

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BURHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE"

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Wishing.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all amusements for the mind
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as wishing.
A very cheap diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it into abuse it.
I wish—a common wish, indeed,
My purse was something fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride as father.
That I might make oppression reel;
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it!
I wish that Sympathy and Love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That Scorn and Jealousy, and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of Ocean!
I wish that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were never so few,
I wish that evil were so true,
I wish that persons never forgot
To heed their pious teaching,
I wish that practicing was not
So difficult from preaching!
I wish that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor,
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women never were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers!
I wish, infinite, that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come, as with a rushing wind,
To be the glorious real;
I wish that God should ever create
With His supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing.

Honor thy Father and Mother.

BY ELLEN C. HOBBS.

"Honor thy father and mother," is the first commandment with promise—promise as beautiful in its exemplification as glorious in its conception. A mother's lips first breathed into our ears those words of Holy Writ, and explained their general import; and from the time when the story of gray haired Bihah and his youthful meekers first excited my young imagination, up to the time when the respect that inspired for the white hairs of age has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. We sigh as we think of the days when the young were wont to bow before the hoary head, and, by gentle, unforced assistance, strew roses in the old man's tottering path. But those kindly customs of our puritan ancestors have passed away. The word grows selfish as it grows old, and age-dimmed eyes must turn homeward for stays to their trembling and tottering limbs. Here should they find the fulfillment of the first commandment with promise.

No true, womanly soul ever withdrew her gentle hands from her poor old father or mother; no manly heart ever forgot the home loves of his wayward childhood, or ceased to hear the echoes of a fond mother's prayers. Often the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, may choke up the inborn affections of narrow souls; but few and far between is the fondly loved child, who can be so untrue to himself or his maker, as wholly to forget the mother who bore him. Yet, even with the holiest motives, our reason and soul, as with the wider application of the commandment, has fashion incited; influence; and the sun, perchance, who left his fond parent's humble home reluctantly and tearfully, to make his way in the world, forgets, when fortune favors, to welcome his rustic mother to his own luxury, with which he left her in his childhood home. Her dim eyes, perchance, do not catch readily the meaningless courtesies of life; nevertheless, they look none the less lovingly upon her child, than when they watched over his helpless infancy. Her withered hands may be large and bony, and may never have known a jewel; but none the less gently did they smooth the weary pillow, or bathe the heated brow, in the hours and days of boyhood. Alas! she is the same fond mother still; her age and work-bent form, clad in rustic garb, conceals a heart full of never-dying love, and ready for new sacrifices. And, thanks to the Great Being, who gave us the commandment with promise, now and then there stands up a noble man, true to his inborn nature, who, throwing off the trammels of fashion, however wide the gulf which separates him, in the world's eye, from the humble poverty of his boyhood—who is not ashamed to love, before his fellows, the humble mother who gave him birth.

"My mother—permit me to present her to you," said an elegantly dressed, noble-looking young man to a friend for whom he had crossed a crowded drawing-room, with his aged parent leaning on his arm. There was a dead silence for full five minutes. The moral beauty of the picture pervaded every soul, and melted away the frost work from world-worn hearts. 'Twas the old foreground of a fashionable resort, whither hosts had come, with all their selfish passions, to seek in vain for health and pleasure.—But here was a variation—a bit of truth to nature in the motley mingling of colors.

From a little farm-house, pent in by forests, way up in the Granite State, that young man had gone forth with brave heart and stalwart arm; strong like his native hills, he had already made a name for himself. Polished circles opened for him, and gentle tips bade him welcome.—Yet none the less cruelly did his manly arm support his homely, tottering mother; none the less softly and tenderly did he call her—querer though she looked—"my mother," amongst the proud beauties, who had striven for his favor. Her dress was antiquated, for the good gifts of her son had been sadly mutilated by rustic hands; you only one heartless girl tittered, des-

pite the broad-frilled cap, and well-kept shawl. Her voice was rough, and often her expression coarse and indignant. Used to the social mug at home, she asked for her neighbor's goblet at table, and was guilty of many like vulgarities. She was not an interesting woman, save in her vigorous age, and her beautiful love of her son.—Yet for a week, the son watched over that mother, and gained for her kindness and deference, in the very face of fashion, walked with her, drove with her, helped her, like an infant, up a difficult mountain side of twenty miles, humored her every caprice, and each day found some new friend, whose heart he might thrill by those gentle words, "my mother." To him she was the gentle mother who rocked him to sleep in childhood, an "true to the great commandment she had taught him, he was making the path smooth for her dependent years.

