

Raffman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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WHAT WOULD I BE?

BY W. C. HOSMER.
What would I be? Not rich in gold,
And with a narrow heart;
Or misanthropic, stern and cold,
Dwell from my kind apart;
I would not be a man of war,
Who looks on death unmoved—
Give me a title dearer far—
"The well beloved."
I would not wear a laurel crown,
Its leaves conceal a thorn;
Too oft the children of renown,
Are friendless and forlorn.
Oh! let me lead a blameless life,
By young and old approved,
Called, in the world of sin and strife,
"The well beloved."

THE LAUGHING HERO.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MASSACRE AT GOLIAH.

It was the morning of the 17th March 1836; Aurora, mother of dews and mistress of golden clouds, came, as she almost ever comes, to the living scenery of the plains of Goliah—a thing of beauty, queen of the sky, on a throne of burning amber, robed in the crimson of fire, with a diadem of purple, and streamers of painted pink. Oh! it was a glorious dawn for the poet to sing of earth, or the saint to pray to heaven; but neither poet's song nor saint's prayer made the matins of the place and the hour. Alas! no; it was a very different sort of music.

A hundred hoarse drums roared the loud reveille that awoke four hundred Texan prisoners and their guard—four times their number of Mexican soldiers—the elite of the Chief Butcher's grand army.

The prisoners were immediately summoned to parade before the post, in the main street of the village, and every eye sparkled with joy, and every tongue uttered the involuntary exclamation of confidence and hope—

"Thanks, Santa Anna! He is going to execute the treaty! We shall be shipped back to the United States! We shall see our friends once more!"

Such were the feelings which the American volunteers, and the few Texans among them greeted the order to form in line.

The line was formed and then broke into two columns, when every instrument of music in the Mexican host sounded a merry march, and they moved away with a quick step over the prairie towards the west.

Five minutes afterwards, a singular dialogue occurred between the two leaders of the front columns of the prisoners:

"What makes you walk so lame, Col. Neil? Are you wounded?" asked a tall, handsome man, with blue eyes, and bravely flashing forth in all their beams.

"Col. Fannin, I walk lame to keep from being wounded; do you comprehend?" replied the other with a laugh, and such a laugh as no words might describe—it was so luxurious, like the roar of the breakers of the sea of humor; it was, in short, a laugh of the inmost heart.

"I do not comprehend you, for I am no artist in riddles," rejoined Fannin, smiling himself at the ludicrous gaily of his companion, so strangely ill-timed.

"You discover that I am lame in each leg," said Col. Neil, glancing down at the members indicated, and mimicking the movements of a confirmed cripple, as he laughed louder than ever. "And yet," he added in a whisper, "I have neither the rheumatism in my knees, nor corns on my toes, but I have two big revolvers in my boots!"

"That is a violation of the treaty by which we agree to deliver up our arms," Col. Fannin mournfully suggested.

"You will see, however, that I shall need them before the sun is an hour high," replied Neil. "Ah! Fannin, you do not know the treachery of these base Mexicans."

At the instant the sun rose in a sky of extraordinary brilliancy, and a million flower-cups flung their rich odors abroad over the green prairie, as an offering to the lord of light, when the mandate to "halt" was given by Santa Anna's Aid, and the two columns of prisoners were broken up and scattered over every side by Mexican infantry and troops of horse, with loaded muskets and drawn swords. And then came a momentary pause, awful in its stillness, and disturbed only by an occasional shriek of terror, as the most timid realized the impending storm of fire and extinction of life's last hope.

And then the infernal work of wholesale murder was begun, and a scene ensued such as scarcely might be matched in the very annals of hell itself. The roar of musketry burst in successive peals like appalling claps of thunder, but could not utterly drown the prayers of the living, the screams of the wounded, and more terrible groans of the dying.

Col. Fannin fell among the first victims, but not so the giant Neil. With the order of the Mexican officer to his men to fire, our hero stooped almost to the earth, so that the volley passed entirely over him. He waited not for a second; thrusting a hand into the leg of each boot, he rose with a couple of six shooters, the deadly revolvers, and commenced dis-

charging them with the quick rapidity of lightning into the thickest ranks of his foes.

