence. With the framers of the Constitution Freedom was the rule, Slavery the exception; Freedom national, Slavery sectional. But those patriotic gentlemen from the South are anxious of changing the rule so as to make Slavery national and Freedom sectional; to extend over territory now free the soul-withering, God-dishonoring curse of human Slavery. We, on the other hand, are desirous of sustaining the policy of our forefathers—a Bible-based, law-loving, liberty-bullit policy. And here we take issue. The honorable gentleman from North Carolina, pointing to me, tauntingly says: "You of the North refused to extend the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific when we offered it to you." To this I reply, we did so refuse, and for this reason—We are desirous of extending the area of Freedom, instead of the course of human bondage. The honorable gentleman from Tennessee and Alabama have said that we at the North were generally opposed to the establishment of that Missouri Compromise line at the time the compact was entered into in 1820. "On what pretext can you base your opposition to its repeal?" In answer to the gentleman, I say that the people of the North were opposed to the establishment of that line, and for this obvious reason: It was a base surrender of territory to Slavery that had been by the God of nature and our laws consecrated to Freedom. That this moment, instead of the voice of Freedom ascending to Heaven, in ardent prayer for the perpetuity of this Union, thousands of human beings were clanking the chains of abject Slavery there. Those men who were in Congress from the North and voted for this Compromise, let forgotten somewhere—their memories having perished with them—So have we seen those who voted for its repeal to their political graves, to be remembered no more by us, except in the long living annals of infamy. The gentleman over the way asks me to reconcile that position. I will, Sir. The territory of the South acquired by virtue of that contract is already negro-land—yes, negro-land. (To the disgust of humanity he said) is this day heard on its every acre. The voice of Freedom is not heard there, but Slavery, dark and damning, curses that otherwise beautiful country, having territory sufficient to make an empire of freemen. That is the reason we opposed its repeal and now ask for its restoration. We cannot recall Slavery there now—'tis too late! If we could place that territory in the same situation it was in 1820, there would be no trouble from our State about the repeal of the Missouri restriction. No, we would like men, enter the arena and fight manfully the battles of Freedom. Yes, sir! we would be not turned to strangers and our houses to aliens, and left desolate in the land of our forefathers. But the dark and damning, dead is done; and regarding the rights of the States under the Constitution we cannot change it now. And now, after our submission for thirty-four years to that inquiry, you come forward and inflict this renewed outrage upon us. You say, "it is true, north of that line was set apart by solemn compact to freedom; but the contract was unconstitutional, and consequently null and void." I care not from what point you view it; you have taken under that contract and of course are bound by it. You now come to us whiningly and say: "This contract is void, do not attempt to enforce it." Suppose you give your note to a friend for one hundred dollars borrowed on the Sabbath day, and afterward, to avoid the payment, set up for defence that the note was given on Sunday, and consequently void, and you would not pay it. In what light do you suppose all honorable men would view it? In no other light than as consummate villany, unworthy the confidence of all honorable men. In this light Ohio and the teeming millions of the mighty West, whom I feebly represent here; view you, gentlemen, in relation to this Kansas Nebraska inquiry! I appeal to Representatives from the South, in the name of all that is honorable—in the name of God—to be once influenced by the pure promptings of right and justice, and restore this Compromise line, or from this day hide your deformed heads and make your appearance no more among intelligent beings. But I am resolved to place the gentleman—those chivalrous Southern gentlemen—right on the record. Many of them do say that the repeal of that time-honored line, (to use their own words) was a wrong, an injury and an outrage, and that it ought to be restored. I say many of you have said so to me; and inasmuch as every gentleman from the North has been challenged to give the name of any Southern man who has dared to even breathe one word in favor of Freedom, therefore, to avoid being asked to do so, come up to the confessional, or I shall place it. A gentleman from Alabama cries out, "Douglass was not of the North!" Ford replies: "So was Benedict Arnold!" The British took the traitor, and we retained the Territory. Our Southern brethren have taken the Territory and left us the traitor. They ought to proceed they dispise him [Applause and laughter.] Now Mr. President, we of Ohio protest against

### THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

#### SPEECH OF T. H. FORD, Of Ohio, delivered June 13, 1856, at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia.

MR. PRESIDENT.—I feel much embarrassed when I reflect that I rise to represent the views of the mighty West on this vexed question of Slavery, now under discussion. I would to God that some gentleman more competent to the task had undertaken it. Gentlemen from other States have shown a strong disposition to discuss party politics in this debate. With the dirty details of party politics we have nothing to do in Ohio. Our principles are patriotic and pure, our purposes high and holy. The gentlemen who preceded me have all mistaken the policy of the founders of the Republic. They never intended to tolerate Slavery or even be responsible for its existence. With the framers of the Constitution Freedom was the rule, Slavery the exception; Freedom national, Slavery sectional. But those patriotic gentlemen from the South are anxious of changing the rule so as to make Slavery national and Freedom sectional; to extend over territory now free the soul-withering, God-dishonoring curse of human Slavery. We, on the other hand, are desirous of sustaining the policy of our forefathers—a Bible-based, law-loving, liberty-bullit policy. And here we take issue. The honorable gentleman from North Carolina, pointing to me, tauntingly says: "You of the North refused to extend the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific when we offered it to you." To this I reply, we did so refuse, and for this reason—We are desirous of extending the area of Freedom, instead of the course of human bondage. The honorable gentleman from Tennessee and Alabama have said that we at the North were generally opposed to the establishment of that Missouri Compromise line at the time the compact was entered into in 1820. "On what pretext can you base your opposition to its repeal?" In answer to the gentleman, I say that the people of the North were opposed to the establishment of that line, and for this obvious reason: It was a base surrender of territory to Slavery that had been by the God of nature and our laws consecrated to Freedom. That this moment, instead of the voice of Freedom ascending to Heaven, in ardent prayer for the perpetuity of this Union, thousands of human beings were clanking the chains of abject Slavery there. Those men who were in Congress from the North and voted for this Compromise, let forgotten somewhere—their memories having perished with them—So have we seen those who voted for its repeal to their political graves, to be remembered no more by us, except in the long living annals of infamy. The gentleman over the way asks me to reconcile that position. I will, Sir. The territory of the South acquired by virtue of that contract is already negro-land—yes, negro-land. (To the disgust of humanity he said) is this day heard on its every acre. The voice of Freedom is not heard there, but Slavery, dark and damning, curses that otherwise beautiful country, having territory sufficient to make an empire of freemen. That is the reason we opposed its repeal and now ask for its restoration. We cannot recall Slavery there now—'tis too late! If we could place that territory in the same situation it was in 1820, there would be no trouble from our State about the repeal of the Missouri restriction. No, we would like men, enter the arena and fight manfully the battles of Freedom. Yes, sir! we would be not turned to strangers and our houses to aliens, and left desolate in the land of our forefathers. But the dark and damning, dead is done; and regarding the rights of the States under the Constitution we cannot change it now. And now, after our submission for thirty-four years to that inquiry, you come forward and inflict this renewed outrage upon us. You say, "it is true, north of that line was set apart by solemn compact to freedom; but the contract was unconstitutional, and consequently null and void." I care not from what point you view it; you have taken under that contract and of course are bound by it. You now come to us whiningly and say: "This contract is void, do not attempt to enforce it." Suppose you give your note to a friend for one hundred dollars borrowed on the Sabbath day, and afterward, to avoid the payment, set up for defence that the note was given on Sunday, and consequently void, and you would not pay it. In what light do you suppose all honorable men would view it? In no other light than as consummate villany, unworthy the confidence of all honorable men. In this light Ohio and the teeming millions of the mighty West, whom I feebly represent here; view you, gentlemen, in relation to this Kansas Nebraska inquiry! I appeal to Representatives from the South, in the name of all that is honorable—in the name of God—to be once influenced by the pure promptings of right and justice, and restore this Compromise line, or from this day hide your deformed heads and make your appearance no more among intelligent beings. But I am resolved to place the gentleman—those chivalrous Southern gentlemen—right on the record. Many of them do say that the repeal of that time-honored line, (to use their own words) was a wrong, an injury and an outrage, and that it ought to be restored. I say many of you have said so to me; and inasmuch as every gentleman from the North has been challenged to give the name of any Southern man who has dared to even breathe one word in favor of Freedom, therefore, to avoid being asked to do so, come up to the confessional, or I shall place it. A gentleman from Alabama cries out, "Douglass was not of the North!" Ford replies: "So was Benedict Arnold!" The British took the traitor, and we retained the Territory. Our Southern brethren have taken the Territory and left us the traitor. They ought to proceed they dispise him [Applause and laughter.] Now Mr. President, we of Ohio protest against

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