One there was, in the gay throng, whose eyes flashed laughingly, as they rested on the homely toil-worn woman; but she was a noble soul, and truth and right gained an instant victory over lifelong prejudices. Quietly and elegantly she crossed the room, laid her snowy little hand, with such a gentle, thrilling touch, on the arm of her lover, and whispered a word in his ear. Will she ever forget the look of love-triumph in his eyes, or the melting gentleness of his tones, as he proffered his beautiful high-bred betrothed to his old gray haired, dotting mother?— "There is a holy right—that of polished, glowing beauty, grasping the hand of wrinkled, homely age. When the summer guests had gone, many a one remembered and watched that young man, whose filial devotion had in it a moral sublimity. And surely to him the commandment proved with promise.

Living by one's Wits.

Nine persons sailed from Basle down the Rhine. A Jew, who wished to go to Sololampi, was allowed to come on board and journey with them, on condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true, something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he struck his hand against it; but the only money therein was a twelve kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this he accepted the offer with gratitude, for he thought he "something may be earned over upon the water. There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine."

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very polite to the Jew, and he with his wallet under his arm—for he did not wish to lay it aside—was the subject of much mirth and mockery, as alas! is often the case with those of his nation. But the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thuringen and Saint Velt, the passengers one after another grew silent, gazing down the river, until one spoke out:—

"Come Jew, do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their long stay in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to shear my sheep." And he proposed that they should sit round in a circle and propound curious questions to each other, and, with their permission, would sit down with them. Those who could not answer the questions should pay the one who propounded them a twelve kreutzer piece, and those who answered them pertinently should receive a twelve kreutzer piece.

The proposal pleased the company, and he began to direct themselves with the Jew's wit and stupidity, each one asked a random whatever entered his head.

Thus, for example, the first one asked:— "How many soft boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat on an empty stomach?"

All said that it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid over their twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said, "One; for he who has eaten one egg cannot eat a second on an empty stomach," and the other paid him the twelve kreutzers.

The second thought, wait Jew, and I will try you on the New Testament, and think I shall not write the second epistle to the Corinthians?"

The Jew said, "because he was not in Corinth, otherwise he would have spoken to them." So he won another twelve kreutzer piece.

When the third found the Jew so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who prolongs his work to the greatest length possible, yet completes it in time?"

so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?"

The Jew said, "the last one can take the dish with the eggs, and can let it lie there as long as he pleases."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked with an air of mischievous friendliness:— "How can a man fry two trout in three pans so that a trout may lie in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after another gave him twelve kreutzer pieces. But when the ninth desired that he should answer it himself, he frankly acknowledged that he knew not how the trout could be fried in such a way!

It was maintained that this was unfair in the Jew, but he stoutly affirmed that there was no provision for it in the argument, save that he who could not answer the questions should pay the questioner, and fulfill the agreement by paying that sum to the ninth of his comrades, who had asked him to solve it himself.— But they all being rich merchants and grateful for the amusement, which had passed an hour or two very pleasantly for them, laughed heartily over their loss and at the Jew's cunning.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S WENTENANCE.—BY OLD GRAY.—I was always fond of dogs. Goldsmith in his beautiful style, makes a touching and eloquent plea for the dog, when in alluding to a sort of mania for dog killing, which prevailed at the time of which he speaks, in consequence of an unreasonable apprehension of the spread of hydrophobia, he says among other fine things that the dog is the only animal which will leave his own kind voluntarily to follow man.

It is true, that the truth should bind man to the dog's protector and friend.

The American brig Cecilia, Captain Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a splendid specimen of the Newfoundland breed, named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportion, his intelligent, broad white chest, white feet and white tipped tail, the rest of his glossy body being black, made him beautiful as his peerless namesake. No doubt would have been proud to possess him.

He was owned by a seaman named Lancaster, who was naturally enough extremely fond of him.

Captain Symmes, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccountable repugnance to dogs, so much so indeed, as if all his ancestors had been bitten by his unfortunate predecessors.

This dislike he one day developed in a most shocking manner, for as Napoleon had several times entered his room and wagging his great bared of a tail, knocking paper and ink off his desk, on the next occasion the captain seized a knife, and cut half the poor animal's tail off.

The dog's wail brought his master to the spot, and seeing the calamity and the author of it, without moment's hesitation he fell on Captain Symmes to the cabin floor with a deadly hammer blow, which hit him the temple, would forever prevented the captain from cutting off any more dog's tails.