Panic-stricken with surprise and fear, the Mexicans recoiled and opened a passage, through which Neil bounded with the spring of a panther and fled away as if wings were tied to his heels, while half a dozen horsemen gave chase. For a while it seemed doubtful whether the giant Colonel would not distance even these, so much had the perils of the occasion increased the natural elasticity of his mighty muscles. But presently a charger faster than the rest might be discerned gaining on his human rival, and approached so near that the dragon raised his sabre for a coup de grace. Neil became conscious of his danger, and hastily slackened his speed, till the hot stream of smoke from the horse's nostrils appeared to mingle with his very hair; and then, wheeling suddenly, he fired another round from a revolver, and the rider tumbled from his saddle. The victim then renewed his flight.

A mad yell of grief and rage broke from the remaining troopers as they witnessed the fate of their comrade, and its effect was immediately evident in the augmented caution of their pursuit—for they galloped afterwards in one body, thereby greatly retarding their progress, so that Neil reached the river before them. He paused not a moment, but plunged headlong down the steep bank into the current, and struck for the other shore! The dragons discharged their side-arms ineffectually, and gave over the chase!

In a few minutes Neil landed, and as soon as he felt satisfied that he was really saved, burst into an insuppressible convulsion of laughter, and exclaimed:

"It will kill me! just to see how astonished the yellow devils looked when I hauled my revolvers out of my boots!"

Such was Col. John Neil—possessing a fund of humor that no misfortune could exhaust, and a flow of animal spirits which would have enabled him to dance on the graves of all his dearest friends, or to have sung Yankee Doodle at his own execution.

SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.

There was a time when this phrase was a by-word of scorn. Staid old farmers said they wanted no such new-fangled notions, but were content to sow and reap as their fathers had done before them. But, fortunately for mankind, this prejudice is passing away. Leibig has demonstrated that, for every grain of wheat which is grown, a certain quantity of potash is taken up from the soil, and that, until this lost ingredient is restored, either by manuring or by letting the ground lie fallow, the capacity of that particular field to raise wheat is so far forth diminished. He has shown also that what is true of wheat is true also of rye, oats, Indian corn, grasses, and all other vegetable products, the ingredient taken up only being altered. What the great agricultural chemist has thus demonstrated in the laboratory, enterprising farmers in Scotland and England have proved practically in the field. The laws which govern the growth of plants, have been analyzed and exemplified as successfully as those which control the circulation of the blood, the uses of respiration, or the constitution of air. To be successful in raising a good crop is now almost as much a matter of known cause and effect as the driving of a locomotive or the lighting of a city.

Yet, in spite of this, scientific agriculture is still greatly neglected. Even one of its first laws, that no more land should be farmed than can be thoroughly cultivated, is constantly neglected. Three agriculturists out of every four, in this State of Pennsylvania alone, where generally cultivation is so thorough and remunerative, undertake far more land than they can properly manage. An agricultural contemporary, in view of this fact, estimates that an improved economy in this matter would add to the net receipts of each farm, annually, an increase of one-sixteenth over the present yield of grains, or enough to pay all the taxes now collected yearly off the land, which amount, as is well known, to the round sum of two millions of dollars. To each particular farmer, it seems but a small lack; yet how vast is the aggregate! The difference between what might be done and what is done, merely in this one matter, would, in thirty years, make any farmer rich. It is a difference that, at all times, would materially contribute towards giving us the agricultural market of the world, by giving us first an enormous surplus to sell.

PAT AND HIS PIG.—A rollicking Hibernian of the light division in the Peninsula was once trudging leisurely along the road with a pig in a string behind him, when, as bad luck would have it, he was overtaken by Gen. Crauford. The salutation, as may be supposed, was not the most cordial. "Where did you steal that pig, you plundering rascal?" "What pig, general?" asked the culprit, turning round with the most innocent surprise. "Why, that pig you have behind you, you villain," said the General. "Well, thin, I vow and protest, general," rejoined Paddy, nothing abashed and turning round to his four-footed companion as if he had never seen him before, "it is scandalous to think what a wicked world we live in, and how ready folks are to take away an honest boy's character. Some blackguard, wanting to get me in trouble, has tied that baste to my cartouch box!"

charging them with the quick rapidity of lightning into the thickest ranks of his foes.

