LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
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O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

JULY 21, 1854.

☞In last week's *Chronicle* we gave a mournful song of the late Mrs. JUDSON, (Fanny Forester) written ere her husband's death was made known to her, and when his agonizing absence and the death of her boy touched her very heart's core. Quite different was the jubilant strain with which she announced the birth of a daughter, in the following exquisite lines which are to be found in the *Columbian* Magazine, of June, 1848:

My Bird.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded—oh, so lovingly—
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest—
Oh God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from Heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine—
This life which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity, are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer—
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

MACLWAIN, Jan. 1848. F. F.

"That beautiful song," says the *Home Journal*, "will imbed the child's life in amber."

—Mrs. Judson has left ample material for a sketch of her varied life, and the fruits of her literary labor are sufficient to sustain those who had claims upon her assistance along the journey of life. Her only surviving child is wholly an orphan; but the dying mother gave her "BIRD" in care of Miss ANABLE, the accomplished teacher of a Female Seminary in Chestnut St., Philad'a. The friendship between Mrs. Judson and Miss Anable was of a very high order of mutual devotion and sympathetic intimacy, and the gift of this only child from one to the other is among the incidents of romantic interest which occur now and then in this common-place world.

Letters from Germany.

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

HEIDELBERG, June 12, 1854.

A few weeks' residence in the little renowned city Heidelberg, impresses me most favorably. Indeed it requires a longer time to develope and properly appreciate the treasure of its beauties. It was my fortune last fall to see it in its rapid deline to a winter skeleton. I now have all the advantage, which the plight of summer beauty and exuberance proffers.

At present, a considerable of life and animation pervades the winding streets and shaded walks, by the daily and constant arrival and departure of strangers. The monotony of life is sometimes broken too by the occurrence of a *Feiertag* (holiday). Whit Monday, which occurred on the 5th inst., was especially an occasion of great jollity and hilarity. General rush to Schwetzingen, a small town about 2 hours foot distance from here; carriages, omnibusses, with visiters and strangers, farmers' big wagons, and merry lads and lasses, lined the whole way. Myself, also, was induced to go with the crowd. The principal object of attraction there is the Garden, so celebrated and extensive, and on that day was thrown open to the visiting public, its beautiful fountains of water being then let in. On entering it through the Palace yard, a grand scenery is presented to the view, the prospect extending through the opening of the woods even to the Hardt mountains. A short distance from the entering, one descries immediately fronting him a large reservoir supplied by five jets of water; the middle and largest one pouring through the mouth of a dolphin, with the songster Arion on his back. This jet is five inches in diameter, and rises to the height of fifty feet, producing a beautiful mist. Much sculpture and other interesting works of art, are to be seen, but what interested me particularly were the old edifices, viz: Apollo's Temple, situated on a small rocky eminence and forming a sort of rotunda resting on twelve pillars; a statue of the god himself, standing in the middle, two other statues are in front; and a stream of water gushing forth. Below, and partly subterranean, are rocky walks, from which one is led to a balcony commanding a fine view of other parts of the garden. In another part of the garden is the Temple Minerva, a small, rotund-like edifice, with three door-ways or entrances, and built of toplins. A circular stairway leads to a gallery above, where a fine prospect opens: it is surmounted by a cupola roof, a part of which is broken through. The Turkish Mosque is of modern build, but of Oriental style, and is quite a curiosity. Two slender minarets stand near it, ascended by 127 steps. And lastly is the remains of a Roman Aqueduct, through which the water is still coursing its way.

Heidelberg merits much praise, and is worthy of a summer's residence. To say however that the town itself is beautiful, reminds one of the fable of the Goat and Wolf. The Wolf said to the Goat standing upon a roof and reviling him as he was passing by, "It is not you that revile me, but the place you occupy." This appears to be quite apropos to Heidelberg and its environs. So when the Germans speak of Heidelberg being a *sprachwort* (proverb) for beauty, they mean, its environs. The surrounding scenery far transcends the beautiful—it is grand and sublime. The mountains of the little Neckar river here suddenly diverge and take the direction of the Rhine, leaving immediately below the town the spacious and fertile plain of the two rivers. On each side of the river rise lofty mountains with cliffs and jagged rocks, their billowed surfaces bearing a rich waving foliage, and numerous peaks towering to a majestic height in the blue sky above. Near the upper end of the town, and overlooking it on a bold granite eminence, are the ruins of the once proud Citadel, a mighty monument of the long slumbering dead. Some parts of the Castle, (whose ruin was completed in the early part of the 17th century, I think, by the French, and show the marks of tremendous violence,) are still occupied and in preservation, bringing in an amount of revenue from visiters and strangers. It is here that the celebrated tun or cask is kept, as one of the most prominent objects of curiosity. It is above 30 feet in length, and 23 feet in diameter, containing 283,200 bottles of wine, and is said to have been filled three times.

