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Select Miscellany.

From Du Couret's "Life in the Desert."

An Unpleasant Adventure.

I thought I caught a glimpse of a horned head, which showed itself but for a moment, and then disappeared behind a hillock. My companions, however, did not believe it was an animal, and, as none of them cared to accompany me, I set out in search of it alone.

I made my way straight toward the spot at which I had descried the object in question, which I at first calculated to be about a quarter of a league distant. It proved to be much further, however—for a phenomenon peculiar to these elevated regions that distances are much diminished to the eye, a fact to be attributed, doubtless, to the great rarefaction of the atmosphere.

The hillock from behind which the horns showed themselves ran from east to west, and a portion of the summit of it was fringed with a growth of cactus. The ground rose with a gentle ascent, up which I threaded my way cautiously among the bristling plants, keeping my course right for the place where I supposed my game to be.

Arrived at the top of the hillock I saw, with eager joy, two superb gazelles, a male and a female, browsing tranquilly, as if unconscious of the existence of danger; but, unfortunately, they were far beyond the reach of my gun, and I was puzzled how to stalk them, for they were in the middle of a beautiful open plain, destitute of cover behind which I could conceal myself.

I stopped for a moment, turning over in my mind the various stratagems employed by the Hadramites in hunting the gazelle. First I thought of imitating their cries; then of attempting to fascinate them by shaking aloft a piece of cloth. But such ruses appeared to me unlikely to deceive gazelles so cautious as these seemed to be, for I remarked that every now and then they tossed up their beautiful heads and gazed around them with an air of suspicion.

While I was thus doubtful what course to pursue, my eye fell upon a long, gray line, winding away beyond the plain on which the two animals were feeding.

Whether this was a fissure in the earth, the track made by a troop of wild oxen, or the bed of a stream, I could not decide, but at any rate it was just the cover I wanted, for the gazelles were now hardly a hundred yards from it, and they appeared inclined to approach it yet more closely.

Creeping out from the cactus thicket, I made my way for a point at which the hillock was nearly on a level with the flat, upon reaching which I found myself on the bank of a stream, the shallow, crystal water of which slid along over a bed of sand and clay. The banks of this rivulet were low—hardly three feet above the level of the water, except at certain points where the hillock approached it. I descended into its bed, then, without difficulty, and set to work to wade it up stream.

As I had foreseen, I soon arrived at a point where the stream, which ran parallel to the plain for some distance, formed a bend and changed its course suddenly.

Here I stopped and reconnoitered, taking care not to discover myself, however. The gazelles were now quite within range of the stream, though not of the part of it where I was resting. They still browsed quietly, in happy unconsciousness of the danger so near them. All was favorable for me, and I continued stalking up the stream—a mode of proceeding, however, which I found anything but pleasant, for I sank continually in the soft ooze, besides being obliged to creep in a stooping posture, and to guard carefully against making the least noise, lest my game should take the alarm.

But all this was nothing to me, influenced as I was not only by respect for my reputation as a hunter, but by the desire to produce a good bit of venison for dinner.

Having waded another hundred yards or so, I came to a little covert of worm wood, the brushy growth of which was high enough to conceal me without intercepting my view. I raised myself up gradually until I could see between the stems, and, finding I was in the right place, sighted the female gazelle just between the horns and fired.

The animal bounded high into the air, and then fell heavily back upon the ground, dead.

I was about to emerge from my ambush and take possession of my game, when I remarked that the male gazelle, instead of taking to flight, as I expected, approached his companion where she lay upon the ground and snuffed around her many times. The poor animal was not more than a hundred yards distant from me, so that I could plainly distinguish the grief and astonishment expressed in his looks. But suddenly the sad truth seemed to flash upon him, and throwing his head back, he began to utter piercing cries, as he wheeled around the dead body of his companion.

Uncertain what to do next, my first impulse was to shoot the male with my second barrel, but his plaintive cries touched me to the heart, and I renounced for the moment my murderous project. Had I dreamed of encountering a spectacle so sad as this, I certainly should not have left my companions for such an enterprise, and I now deeply regretted that I had undertaken it.

But the harm was done, and I began to think that it would now be a good deed to kill the male gazelle and put an end to his sorrows. Moved by this sentiment of compassion, then, I took aim at him and drew the trigger with a trembling finger, for I was deeply affected.

When the smoke had cleared away I saw the poor little buck lying upon the ground, dead, with his head resting on the body of his dead companion.

Flinging my gun upon my shoulder, I made a movement to ascend from the bed of the stream, but to my great surprise, I was held fast by the feet, my legs being clasped closely round as if by the jaws of a vice. I made a violent effort to free myself from this singular restraint, but without success. A second and more powerful struggle was attended by no better result; and, in a third attempt I lost my balance and fell backward with my head in the water, from which I raised myself with great difficulty, and not without a narrow escape from drowning.

I now felt my feet locked down more closely than ever, while I continued to make frantic efforts to extricate myself, but all in vain, for I could neither move my legs backward nor forward, to the right nor to the left, in addition to which I began to be aware that I was sensibly, though gradually, sinking.

The fearful truth now dawned upon me. I was in a quick-sand.

A shudder of horror vibrated through my frame; but I continued my efforts to release myself with all the energy of desperation, dragging myself first to this side, then to the other, and twisting my knees around in their sockets; but all to no purpose. My feet remained fixed to the soil, in which they had become firmly imbedded.

The sand, as it heaped around me, seized hold upon my leathern leggins, squeezing them so closely that I found it impossible to withdraw my legs from them, and I now saw no other prospect before me than that of being engulphed, slowly but surely, as if sucked down into the vitals of the earth by some invisible monster.

This fearful idea smote me with a cold shiver, and I cried aloud with all the power of my lungs.

But who was there to hear me? For a league around, probably, all was a savage solitude, untrodden by the foot of man.

I now leaned forward as far as my constrained position would permit, striving, with the nervous clutchings of despair, to dig away the sand—but I could do little more than scratch the surface of it, and the little I was able to remove, besides, was immediately replaced.

At length it occurred to me that, by driving my gun horizontally into the bank of the stream, I might obtain a resistance by which to wrench myself from destruction; but I had dropped it in my fall, and it had already disappeared beneath the sand. Then I thought of throwing myself on my back, so as to retard the process of sinking, but the water around me was at least two feet deep, so that I must infallibly have been drowned had I done so.