THE INDIAN WAR IN OREGON.—Washington, May 12.—The President sent to the Senate, today, a number of documents relative to the hostilities on the Pacific Coast. Gen. Wool, under date of the 20th of March; says the war on Puget's Sound will soon be brought to a close, unless prevented by Governor Stevens' determination to carry on the war independent of the United States troops, and that the same remark is applicable to Governor Curry, adding that these Governors appear to be running a race, to see who can dip deepest into the public treasury. "In the dense forest of Puget's Sound, and the Florida war, can easily be carried on at an expense of twenty or thirty millions of dollars. The same will apply to the mountain region and Puget's Sound Valley. I have no doubt I could settle the contest in a short time, if the Governors would withdraw from the contest."

Gen. Stevens says, "Gen. Wool neglected and refused to send a force for the relief of myself and party when known to be in imminent danger, and believed by those who are best capable of judging, to be coming on to certain death, and this, when he had at his command an efficient force of regular troops. He has refused to sanction an agreement made between Gen. Mason and Major Gaines, for troops to be sent to my assistance, and ordered them to be disbanded. It was reserved for the Oregon Volunteers to rescue us. There has been a breach of faith somewhere. I ask for an investigation of the whole matter."

HOW HE CONVERTED A JEW.—A "rable" hard sinner, a native of the Emerald Isle, went to confession the other day to his parish priest, and so shocked the priest, with a recital of his sins, that he exclaimed:

"My son, did you ever do a good thing in your life?"

"I did," said Pat, "I converted a Jew once."

"How was that?" inquired the confessor.

"You see," said Pat, "the long nosed pork-nosing murdering blaguard fell overboard, and I put after his carcass in a boat. I sized him by the top-knot just as he was going down the second time, and pulled his head above the surface, and says I,

"If I save ye will ye be a christian?"

"I won't," says he; and with that I deposited his head about three feet under again. I pulled him up once more and put the question a-new.

"Will ye be a christian?" to which he again answered gruffly, "No."

"I gave him another dip, and brought him up puffing like a porpoise."

"Will you be a christian, now?" says I.

"Yes," says he, and his teeth were chattering for all the world like a monkey that had burned his toes."

"Well," says I, "you are now converted and you had better die in the faith!" and so saying I held him under until his spirit had departed."

"BROTHER JONATHAN."—The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is as follows:—When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary War, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means for its defence; and on one occasion it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut; and the General, placing the greatest reliance on his Excellency's judgment, remarked, "We must consult brother Jonathan on the subject." The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforth, when difficulties arose and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-phrase, "We must consult brother Jonathan;" and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.

A NEW MOTIVE.—A member of Congress making a speech a few days ago, illustrated his subject thus: "A certain individual in Kentucky once sought a matrimonial connection with a very clever lady there. He said that he did not want to marry her for love nor money, but merely that he might disgrace the family." Excessive laughter succeeded the telling of this anecdote.

THE TRIAL OF BAKER for the murder of Poole, in New York city, has been abruptly suspended in consequence of the sickness of a juror. The whole jury, obtained after summoning 1,250 men, have been dismissed, and a new panel of 1,000 men ordered to be summoned by the 1st Tuesday of June.

EXTRA BAGGAGE.—A Frenchman wishing to take the stage for Buffalo, was asked by the driver if he had any extra baggage? "Extra baggage!" replied he. "What do you call that? Me have no baggage at all, but my tree big trunks, five dogs, and von black girl!"

"Sonny, who's your father?" "Mr. Jenkins." "What Jenkins?" "The Jenkins what kicked you yesterday for 'sassing' our servant girl." It is unnecessary to say that the examination stopped there.

Mrs. Sarah Courson, of West Milford, New Jersey, recently eloped with David White of the same place. She is one of six sisters, who have all left their husbands and are now living with other men.

CLEARFIELD, PA., MAY 21, 1856.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

[We have been handed the following interesting letter by the gentleman to whom it is addressed. It was not designed by the writer for publication; but as it treats of a subject in which every citizen of our country is deeply interested, the liberty of giving publicity to it has been taken by one who hopes that good may be accomplished thereby.]

CORRESPONDENT, March 10th, 1856.