About this interesting spectacle, myself as well as many others make almost daily excursions, surveying its huge broken walls and towers, some parts of which are most luxuriantly covered, even to their tops, with ivy mantles, "creeping where no life is seen," its deep, damp vaults, and subterraneous passage ways, dark and mysterious, inspiring sensations of horror by calling up associations of felonious deeds or manacled limbs and unheard groans of the emaciated prisoner. In connection with this are its terraced gardens, groves, shrubbery and gay flowers, cool and shaded promenades, often thronged with visiters; the streamlets rippling down the mountain side, and fountains pouring into reservoirs or gushing through the huge terrace walls, a delicious draft from which is well worth clambering after at early dawn, even while the rosy-fingered child of morn with angelic blush is yet lingering her departure and breathing her healthful fragrance mingled with the sweet melodies of the warbling denizens. From the balcony of the Castle, and also from the terrace grounds, we command a perfect view of the whole town, and also the Neckar river winding its course to the Rhine.

Extending our excursions still further up the ascent, (fortunately, by a great deal of labor and skill there are good roads and walks leading to all the most interesting parts of the mountain,) our view expands, objects multiply, the scenery before us becomes more picturesque. One is often induced to stop and span the prospect as it rises before him—the town extended far beneath, the glistening waters winding through the vallies, the lofty trees at and far below one's feet gentling bowing their ornamented heads under the influence of the sweet breezes, and the blue peaks of mountains in quick succession rising in the distance far and near. A full long hour of a healthful walk, brings us to the summit of *Koenigstuhl*, (King's-stool,) more recently called *Kaiserstuhl*, from the circumstance of its having been visited by the Emperors, Francis of Austria and Alexander of Russia. This is the highest summit to be reached, being nearly 1800 feet above the level of the sea; has erected on it a stone tower, octagonal and crowned with a small gallery. From this point the prospect by far surpasses all expression. No pencil can paint nor pen describe the grandeur of the scenery which one here has before him. On the west lies the spacious valley of the Rhine, covered with an exuberant green, studded with villas, whose church spires here and there can be seen pointing to the skies, the Rhine itself for miles and miles in extent coursing its serpentine way, and still beyond is the long range of the Haudrt mountains; on the north one can look down upon the vast extent, the length and breadth of the Odenwald chain of mountains, presenting a magnificent view with their numberless peaks, gorges, and ratines; the Taurus mountains beyond Frankfort, and the high plains still further eastward, the eye wanders far over the countrys of Wirtemberg and Hohenlohe; southward to the Black Forest and other portions of the Alps; even the city of Strasburg itself in a clear day can be seen quite distinctly with the naked eye. No one should visit Heidelberg without ascending the Kaiserstuhl to its very summit: and no one should make a tour up the Rhine without visiting Heidelberg. Art has done something here, but Nature herself has indeed been lavish. No admirer of nature could fail to enjoy a rich repast here if he would only take not the *trouble* but the *pleasure* to look about him.

I have often thought since being here, that a little rambling excursion among such scenery must be exceedingly recreating and exhilerating to those who consume 10 out of 12 hours a day in poring over the dry study of books. However out of 700 students, of whom between 400 and 500 are in the Law Department, I think the number comparatively quite small that ever over-tax the brain or weary the body by intense study, especially in the summer season. Many, I suppose, come here more for pasttime than study; get matriculated as students, and perhaps are seldom afterwards seen at the lectures, but form themselves into different clubs or corps, for boxing and fighting sword duels. Each corps is designated by the cap worn by its members. Each has its house, surmounted by a flag, where they meet for exercise; and other places of resort for reveling and carousing over wine and beer. This I suppose is the time that challenges are exchanged, preparatory to a fight, which I am told is a thing of almost daily occurrance, the place being selected for such occasions in a by-place on the opposite side of the River. Their proceeding is as ridiculous as it is base, and their fights seldom amount to more than a combat between two savage, scratching animals. I often see some of them with their faces *beautifully* disfigured by the scars from gashes they have received, reminding one of the slit noses, cropped ears, and branded features of those who became victims to the displeasure of the once noted Star Chamber at London. These malpractices I believe are averse to the laws of the land, nevertheless suffered to pase, and government connives at it.