The result was Lancaster was put in irons, from which, however, he was soon released. Captain Symmes partly repented his cruel deed, on learning that Napoleon had once saved the owner's life.

The white shark, as all my nautical friends are well aware, is one of the very largest sharks. It averages over twenty, and I have seen one twenty-seven and a half feet in length. It is generally considered to be the fiercest and most formidable of all sharks.

But a few days elapsed ere he became the hero of a most thrilling occurrence, the very thought of which has often thrilled me with horror. During the interval the noble beast was not at all backward in exhibiting his wrath at the captain by low growls when he approached.

In vain did his master, fearful for the life of his dog, essay to check these signs of his anger. Captain Symmes, however, made all the allowance he could, and offered no further harm to him.

One morning as the captain was standing on the bowsprit, he lost his foothold and fell overboard. The Cecilia then running about ten knots, a Captain Symmes, "Man overboard!" Captain Symmes was the cry, and all eyes got out the boat as they saw the swimmer striking out for the brig, which was rounded to, and as they felt especially apprehensive on account of the white shark in those waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful solicitude.

By the time the boat touched the water, their worst fears were realized, for they beheld advancing upon him the fish-most dreaded in those waters.

"Hurry, hurry! men, or we shall be too late!" exclaimed the mate. "What's that?"

he was making, while Lancaster, in the bow of the boat stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching anxiously the captain and his pursuer, the faithful animal who saved his life.

"Great God!" exclaimed the men who marked the speed of the blinding animal. "The shark will have on or both if we don't do our best."

The scene was of short duration. Ere the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous shark had arrived with three car's length of the captain and suddenly turned over on his back, preparator, to darting on the sinking men, and rearing him in his vast jaws, which now displayed their rows of long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But Napoleon, who seemed inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with fierce howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the shark, swiftly reared them.

"Saved! if we're half as smart as that dog is!" cried the mate, as he saw the voracious monster shudder off his sea, and smarting with pain, turn on again, the dog retaining his hold and heaving submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster, his knife in his hand, plunged into the water where the captain had also sunk from view.

But a few moments elapsed ere the dog arose to the surface, and soon after, Lancaster with the insensible form of the captain.

"Pull them up, and give 'em an air!" cried the mate, "for that fellow is preparing for another launch."

His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the marine monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water in his eyes, as he came again, and but a few seconds too late to snap off the captain's legs, while his body was drawn into the boat.

Foiled a second time, the shark passed the boat, plunged and was seen no more, but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of his wounds from Napoleon. The boat was pulling towards the brig, and not many hours elapsed before the captain was on deck again, feeble from his efforts, but able to appreciate the services of our canine hero, and most bitterly to lament his own cruel act which had mutilated him forever.

"I would give my right arm," he exclaimed, as he patted the Newfoundland who stood by his side, if I could only repair the injury done to that splendid fellow. Lancaster you are now fully avenged. I am sure, if I could only have vengeance it is, though it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live."

SOMETHING TO SWEAR BY.—Father Shobana, an old Universalist preacher in Alabama, is called by the people "the walking Bible." In a county court it was discovered on a certain occasion that there was no Bible in the court house to swear the jurors upon.

The Judge, casting his eyes on the venerable preacher, said: "There's Shobana, he has the Bible in his head, they can lay their hands on him, and that will answer every purpose."

We have heard of a custom-house at the south, where a directory was used for several weeks in the administration of oaths as the copy of the Bible at the collector's desk was removed on account of its dirty appearance.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.—The Memphis Appeal says, a physician of that place paid a morning visit, recently, to one of his patients in the upper end of the town, and on entering the room of the sick man, the following dialogue took place:—

Physician.—"I say, Doctor, I've got you cheated this load of poles."

Doctor.—"How?"

Physician.—(Rising on his elbows and looking across the room.)—"Look there, doctor, at that fellow lying there: I got him to take that pill you left me, and it killed him in an hour."

Some idea may be formed of the importance of perfume as an article of commerce, when it is stated that one of its large purveyors of Grasse, in France, employs annually 80,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 90,000 lbs. of cassia flowers, 54,000 lbs. of rose leaves, 32,000 lbs. of jasmine blossoms, 36,000 lbs. of violet flowers, 25,000 lbs. of lavender, 16,000 lbs. of lilac flowers, rosemary, mint, lavender, thyme, lemon, orange and other odorous plants in like proportion.

"ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?" asked a person of the followers of "Red Jacket." "No," answered the sturdy savage, "I am a 'white Indian.'" He could see the whiskey drinking and Christianity did not go together, and was honest enough to let himself in the right place. A little of his honesty would not be amiss among the whites.

Police Court.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Angustus Slitter.—This case was answered by a rusty-looking specimen of a decayed gentleman in miserable preservation. The uncombed hair, the frothy beard, the coat which had once been broad cloth, and had probably been got up upon a plan fashionable and elegant at some remote period, but which was now rumpled and the gendously metamorphosed from a frock to a jacket by the unceremonious and doubtless hasty curtailment of its hinder parts—the pantaloon venerable and vented, though once respectable—the shirt with stains of revelry and tobacco disgusting its fair front, the bosom of which had been intended to fasten with studs, but which was now kept together with strings of different colors—the neckkerchief with ends ragged and fluttering in humble imitation of the silken fringe of more aristocratic neighbors—and the hat with a rusty slice of crape encircling its battered circumference, gave this person an appearance most affectionately described by the expressive adjective "wooly."

His hands were disfigured with so many layers of different kinds of dirt that a geologist would have been puzzled to date the period of the primary formation, and the fingers looked quite as much like very dirty smoked sausage with the skins on as they did like human digits. Nor had his face been washed down to the skin for "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." He had kept open the passages to his nose from necessity of breathing, and hunger has forced him to clear away furmally the incrustations of dirt which formed about his mouth, but the terrible layers projected so far outward every side of that entrance of his countenance that his victuals had to pass through an earthly canal, like a swallow's hole in a sandbank, or to make a smile on a larger scale, like a railway cut through a side hill. He is a longer about the markets, docks, and in fact any place where he can procure where-with to satisfy the cravings of his stomach. Despite his present unpromising appearance, he has undoubtedly at some period of his life received at least the rudiments of a tolerable education, and has brought himself to believe that he is an ordinary orator. On being presented to the Judge by Policeman 1,001, who had taken him into custody to order, he desired to be permitted to tell his unfortunate story. The Judge having no time to waste denied him, but he claimed the privilege to make a plea in behalf of his private and an expression of sympathy for his sorrows drew from him, however, the following history.

I was, Sir, unhappy in my original conception; my birth was premature, my mother having tumbled over a candle box; I was neglected in my infancy, discarded in my boyhood, ill-treated in my youth, abused in my manhood, and unfortunately at all times—my life has been a time of mishaps; when a baby I rolled out of the wash tub, the only cradle I ever knew, and cut my head open and my ear off on the coal heap; afterwards at various times I fell into a kettle of hot soapuds, pulled a barrel of potatoes on to my head, and cooked the whole of my inferior machinery by drinking boiling water from the spout of the teakettle; as a boy, I met with nothing but the usual assortment of boyish misfortunes, besides the usual accidents which happen to all masculine juveniles, of being blown up with gunpowder on the Fourth of July, and breaking their legs sliding down hill on Christmas—I had one hand mutilated by a planing machine, had my hair cut off with a circular saw, was carried from the collar to the fourth story of a cotton factory, heels upward, on the hook of the hoisting rope, which had caught in my pantaloons—was whirled round a machine drawn by a gutta-percha belt, which tangled in my hair, and which revolved me for fifteen minutes at the rate of seven times a second, lost two fingers in a threshing machine, had my foot mashed by a Third car, and was once run away with by a locomotive engine which I had started, and did not know how to stop; when it came time for me to go into business for myself, I set up in the apple and peanut trade, but the boys kicked over my stand and stole all my stock; I then accepted a new capital; by begging pennies on the corners, and went into the ballad business; I arranged my literary stock on the curbstone, but a high wind scattered my hopes and my songs together; I saw a chimney sweep walk off with "Jessie, the Flower of Dubuque," a fat countryman stole the fish traffic proved no more profitable; my old enemies the boys stole all the lobster which I was raising, and claims to keep them from spoiling, and my porgies got fly-blown before I could find any customers; I tried cobbling shoes, but I left the pegs too long; I also essayed gardening, and got a situation, but the first day I pulled up the young cabbage and left the pig weeds, transplanted the tulips into the onion bed, and cut up the rose-bushes under the impression that they were last year's pea brush—the unreasonable man discharged me; since that I have been a street-sweeper, a bill-sticker, a billiard-maker, have set up pins in a bowling-alley, and cleaned ends in the market, and have failed in all through my adventures; I have done my best, I

am the victim of a hard and bitter, unrelenting fate; my education I have picked up as I best could; I learned to read these bills from the newsmen, and picked up my eloquence by hanging about the court rooms; but, Sir, good by; I hear the officer inquiring in profane language for me; I must be locked up; farewell.