REV. J. J. HAMILTON:—My dear, dear Brother:—I received your short letter by way of George. Now I just want to ask whether you were flying when you wrote it, for I certainly felt much as if I had a pair of wings when I read it, but only to fly one way: for a thousand sullen chords seemed to draw me toward you so strongly that I fairly began to be afraid of my bonds—afraid lest I could never break them, and afraid that they would break. My heart seemed to jump up in my throat and flutter about so, that for some time I could not get it calmed down again to its proper place. Indeed it did not seem as if we could be so far apart, and if we live, I hope we may not be so great while, but I don't know.

I have just been reading in the Banner a proposition to substitute Christian colonization, in place of foreign missions. Now it does seem to me as if that is just the thing. Only in the first place the colony be properly selected and organized. Let all branches of labor be duly and economically represented; and in all things show the heathen how to live. I grow more and more persuaded that reform in the use of our bodies must accompany any high attainment in godliness. This reform may precede that spiritual change which is the beginning of Christianity, to a great extent. A man may fully conform to the laws of nature in respect to his body without ever becoming a christian. But he cannot make much progress in godliness, without such reformation accompanies it. The cannibal must reform his practices. The raw-buff-center of Abyssinia must reform. The drunkard among ourselves, must reform; and all the coffee, whiskey, tea, tobacco, pill and potion takers, must leave off these things, at least to a great extent, before they can attain a very high degree of godliness. To this end we should join every endeavor to deliver ourselves, together with the rising generation, out of all these bad habits into which we have fallen, for in so doing we shall have taken an indispensable preparatory step toward christianizing them.

But I set out to write to you a few words on another subject. You cannot but have noticed that I have said almost nothing in my former letters, on the subject of slavery. This was for fear that they would never reach you if I did. Two of the letters which I sent to George, as near as I can learn, never got there; and some of those that he did get, he told me, had evidently been opened. Early in the season our letters went to Westport, and the P. M. at that place is the man whom the Missourians elected for our Sheriff, that is in the adjoining county, and who led them at the raid of last December. Our letters now go to Independence, the P. M. of which is more honorable, as we believe.

The lost letters were suppressed, as I suppose, because of some reference to what I saw at Hickory Point, on my way out. This is the same place where Dow was shot. Well, in the Spring, on my way here, I stopped at Bull Creek, a pro-slavery stopping place, 12 miles east of Hickory Point. Here I heard dark hints about hurricanes, cabins blown down, &c. Agreeably to this, I saw four cabins torn down at Hickory Point. It appeared that the Missourians had begun to settle there, and were determined to keep eastern men from settling around them, at all hazards. The Yankees soon came in, however, in such numbers, that they couldn't carry on the game; for they got a pretty large company there, armed with Sharp's rifles, and drilled to suit the times. I now write to let you know that my former sentiments on this subject have been intensely aroused by coming here; and if this letter don't reach you, I mean, (if not killed first, as I may be,) to re-write it, in substance, and send it by some one going east, completely past that blighted state. I wish I were with you a while to talk the matter over, for writing is so tedious to me, as I suppose it is to yourself and almost everybody. But to get back to this detestable, abominable, horrible, cabin-tearing, man-killing thing of slavery. Why, it's almost every thing that's bad! And yet we're told that it is christian—yes! Is it not Christ-like? Are not its fruits holy, and pure, and gentle, and lovable? Just the things to awaken our better feelings, and draw out our nobler sentiments? To restrain our bad passions, such as hate, and lust, &c. But I must hold on, or I shall get excited, and it's altogether too cool yet for that. But I do want to see christians more free to consider the scriptural validity of chattel slavery.

All creatures are the property of the Creator, and no creature can have any right to exercise any control over another, without the approbation of Him who is the source of all authority. Now, for my part I can find no commission emanating from God for the practice of chattel slavery; if indeed for any servitude whatever, except that due to himself. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and