The Faculty in this University I think is very able, embracing almost every department of Literature and Science, and affords good opportunities for those who *will* improve them, as even many do. I have met five Americans, students here, who appear to be very well pleased and satisfied with their situation. I learn too, on inquiry, that the school system in this town is very good. Rich or poor, if they have the will, can be educated to almost any desired extent. There are some other places near Heidelberg of which I have not space to speak at present—but of much interest, and well worth of a visit. And some I intend to visit during my stay of a few days, prolongation. In conclusion I would say, my sojourn of a few weeks here, has interested me much, passed pleasantly, and rapidly. A longer time would be very agreeably spent, but a few days must close my visit, and, Providence permitting, find me on my way to my own beloved shore of America. L.

HORACE MANN ON EDUCATION.

From his Introductory Address at Antioch College, O.

Every diseased man who bequeaths his maladies to his offspring; every drunkard who rears children from his inflamed and corrupted blood; every licentious man who transmits his weakness and his wickedness as an inheritance of suffering, is another repetition of the fall of man.

From such causes, by adamantine laws, and through unalterable predestinations, has come our present diluted and depleted humanity; effete, diseased, and corrupt of blood; abnormal, wasted, and short-lived; with its manliness so evaporated, and its native fires so quenched, that our present world, compared with what it should be and what it might be, is but a Lazar-house of disease, and an asylum for the feeble-minded. The imbecile rates of Italy and Spain, the half-grown millions of India and Mexico, like river-mouths, are only the foul drainage of ancestral continents, all gushing with fountains of debilitating and corrupting vices.

Then reflect, that as the number of ancestors doubles at each ascending remove—two parents, four grand-parents, eight great-grand parents, and so onward—there are, even at only the tenth degree, more than a thousand conduits of whose united streams each child is the receptacle; and how swollen with the feculence of all transmissible malignities, both of body and mind, must be his blood and brain!

Why, then, should we wonder that all our animal propensities are represented in our ethics? that Mammon, has been the Lycurgus of much of our civil polity? and that a denial of the great law of Human Brotherhood so often finds refuge and resting place in our popular theology?

It has been somewhat generally conjectured, that the early generations had some method of computing time very different from ours, and hence that the patriarchs from Adam and Noah, (with one or two exceptions), did not, according to the literal record, live to the age of between 900 and 1,000 years—afterwards gradually tapering down to between 100 and 200 years, at the time of the Egyptian vassalage. But it is a strong, if not a conclusive argument in favor of literal version, that, if the race had not been created with ten times more vital force than it now possesses, its known violation of all the laws of health and life would, long ere this, have extinguished it altogether. So rapidly had it ran down, that, at the time of David—about half-way from Adam to the present day—he spoke of the average of human life as only three-score years and ten. Now, ask the Bills of Mortality and the Life Insurance Companies what its average is, and they will tell you that in Europe and the United States, it is but thirty years; and, in great cities, but twenty years.

Awful and unspeakable violations of God's laws, have done this dreadful work. It is the violation of the laws of Health and life, I emphatically repeat, which has cut down the years of man to this contemptible brevity, and harrows those years with pain; which surround the cradle with diseases that spring like wolves upon the infant at its birth, and which, instead of the olden days when no child was dead born, brings such multitudes into the world, who, though they may not be dead-born as to breathing, are so as to intellect and heart. A joy that had wings and laughter, once inhabited every joint and vital organ of man's frame. Pain has conquered this festive domain, and turns human breath into sighs.