A dirty tear rolled through the gutter on Mr. Slitter's cheek, and with a big sigh he vanished.

A Good Pass-time.—As the season is approaching when young gentlemen and ladies will assemble together at evening parties—and when for the purpose of sociability and making time pass pleasantly, games and plays will be introduced—a play is here suggested which we regard as a first rate pass-time, and one which will be sure to draw out wit where it exists. It is styled "Lexicogossima," and the *modus operandi* is as follows:—

Each lady and gentleman present is required to write on a slip of paper my question that may suggest itself, and on another some simple word. The questions are deposited together, in one card basket, and the words in another. The baskets are then handed around, when each person takes out a question, and also a word.— The question is to be answered on the same slip of paper on which it is propounded, and must incorporate the word which is written on the other slip of paper, care being observed to underscore this word that the reader may designate it. The questions and answers are then again deposited in a basket, and one of the company is appointed to read them.

For example: A gentleman gets the question—"Who shall we have for our next President?" His word is "Winter." He answers: May the winter of our discontent be made glorious summer by the son of York—Millard Fillmore.

A lady gets the question—"What is love?" Her word is "Potatoes." She answers—"Love, like a potatoe, shoots from the eyes."

Another lady gets the same question—for it is a very common one. Her word is "Shanghai." "Gracious Peter!" exclaims the gentleman next to her, "how can you associate love with a Shanghai?" "I will show you," says the lady. She writes—"Love is a chicken-hearted sort of a fellow, but not of the Shanghai order, I mean."

A gentleman of my acquaintance once got the question—"What becomes of the fish?" His word—"If I may so call it—" "After, like Martin Van Buren, figuring in the papers for their allotted period, like public view, and go down to the shades of retirement."

From these examples you will perceive, that the play is not only a very diverting one, but one that will develop wit wherever it exists.

A RENEWAL.—A young widow was asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband. "O, la," said she, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of death."

WHIG MEETING.

At a meeting of Whigs of Adams county held in the Borough of Gettysburg, on Tuesday the 4th day of September, inst., the following proceedings were had:—

On motion—ROBERT SMITH, (Chairman of the County Committee), was elected President of the meeting, and D. McCONAUGHY (Secretary of the County Committee), was chosen Secretary.

On motion, it was unanimously Resolved, That we respond to the call made upon the Whigs of the Old Keystone to meet in Convention, at Harrisburg, on the 11th of September, inst.—and that we send Whig Delegates to represent Whig principles, and vindicate Whig measures and policy in said Convention.

Resolved, That in the present condition of the political sea, the old Whig Chart and Compass, which were good enough for Washington, for Adams, for Webster, and for Clay, are good enough for us.

Resolved, That proper self-respect, honorable pride, and a spirit of elevated patriotism, all imperatively require of the Whig party to retain its distinctive organization, re-affirm its old faith and oft-avowed principles, and maintain its position upon its ancient basis, and patriotic platform, unswayed by a desire for novelty, or a hungering after office, and unswayed by the strong arm of a reckless National Administration.

Resolved, That the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was a flagrant breach of faith by the South, and a reckless reopening of a mixed intestine question, which can only be quieted by its restoration; and that the policy of the present National Administration, which has encouraged violence, and reckless and lawless interference with the peaceful exercise of the sacred right of suffrage, is insulting to the people, and will bring upon itself certain and ignominious defeat.

On motion of R. G. Harper, Esq., Resolved, That D. McCONAUGHY, Esq., be appointed Representative Delegate from Adams county to the State Convention.

On motion of George Arnold, Esq., Resolved, That R. G. HARPER, Esq., be appointed Senatorial Delegate to represent the eleventh Senatorial District in said Convention.

On motion of Dr. D. Horner, Resolved, That said Delegates be recommended to use their best exertions, to secure action by the State Convention, in accordance with the principles and policy indicated in the foregoing Resolutions.

Resolved, That the President furnish to said Delegates certificates of election, together with the proceedings of this meeting.

On motion, adjourned.

R. SMITH, Pres't.
D. McCONAUGHY, Sec'y.

Remarkable Article from a pro-slavery Paper.

The following article, from the St. Louis Intelligencer of the 24th inst., is decidedly remarkable, and, as one of the signs of the time, is worthy of the closest attention:

THE BITTER FRUITS—THE SUICIDE OF SLAVERY.