All hope had now abandoned me. I could devise no means of escape, and I was utterly incapable of making any further efforts. Stupor took complete possession of me, my very thoughts appearing to have become paralyzed. I only knew that I must die, and at one moment, in fact, death had laid his hand upon me. But I recovered my senses after an interval, and made an effort to shake off the torpor by which I was weighed down, so as to meet my fate manfully.

As I raised my head my eyes fell upon the two last victims of my cruelty lying dead upon the meadow, and my heart ran cold at the sight, for I felt that my mishap was a visitation from heaven. Contrite and repentant, I then turned my looks on high, trembling lest I should behold there some token of the Divine anger which I had thus drawn upon my head; but the sun was shining out with his daily splendor, nor was there a single cloud visible upon the vaulted azure.

And now, my eyes earnestly fixed upon heaven, I prayed with a humility and fervor hardly to be imagined unless by those who have, at some time or another, found themselves in a situation as hopeless as mine was at that moment.

While thus gazing upward, my thoughts were interrupted by an object that met my view. It was a large vulture, sailing in the upper air. From the hight where he soared, while yet far beyond the range of human eye, he had, doubtless, watched the fall of the two gazelles, and was now stooping down to secure his share of the banquet which death had spread for him. Soon another of these birds sailed into the circle of my view, and yet another, until the dark forms of a large flight of them stood out from the deep blue of the sky.

Describing wide circles in their descent, they gradually approached the earth, until the foremost of them alighted at some distance from me, glanced around for a moment with inquiring eyes, and then hastened eagerly toward the prey by which he was attracted. In a few minutes the meadow was literally black with these hideous birds, many of which crowded upon the bodies of the two gazelles, to tear out the eyes of which seemed to be the first object of one and all of them, while they manifested, by the flapping of their wings, the ravenous delight with which they gorged themselves at the banquet.

Then came a pack of meagre, half starved jackals, sneaking with coward stealth among the spiky leaves of the cactus. Between them and the vultures a savage conflict now took place, which ended in the defeat of the latter, when the victors threw themselves greedily upon the prey, over which they fought and wrangled with bitter snarling and snapping of teeth.

At length they stole away. No, blessed be Allah!—at least I shall not perish by the cruel teeth and talons of such pestilent creatures!

A feeling of comfort came over me when this disgusting scene was past. I cast a lingering look at the objects around me; the crystal water and the bright, beautiful glories of nature, from which I was about to sink forever. Then, once more turning my eyes and thoughts toward heaven, I awaited with calm resignation the moment when it should please the Almighty to release my spirit—but, notwithstanding my efforts to maintain this tranquil condition, the memories that crowded upon me again dragged me down to the depths of despair.

I thought of the years that were gone; friends and relatives appeared to rise up before me, and then my tears began to flow.

At this moment a sound of human voices seemed to come to me from afar. A flash of hope lighted over me, and I called aloud with all my remaining strength, while my heart leaped with frantic joy. The voices came nearer and nearer, until they rang out loud and distinct, and then I saw Akin-el-Chahin and Selim coming toward me over the meadow.

They had heard my two shots, and, wondering at my long delay, had set out in search of me. Nor were they a moment too soon—for I was sinking surely and steadily, the swallowing quicksands having already absorbed me to the hips.

The moment Selim perceived my situation, he unrolled his turban and threw one end of it to me, which I seized with eager grasp, and, twisting it into my girdle, fastened it with a triple knot. Then, with a trembling anxiety which I will not attempt to describe, I gave the signal to commence pulling.

The cord strained and tightened as my two followers drew me towards them with gentle but steady force. I felt myself moving gradually upward; and now—O joy beyond expression—I am drawn beyond the grasp of the devouring quicksand—saved!

Bending to and fro the joints of my stiffened limbs I shouted with joy; and then, bounding up from the bed of the rivulet, embraced my two rescuers in a wild transport of gratitude.

We searched for my gun, which fortunately was as yet but partially imbedded in the sand, so that we recovered it without difficulty. As for my leggings, I left them behind, having no desire to tempt again the terrible grasp by which I had been deprived of them.

Health--Work--Power.

Emerson's "Conduct of Life," published by Ticknor & Fields, is rich in thought, angular, sharp, precise.

Thus, of wealth: "The art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, in timeliness in being in the right spot. One man has longer arms or longer legs; another sees by the course of streams and growth of markets where land will be wanted, makes a clearing to the river, goes to sleep, and wakes up rich. Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago, but it is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on the steam-pipe to the wheat crop. Puff now, O steam! The steam puffs and expands as before, but this time it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hungry New York and hungry England.

"Wealth begins in a tight roof that keeps the rain and wind out; in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water; in two suits of clothes so as to change your dress when you are wet; in dry sticks to burn; in a good double-wick lamp; in three meals; in a horse or a locomotive to cross the land; in a boat to cross the sea; in tools to work with; in books to read; and so in giving, on all sides, by tools and auxiliaries the greatest possible extension to our powers, as if it added feet and hands and eyes and blood, length to the day, and knowledge and good will.

"He is the rich man who can avail himself of all men's faculties. He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labors of the greatest number of men in distant countries, and in past times. The same correspondence that is between thirst in the stomach and water in the spring exists between the whole of men and the whole of nature."

Nobody but Emerson, perhaps, would have thought of putting the case thus, and screwing on the steam pipes to the wheat crops of Michigan.

Concentration and the virtue of work are sharply set forth: "The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine; property and its cares, friends and a social habit, or politics, or music, or feasting. Everything is good which takes away one plaything and delusion more, and drives us home to add one stroke of faithful work. Friends, books, pictures, lower duties, talents, flatteries, hopes—all are distractions which cause oscillations in our giddy balloons, and make a good poise and a straight course impossible. You must elect your work; you shall take what your brain can, and drop all the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing."

Here is the philosophy of power: "In every company, there are not only the active and passive sex, but, in both men and women, a deeper and more important *sex of mind*, namely: the inventive or creative class of both men and women, and the uninventive or accepting class. Each *plus* man represents his set, and, if he have the accidental advantage of personal ascendency—which implies neither more nor less talent, but merely the temperamental or taming eye of a soldier or a school-master, (which one has, and one has not, as one has a black moustache and one a blonde,) then quite easily, and without envy or resistance, all his coadjutors and feeders will admit his right to absorb them. The merchant works by book-keeper and cashier; the lawyer's authorities are hunted up by clerks; the geologist reports the surveys of his subalterns; Commander Wilkes appropriates the results of all the naturalists attached to the expedition; Thorwaldsen's statue is finished by stone-cutters; Dumas has journeymen; and Shakspeare was theater manager, and used the labor of many young men, as well as the play-books.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many. Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places. A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.

