UNION COUNTY STAR AND LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN AND J. R. CORNELIUS.

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

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Union County Star & Lewisburg Chronicle

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL

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The MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is located in the office of the *Star* of the Union, by which we often insert important News in advance of the Philad. Mails.

Connected with the Office are ample materials for most kinds of JOB PRINTING, which will be executed with neatness and despatch and on reasonable terms.

☞ Usual advertisements to be paid for when handed in. Job Work when delivered. Job Printing generally.

☞ OFFICE on Market-square, north side, second door. Jan 1, 1860. WORDEN & CORNELIUS.

[*From the Lewistown Gazette.*]

The following beautiful lines were found by the parents of the youth whose happy death was in last week's paper, written in his own hand. He had arranged them from verses in his possession. The note below was added by a friend. W.

CLINTON TO HIS MOTHER.

CLINTON.

My mother, my mother! O, let me depart!
Your tears and your pleadings are sounds to my heart.
I hear gentle voices, that chide my delay;
I see lovely visions, that woo me away.
My prison is broken, my trials are over!
O, mother, my mother, detain me no more.

MOTHER.

And will you then leave us, my brightest, my best?
And will you run nothing no more in my breast?
The summer is coming, to sky and to tower;
The tree that you planted, will soon be in flower;
You loved the soft season, O song and of bloom;
O, shall it return and find you in your tomb?

CLINTON.

Yes, mother, I loved in the sunshine to play,
And to talk of the birds and the blossoms all day;
But sweeter the songs of the spirits on high,
And brighter the glories that shine in the sky!
I see them, I hear them, the joys of my heart;
My mother, my mother, O, let me depart!

MOTHER.

O, do not desert us! Our hearts will be drear,
Our home will be lonely when you are not here,
Your little sister will sigh and her gaieties, and say,
"I wonder dear Clinton so long can delay."
That fool like the wild wind—that glance like a star—
O, what would this world be when they are afar!

CLINTON.

This world, dearest mother! O, live not for this!
No, present with me to the fulness of bliss!
And trust me, whatever bright fields I may roam,
My heart will not wander far from you or from home.
Believe me still near you, on pinions of love;
Expect me to hail you, when soaring above.

MOTHER.

Well, go, my beloved! the conflict is over;
My pleas are all selfish, I urge them no more.
Why chain your bright spirit down here to the clod,
So longing for freedom, so ripe for its God?
Farewell, then, farewell till we meet at the Throne!
There, love fears no parting, and hopes are unknown.

CLINTON.

O, glory! O, glory! What music! what light!
What wonders break in on my heart, on my sight!
I come, blessed spirits! I hear you from high!
O, frail, faithless nature, can this be to die?
So near! what, so near to my Saviour and King?
O, help me, ye angels, His praises to sing!

[Reader! if you have ever added a sorrow to the soul, a furrow to the brow, of an affectionate parent—if you have ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath your feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon your memory, and knocking doubtfully at your soul; then be sure that you will lie down sorrowing and repentant to the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing!]

The Star and Chronicle.

MONDAY, JAN. 23, 1860.

Correspondence of the Star & Chronicle.

FARM SCHOOL P. O., CENTRE CO.,
Jan. 13, 1860.

You should re-publish, this season, the admirable advice which you gave about this time last year, in regard to settling up accounts, squaring up, squaring off, and forming as few new ones as practicable. It was an admirable lesson, admirably given, and calculated to benefit every reader through the whole coming year.

I am glad to be able to assure you that the spirit and soundness of the CHRONICLE are well appreciated in our Reading Room.

We have an apple, a native of your region, of which Mr. Noll sent me scions, which we want to show at the Fruit Growers' meeting in Lancaster, 1st February, if we can find any specimens remaining. It is called the Adams apple; is described in Downing's late edition; has fruited for us three seasons; quite remarkable for early and steady productiveness, for great size, beauty, hardiness, quality, vigor of growth, and general reliability. We shall grow it largely here with other native [illegible] September Jeffere's, Summer Bellflower [illegible] class sorts.

We mail you a copy of our Catalogue, (which will be sent to applicants on receipt of a 3 cent stamp.)

