

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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Select Poetry.

WHAT MAY BE OURS.

Thou that dost pine indeed,
For wealth more precious than rich gems or gold,
Learn how to seek it ere the heart grows cold;
And take this for thy creed—
Not who love us, but whom we love are ours.
So shalt thou know thy yet undream'd of powers.
Be thine no doubting mind;
More than thy eager hands can grasp,
More than thy outstretched arms can clasp,
Thou'lt needest, and shalt find,
Thy treasure shall be countless and unknown;
For all it loves, the heart doth make its own.
Thou shalt break off the chains
That bind thee to the present; for the Time,
Between us and his elder-brother, appears,
Like a huge bulwark, days, months and years,
The bond of brotherhood remains;
And o'er that towering wall, we, if we will, can
Thus more than those who share its climb,
With thee the gentle air,
Shall yield to the strong magic of the spell
That lies in love, and in thy heart shall dwell.
And distance shall not limit thy deep love,
If from the human flowers that flourish there,
Some wanderer chance, like Noah's gentle dove,
To these a token of their bloom to bear,
Far off their home may be,
Beneath the glory of an eastern sky,
Or where bright fountains and blue waters lie,
And thou shalt never cease
The fragrance of their spirit's earthly shrine,
But oh! thou shalt love them, they are thine.
Yes! thou shalt love them, they are thine,
To weep for—thou shalt weep,
Shouldst thou the light that on them lies—
But they are worth thy tears!
And as within thy heart thy treasure grows,
Thou shalt whence all good things do flow,
For Love, its adoptive spirit was not given
To find all wealth on earth, and seek for none
In heaven.

Facts and Fancies.

COOKIES.—One teaspoonful of flour, three of molasses, one of cream, one of butter, six eggs, one tablespoonful of ginger, and one of saleratus.

TO CURE BROKEN HORNS.—Remove the mutilated horn, and bind the stump with a cloth well tarred and pitched; any fabric will do to bind with, if the wounded part be first well covered with warm pitch.

TO CURE FRECKLES.—Take two ounces of lemon juice, half a drachm of powdered borax, and a drachm of sugar. Mix together, and let the mixture stand for a few days in a glass bottle; then rub it on the face and hands occasionally.

BAKED POT PIE.—From this time forth we like to have a good many pot pies. A pan, two inches deep, needs only an upper and under crust, filled with apples; a deeper pan needs a middle crust; sprinkle a little allspice and nutmeg, with water enough to cook it; let it bake an hour or till the apples are done, and eat with sweetened milk. Dried apples make especially a good pie, by first stewing them.

HOW TO DRY PUMPKINS AND MAKE THE PIE.—Perhaps some don't know the best way to dry pumpkins. It is this:—Cut them up and stew them until they are soft and dry; pound and strain through a colander; then grease pie pans, and spread it on a quarter of an inch thick, dry it; and roll it up, and put it away in a tight box, or bag, from insects. Each one of these rolls will make a pie. It is very easy now to make a pie. Put it in sweet milk and let it soak for about two hours; put in an egg, a table spoonful of sugar, and a tea spoonful of ginger, and one of allspice; and if you are lovers of pumpkin pie, as we are, you will pronounce it good.

ABOUT FISH LIVING IN A WELL TWENTY FIVE YEARS.—Mr. F. Hoy, a correspondent of the Country Gentleman, writes from South East, New York, November 19th, says:—
"Can any one tell how long a trout fish will live? Twenty-five years ago the past summer I came on the farm where I now am. Almost the first work that I did after getting in my spring crops, was to drain a bog swamp, the outlet of which leads into the Croton river. I had an old Scotchman to do the ditching. One day he brought up a trout about the size of a man's little finger, in his whiskey jug. I put it in the well near the house where I was now, grown to a goodly size but a foot long and large in proportion. It has been fed but very little; once in a while to some throw in a grasshopper or cricket, or to see him catch it. The well is thirty feet deep, and water hard, and settles down nearly to the bottom, and then again rises to near the top. He has been taken out a few times to clean the well, but not for the last five years. Friday last, I got a grasshopper, the last one I expect to see this fall, and gave it to him. The water is now twenty-five feet deep, but it hardly touched the surface before he had it. If any one has a fish older than mine, I would like to know it."

A Select Tale.