Success thus goes invariably with a certain *plus* or positive power: an ounce of power must balance an ounce of weight.

☞ Decidedly the best thing of the season, says the New York *World*, is the publication in the Congressional proceedings by the Charleston *Mercury*, under the head of "Foreign News." We may soon see announced in the *Mercury* (the court journal) the departure of Lord Hammond for the Court of St. James, of Sir Lawrence Keitt for St. Petersburg, and of Prince Rhett for the Tuilleries.

From the Sunday Mercury.

The Progress of My Zouave Practice.

A fellow with a red bag having sleeves to it for a coat; with two red bags without sleeves to them for trowsers; with an embroidered and braided bag for a vest; with a cap like a red woolen saucepan; with yellow boots like the fourth robber in a stage play; with a moustache like two half pound paint bsushes, and with a sort of sword gun or gun sword for a weapon, that looks like the result of a love affair between an amorous broadsword and a lonely musket, indiscreet and tender—that's a Zouave.

A fellow who can "put up" a hundred and ten pound dumb-bell; who can climb up an eighty foot rope, hand over hand, with a barrel of flour hanging to his heels; who can do the "giant swing" on a horizontal bar with a fifty-six tied to each ankle; who can walk up four flights of stairs, holding a heavy man in each hand, at arms' length; and who can climb a greased pole feet first, carrying a barrel of pork in his teeth—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can jump seventeen feet four inches high without a springboard; who can tie his legs in a double bow-knot round his neck, without previously softening his shin bones in a steam bath; who can walk Blondin's out door tight rope with his stomach outside of nine brandy cocktails, a suit of chain armor outside his stomach, and a stiff north-east gale outside of that; who can set a forty foot ladder on end, balance himself on top of it, and shoot wild pigeons on the wing, one at a time, just behind the eye, with a single-barreled Minie rifle, three hundred yards distance, and never miss a shot; who can take a five shooting revolver in each hand and knock the spots out of the ten of diamonds at eighty paces, turning somersaults all the time and firing every shot in the air—that is a Zouave.

I am a Zouave.

My musket education progresses—I am getting on finely—I can tell the muzzle from the stock at first sight, and shall soon be able to say which end of the ramrod to put down, and which side up the cartridge goes.

But I am paying more attention to my gymnastics just at present than to my musket, for everybody knows that in a battle arms are not of nearly so much importance as legs—it is a very good thing to know the use of your legs—in case of war.

I've got a practicing room, where I gymnastic every day. I've taken up the carpet—a performance which my landlady entirely approves—I've piled the chairs on top of the table in a corner, and have sold my bed at auction—Zouaves sleep on the floor.

Besides, it is a good thing to know how to sleep without a bed—in case of war.

Spinkey and his brother came to see my room after I had got it arranged for practice—they did things—they Zouaved a little, by way of setting me an example.

I found out by the actions of the Spinkey brothers the exact dimensions of my room; it is three flip-flaps long, and a handspring and two back-somersaults wide.

By means of a flip-flap you disconcert your enemy's arm and draw his fire, then you kill him. A flip-flap is a good thing to do—in case of war.

By means of a hand-spring, you reverse your position, and your bewildered enemy cuts off your foot, instead of your head. Then you kill him; then you screw on a wooden leg and do so again. When you've done it twice, you've killed two enemys and only lost two legs; and, after that you can only lose wooden legs, which are comparatively cheap, especially if the war is in a well timbered country.

A hand-spring is a splendid thing to do—in case of war.

By means af a forward somersault, you leap over your enemy, when he charges on you; then, by a back-somersault, you fall on his head from a great height and stun him; then you kill him.

A somersault is an indespensable maneuver—in case of war.

Our company—Spinkey commanding—can go through the manual of arms complete, and only touch ground three times; they do all the loadings in a single somersault, springing into the air at the word "Up!" with their muskets empty, and loading exactly together at the word of command given by Spinkey with a speaking trumpet, and firing by files as they come down.

When Spinkey left my room I began to practice; for I am very anxious to progress. Our company has all been drafted into Kerrigan's Contingent, and we must all be ready.

Tried a somersault first, as I thought it looked very easy. All you have to do is to throw your heels up and your head down, and then bring your head up and your heels down; it's the easiest thing in the world—apparently. When I came to try it, I thought that the floor looked unusually hard, so I put a pillow in the spot where I thought my feet would come down, as I didn't want to hurt my heels. Then I took off my coat, tied my suspenders tightly round my waist, took a short run from the corner of the room, shut my eyes, and—

* * * * * * *

When I recovered, which I should judge was in about three-quarters of an hour, I had a bump on my forehead as if I'd been hit there by a base ball, which had stuck. It took me fifteen minutes to get up on my feet, for I felt as if my legs and arms had been distributed over the neighboring country by a gunpowder explosion; and it was some time before my mind was disabused of that impression.

I judge that something interfered to prevent the artistic execution of my contemplated somersault, for my head evidently struck the ground as soon as my heels went up; my nose had received a severe contusion, and the results were, a map of some unknown country done in red on my shirt front, two vest pockets full of blood, and my hair so stuck together with the same fluid that I had to get my head cropped like a prize fighter. Whether I broke the window with my head when it went down, or with my heels when they came up, is comparatively immaterial—certain it is that there was a hole in the sash big enough to throw a bushel basket through without touching the edges.

As to the pillow, it didn't seem to ease my feet after all; perhaps it is because neither of them came within a rod of it, for I discovered that while I broke my only water pitcher with one heel, I had put the other through my picture of John C. Heenan, in his favorite character of Champion of the world.

I mustered up courage in three days to try a handspring, but the results were not satisfactory, being merely a new and extensive assortment of bumps and bruises.