The most prominent distinctive characters of the various fruits and flowers are described by symbols which are expressive of the intended meaning (pages 12, 18,) and the principles of culture which are given in the introduction, simplify the art considerably by showing that what is required to secure growth and fruitfulness, is to see that the trees—be left alone. It will appear that among the destructive agents that prey upon fruit trees, the worm who claims ownership and pretends to trim and prune and cultivate and cure for them, is, of all, the most injurious.

If any of your readers possess any valuable or remarkable undescribed fruits, possessing any peculiar and distinguishing merit, they will add to our means of usefulness here, by sending 2 or 3 scions of stout wood of last year's growth, with descriptions and history of the fruit. Peculiar vegetable or animal growth and other specimens serving to illustrate Natural or Cultural Science will be thankfully received. Our means of illustration have been largely increased, and our prospects for success and great usefulness are highly encouraging. W.

THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE—a paper that every Pennsylvanian in the county would find well worth its cost. It is one of the best "local news" papers published, and that is the highest compliment that can be paid a country newspaper. At the same time, its leading editorials are able and pointed, and its selections excellent.—*Freeport (Ill.) Journal.*

FRANKLIN, Pa., Jan. 18, 1860.

I hope that all editors will at once adopt the cash system, and not send a paper to any person for a longer time than what he ordered it. Excuse me for this hint.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18, 1860.

The condition of things here requires men of stern stuff, and I think the Republican Members of Congress are such men. This is an era in our political existence, when we want TRUE rather than GREAT men. I am proud to become associated with such men as the Republicans have sent here. I think they can neither be bought, frightened, nor persuaded into an abandonment of the right. I should not be surprised if more than one member of Congress should be killed before this Congress closes, but better be so than the truth be abandoned, or that liberty be stricken down in this country. If the time has come for sacrifice to be made for freedom, why not let those sacrifices be made now as in the days of the Revolution?

GREEN Co., WIS., Jan. 9, 1860.

Please send us a subscription paper to renew our Club, as our time has nearly expired.

And now a word concerning the times and weather in the Badger State. We have had good sleighing since Christmas, and weather cold enough—thermometer 32 below zero, 2d inst., and the next day warm enough to be out in the field husking corn as one of my neighbors was. Times are tight as regards money, and the credit system pretty much done away with. Extra spring wheat sells for 90 cents, shelled corn 42, oats 22, rye 50, barley 40, flour 2.40 per hundred, pork 4.00 to 5.10, butter 15, eggs 14, potatoes 40, wood per cord 1.50 to 2.00, Pittsburg coal 12 dollars per ton. What would you Union county folks think of that figure for coal?

Yours, W. U.

[Your club paid to No. 835.—EDS.]

NEW DEMOCRATIC DODGE.

In view of the approaching elections in Connecticut and New Hampshire—the first State Elections in 1860—the Democrats are trying to influence the Manufacturers of those States by such false and sordid appeals to self-interest as the following articles:

"THE EFFECT.—The Hartford *Times* (Dem.) says, 'A manufacturer called upon us this morning, and said that a large share of his business had been done in the South, but that his trade had been cut off this Fall; that he already feels most disastrously the effect of the unfriendly feeling that has lately been so industriously encouraged at the North. His agents at the South wanted no more of his goods, and his losses this Winter will be severe.'"

The above is a foretaste of what may be the result of the warfare the Abolitionists of the North are waging against the South, unless it shall be stopped. The injury will probably fall upon innocent parties, and not affect those who are really the cause of the evil complained of.—*State Sentinel*, (Dem.)

It is utterly untrue that any "*unfriendly feelings against the South* are encouraged at the North." The North do and will oppose the extension of the evil of *Slavery*, and in so doing are actuated by the *best of feelings* towards South and North, East and West. But the Democrats—fearful of utter defeat next fall—resort to this sort of game to terrify the Freemen of New England. They mistake their views and their character, as the following anecdote will show:

"An ivory comb manufacturer in Meriden, Conn., being asked to sign the call for a Manufacturers' Union Meeting, objected that he saw no necessity for one. It was urged that he might lose Southern trade by refusing. 'Well,' he replied, 'if any one refuses to buy our combs, *he may go long*—that's all.'"