THE POLISH LOVERS.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

Among the primitive inhabitants of the remote parts of Poland the great point of emulation with the young men is to be the best marksman of the district; for other feats of skill or activity in their simple lives, there is but little struggle for pre-eminence; but to attain dexterity with their guns, a vast deal of time, temper and powder is annually wasted in every significant hamlet. Most nations who possess this characteristic are impatient of restraint, but low in the scale of civilization and science.

Soon after the commencement of winter, it is customary in the provincial towns of Poland to hold an assemblage of those youths from the surrounding districts who have been noted for their skill in the smaller communities, to make trial together in difficult mark shooting—for which prizes are distributed by the fur-clad ladies "of the authorities."

One of these annual meetings, some years since, was attended by Ermann Sanki, a youth of about twenty, the only son of an extensive land proprietor, and who was admitted, by even his nearest rivals, to be the best shot in his native village.

The winter had set in early, with unusual severity; and Ermann, who had several leagues to travel in his sledge, surrounded himself with various defences of fur, which he more than shared with a large rough hound at his feet—an animal of such uncouth form that none but a lover's eye could have traced attraction therein, or have seen the necessity of guarding it by a sable pelisse. But Ermann was a lover; the sagacious attached Slanth was a love-gift from Minna Zabinski, the coquetteish love of Ermann; and thus there is no more to be said respecting deviations from plain common sense.

On arriving at the town, he proceeded to the square where the assemblage was generally held; and here he found everything in animated confusion. It had just been proclaimed that, instead of the usual mark shooting, there was to be a wolf hunt in a forest at some distance; the early severity of the winter had forced the wolves to approach the town, and they had committed great devastation on the surrounding farms, excepting ere morning to the forest; the prizes, therefore, would be awarded to those most skillful in destroying the depredators.

This exchange from mechanical to animated sport excited the spirits of the young men, who set forth in a gallant band; and they did not return from their fatiguing chase, until the red glow of sunset lighted up the savage trophies of their success, which they bore in triumph to the square, where the prizes were to be awarded.

This had been no ordinary day for the young Ermann; during the morning he had conversed some time with Minna, and she had made one of her capricious decisions as to visiting his mother's house for a week, dependant on Ermann bearing away the third prize. The prospect of success was not very flattering, as he had to contend against so many more practical men than himself. But almost every one has, at some time in his life, a brief inspiration through powerful feelings, which makes men "surpass themselves," and to which they afterwards look back with calm wonder at the sudden power they momentarily commanded. Ermann felt that the time of his marriage would be decided if the coquetteish Minna were once under his mother's roof; and, with this inspiration, he did wonders in the field and forest. Heedless of danger, and the rough dog were ever pressing foremost; and, after each volley fired at the retreating pack of wolves, Ermann's gun was loaded again with magic promptitude, and one of the savages generally brought down.

When the band returned to the square, and the trophies were examined, Ermann's success exceeded Minna's stipulations, for the second prize was his reward; and he drove away in his sledge amid the cheers cordial and prolonged of his companions. The evening was gray and chill; Ermann, now that the excitement was over, felt the consequence of his over-exertion; the poor dog had not escaped unharmed from the throes of the wolves, and he lay stiff and weary at his master's feet; even the gaily-captivated horse showed indications of fatigue from the additional distance he had been driven to the forest; so the trio pursued their way very differently from the spirit of the morning.

About two leagues from town, Ermann heard the merry tinkling of sledge bells

coming after him in the solitary forest road which led towards his home; the new arrival drew up beside him, and he was greeted by the gay voice of Stanislaus Zabinski, the brother of Minna.

"Hilloa, Ermann! stop that runaway steed of yours; though poor tired wretch, if you stop him, perhaps he will never be able to move again; what a stupid looking trio—man, horse and dog! Had you good sport?"

Ermann held up his prize, asking why Stanislaus had not attended the hunt.

"Oh! the old cause—a woman; those women make me a slave, a victim!" laughed the handsome Pole. "Here's my great aunt, Froshkin, now asleep beside me, and she's also deaf as these pine trees, she wanted to see the assembly, and the shouting, and afterwards to visit her old friend, your mother; and she has detained me, driving her, all day."

"I have heard my mother speak of her, and I shall be delighted to have her society," returned the lover, speaking of the old lady, but thinking of the grand-niece, who was doubtless to follow under her charge.