No other part of the organic world with which we are acquainted, has suffered this dire change. Under intelligent culture, the vegetable world is constantly outgrowing itself, in size, beauty, and richness. All animal natures thrive, strengthen, and surpass the progenitors of their stock, when subjected to the law of their being. Man alone, of all the earth, pales and dwarfs and sickens; begets children, the parti-colored tissue of whose existence is the woof of one disease woven into the warp of another; transmits insanity, and gout, and consumption, and scrofula; pre-creates blindness, and deaf-muteness, and those human *fungi*, the brainless idiots; spawns polished imbecility through our cities, which they, by their wealth, send to college, to be converted into pillars of Church and State. And why? Solely because man will break heaven's laws. Because, for the sake of money, or for pride, disease will marry disease, and blood wed kindred blood. Because, when God commanded Adam *to work*, (that is, to take some form of exercise,) *in the garden*, (that is, in the open air,) men will not exercise, and will live in dwellings which add artificial poisons to natural ones, and then breathe the virulent compound. Popes and hierarchs send to Jordan to obtain "holy water" for the baptism of their children, that they may give their spirits a figurative cleansing, but will not keep them physically clean with the pure water at their door; and the royal sinner imports a few cubic yards of "holy earth" from Jerusalem, in which that body of his may be buried, wherein sin has rioted and wantoned through all his life; as though he thought the Omniscient could be cajoled into forgetfulness of the difference between "holy water" or "holy earth," and the pure in heart and the obedient in life.

But, besides defying all the laws of God in regard to pure air, cleanliness, diet, exercise, and the selection of healthful occupations and healthful sites for residences—besides these sins of omission, how numberless are the sins of commission which we commit—sins which are expelling all manly power and womanly endurance from the race! To say nothing of the stimulants taken in our common morning and evening beverages, (which are no more necessary or useful to enable healthy men or women to perform their labor than a morning dram is for the lark or the eagle, for the buffaloe or the leviathan)—to say nothing of these, the people of this nation annually madden their brains with 200,000,000 gallons of intoxicating drinks; and not only stupify and defile themselves, but transmit irritable nerves and contaminated blood to their children by the consumption of more than $30,000,000 worth of tobacco. Of this immense sum, squandered for the foul and abominable weed, it is estimated by Dr. Cole—an able writer on Physiology—that the members of the church of Jesus Christ take $5,000,000 worth for their share! It is an indisputable fact, that, taking the whole United States together, much more money is expended for the single article of Cigars than for all the Common Schools in the Union. Cigars against Schools; cigars against the great cause of popular education; and appetite triumphs over intellect and morals! And where these natural poisons of alcohol and tobacco are used most freely, the church and schoolhouse are seen most rarely. I say nothing of opium and other narcotics. And, after quenching still more the expiring embers of vitality that yet glimmer in the race, and corrupting its corruption to a more malignant type, we call ourselves civilized, and — may heaven pardon the audacity!—Christian. Are these the practices of civilization which honeycomb the bones, and leave the muscles sodden, while they irritate the nerves, and evaporate electricity from the brain? Is that Christianity, which obeys the ceremonial law rather than the eternal? which asks the blessing of heaven upon its food, and then gorges itself like a wolf? which offers the morning prayer, but all the day long passes unheeding by the hungry, the naked, the sick, and by the prisoner's door? The time will come when men will speak of Christian and un-Christian health, as they do now of Christian and un-Christian character.

For all these ancestral sins, posterity suffers through all its organism, and in every endowment. We suffer for the offences of our progenitors; our descendants will suffer for ours. The self justifying ancestor will asseverate that his surfeits of viands and wines, and his indulgence in narcotics, do him no harm, but, three generations afterward, delirium and gout will shriek out their denial in his great grand-children.

God's heart is full of new mechanical and new physical blessings for the race. He only waits for the fulness of time when Physiology and Education shall produce the *men* with talent and genius worthy to be the medium of their transmission to mankind. God knew the weight of the atmosphere and the law of gravitation; He saw this western continent; He knew how books could be printed, how cloth could be woven by machinery, and how lightning would run through iron, as well in the time of Socrates, as since; but, in the order of His providence, He had to wait for Torricelli and Newton, for Columbus and Faustus, for Arkwright and Franklin, before He could bless mankind by the bestowment of that knowledge. In the same way, He waits for us, through a knowledge of the laws of Physiology and Education, and an obedience to them, to rear the new men for the new blessings. Man's ideas of the earth are yet to be as much changed by chemistry, as his ideas of the heavens have been by astronomy. Chemistry will yet beautify the earth as much as astronomy has glorified the heavens.