According to Bennett's *New York Herald*, Southern trade in the North is rapidly on the wane. He says that Stewart, the great Southern dry goods establishment, has discharged fifty of his clerks.—*Exchange.*

This may do to frighten fools. The fact, however, is, that none of these clerks were employed in the wholesaling department. They were all *retailing* clerks—thus showing that the "wane of trade" is *local*, and not Southern. When will politicians learn that trade and commerce, left unembarrassed by restrictions, are regulated by the laws of trade alone?

Conservative Connecticut.

The intelligent, well-educated, hardy sons of Liberty in the Free States generally have too much of the blood of their Revolutionary sires in them to be fooled or coerced by unfair inducements or threats. The Whigs of New England have left their bones on every battle field from Canada to Georgia. Massachusetts alone, and we believe Connecticut also, furnished more soldiers, in the war of '76, than all the now Slave States. Were it not for the foreign-born voters, and the office-holders appointed at Washington, there would be no Democratic or pro-slavery organization in half the townships of New England. The present cunningly-devised scheme to coerce them into the support of the Pro-Slavery Administration by threatening to refuse to buy their goods, will avail but little. They can turn their hands to something else, when trade becomes slack. Most who can be influenced by such motives, are already on that side of the fence. You must *convince* the Yankees by fair play and right reason—you can't cheat or scare them.....But the Democrats and Doughfaces in Connecticut have been for some time getting names to a "*Monster Manufacturers' Union Meeting.*" The names attached to the calls will be published, in glaring form, and sent by each man to his old customers or new, as a "*first-rate advertisement.*" But when the Election Returns come to view, we "rather guess" the New England States wont be found voting for Slavery, but rather against it! They vote, by ballot, just as they please! And the following is the result of the great, monster, mammoth, Union-saving, conservative

Manufacturers' Convention.

MERIDEN, CONN., Jan. 17.—The Convention of Manufacturers of the State of Connecticut, held for the purpose of taking into consideration the state of the Union at the present crisis in the national affairs, have adopted Resolutions, condemning the spirit which impelled a sovereign State, in 1832, to threaten civil war for no greater grievance than its opposition to a law of Congress establishing duties on imports; condemning the spirit of Disunion, if this or that candidate for President or Speaker be elected; condemning the spirit which drove Mr. Hoar from Charleston; condemning the spirit which struck down Sumner; condemning the spirit which overran Kansas, and the spirit which invaded Virginia, by bodies of armed men; disapproving of the misrepresentation and falsehood of a portion of the public press which represents any considerable number of the people of the Free States as Abolitionists; and finally renewing the professions of fidelity to the Union and the Constitution.

The resolutions were adopted. There were about two hundred delegates, a minority, numbering about fifty, having left after a fruitless effort to defeat the majority. Adjourned.

Such is the report, in the Democratic *Ledger*. The fifty "minority," of course, were the Democrats who got up the Convention, and who hoped and intended to pervert its apparent fair design into a party trick. They had their *resolutions and speeches all in type* at the *Times* office—and doubtless passed them at a nice little select meeting of their own! The honest, stable, respectable and responsible *Manufacturers*—they who want the fair thing done all around—they who want to trade all over the Union—have met and avowed national, reasonable and patriotic sentiments, which no rational man in any quarter can object to. They speak like the sons of the sires of '76, and not like slaves. Their wares are for sale, but not their consciences. Some of the rabid Abolitionists may denounce some of their sentiments, and the Nullifiers may condemn others; but the great conservative masses—the Republicans—will endorse every sentiment therein expressed. Our party, and the great body of the people, condemn violent and extreme measures, but would use the means in their power to check evil and advance the interests of man, in the best and easiest way. Where the ballot-boxes are in the hands of the people, they may and can achieve reforms without revolutionary acts or violence.

The Irish and Slave Whipping Posts.

James Powers, an Irishman, (who has always voted the Democratic ticket, and voted for Thos. B. Florence for Congress, in Philad. in 1856,) while engaged as a stone mason on the Capitol of South Carolina, was heard to say that "slavery degraded free white labor." He was thereupon arrested, cast into prison for six days, and then taken out, bound to a whipping post, and had thirty-one lashes administered with a cowhide, on the bare back, every cut drawing blood. He then received a double coat of tar and feathers, and was shipped out of the State, plundered of all his money.

Another Irishman, for the same offence, was lying in the hospital at Charleston, in a deplorable condition, having had 500 lashes on the bare back.