"Then your delight" shall begin from this moment," said the gay Stanislaus; "you shall drive her the rest of the leagues to your house, for I promised to be home to-night, and even now it is rather late to be out alone, though I hope your shooting has scared the wolves back to their summer abodes."

So saying, he jumped from the sledge, before Ermann could plead for his tired horse, and, rousing the slumbering old lady with a shout which would have wakened the Seven Sleepers, he lifted her shapeless, fur wrapped form into Ermann's sledge; then, bounding into his own, he drove off at full speed, making the woods echo with his merry song.

Ermann, in spite of his fatigue, felt true love's prejudice in favor of any one connected with the beloved object; therefore he sedulously endeavored to accommodate his companion; but his courteous actions and remarks were unnoticed by the taciturn lady, who did not even answer the caresses of the poor Slanth, although he seemed to forget his fatigues in welcoming her.

The weary sportsman soon relinquished the ungracious task, and became absorbed in a love reverie, from which he was only roused by the branch of a tree having fallen so low across the narrow road that he could not drive under it without danger. In hastily removing it the fur hood of his companion was caught by a bough, thrown back, and thus displayed the youthful complexion and glossy hair of Minna Zabinski.

"Always plotting against me, Minna!" said the delighted youth; why might I not have known who was my companion. "So you should, had you only gained the third prize, as I desired you," replied she, laughing; "but you were too vain for your superior success for me to give you farther grounds for vanity. But see, Ermann, we have reached the foot of the hill help me from the sledge, and we will walk up, in order to relieve the poor tired horse; and Slanth, dear Slanth, too, small stretch his limbs beside the mistress who he had discernment enough to know was not her grand-aunt.

The youthful lovers arm in arm, descended the long acclivity slowly, but unattended by the flight of time, which seemed to them to have been but a moment, and yet a whole existence. The cold moonlight threw their well-defined shadows on the snow; as they reentered the sledge, with still as leagues of their journey to perform. Ermann, having assiduously enveloped Minna from the piercing air on the height, prepared to proceed homeward, when he missed Slanth from his customary position in the sledge. He turned sharply to call his lagging favorite, and perceived him, with bristling hair and gleaming eyes, which indicated too surely the approach of animosity, glaring down the deep steep they had just ascended.

The youthful lover anxiously followed the dog; and, in their late path, distinctly shone by the clear moonlight, he saw three large wolves quickly tracking the fresh footsteps.

Ermann felt that with the precious charge beside him, he must not risk an encounter against such fearful bloods. His sole change was a flight although when he thought of the distance to the village, and saw the exhausted condition of the horse, his heart grew faint. However, he stooped eagerly to the excited Slanth, lashed the horse to its utmost speed, and soon seemed to distance all pursuit.

Thus they continued to descend the hill with great rapidity; but, on reaching level ground, again the panting horse showed symptoms of distress. Minna, who did not comprehend Ermann's strange proceeding, after vainly remonstrating with him, had placed her hands on the reins, when the wolves, having reached the brow of the hill, caught sight of the objects which they had tracked, at their discordant howl soon enlightened the hapless girl as to the cause of her lover's haste.

The famishing animals, scared from their late haunts redoubled their ardor of pursuit on seeing the sledge; their galloping feet resounded on the hard road, closer and closer. Ermann felt that flight was no longer security; he seized the rifle which had done such good service in the morning, with the faint hope that, if he should despatch one savage, the others might forego the pursuit in order to prey on him. The rifle proved to be unloaded, and the dreadful recollection flashed on Ermann that he had exhausted the very last charge of his ammunition in the day's sport.

One of the wolves had now reached the carriage, which he leaped, and evidently meant to spring on the horse. This would expose the travelers to instant death; and the frantic Ermann, seeing another monster gaining the side where Minna sat, seized, as his only resource, the nearest hound, and cast him forth to encounter the terrible foes, of whom in a minute he must become the victim.

The sagacious horse, now tremblingly aware of the dangers which beset him, strained his panting frame for a fresh effort, without guidance from his master, who remained powerless, as though overwhelmed by this his own deed, in sacrificing the attached companion who had so often defended him. Minna was also motionless, through fear and horror.