Our news from Western Missouri is of ominous and most discouraging character. That region is suffering from mildew and blight. Its glory is dimmed, its spirit abated, and hopes faded.

The emigration to Kansas has been almost checked. Emigrants from the North or Free States have ceased to go to Kansas, because they can find as good land elsewhere, not encumbered by law, nor ruled by non-resident bullies. Emigrants from the Southern States do not go to Kansas, because they will not get their slave property in peril, by taking it to a territory where there is a strong free soil element, threatening the security of slaves.

Any man of sense might have foreseen this result. Alabama and Georgia may hold public meetings, and resolve to sustain the slaveholders in Missouri in making Kansas a Slave State. But their resolutions comprise all their aid—which is not "material," enough for the crisis. When slaveholders of Alabama and Georgia emigrate, they go to Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. They do not come, with their slaves, to Missouri or to Kansas. Call them that backing their friends?

Thus the matter stands. The northern emigrants shun Missouri and Kansas as plague spots of the nation. The southern emigrants shun Missouri and Kansas, because here is the battle ground between slavery and free soil.

The result is, Kansas, the fairest land under the sun, is neglected and idle; occupied by a few honest and earnest but disheartened pioneers, and lorded over by a dozen or two feudal tyrants of Missouri, who curse by their presence the land they have desolated.

Such is Kansas—poor, neglected and despised—and Western Missouri and Indiana, by the horrible contagion of outlawry, and dwindled away under the malediction of its mobocratic leaders. We are assured by two gentlemen of high position in Western Missouri, but totally differing in political sentiment—one upholding the oligarchy that controls the affairs and tramples upon the sovereignty of the people of Kansas, the other deploring the accursed madness of the day—that neither are gloomy enough in Western Missouri. Missouri is dull. Commerce is stagnant. Slavery is scarce, and a panic pervades the people.

The fifty thousand emigrants that ought, this season, to have poured into Kansas, are not there. The prairie soil remains unbroken. The wheel of the axle and the whoop of the husbandman is not heard. Western Missouri towns are not thronged with settlers buying their outfit and their equipments of husbandry. The farmer finds no market for his horses, mules, oxen and cows. There is no new and large trade springing up in Kansas. The much vaunted Kansas towns lie neglected—a mockery to their owners and a laughing stock for all men. "Dead—dead—dead" may be written on all the country—so deep and disastrous has been the fall from the high and fond hopes of the past year.

In May last, the editor of the Intelligencer was in Kentucky, and he met numerous of the most respectable and able farmers of that State, such as form so large a portion of the population of Missouri, who inquired earnestly about the condition of things in Kansas and Western Missouri. They spoke of the intention they had of removing to Kansas or Western Missouri; but said they had abandoned it utterly, for the reason that they would never think of taking their families to a region where law was set aside, proses mobbed, and men driven from the country by irresponsible and unknown bands of Regulators. They preferred the rule of law to anarchy. They preferred the through several North Western States we found the same circumstances were most industriously and fully used to divert emigration to those States, and to prejudice Missouri and Kansas with every class of people. The most aggravating stories of insults and outrages committed by Missourians on the person of emigrants from the Old World or from the Free States, who are found ascending the Missouri river, are circulated in the newspapers all through the Free States, and it is impossible to generate towards the deep hatred Missourians bear to the whole State in the Northern half of the Union.

Between these friends Missouri is leading on her languid existence. St. Louis is retarded in a most woful way. We build ten miles whip our Western States build one hundred. In every department of life we feel the paralysis. Instead of bounding forward, slow and strong and rejoicing, we sit with dull eyes and heavy spirits, and listen to the tick of a death-watch.

These are the bitter fruits—a repeal of the Missouri Compromise—a wicked and wrongful deed—that will yet bring a hell of bitter self-reproaches to its authors. Missouri did not demand that repeal. The South never asked it. Achilles sent the South consented to the wrong, and made the wrong her own. This was the suicide of slavery.

Every step since taken has deepened the wrong and enhanced the danger. The Free States organized Aid Societies, and sent their men to make Kansas free. It had been free soil, by solemn compact for thirty-five years, and they naturally were inclined to see its character changed. The South would have been far more indignant if a slave territory had been formed, by unexpected act of Congress, converted into Free Soil.

The Free States had a right to be indignant that a life-long compromise had been repealed—and they had a right to try to keep Kansas free as it had been by treaty.

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