James Crangle, an Irish clerk, who went South to collect a just debt, was imprisoned, mobbed, and barely escaped with his life, leaving his debts and his money.

We may next hear that the Democrats put up poor white Irishmen at auction, and sell them to the highest bidder.

EXCITED.—The New York *Tablet*, an organ of the Catholic Church and supporter of the Democratic party, is greatly excited over the recent outrages perpetrated upon Irish Catholics of the South. In speaking upon this subject, the *Tablet* says:

"If the safety of the Union is only to be accomplished by the proscription of the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press, the freedom of circulation for every free citizen, by the destruction of the habeas corpus, by the substitution of mob and lynch law for that of the Courts of Justice, by the contemning of constitutional guarantees, then we say again the Union is not worth saving, and we, for one, would not lend a hand to save it."

A DEAR LITTLE HEROINE.—On Friday afternoon, a fatal accident happened a little girl, daughter of Mrs. Cole, residing seven miles south of this city, on the Hernlake road. The girl, whose age was seven years, was playing in the house with her twin brother, when he, in the wantonness of sport, seized a gun and fired at her, seventeen buckshot taking effect in her throat. She immediately ran toward the door, where, meeting her mother, she exclaimed: "Brother didn't go to do it!" and died almost immediately.—*Memphis Bulletin.*

Last winter it is said a cow floated down the Mississippi river on a piece of ice, and caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but *ice cream* ever since. Too much ice about that story.

"Will you walk into my Parlor?" Said the Spider to the Fly.

We're not fond of sermonizing,
And yet feel disposed to preach,
For the text we have selected
May a useful lesson teach.

We have many human spiders
That are spinning, here and there,
Their entrapping webs and meshes
The unwary to ensnare.

And with oily tongues they flatter,
To beguile with gilded lies—
Acting well the part of spiders,
While enticing in the flies.

We have spider politicians,
And they spin so fine a thread
That the voters can not see it,
And they wildly drive ahead.

In their leaders' invitations
No resemblance they espy
To the "Walk into my parlor"
Of the spider to the fly.

Then we have the subtle lover,
With a fascinating smile,
And a maiden listening to him,
But she never dreams of guile.

For the base deceiver's purpose
Is kept secret from her eye—
He's a spider in the parlor,
That is waiting for a fly.

Then we have the legal spider,
And whate'er a case may be,
He will keep his conscience quiet
Long enough to take his fee.

"'Tis all right," he tells his client,
"Call and see me by and by."—
"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Says the spider to the fly.

Then the men engaged in traffic,
Who deceive by tricks and lies,
Are the speculating spiders,
And the victims are the flies.

And others still are preying
On each other on the sly;
They suggest to us this sermon
On the spider and the fly.

An Incident in the Cars.

"On the whole, pleasant traits and incidents are not common in the cars, I think." This opinion I expressed to my friend Mr. Sommers, the other day. In reply to my remark, he related a little adventure, which I give without apology, in his own words. It proves, that, in the most unlikely places, love and sentiment may be discovered:

"I was escorting home the lovely Charlotte D., to whom I was at that time quite devoted; we got into one of the crowded Avenue cars, where Charlotte could scarce find room to spread her crinoline and arrange her voluminous flounces. I stood up near her, there being no vacant seat.

"After a few minutes came a poor woman, who deposited a basket of clothes on the platform, and held in her arms a small child, while a little girl clung to her skirts. She looked tired and weak, but there was no vacant seat; to be sure, Charlotte might have condensed her flounces, but she did not. Beside her, however, sat a very lovely and elegant young woman, who seemed trying, by moving down closer to others, to make space enough for the stranger between herself and Miss D. At last, she succeeded, and, with the sweetest blush I ever saw, she invited the poor burdened female to be seated. Charlotte D. drew her drapery around her, and blushed too, but it was not a pretty blush at all, and she looked annoyed at the close proximity of the new comer, who was, however, clean and decently though thinly clad.

"The unknown lady drew the little girl upon her lap, and wrapped her velvet mantle around the small, thinly clad form, and put her muff over the half-frozen, little, blue hands. The child shivered, as the keen wind from the open door blew upon her unprotected neck. The young lady quietly drew from under her cloak a little crimson woolen shawl, which she softly put on the shoulders of the little one, the mother looking on in confused wonder. After a short time she arose to leave the cars, and would have removed the shawl. The unknown gently whispered, 'No, keep it on, keep it for her.' The woman did not answer, the Conductor hurried her out, and her eyes swam in tears which no one saw but me. I noticed her as she descended to a basement, and hastily marked the house.