Then I sent for Spinkey—Spinkey taught me the art—I can do it now—I do it all the time—I keep doing it; in fact, I don't do anything else. When I come down to breakfast, I generally walk on my hands around the table, and give each one of the boarders a patronizing shake of my slipper; then I turn a handspring over the table, and come down easily in my chair, and read a column of the *Tribune*, while the people are looking in the air for me to come down. I never sleep on a bed, now-a-days; sometimes I hang myself by the toes to the gas fixtures; sometimes I suspend myself by my little finger to a staple in the wall; sometimes I balance myself on my trusty sword, or take a short nap on the point of my bayonet; I've practiced thrusting with my bayonet and sword till there isn't a picture in my whole collection that has its regular number of features.

Dolly Davenport has only one eye, and a fraction of a nose; Edwin Forrest is playing Hamlet without any top to his head, and John Heenan with one arm and a big hole in his ribs, is fighting Tom Sayers, who has no legs and nary an eye in his head. I've put up a target on the brick partition that separates me from the next house, and have fired so many balls into it, that the bricks are not now more than an inch and a half thick, and I expect every day to kill a baby or two in there; when I do I suppose I will have to apologize. I haven't killed anybody for a good while, and I really ought to get my hand in again. If you shouldn't hear from me next week, you may conclude that I'm going through the farcical formality of an examination for manslaughter, and that I'll write as soon as I can get out on bail.

Confidently, DOESTICKS, P. B.

NEGROES.—According to usage, the first of January is set apart as the occasion for hiring out slaves for the year. As both owner and hirer feel an interest in the matter, we have taken some pains to obtain information in reference to "the nigger." We are assured that numbers of negroes from the adjoining counties of Shelby, Spencer, Henry, Nelson, &c., have been called home, and that they will not be thrown upon the market to-day for hire. As a consequence, negroes will be in greater demand to-day than for several years past. As an evidence of the rate of hire asked and obtained, there was an instance yesterday in which a young woman, a good cook and washer, was taken for the year at $175; a number of men were hired at from $125 to $175, and a sprightly boy, twelve years of age, was taken at $85 for the year.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ A gentleman who attended the secret meeting of the submissionists at Odd Fellows' Hall, night before last, we are informed, has had no peace or quiet since the fact of his presence at such a meeting got to the ears of the ladies of his family. He promises never to do so again; but his ladies, who are like all the ladies in our city—ardent, earnest and decided for Southern rights and independence—will not spare him, and he is very wretched on that account. Let his fate be a lesson to other truant sons of the South.—*N. O. Delta.*

Poetry.

For the Daily State Sentinel.

Disunion.

BY HETTY A. MORRISON.

Our Eagle's eye is dim, his wing is bowed,
No longer soars he to the rising sun,
But sits all day beneath a dusky cloud
For very shame, and broods as though undone;
For he hath heard the murmur of a sound,
A word, that, surging from the lowest hell,
Vile man had caught, and echoed, till the ground
And air around, with trembling poison swells,
Disunion!

Tear down our flag! no longer let its stars
Proclaim our shame to sisters in the heaven;
Let it be folded away 'neath prison bars
If from the crown one burning gem is riven;
What matter if a myriad bleeding veins
Their crimson poured to raise those stars on high!
We trample now upon the gory stains,
Curse patriot groans, while louder still we cry,
Disunion!

"Let us divide!" oh God, forgive, if still
There's mercy yet enough, the wretch who breathed
The hateful words, who first had strength of will
To be in such deep damning treason seethed;
"Let us divide!" let brothers' hand be raised
To dash the sabre in each other's heart!
Let brother's eye be taught unmoved to gaze,
And voice to louder cry at every smart,
Disunion!

"Let us divide!" Each tyrant on his throne
Loud laughs at us, the children of the free,
And, jeering, says—"Man governs well himself;
Behold these vaunted sons of Liberty!"
And then they point to fetters and the rack,
To dungeon walls, where Freedom's bones are hung;
These, these, they say, will keep man on the track—
Will crush him down, if through the air be rung,
Disunion!

"Let us divide!" and when our children ask
In lisping tones, the country of our birth,
Let us seek out some lonely desert isle,
Some pariah spot, alike scorned by all earth,
Nor dare to name Columbia as the land
Where Freedom's altar once burned sacred fires,
Where reverenced once immortal Washington,
Where fell, in glory bathed and blood, our sires,

"Let us divide!" but think, Cains as we are,
No Abel's blood will cry up from the ground,
No heavens look down a curse from every star,
No earth frown black, no vengeful God be found?
Not so, not so; accursed are we all
In sight of earth, the holy gaze of Heaven,
The fratricide, the suicide, can find
Alone in one dark world a welcome given!

Political.

Our Country's Crisis.

Speech of Senator Pugh at an Immense Union Meeting in Cincinnati, on Monday, December 31, 1860.

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens: I am constrained by a sense of gratitude for the past and of duty in the present—a duty both to myself and the large number of respectable constituents which I represent—to deliver to you my sentiments in regard to the present crisis of affairs. But first of all I must say that I did not come here to flatter. That were to avoid the rough and thorny path of duty—to deceive you, and possibly to deceive your and my countrymen. We have been accustomed, all the years of my life, to regard the preservation of our present Union as the first and highest duty of every American citizen. [Applause.] We have even believed, until within a few years, that the disruption of this Confederacy was a thing impossible. But I should deceive you, my fellow citizens, if I were to tell you that I thought there was no danger in the present crisis. On the contrary—and I say it with a full sense of my responsibility to my countrymen—there is no hope for the Union except in the exercise of the wisdom and the virtue of the people. [Applause.]

When I went from this city to resume my seat in the Senate of the United States, I discovered that the people of the border slaveholding States, including North Carolina and Tennessee, felt aggrieved at what they considered the rash and unjustifiable conduct of South Carolina and many of the Gulf States. I found them ready and anxious to commune with their brethren of the border non-slaveholding States. There was much to be conceded on both sides, much to be forgiven on both sides—but at last we concurred substantially on a compromise which we thought would be honorable and right on both sides. We concurred upon a general proposition, which was afterwards reduced to writing and introduced in Congress by the most venerable and most eminent Senator in the whole Senate of the United States. [Applause. A voice: "Hurrah for John Bell." A voice: "Hurrah for Crittenden."]

I say there was much to be forgiven. There was much to be sacrificed; much of personal pride, of personal consistency; much, too, of partisan allegiance. But I did hope for one that my sacrifice individually was great enough to enable me to call with confidence upon all men of all parties to make an equal degree of sacrifice, to the end that, with Mr. Critenden's resolutions, the peace and harmony of the country might be restored. [Applause.]