For augmenting the aggregate amount of intelligence and mental power, in any community, the grandest instrumentality ever yet devised is the institution of Common Schools. The Common School realizes all the facts, or fables, which ever they may be, of the Divining Rod. It tries its experiments over the whole surface of society, and wherever a buried fountain of genius is flowing in the darkness below, it brings it above, and pours out its waters to fertilize the earth. Among mankind, hitherto, hardly one person in a million has had any chance for the development of his higher faculties. Hence, whatever poets, orators, philosophers, divines, inventors, or philantrophists, may have arisen up to bless the world, they have all arisen from not more than one millionth part of the race. The minds of the rest, though equally endowed with talent, genius and benevolence, have lain outside the scope of availability for good. These millions, with the exception of the units, have been drudges, slaves, cattle—their bodies used, their souls unrecognized. Ah! nowhere else have there been such waste and loss of treasure, as in the waste and loss of the Human Faculties. All spendthrift profusions, all royal prodigalities, are parsimony and niggardliness, compared with the ungathered, abandoned treasures of the human soul. As civilization has advanced, perhaps one child in a hundred thousand, and, in more favored nations, one child in ten thousand, has been admitted to the opportunities of knowledge. Forthwith, the men capable of constructing the institutions or the engines of human improvement and adornment, appeared; and in numbers, too, far beyond the proportion or share of the constituencies from which they sprang. But if, instead of striking the fetters of prohibition from one in a hundred thousand, or from one in ten thousand, those fetters are stricken from all, and incitements to exertion and aids to self development are supplied to all, then, immediately, quick as water gushes from unsealed fountains, Shermans rise up from the shoemaker's bench, Beechers come from the blacksmith's anvil, and Bowditches and Franklins from the ship-chandler's and the tallow-chandler's shop, and a new galaxy shines forth over all the firmament of genius. These are truths which the uneducated nations do not understand—truths too, which the caste-men, whether of birth or of wealth, do not wish to understand.*

It is in this way that the Common School awakens talent, and sets it in motion. And when once the inward impetus of native talent is aroused, you may as well attempt to stop the whirling of a planet, as to arrest the possessor of that gift. Then comes the function of a College, to guide, replenish and speed it on its immortal course.

And here open upon us the great utilitarian views of education, as a preliminary to its higher and nobler spiritual functions. As we survey the present condition of the world and look forward to the well-being of posterity, we find problems to be solved, which virtue alone can never solve, which piety alone can never solve; but for which only knowledge, talent, genius, that is, intellect can furnish the solution. The coming generations are to be fed, clothed and sheltered—not miserably as the aborigines were by the precarious chase, or the earth's spontaneous growths; not in skins and caves; but with abundance and certainty, with comfort and elegance.—The heathen humanity heaped up in all our great cities, six stories high, (in Edinburgh, I have seen it eleven stories high,) the wretched inmates of the Irish mud-house, of the Hottentot kraal, and of the Tartar tent, are to be provided with a decent home for every family. Mankind at large are to be educated, not only a few beloved Benjamins, but all the sons—and all the daughters, too—and all inconceivably above our present standards. The libraries of which our cities are now proud, must exist in all our towns. Apparatus for explaining the wonders of nature, museums, cabinets, gardens, such as now enrich our Colleges, must be in the possession of our Schools. The means of mental and moral growth must come and stand around our children and youth, unasked and unpurchased, as air and light now come to their cradles. All heathen lands are to be civilized and Christianized; and what we now call civilization and Christianity are to be purified and elevated into forms indefinitely higher than at present prevail.

*To the more advanced half of Christendom, the prizes voted at the London Fair, [the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851] by the Juriors and by the Council of Presidents were *one hundred and four*. To the less advanced half of Christendom, the prizes voted by the same tribunal were *two*. To the totality of non-Christian nations, composing two-thirds of the whole human race, *nothing*. [Report of the French Commissioners to the Industrial Exhibition.]

Interesting from Kansas.

We find the following letter in the *National Era* of July 14. The editor says of Mr. Wood, "We have known him long, as one of the most respectable citizens of Ohio, and a consistent Anti-Slavery man; and we reply upon his statements."—*Philad. Daily Reg.*

WESTPORT, JACKSON CO., MO., June 28, 1854.

To the Editor of the National Era.