"Soon after, my unknown also arose to start. I was in despair, for I wanted to follow and discover her residence, but could not leave Miss D. How glad, then, was I, to see her bowing as she passed out, to a mutual acquaintance who stood in the doorway! From him, ere many minutes, I had learned her name and address.

"To shorten my story as much as possible, that lady is now my wife. In the smallest incident which introduced her to me, she showed her real character. A few days after our marriage, I showed her the blessed crimson shawl which I had redeemed from its owner, and shall always keep as a memento.

"There are at times pleasant things to be found even in unexpected places—certainly I may be said to have picked out my wife in the cars."—*Home Journal.*

GIVE YOUR DOGS WATER.—A freeze up is always dangerous on account of dogs. They can get no drink, and become mad. Every person owning a dog should be careful to supply the animal with water daily, as the best preventive against hydrophobia. Frequent cases of this terrible disease occur in severe winter weather, simply because the poor dogs find it impossible to supply themselves with water. Ice and snow only aggravate the thirst—they must have water.

TAKING COLD is not necessarily the result of low or high temperature. A person may go from a hot bath directly into a cold one, or into snow even, and not take cold. He may remain out in the coldest atmosphere until chilled through, and will not take cold. On the contrary, he may take cold by pouring a couple of tablespoonfuls of water upon some parts of his dress, or by standing in a door, or before a stove, or sitting near a window or other opening, where one part of the body is colder than another part. Let it be kept in mind that *uniformity* of temperature over the whole body is the great thing to be looked after. It is unequal heat upon different parts of the body, that produces colds, by disturbing the uniform circulation of the blood, which in turn induces congestion of some part. If you must keep a partially wet garment on, it would perhaps be as well to wet the whole of it uniformly. The feet are the great sources of colds, on account of the variable temperature they are subjected to. Keep these always dry and warm, and avoid draughts of air, hot or cold, wet spots on the garments, and other direct cause of unequal temperature, and keep the system braced up by plenty of sleep, and the eschewing of debilitating foods and drinks, and you will be proof against cold and its results.—*American Agriculturist.*

ABOMINABLE.—Mr. Browne, the chief editor of the President's organ, *The Constitution* (whose proprietor, Geo. W. Bowman, has just been chosen printer in the Senate) is an unnaturalized Englishman. He is also correspondent of the *London Times.*

Now, observe—the Democratic papers are quoting, from this London Times, offensive articles against Slavery in America, or in praise of prominent Republicans, or falsely accusing opponents of slavery—in short, manufacturing little scraps to be used against the Republicans in the Presidential campaign. ☞And the correspondent of that Times—posting them on American affairs—is this Mr. Brown, confidential editor of Mr Buchanan. So that—whatever falsehood may be devised, by the managers of the Administration, as likely to help them—this Mr. Brown states in the *Times*, to be echoed in the *Constitution!* Was ever there a meaner or more diabolical trick? Let it be exposed, and it will and should re-act against the unprincipled plotters.

THAD'S JOKE.—It is a habit with Congressmen to send up to the Clerk and have read any newspaper article which in their opinion reflects upon them improperly. No man has been more abused in print than Mr. Stevens of Pa., but he rarely minds it. The other day, several Southerners having fumed about certain false statements, Mr. Stevens very soberly said he too had a calumny to refute, contained in a paper in his district, and sent up the paper. The Clerk looked it over, and then began to laugh, saying he could not read German. "Very well, then," said Thad, "I withdraw it until the Clerk learns to read it," and retired to one side of the Hall amid an uproarious laughter, that ought to kill the custom of reading editorials in Congress.

MORE AFRICANS COMING.—The Sea Coast (Miss.) *Democrat* of the 17th Dec., under the head of "Good News," has the following: "We learn from good authority that a cargo of African slaves is expected in Ship Island Harbor, the latter part of the present month. They will, if they arrive safe, be landed without any attempt at secrecy; the consignees trusting to the sentiment predominant in Mississippi, as to the necessity of increasing the number of laborers, for a triumphant acquittal in the event of a Government prosecution. We wish the gentlemen engaged in the enterprise much success in their patriotic and humane undertaking."