My fellow-citizens, there was at one time a strong probability that that proposition would receive the requisite majorities in both Houses of Congress, and that being remanded to the several States for ratification, it would have been incorporated into the Constitution of the United States, and thus we would have been restored to that degree of friendship and quiet between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States for which we all long. [Applause.] But I am sorry to say that within the last week before I left Washington all this had changed. I must be permitted to say that the immediate cause of that change was the declaration in the New York *Tribune*, purporting to be made in the authority of the President elect, to the effect that he would not yield a single hair's breadth of the position which, as he understood, his party has taken in the last canvass. [A voice—"Do you want to fight?" Laughter.] I believe if the President elect—and here let me be understood as speaking of that gentleman in all personal respect—[applause]—I wish to speak of him as the Chief Magistrate of my country, with whom how much soever I may differ with him in questions of public policy, yet I shall treat him with that respect which I believe every citizen owes to his President. I believe if the President elect had been there, (in Washington) his sense of patriotism would have led him to take a different course. But it is remarkable that, although Mr. Lincoln has declared it beneath his dignity to give any assurances that would quiet the alarm of the people of the Southern States, since his election he has not thought it beneath his dignity to authorize a declaration which brings to bear upon the more moderate men of his party in Congress the whole power and influence of his incoming Administration. I think it was an error. [Applause.] I believe the President elect will live to find it an error. [Renewed applause.]

What the people have to say, what they must say, is whether or not they will insist upon compromise on all sides, or whether they will allow one party to remain unyielding and determined to give nothing, while all others are ready to sacrifice their particular creeds, their positions, their consistency, even, upon the altar of our common country. [Applause.] I do not mean to say that the party with which I have acted has not committed very great faults. It has. [Applause.] How far the future historian will carry them, it is not for me to say. [A voice—"He'll carry them a d—l of a ways, I guess."]

When we acquired that Territory from Mexico constituting the State of California and the Territories of New Mexico and Utah, I was at that time of the same opinion as I am now, that the Missouri Compromise line should have been extended to the Pacific Coast. If you will go back with me to the formation of our present government, to the year 1787—before the adoption of the present Constitution—you will find that it had been sufficiently ascertained that from the States North of Mason and Dixon's Line, that slavery must soon disappear, and henceforth be forever excluded. South of Mason and Dixon's Line it was at that time an economical problem whether slavery should continue or whether it should be abolished. In dividing the concession made by the original States, the Ohio river was selected as the line of division between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States thereafter to be admitted. It is also remarkable that not one of the nine slaveholding States had any territory to cede. Virginia had every thing that had not been carved out of her; but the New England States and the State of New York, when their lines were protracted, soon struck the lakes and the shores of the boundaries. The purchase of William Penn was of a fixed tract of land. The grant of the State of Maryland was only that part of Virginia north-east of the Potomac river, extending westward to the sources of that river. The territory of South Carolina had been cut off by the subsequent grant of Georgia, so that in point of fact, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia were the only States which had any land to give. Yet the gift of Virginia was, with her own acquiescence, set apart for the colonization of the non-slaveholding States, while Kentucky and territory of Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi was reserved for the colonization of the slaveholding States. That settled the whole question for the first thirty years of the Confederation. New States were admitted with slavery and without slavery, and no controversy ensued. The acquisition of the Louisiana territory brought on the next controversy. That, after great dispute, was settled on substantially the same principle. The State of Missouri was admitted as a slaveholding State, because its principal settlement had been slaveholding. But the line of 36 deg. 30 min. being the south boundary of Missouri, was extended westward to the territories of the United States. Thus we see, in point of fact, that from the earliest period of the Confederation—keeping in view the peculiar institutions of the two classes of labor, from the days of the Revolutionary fathers—the common Territories have been partitioned, in proportion to their numbers, between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States. I say, therefore, that, in 1848, I was one of those who believed it would be wise policy to continue that line to the Pacific. Everywhere then there was a sentiment raised in the Northern States, a hue and cry for the prohibition of slavery in all the Territories, whether the people themselves desired it or not. In the midst of that excitement the principle and policy of the continuation of the Missouri compromise line was trampled under foot.

We looked around for another leader. We found that, being unable to continue that policy, we must take whatever we could get. We adopted the doctrine of non-intervention by Congress—leaving every State, when she came into the Union, free to establish or abolish slavery, as she chose; that during the Territorial form of government the state and condition of the people, whether slaveholding or non-slaveholding, should be a judicial question, to be determined by the Supreme Court of the United States. That was the compromise of 1850. [Applause.] Four years afterward it became necessary to organize the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. To organize them upon the policy of the Missouri compromise line, would be to contradict the letter of the compromise of 1850, and to organize them upon the principles of the compromise of 1850, was to repeal the vestige of the famous policy of the Missouri compromise. In my judgment, the South did a fatal and an unwise thing when she raised that question; while Northern men who had supported the compromise of 1850 felt that they were put to a question of personal consistency. I can not but think that it would have been the highest exhibition of statesmanship in modern times for some man to have trampled the logic of the question under foot in order to have reached the practical effect. [Applause.] Logic is a great science, but it is not always safety in political affairs. [Applause.] The greatest wisdom of the politicians is not to argue unnecessary questions—not to raise unnecessary issues or unnecessary controversies; therefore, while I felt as one of the Democratic party, that if the South demanded from me that non intervention should be established in the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, I could not consistently refuse it. I felt then, as I have ever since felt and said, and as I say now, that it was one of the most fatal demands ever made for the peace and quiet of the country. [Applause.] Some of my Republican friends say the Democratic party did very wrong. Granting that it did: the Democratic party has been punished for it. [Applause and laughter.] They have been swept from power in every Northern State. They formerly controlled every Northern State. They had the power in Congress in every State, except Ohio and one member from Indiana. There was not a single Representative in Congress who did not belong to the Democratic party. [Applause.] Worse than all that, we have lived to see our party in national Convention torn apart on abstract questions which we might have avoided. [Cries of "good for you."] If, therefore, the Democratic party be in fault, I am sure my friends of the Opposition will admit that we have paid for it. [Applause.] The strength, and life, and vigor, of what is now known as the Republican party was based upon the sense of resentment in the minds of the people of the North at the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise. [Applause and cries of "that's so."] Was it not the cry every where, that the Democratic party had broken the peace of the country? [Cries of "it was."] Why, then, to-day, when the Democratic party, after the tribulation which it has suffered, comes forward to restore the Missouri compromise in thrice its original effect, why then, I say, do we not find the Republicans rising in a body to meet us? [Hissing and applause.] I desire to speak frankly on the subject, gentlemen, for, as I said in the start, I did not come here to flatter any party. [Applause.]