Maddened by the sight, the youth sprang at its throat with so force a grasp that it was forced to relinquish its hold on Minna. The eye balls rolled with green light; the hot breath came with difficulty over the protruding tongue; and Ermann had almost conquered the brute which he pressed against the back of the sledge, but he had two other foes, who sprang on him, and with a deadly seizure pulled him from the vehicle. Minna saw no more.

The servants belonging to Ermann's father were surprised by the sound of sledge bells at night in the court before the house for their young master had expressed an intention of remaining in the town until the morning. They went forth cheerfully to welcome the unexpected arrival, and there beheld a wretched exhausted horse, fallen in the harness of an apparently empty sledge. On moving the sable pelisse in the letter, they discovered the motionless form of Minna Zabinski. During the day she recovered from the heavy swoon, but all remembrance was gone; nor was it until night came, and the cold beams of moonlight brought back the late scene of horror which she witnessed by its beams, that the agonizing recollections returned with fearful clearness; and ere the morning she had expired.

Select Miscellany.

THE YANKEE LOVERS' SOLILOQUY.

As thin as a hatchet I've grown,
And poor as Job's turkey, by golly!
I stand like a scarecrow, alone—
Sad victim of Love's melancholy!
I feel most confoundingly blue,
Life's now is turned into thistle,
My sweet heart has turned out untrue,
And socked me as slick as a whistle.
Though lively and keen as a rat,
And playful as any young kitten,
She has got the sharp claws of a cat,
And has showed 'em to me thro' the mitten.
Of our village girls she is the belle—
As plump as a partridge she grows—
Her eyes for two cherries would sell,
Her cheeks are as red as a rose.
Like two bean now dollars her eyes,
Her figure is nester than wax;
In beauty with Venus she vies,
Her hair—'tis finer than flax!
I found her by her after day,
Expecting a wedding to follow;
Alas for my love thrown away—
Her heart lies in a pumpkin, was hollow!
As thin as a hatchet I've grown,
And poor as Job's turkey, by golly!
I stand like a scarecrow, alone—
A victim of Love's melancholy!

Voting Under Difficulties.
A correspondent of the Knickerbocker furnishes to the Editor of that journal the following amusing sketch of the purity of the elective franchise in the State of Ohio. "I should like to have grasped the hand of the patriotic fellow, who was so anxious to vote the 'gig dicket,' if it were not for the fact that he finally backed out. In the north-west portion of the State of Ohio, in the county of Auglaize, there is a township, the citizens of which are principally German, and notwithstanding their 'sweet accent,' they are all Democrats of the regular 'unerring' stripe. From the time of the erection of the county up to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, there had never been a Whig vote cast in the township spoken of, although there were over six hundred voters; but at the fall election of that year, upon counting the ballots, it appeared that there was one Whig amongst them. There was the proof, a regular straightout Whig ticket, and they dare not pass it by. This caused great commotion; their escutcheon was dimmed; there was a Whig amongst them; and their courage (Dutch course) up to fever heat in the shade, they went to work slyly to find the man who had dared to vote the 'Vig Dicket'; but their labors were unsuccessful. In the meantime another year rolled round, and the good 'peoples' were again assembled at the election precinct. It had not been forgotten however, that at the last election some one had voted the 'Vig Dicket'; and it was now the subject of open remark and wonder. 'While they were having an out-door discussion of the subject, Sam Starret, a late immigrant from the eastern shore of Maryland came along, and demanded the cause of the commotion. 'Well, we was a wondering who it was wat voted de Vig dicket at de last election said an old Dutchman. 'It was me,' Sam said, 'and it was no body else!' 'I dinks not,' said the Dutchman, and the balance shook their heads incredulously. 'I tell you it was I though,' said Sam, pulling out a Whig ticket, 'and may I be chawed up if I aint a going to do it again. I am going to vote that (holding out the ticket) and vote it open too. I'll let you know that I'm an independent American Citizen, and I'll vote just as I please, and you can't help it, by Jesima!' 'So in he went to deposit his ballot. There sat the three old Dutch judges of election 'calm as a summer morning; and true to his word, Sam handed over his ticket, open. One of the old judges took it; and snatching it a few seconds, handed it back toward the independent voter, and said: 'Yaw, dat ish a Vig dicket.' 'Well, put it in the box,' said Sam. 'Vat you say' said the old Dutchman, his eyes big with surprise; put him in de box!' 'Yes sir-ee, put it in the box! I am goin' to vote it!' 'Oh! no! no! mix goot, dat ish Vig dicket, said the old Dutchman, shaking his head. 'Well, I reckon I know it's a Whig ticket,' said Sam, 'and I want you to put it in the box, darmination quick, too.' 'No, no! no! dat ish not goot; dat ish a Vig dicket; we not take em any more, said the old judge turning to receive a 'goot dicket' from some of his German friends. 'Sam went out and cursed till all was blue—said he had come that to vote, and he'd be flambegasted if he want goin' to vote in spite of all the Dutch in the township. So, after cooling off a little, he again went in and tendered his ticket very neatly rolled up. The old judge took it again, and notwithstanding Sam's demurring unrolled it and looked it over; then turning to Sam in a manner and tone not to be misunderstood, said: 'I tells you dat ish a Vig dicket; dat ish nix goot; and dat we not take em any more!' 'Sam again retired, cursing all Democrats generally, and the Dutch particularly, and assigning them the hottest corners of the brimstone region; and was going on to curse every body that didn't curse them he was interrupted by an old Dutchman in the crowd, with: 'Sam Starret I tells you vat it is, if you will vote der Dimergrat dicket, and leaf der goonty, we gifs you so much monish as dakes you vere you cum'd vrom.' 'Sam stretched his head, studied awhile and then said that as he had cum thar to vote, and want goin' away without votin', he guessed he'd do it. 'Again Sam made his appearance before the judges, and tendered his vote. The same old judge took it, and looking it over quietly turned to Sam and said: 'Yaw dat ish goot; dat ish a Dimergrat dicket!' and dropped it into the box. It is only further necessary to say that Sam went back to the eastern shore at the expense of the township; and that, at that election, and ever since that German township has been O. K. 'That is what I call preserving the purity of the franchise.'