An eloquent Member of Congress, alluding to the proposed division of the Union, exclaimed, How would you divide the Navy and Army? How would you divide the Capitol, and the archives of the Government? How would you divide the American Flag, and the Tomb of Washington? How would you divide the Mississippi—Hail Columbia—the Bird—4th of July—and Yankee Doodle? He might with exquisite propriety have added, and how would you divide the Louisville Journal?—*Prentice.*

A visitor going into a free school during the half-yearly examination, noticed two fine looking boys, one of whom had taken its first prize, and the other the second. Said the teacher: "The boy who took the first prize, is the son of the man who saws my wood; the boy who took the second, is the son of the Governor of our State."

The following admirable lines were written by a sailor on a blank leaf of his Bible:

"While down the stream of life I sail,
Control be my ship, and grace my gale;
Hope be my anchor while I ride,
This book my compass o'er the tide!"

The new revised code of laws for the State of Maryland passed the Legislature on Thursday. It contains a stringent enactment against lotteries.

TWO CHARACTERS.

Some murmur when the 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 filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild
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
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provisions made!

Remarks of Isaac G. Gorden, Esq.

(In Committee of the Whole, in the House of Reps. of Pa., Jan. 12, 1860, on the Resolutions adopted in both Houses of the Legislature, earnestly urging an organization of the National Congress.)

MR. GORDON. As I understand these resolutions, they are mainly commendatory of the resolute stand taken by our Members of Congress in favor of the election of a Republican member as Speaker of the House of Representatives. They do not recommend any particular person, but leave those Representatives to act as they think proper, and in a manner which shall best secure to us the enjoyment of our rights and privileges. Now this is as it should be. Our men have done well. They have stood up boldly in opposition to the South, and, scorning compromise, have proved to us that our confidence has not been placed in undeserving men. We want no compromises with this negro-whipping oligarchy of the South, or with their more supremely contemptible Lecompton allies of the North. I like to see this black dog kicked in his den. I like to hear his ugly howl as the lash falls upon his wooly hide, and I am glad to know that the time has come when men are found in Congress who dare stand up and knock the teeth out of its frothy jaws. These slave drivers have been, and are now, talking treason in all the high places of the South; they have been, and are now, advocating a dissolution of this Union. They would lay their foul hands on the fair fabric of government erected by the toil and blood of our forefathers, and demolish it. They have for years been heaping every vile and opprobrious epithet known to our language, upon the North; they have destroyed our property, robbed our mails, and murdered our citizens. I tell you, sir, that if Mexico or any other *very* weak foreign State had been guilty of half the enormities perpetrated by the slave drivers upon our people, we would have been at war with it long ago. But these men who bully in Congress, are not the men who represent the sentiment of the South. If the honest sentiment of the South could once be heard on the floor of Congress, there would be an end to the slave power for ever. And yet it is to this power our men are asked to succumb; a power that has ever been used to curse and not to bless the land—a power that has ever been to us a dark cloud, charged with baleful fires, ever muttering from its black recesses threatening thunder over the land. Rather let our men fall in their places than for one moment bow the knee to this Democratic Baal.

But we have heard upon the floor of this House a charge brought against Mr. Sherman for endorsing Helper's book. He recommended only a Compendium, containing the statistics and extracts now in Helper's work. He never recommended that Book, and he asked Mr. Clark to withdraw his resolution that he (Sherman) might have an opportunity of stating what he really did endorse. This fact is known to every person who reads the public prints. I read an extract from Helper's book, page 157:

"Some time during this year, next, or the year following, let there be a general convention of non slaveholders from every slave State in the Union, to deliberate on the momentous issues now pending."

The proposition here is a proposition made to the Southern men legitimately to use their influence for the abolition of slavery, which they have a perfect right to do, unless mere slave-drivers are to control radically the opinions of the whole South. I will read what the gentleman did not read, the tenth article, page 156:

"A tax of sixty dollars on every slaveholder for each and every negro in his possession at the present time, or at any intermediate time between now and the 4th of July, 1863—said money to be applied to the transportation of the blacks to Liberia, to their colonization in Central or South America, or to their comfortable settlement within the boundaries of the United States."