It is no use for us to go beyond the wisdom of our Fathers. The division of 1787, and the division of 1820, indicate to us sufficiently, that which, so far as we can see, will probably be the line between the free or non-slaveholding States, and the slaveholding States. [Applause.]

My friends, I have been accused of being a squatter sovereignty man [laughter,] not merely here in Cincinnati, but in the city of Charleston itself. [Applause.] This will give me squatter security as much as I want of it. [Applause.] The Territorial Legislatures of Kansas and Nebraska have excluded slavery; but the Territorial Legislature of New Mexico, including Arizona, has twice, by unanimous vote, established slavery south of the line of which I have spoken. It is the will of the people. The people regard that as the natural line of division. [Applause.] But, then, some gentlemen will say, why not enact by law? The first answer is, that, in so doing, we encounter the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Whether that decision be right or wrong, it is sufficient that nothing can give peace or harmony which is open to question from such high authority. In the next place, I assert that if it be done by act of Congress, there will be perpetual agitation both North and South for the repeal of it. The fanatics on the Northern side of it will call it a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. The fanatics on the Southern side will stigmatize it as an insult to Southern institutions, and a war upon their rights. I hope very little from the extremists of either side. I hope the people of the border States, whose peace and interests and prosperity are bound up in the continuance of the Union, I hope they will rise as one man to restore this line by an amendment to the Constitution, declaring it to be unalterable except by the voice of all the States. [Great cheering.] That is the first chapter of the Crittenden proposition. [Applause.] That the line of 36 deg. 30 min. shall be re-established by constitutional amendment throughout the present Territories of the United States—that north of that line, during their Territorial condition, slavery shall not be admitted, and that south of that it shall not be excluded [applause]; that when the people come to form the State governments, whether north or south of the line, the people of every State may retain slavery or refuse it, bring it in, or drive it out, as they see fit. [Applause.] Now, why should it not be so? Some gentleman will tell you that he considers slavery a very bad institution. Be it so. Another will tell me he considers it injurious to both the master and the slave. That is none of our business. [Prolonged applause.] When the question comes for the establishment of slavery in Ohio, knowing as I do her soil and her climate and her productions, I shall be among the foremost to resist it. I will resist it while I can.

Now, my fellow-citizens, let us look at the question whether it is any part of our business, as citizens of Ohio, to engage in any enterprise for the abolition of slavery within the States in which it now exists by law. What is the matter with the mercantile community of Cincinnati to-day? The only real blessing of the Union which we feel, or can feel, is perfect, uninterrupted free trade [applause] with every other State of this Union. That is the principle blessing which we of Cincinnati enjoy to-day. We of the United States are so situated, covering as we do a country extending from the frigid to the torrid zone, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, with such varieties of soil and productions, that the very interchange of productions between the different States not only contributes to the happiness of each, but employs our railroads and our steamboats and gives activity to all our commercial and manufacturing enterprises. Great Britain has sought for two hundred years to accomplish such a result by a colonial system. She has planted her colonies from Australia to China, and from the sea discovered by Dr. Kane to the uttermost points of the continent of Africa. They have entailed upon her, in order that she may command this variety of production, numberless wars—they have levied heavy taxes. We have accomplished it peacefully upon our own continent, by means of the vast extent of our present Union. [Applause.] But now, to-day, such is the alienation of sentiment—such is the bitterness of feeling between the people of the extreme Southern States and our States—

[A voice—"Not the people, but the politicians."]

My friend is wrong. I will show you that it is not the work of the politicians, but of the people. We have had a great many political elections. We have had more excitement than I saw at the last election. We have seen neighbor turned against neighbor. We have seen the ordinary courtesies of life and good neighborhood violated; but all that was the excitement of the moment. The result was declared. It was understood that the victors would be insolent for a little while. But soon good feeling and fellowship, with a sense of mutual dependence, returned, and the new President went into power, after all, with a desire that it should be well. [Applause.] There is something that the politicians can not do. They have their brief hour on the stage, like so many actors; but when the play is over they are forgotten. It is a poor compliment to the intelligence of the American people to say that two or three thousand politicans, or two or three hundred thousand even, by their squabbles, could bring upon the country the disasters which it suffers at this day. [Applause.]

This is a year of plenty. For three preceding years we had short crops, but this year God has opened the garners of Heaven, and given us blessings so large that we know not where to bestow them. On the other hand, he has been bountiful to our brethren in the Southern States. But the interchange of productions is interrupted. In their rich soil they raise cotton, and rice, and sugar. We consume much of the rice, and, I believe, all of the sugar; we consume, also, a portion of the cotton. The residue of it is shipped to Great Britain, and France, and other portions of Continental Europe. While they devote their lands and their labor to the production of cotton and sugar, they must have bread and meat for themselves and for their slaves, and that bread and meat they get from us. [Applause.]

Why is it that Cincinnati and New Orleans, places that ought to be on terms of the most intimate communication, stand to-day toward each other like two hostile communities? If you say that is the working of politicians, you pay these politicians a higher compliment than they ever deserved. I don't think any set of politicians can accomplish so much. I don't think any set of politicians ever accomplished so much. [Applause.]

What is the matter? This controversy that might have been settled—that ought never to have been the subject of partisan dispute, in relation to which all parties have erred—both sections have erred—has gone on from year to year, increasing in bitterness. Each party has demanded more every year than in the year before. The North has become aggressive, and the South has become aggressive. It must now be settled on the old foundation, or it will go forward until it consumes not merely the Union, but the prosperity both of the North and of the South. [Applause.] I say let us go back to the old example. I find that under that, and under that alone, we had any peace. Let us not merely restore the compromise, but let us, this time, fix it so fast that it will not be disturbed during our lives at least. [Great applause.]

Now, as I said, if slavery be so wicked as some men think it, let *them* not have it; but the man who says that he can not allow other States to do what they please, and that we must be continually interfering—although we have no rightful power to do it—does not expect the Union to continue. [Applause.]