The Old Maxim.

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined remarks the "English Reader." True. But no skill in bending or straightening can convert a twig of hemlock into a sprout of apple, nor reduce an oak sapling to the rank of poplar, nor convert ivy into grapevine. Good culture can make the young cabbage to grow into a large and compact head, but it is a cabbage still. But culture can prevent the perfect development of a rose; but if it lives at all, it lives a rose. Breed is the great thing, and next to breed comes growth. The teacher is only the gardener to immortal plants; it is his to keep down the weeds that would draw away nourishment from their roots, to supply the nourishment suited to the nature of each to defend all from the vermin that would prey upon them.

But, after all, the chief duty of childhood is to grow. Nature will do almost all that is required, if Nature is allowed to do it. At the present day, it is only poor children, for whom no one cares, that have a chance to health development others are blighted by over-culture. The gardener is always fumbling at their roots with his hard, thick fingers. Oh! let the poor children alone once more! And never suppose that a teacher can do what God alone can do—make a man!

Both Rhyme and Reason.

The Sandusky Register turns the crank of the poetry mill, and sends forth the following delicious sentiment: "Like the breath of the lily, so sweet and so stilly, do smiles of kindness make the heart glad. Frail is the flower, yet great is her power to cheer the lonely and soothe the sad. The smiles of beauty do fall duly, should beam on the sun of the sick, the distressed; nor all their brightness be poured on the lightness of butterfly flatters' sparkling breast and hollow breast. 'The voice of sweetness is music's completeness, when words of kindness, by beauty spoken breathe hope to the sighing, peace to the dying, and faith to the hearts by misfortune broken. Not in halls of splendor, does her voice sound sweet to human ears, but in the simple dwellings more angelic than human, is the circle of Charity, Faith and Love!—how sweet it sounds to the heaven above—CHARITY, FAITH and LOVE!"

Advice to Coquettes.

Young ladies, beware how you coquette or you may repent it to the last day of your life. Though a gay young girl may be fond of society and attention, fond of admiration, and desirous of being the cynosure of all eyes, let her not coquette. Let her not trifle with hearts as she did with her dolls in her infancy, lest she inflict misery and wretchedness on herself as well as on her victims. Man despises a coquette, and it is the only inherent vanity of a man which promotes their success as his own opinion of himself leads him to suppose that he must be the favored one. A coquette is feared, dreaded and despised by all sensible persons both of the other sex and her own. Her triumphs are ever brief, and when she falls and loses her power she is not pitied but despised. She falls—

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung." Her later days are days of vinegar—her disposition, her temper, her whole nature grows acidulated, and she becomes soured with the world, an animated vinegar cruet, delighting only in spiteful slander and malice, her only *bonne bouche* the news of a *crim. con.* case, a divorce, a broken love match, or an unhappy marriage. Gentlemen, shun a coquette if you would be happy!