There is a proposition of a tax which is to be brought about, legitimately, through the southern Legislatures.

I will read some other extracts:

"We must wait with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full, when their groans shall have involved Heaven itself in darkness, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress. Nothing is more certainly written in the Book of Fate, than that this people shall be free."

These are the sentiments of Thomas Jefferson.

Another choice extract:

"So long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, never, never, by word or thought, by mind or will, aid in admitting one rood of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage."

Do you know who it is that speaks thus? It is Henry Clay. These are the sentiments that Mr. Sherman adopted and endorsed. I know that the gentleman on the other side, although they would not dare get up before this House and say they do not endorse them, yet dare not say they do endorse them, or they would be kicked out of the ranks of their party.

I will give another *choice extract:*

"We consider the voluntary enslaving of one part of the human race by another, as a gross violation of the most precious and sacred rights of human nature, as utterly inconsistent with the law of God, which requires us to love our neighbors as ourselves, and as totally irreconcilable with the spirit and principles of the Gospel of Christ, which enjoins that all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. We rejoice that the church to which we belong commenced, as early as any other in the country, the good work of endeavoring to put an end to slavery, and that in the same work many of its members have ever since been, and now are, among the most active, vigorous and efficient laborers. We earnestly exhort them to continue, and if possible to increase, their exertions to effect a total abolition of slavery."

All the Presbyterians in this House will at once recognize that as the voice of the Old School Presbyterian Church in 1818, which has been repeatedly re-adopted since that time. Another extract:

"We do hold in the deepest abhorrence the practice of slavery, and shall not cease to seek its destruction by all wise and prudent means."

All members of the Methodist Episcopal Church well know from what source that comes. Gentlemen, I might read a hundred other extracts of similar import.

The Lecompton party in the North is really and actually a party of epithets, and nothing else. They have a long column of epithets which they commence, go through with, and if their hearers are not overwhelmed by the time they get through, they commence again. "The irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery!" is one of their epithets. Who ever heard before of that sentiment being turned into an epithet? It is a sentiment as old as mankind. It had its origin when man began to oppress his fellow-man. Does not every man know that the conflict between liberty and slavery, good and evil, is irrepressible, and that it must go on until one or the other is exterminated? Every man knows that. I am willing, as one of the Republican party, to inscribe that on my banner, and carry it with me through every fight.

I will only now add, that the Republican members of the House are charged with factiously preventing the organization of the House. Now this is a most extraordinary charge, indeed. It is most singular that such a charge should be brought against the party having more members than any other one in the House. Did it never occur to the Democrats that the weaker must succumb to the stronger party? Has not the Republican party offered them the plurality rule—a rule which is not without precedent, and one which every man knows would bring the House to an organization at once? It has been tendered to them every day, and why have not these Lecomptonites accepted this proposition? Simply because thereby a Republican Speaker might be elected, and their Southern masters might be threat displeased. There can be no other reason for refusing to adopt so sound and wholesome a rule.

Let the odium of the want of the organization of the House rest where it belongs, with the Locofoco party, and let our men continue to maintain the firm and dignified position they have taken, and let us give them all the countenance and support in our power, and I am satisfied that in the performance of this plain and obvious duty, we will be sustained by the great people whom we represent.

The Republican Club of Madison, Ind., has for years taken a copy of the *Richmond (Va.,) Enquirer*, with which to refute Democratic professions at home by reference to the columns of that paper. The thing worked well in the last Presidential election, and now when the club had sent on the money for a new year, the letter was returned with the indosement, "The Richmond Enquirer does not want subscribers in Indiana!"

The South Carolina Legislature have just resolved that the Union is dissolved; that South Carolina is outside of it; and appropriated $200,000 to aid in keeping herself out by force of arms. Now our Northern Democracy are in a beautiful fix. They are to have their sham national convention in Charleston, which their own party there has placed "*outside the Union.*"

The coincidence of holding the Democratic National Convention on the birthday of James Buchanan, is singularly matched by the meeting of the Republican Convention, which is to be held 12th day of June, 1860, the birthday of Lieutenant General Winfield Scott, (who will then be seventy four years of age.)

Some of the Democratic exchanges think the President's message is *worthy of the source from which it emanates.* We cordially agree with them!