DEAR SIR: I have left my Ohio home and friends, and have come here, for the purpose of selecting myself and family a future home in this, the fairest portion of God's earth. A struggle is before us. It looks as though the inhabitants of this country think that they can people, or dictate who shall people, the whole Kansas Territory. They in the start flocked into the Territory by hundreds. Men would take, perhaps a dozen claims, stick their stake, mark their names, get up a little meeting, resolve to protect each other and each other's claims. They also resolved, at all hazards, that Kansas belonged to, and should be settled exclusively by, slaveholders. After this, nine out of every ten return to their Missouri homes, supposing that they have fixed, beyond the possibility of repeal, the institutions of Kansas for all time to come. Meetings are held in Missouri, where lynching is publicly recommended, as the last resort, to drive those *"white livered Abolitionists"* out of Kansas into Nebraska, which they condesendingly say is "set apart for us." A few northern men already have been driven from the Territory, others frightened away. A few slaveholders already have moved in with their slaves. The Methodist missionaries sent here for the purpose of enlightening and Christianizing the poor Indian, have their slaves to do the drudgery of the missions; thus, while they are enlightening and Christianising one class of heathens as an auxiliary in the good cause, they are grinding down and blotting out the very souls of other heathens. Indeed, it is a question whether they Christianize or heathenize the most. Of course, the influence of these missions is against us. At Fort Leavenworth, the United States officers are degrading themselves and their calling, by going with the South, and hooting at Northern men, and even justifying lynching of them, for no other cause than that they are "Northern men!"

A dark picture, truly—but think not that it has no bright side. Northern men have been found who could not be scared; settlements have been commenced; slaveholders have become frightened, already, we hear—"they will not trust their slaves there!" I have just made a trip over into the Territory, found on the Indian reserve scores of families from Iowa, Indiana, Illinois and other States, and still they come. Next week we are to have a general meeting up on Kanzas river, where hundreds of freemen will be rallied; a flat may then go forth that will sound the death-knell to Slavery, in Kanzas at least. All we ask is, for Northern men, and Southern men, tired of Slavery, who design emigrating here, to come *now!* Now is the time they can suit themselves with homes, and above all, *now or soon* this Slavery question must be met and settled.

During our trip over into the Territory, we saw the Baptist missionary, a pure and warm anti-slavery man. We also took dinner at the Friends or Quaker mission; found the Superintendent, Friend Fayer, sick, but were kindly received by his family,—all strong anti-slavery people, to whom we are indebted, not only for their kindness to us, but for much valuable information. Say to freemen, "Come on, secure a home, assist in this great struggle between Slavery and Freedom."

Our nearest post office at present is Westport, Jackson county, Missouri.

Yours, Truly, SAMUEL N. WOOD.

☞And all this insolence and barbarous treatment of the hardy sons of toil from the North, who seek a home for themselves and their families, is what is called by Senator Douglas and his followers, *"popular sovereignty!"*—"the right of the people to govern themselves!!"—and, above all, "squatter sovereignty!!!" The truth is, this whole Nebraska scheme, from its conception to its consummation, has been one vile and iniquitous plot to force the curse of Slavery upon a free soil, and to trample Law, Right, and Justice under foot in the attempt! That the U. S. Officers engage in it, shows the feeling at Washington: and so sure as the spirit of '76 lives in the veins of American freemen, discord and perhaps civil war will ensue before the rights of Freemen and the love of Liberty will be "crushed out" of our citizens looking for homes on the Kansas.

DOUGLAS' ARGUMENTS.—[The *National Era* gets up the following paraphrase on the arguments of Douglas and his confederates that they have not been the means of agitating the question of Slavery, and of introducing that curse into hitherto free territory.]

☞If Senator Douglas with a gang of confederates should cut the levee of the Mississippi, and inundate a city in hopes of getting the "spoils" that might be seized in the destruction and dismay of the inhabitants, he would probably make the following defence:

Douglas. May it please your honor, I did not bring in the water.

Judge. You admit that you cut the levee?

Douglas. Yes, your honor, but I did not touch the water. I never touch *cold water*. It's a "fundamental principle," with me, "not to interfere with it."

Judge. Prisoner, such quibbling is a contempt of court. It seems incredible from a person who has occupied the high station which the people of Illinois have conferred upon you. Do not imagine that it will help you. It aggravates your offence and will aggravate your punishment.

Douglas. May it please your honor, "there is no occasion for the excitement and agitation which have been got up about this affair." If this is a sovereign State, you have an unquestionable right to legislate the water out forthwith. If it is a territory, you have only to wait till you become a State, and then you may bail it out, or "let it stay in," just as the people please, agreeably to "the great fundamental principles of democracy and self-government. I see no ground for this "charge" against me and other honorable gentlemen. We have not troubled the waters—it is those who are paddling in them.

Judge. Let the prisoner be committed to take his trial in November.