him only shalt thou serve." The new testament does indeed speak of servants and masters, so by permission, perhaps, as kings and conquerors are. It speaks of masters and servants as if such relation were possible within the pale of the church; but as it is not explicit in defining the nature and limits of such possible servitude, we must look for them in the tenor of its teaching, which it maintains throughout. The tenor is love, and in the law of love we find abundant instruction to dispel all the darkness which hangs round the sorceress of slavery, and to drive her out to the light of day. (Matthew 20, 25, and 22, 27. Mark 10, 42 and 12, 29. Luke 22, 25. John 13, 34, and 15, 12. Love to God is the greatest commandment, and love to man the next; and this commandment of love is the highest law, even the decalogue being supplementary to it. On it hang all the law and the prophets. It is the fulfilling of the law. The whole Bible is based upon it—all the revelations are pervaded by it. God so loved the world that he gave his only Son to be sacrificed for the sins of it; and the son's commandment is love—pure and holy, godlike love; even toward enemies; for we are enjoined to assimilate ourselves as nearly as possible to him, and he loved us while we were enemies. The servant is not greater than his master, and the master came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Anything which is inconsistent with the holiness of this principle is interdicted, such as pride, avarice, falsehood, drunkenness, adultery, murder, &c. Oppression in every form is denounced with terrible threatenings. Mercy to the merciful, and judgment to the oppressor, is the constant tenor of scripture. Such love is impulsive in the hearts of those who are affected by it, and imparts a yearning sympathy for the whole human family; but at the same time it is a duty to God. Now if we examine the nature of chattel slavery, in view of such a duty, we shall find that it is based upon a fundamental falsehood, for it teaches the master that a servant of God like himself, is his absolute property. Not anything, however, can be the property of a creature, where all is God's, for the idea of absolute ownership implies an independent existence. Much less can one mortal agent become the rightful property of another, without a direct commission from God authorizing it to be so. You cannot serve two masters, and there is one master, even Christ, to whom all obedience is due. Place then, the master and the slave under the law of love, and the shackles virtually fall; for that law transformed them into brothers, and sets them upon a common level. (Philimon, 16.) Now we find that the fruits of chattel slavery are in perfect accordance with this view of its nature. It cultivates pride, arrogance and presumption, and justifies the most bitter oppression; it is the hot-bed of idleness, hatred, lust and murder. All past and present experience goes to confirm this fact. It is an indisputable verity, instances to the contrary being merely exceptions to the general rule. Cherishing such views, must we not, as christians, regard American chattel slavery, as a gigantic power of evil, blinding us by her very magnitude and proximity; and looming up with an illimitable blackness of living death, which pall the power of utterance, and the last, the brightest hope of the human race, for peace and enfranchisement on earth? Avarice, drunkenness and lust, are her paramours; and like the sin of Milton, whose younger sister she is, she brings forth a horrible progeny of hell-hounds; which do not at present, like them, return to destroy their dam, because she is still most prolifically pregnant with the same detestable brood. These are the incarnate ghosts sent forth to feed and fatten upon the bodies and souls of men; and fiercely do they yell and yell, if a victim escapes their fangs; for they are like their parents. They support their mother as she does them; and they struggle to extend her dominion, for she is in her very nature aggressive, like a beast of prey. Already does her hideous body cover the fairest half of the land, and the remainder is involved in her shadow, and in a tumult at her approach. Nor will she pause while the temples of freedom and truth are standing so near, for their light has a talismanic influence upon her, which she cannot endure. The bay of her furies is heard from coast to coast, and the fearful are trembling and submitting to her sway. Those who resist her, must die; and those who yield, she harnesses to the car of her oppression, transforming them into beasts, to do her will and to satisfy her desires. A panic prevails, for "a horror of great darkness" has fallen upon the land. Even professing christians are casting their incense profusely upon her altar; and ministers of the gospel, from their pulpits, are sanctifying the sorceress in the eyes of the people.

Now what should true christians do in a crisis like this? Those who do not cling to the world, nor bend the knee at the shrine of its idolatries. Those who worship God, and love his people as an undivided brotherhood; and even love and pity their enemies who oppose themselves. Should they not stand forth from these errors, in an unbroken phalanx, panoplied from heaven, to meet this devouring terror with the sword of truth? It is not the christian's part to hold his peace, but to "cry aloud;" to "sound the trumpet, to warn the wicked man from his evil way;" "to turn him from darkness to light, and from the power of

satan to God." Were all professing christians in our country, united and true, no stronghold of satan could long endure their attacks, and even the sorceress of slavery would quickly fall at their rebuke. But it is not a time of fault-finding; it is a time to be up and doing. O that my voice could be heard upon every hearth stone, to entreat the people to take a bold stand on the side of liberty; and to plead with them by all the blessings which they enjoy, and by every winning tenderness which meets a responsive throb in the human heart, to lend us a helping hand; to devote their prayers, their votes and their sympathies to our success; and also to fit out their sons and their daughters, and send them here quickly, to aid us in planting the standard of peace, upon the battle ground of freedom. You, brother, are qualified to speak and to be heard. O speak out in this sacred cause and rouse up the people from their apathy; for ravens are devouring the sacrifice and why will they sleep?