The Dead Child.

Few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so nobly simple and confiding amongst the old terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred no hypocrisy, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it, there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love indeed cannot be stifled; for the prattle and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for the lonely voyager; for the child has gone, simple and trusting in the presence of the all wise Father, and of, such, we know, is the kingdom of Heaven.

Contentment.

Contentment is better than a rich legacy to any one. All that is necessary to secure a happy and contented life is a simple and contented mind.

Communication.

For the Journal. PRESIDENT PIERCE AND THE "HIGHER LAW."

Messrs. Editors:—I somewhere read an account of a political meeting, held last summer at the White Sulphur Springs, Va., at which Franklin Pierce and Ex-President Tyler figured conspicuously.

It is natural that these two dignitaries should meet to sympathize with each other, for, if history can be credited, they certainly agree in many points of character. Tyler was elected by the Whigs after the death of Harrison, pledged himself *ance* to administer the government on Whig principles, and then turned round and served, most fawningly, the enemies of those principles! Pierce is a northern man and a professed Protestant, and it was reasonable to expect that the North would receive justice at his hands. But he inhaled the Southern breath, "snuffed the bloody breeze," and sold himself to Bishop Hughs and the slave-holders. Tyler mounted on the annexation hobby, declared Texas must be secured or slavery would perish, as our patriotic fathers had wished and predicted. Pierce closed his ears against the wailings of bleeding humanity, left all the influence of his position to break down the Missouri Compromise—

the great barrier to the spread of a great moral poison in our country. Tyler, who had doomed millions of his fellow-beings to hopeless bondage. Nor does the analogy cease here. Tyler's hobbies failed to secure him the honors he fondly hoped to attain by his treachery to his party and country. And we greatly mistake if Pierce does not also soon find himself in retirement, where he may form opinions free from the temptations of unwholly ambition.

But my object in this communication is, not to dignify the President and Mr. Tyler, but to make some comments on the following sentiments uttered by the former on the occasion above referred to.

In the course of his address at the Springs he said: "It is no matter what our peculiar views may be, or what prejudice may take possession of our minds and hearts, if, as American citizens, we find ourselves constrained by a law, higher or more imperative than the civil law, we thus deny the obligations which the constitution imposes and can have no just claim to the protection and blessings which it confers."

Now if that "higher law" to which he refers is the same that was uttered from the Arabian mount, the rocks whereof for over thirty centuries bear testimony to the dread majesty whence it derived its authority, we have just ground to take exceptions to this reasoning.

And as well from the language employed, as from late proceedings of the government, we feel justified in the conclusion that it is the moral law to which he excepts. It was not enough for him to break down all barriers to the spread of slavery, but he must promulgate such doctrines as let loose a set of Missouri ruffians with all the weapons of mobocracy, to control the elections in Kansas; and when he finds Governor Reeder unwilling to approve a mock Legislature, he removes him to make room for an instrument better adapted to his vile purposes. It was not enough for him to flatter the friends of slavery in the South, but one of his own minions boldly attempts to carry it through Pennsylvania; and because a free-born, honorable citizen of the State tells the captives that in Pennsylvania they are free, a legal truth nowhere denied, another of his pets issues a habeas corpus, and that writ, one of the noblest effects of Magna Charta, by which every free man has a right to a hearing, is so perverted, as to be made the instrument by which Passmore Williamson, for speaking a benevolent word, in truth, is incarcerated in a gloomy prison, and denied his right to the benefit of that law, which was intended to reach the darkest recesses and remove the bars and bolts of our prisons.

Again, whilst this anti-higher law President is enjoying the plaudits and flattery of Southern friends, made such by servile means, a mob is legislating for Kansas and passing laws too bloody for the ninth century; laws which would have disgraced the darkest ages of the world; laws which tried powerfully to prevent the industrious and peace loving members of our community from taking possession of that fair part of our inheritance. At all this his Excellency complacently smiles and repudiates that "higher law" the influence of which