It was a union of slaveholding and non-slaveholding States from the first; therefore those who formed our Government believed that those States could live in peace together. If they could live in unity and peace together then, part slave and part free, why not now? [Applause.] I say, let the South bear the sin, if slavery be a sin. [Applause.] Let them have this property and their rights. Let us take care of our affairs and redress our grievances at the ballot-box. [Applause.] That, fellow-citizens, is the substance of what I have to say on the Territorial propositions. As to future territory, it can only be acquired by treaty. The treaty for its ratification requires a vote of two-thirds of the Senate. In the Senate all the States are equally represented. Among the Senators there will always be a minority either to defeat the whole acquisition or to compel such an adjustment of the question as they may think proper. I do not expect to see any farther Territory added to the United States in my day, except it is the Island of Cuba. [Applause.]

The next subject I propose to treat is in regard to fugitive slaves and the fugitive slave law. That is a question which more particularly concerns us. There is certainly nothing more plainly written in the Constitution than the declaration that a slave escaping from his master from a slaveholding State into a non-slaveholding State, shall not become free. [Applause.] But that he shall remain as much a slave as he was before he fled. [Applause.] And the State in which he is found has pledged her honor and the honor of her people that she will give him up. [Applause.] Now, my fellow citizens, if the Constitution of the United States imposes too hard a condition in this respect, it is our duty either to amend the Constitution, or to resort to some method of getting rid of our obligations under it. [Applause.] Let us do it like men. [Applause.] This evading and slipping round; "paltering in a double sense;" enacting laws to get up a war of *habeas corpus*, of magistrates and constables, pursuing the claimant and hounding the marshals and deputies, I have nothing too unutterably contemptible for such conduct. [Applause.]

My fellow-citizens, are our hands clear? [Great confusion, and loud cries of "no, no.] Now, in 1856 the Legislature of Ohio enacted that the Probate Judge should send his writ of *habeas corpus* throughout the State, and should take from the Marshal of the United States any fugitive whom he had arrested under the laws of the United States. What was the consequence? A fugitive was seized by a mob in the county of Greene, and taken from the Marshal. His deputies were imprisoned. That fugitive never did return. On the contrary, all the Deputy Marshals were put in jail in Springfield, and were never released until an order was issued by His Honor Judge Leavitt of the District Court of the Southern District of Ohio. That law was repealed by the next Legislature. [Applause.] It was repealed by a party vote—the Democrats voting for its repeal, and the Republicans voting against it.

This same Legislature, in 1857, enacted that if any person should bring a slave into this State for any time—a minute say—even were the slave to consent to be brought here, he or she should be punished by fine and imprisonment. [Applause and hissing.] How many thousand people pass through this city every summer, going to the springs—either in the East or in our own State. Look at the effects of this gracious legislation.

Suppose some poor lady from the South should come here with a sick child, having no other nurse but a slave—for there are but few other nurses in the South—she was liable to be seized at the Spencer House, or Burnet House, or any other place in the city, and lodged in jail. Thank God, that has been repealed. I know the Legislature in 1857 intended to rub out all these, but they forgot some of them. That same Legislature provided that the jails of this State should not be used by the marshals or authorities of the United States to imprison a fugitive slave during the period of his examination.

Why so? Our fathers passed a law which had never been repealed, tendering the use of our jails and prisons equally to the government of the United States and our own government, but this Legislature, in 1857, forbade any jailor to receive a fugitive slave into his custody; the next Legislature repealed that; but that is not the end of it, the next Legislature restored it—the Legislature that is to meet in Columbus next Monday I mean—they did not do it openly, but by a Legislative trick. They went to work and repealed all the former laws, including the one I have mentioned, and undertook to legislate a new one upon the whole subject, declaring that the jails of this State might be used for the prisoners of the United States *charged with crime*. They went all that way around, went to all that trouble to come at a convenient way of forbidding the use of jails for the confinement of slaves. That law is on the statute books to-day; it is the law of March 6, 1860.

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Another fugitive, indicted in Kentucky, fled to Ohio; a warrant was issued, and requisition served upon the Governor of Ohio for the arrest of the fugitive, but he, the Governor, discovered that the fugitive had committed an offense against the laws of Ohio, and consequently paid no attention to the demands of the Chief Executive of Kentucky. Governor Magoffin has gone to the Supreme Court, and sworn out a writ of *mandamus* against the Governor of Ohio, but I question much whether the Supreme Court has authority in the matter. By this very act do the people of Ohio evidence to those of Kentucky that they, the Kentuckians, have no power in the Federal Government.

This Legislature, about which I have spoken, and which convenes next Monday at Columbus, has passed a law repealing all provisions previously, and providing that where fugitives are arrested they can be only confined in our jails, except where they have committed some crime against the laws of the State of Ohio. Thus, you see, the Governor of Ohio, in his acts, is sustained by the acts of the Legislature.

I presume that some of those who listen to me to-day will say, "Why, Mr. Pugh only says these things because we have a Republican Governor." Not so. The same has been done by Democratic Governors and by Whig Governors. I do not charge it as an act of a party, but as a gross dereliction of duty in what we of the North owe to our common brothers of the South. We have been too regardless of our duties under the Federal compact.

Now is the time to make the change; now is the time to prove our conciliatory desire. Let us, with honest hearts, pursue unwaveringly the duties specified in the Constitution. Punish by legal enactment the men of our State who will set on foot servile insurrections in Kentucky or Virginia.

But, my friends, some say still that the State of Ohio has not pursued other than an upright course toward the South. Stop, while we consult the record. On the 17th of April, 1857, the Legislature of our State adopted a resolution instructing the Congressmen to vote against the admission of any State whose Constitution did not clearly prohibit slavery. And again, on the same day, resolutions denouncing Judge Taney and his associates for their decision in what is known as the Dred Scott case were passed.

A resolution bringing into contempt and derision the highest official dignitaries of our Government. Before we charge the South with acting wrongfully we must take the beam out of our own eye. We must come with clean hands to the work of conciliation; we must call on the Legislature to expurgate from the statute-book every act which has in its provisions a tendency to raise a sister State against the Federal Union. Having done this, we shall have dealt justly by the South, and we will then be in a position to admonish them severely. Do you believe that the Southern States are possessed of the idea that they have not been wronged? Do you believe that South Carolina has now just cause to complain? I say she has; she has a right to complain that Ohio has not observed the Federal Constitution. In this connection I will use the words of Daniel Webster, who, on one occasion, said a bargain broken on one side is a bargain broken on all sides.