Perhaps you may think that my feelings carry me away. Well they have carried me to Kansas. Now suppose that yours should bring you here too, as doubtless they will do, by and by. Why, you would come right on to Council city, to see John and learn how Christianity prospered here. But as you approach the place you see a gathering in the distance, and wonder what it can be, whether it is a camp-meeting, or what. Then you meet some wild desperate looking men, and inquire the cause of the assemblage. "Wal, they're going to hang two or three d—d abolitionists," says one of them. A convulsive shudder almost takes your breath, and for a moment you cannot stir nor speak. The earth seems to roll away from beneath your feet, and heaven to open wide. But partly recovering, you inquire further, "Is it a lynching affair?" "O no, it is accordin' to law; they're hangin' 'em accordin' to law." "What have they done?"

"Wal, one of 'em printed stuff in his paper agin holdin' niggers; and another one is a preacher, and preached a sermon agin it; and t'other one helped a nigger to git off." Not at all relieved by the idea of hanging abolitionists according to law, you hurry on. The citizens are gathered in clusters here and there, in apparent anxiety. You perceive that they are mostly eastern men, and wonder how they can submit to such atrocity; but on approaching the scaffold, you find it guarded by a band of soldiery. The off-scouring of earth, drunken and depraved, are cursing and jeering around. Then the prisoners come forward.—The first is a determined, resolute and rather reckless looking man, this is the printer. The next is an inoffensive grey headed man; this is the preacher. The last one is—John. In the impulse of the moment, you forget where you are and you rush forward but a bayonet stops you. You apply to the sheriff and obtain permission to speak with the prisoner.—In your agony you almost upbraid him. "Why are you here?—why didn't you keep out of this trouble?" "Wait brother," says he "let me tell you my story. A short time ago, a victim came to my cabin and begged a loaf of bread. I spoke to him rather sharply, and asked him where he had come from, that he should be around begging bread. He sighed as if in despair. 'You must be a runaway.' 'Master,' he asked, 'are you a christian?' At this, the devil tempted me to answer no, for I knew the embarrassment under which an affirmative answer would place me. But I could not, and so I answered that I hoped I was. 'Then,' said he, 'you could not give up a brother into this miserable servitude.'—The law requires me to do it. 'But the law of God,' he responded, 'his face brightening as he spoke, says: 'Thou shalt not return a servant unto his master which hath escaped from his master unto thee.' That was the Jewish law. The new Testament says, Servants obey your masters.' 'Yes but it also says, 'If they persecute you in one city flee into another.' 'Ah but we must be subject to the powers that be.' 'O,' he replied, 'the apostle adds: 'For he is the minister to thee for good. When he becomes an agent of evil, how can we then submit to him in all things, seeing we must transgress the direct commands of God to do so? I fell into the hands of a hard master, who sold my wife and children, and ordered me to live with another slave woman. This I could not do, neither according to my religion, nor my inclinations. So when he flogged me to force me into submission, I ran away; and now he is after me with the bounds. Please give me a loaf of bread, and a pair of old shoes which I will put on after I have gone a little way, to confuse the dogs.' I could not refuse, but gave him what he wanted. Then the hounds came right to my place, and when his master inquired around, he ascertained that one of the neighbors had seen me give him something. This was enough.' The Sheriff now breaks off your interview and orders the prisoners to ascend the scaffold. With a sickening horror in your heart, you turn and hurry away from that execrable scene. You can hardly go forward, and you dare not look back.—Everything seems floating around you. The whole earth seems quaking and about to break in pieces, and you wonder why it don't. After awhile your mind becomes somewhat composed, and looking up to heaven, you resolve that you will go back and cry out against this

Remainder on the Fourth Page.