I am not regarding the issue from an abstract point of view. I am speaking facts. The people of South Carolina will, without any doubt, sever their connection with the Union. It ought not to be so; but it is so. Other States are preparing to follow, and, as sure as I stand here this day, most of them will go out of the Union. The only question is, how shall we win them back when they do go? If we resort to force, we will not only lose them entirely, but every slaveholding State. We speak about using coercion, and compel the seceding States to remain in the Union. Where is our army? It is on the Mississippi protecting the frontier from the incursions of the different tribes of Indians, and the mere cost of bringing it here will cost a sum of money that would astonish you.

Where is our navy? It must be remembered that the Government can not afford to keep the ships of the line into service, save some few to give the officers and men an opportunity of perfecting practically their naval knowledge. Besides a home squadron, we have a few ships in the Mediterranean and other parts of the Western Continent, these foreign vessels being gone on cruises of four, five and six years. To maintain a single vessel one year would cost, my friends, a sum equal to the whole expense of your city government for the same time.

Where is the money? The Treasury is empty to-day. Shall we issue Treasury notes? Who will take them except at ruinous rates? What then: shall we have direct taxation by the Federal Government?—that is the alternative; therefore, when it comes remember that I told you of it. All this for what?—to set on foot a breach of the order of society; to coerce, by the sword, those whom a few words of kindness, a few acts of conciliation, a few measures of compromise, would bring back into the Union and maintain them there. It is the apprehension of war that now threatens the country.

Political excitements there have been, but the works of trade and commerce would continue; it is the fear of violence that drives coin from circulation, and makes every man unwilling to own any property he can not immediately take charge of. It prostrates the energy, the capital and the intellect of this great city and the people of this great country. Those who preach war, preach that which is not merely fatal to the prosperity of our city, but they plunge us into an abyss from which the Union will never be relieved. [Applause.]

If you step forward to South Carolina, and these other seceding States, with fair propositions of compromise, holding the olive branch in one hand, you might possibly carry the sword, but without the olive branch, the Ohio river will, in twelve months, be the boundary of two hostile empires. [Applause.]

These are my opinions, according to my best judgment. I have no purpose to serve in giving them to you, except that duty I owe to you both as your representative in Congress and as a citizen of Cincinnati. What are we if this Union is dissolved? Cities further to the north and further to the south may flourish; they may attain some degree of prosperity; but as for us, if dissolution comes, especially if it be accompanied by civil war—whether you call it coercion, or enforcing the laws, or collecting the revenue, or defending the public property—if disunion be followed by civil war, the glory of this city is gone; the plowshare will pass over its ruined foundations. Let us avert it. Be wise in time. Never in all my life did any thing more impress me than a remark made by Henry Clay, in refereuce to the Florida war.

He said if you will convey yourself back to the days of ancient Rome, if you will mingle in the throng, there meeting some proud citizen and tell him that imperial Rome will one day be no more, he would say: "Never, never! It is impossible." Rome stood as a Republic more than five hundred years. Yet we are not one hundred yeards old. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Be warned in time. The people of the slaveholding States have their faults, but they are the faults of men who waged with our fathers the battles of the Revolution. [Applause.] You must look at it as they look at it. They are the minority, the weaker vessel. If they gave all their votes united for one candidate, they could not elect either a President or a Vice President. If they elected all their representatives, they could not prevent the passage of any law in either House without assistance from the North.

They are defenseless so far as numbers are concerned, and their only safety under the Constitution is an appeal to our generosity to maintain the Constitution, and give them the full enjoyment of their rights. They look upon it that their rights have been trampled upon, that their property has been plundered, and their institutions stigmatized; that they have been held unworthy to colonize any further territory; in short, that they are a disgrace to the family, and at the same time they see powerful forces in the North unite together, and choose a President and Vice President for whom no Southern State gave a single electoral vote. Is not that cause for complaint? But it is one step against which, so far as I could, I warned the people.

Not that I had any hope of electing a Democratic candidate, but I did hope that either by the popular vote or the vote of the House of Representatives the choice would have fallen upon a man of known patriotism and conservatism, in whose hands I knew the country would be safe. I mean John Bell. [Applause.]

You may accept or reject these opinions, as you like. If you reject them, the consequences are with you, not with me; charge me with none of them; I wash my hands of the whole affair. If you differ with me in many particulars, agree with me in this proposition, that there ought to be an efficient method for the rendition of fugitive slaves. If the present law be not sufficient, let us enact one more stringent. If constitutional requirements are necessary, let them be given. Agree with me that it is our duty to expunge every thing that is justly offensive to the South; agree with me that this Territorial question ought to be restored to the old foundation upon which it stood before the present Constitution.

Agree with me in these particulars and I will go back to the Senate of the United States with the full assurance that your endeavor is to perpetuate the Constitution and the Union as handed down by our fathers.

After Mr. Pugh had concluded, the Committee on Resolutions returned and reported the following, which were received with long and continued cheering:

RESOLUTIONS.

We, citizens of Cincinnati, without distinction of party, now assembled for the purpose of devising ways and means to arrest the fearful advance of disunion and anarchy, looking upon the preservation of the Union of these States as paramount to all other considerations of a political nature; holding with the great Webster, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever;" and with the heroic Jackson, that "The Union must be preserved;" and filled with apprehensions of alarm at the present crisis of our national affairs, and the unsettled and unsatisfactory condition of our hitherto happy country, hereby declare that we are now willing to sacrifice our peculiar clashing and conflicting partisan opinions upon the altar of the Union, and to render up our hearts and our minds to the good of our country—our whole country. We believe that the time has come for the people to speak out and demand of our National Legislators that something must be done to save the Union, and they in Congress must do it! The time for action is upon us! Party spirit and rancor must surrender and succumb to sincere and true patriotism in the halls of Congress, and it is the duty of men of all parties to yield up something for the common good of all: Therefore,

Resolved, That it is the deliberate judgment of this meeting of citizens of Cincinnati, of all political complexions, that the principles announced in the preamble and resolutions offered in the Senate of the United States by the Hon. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, on the 18th day of December, A. D. 1860, meet with our most cordial response and approval; and we hereby respectfully request of our Congressmen in our National Legislature to adopt them at once as the principles of their action in the settlement of the unhappy and distressing differences which now disturb and distract the sister States of this Republic; believing that if accepted by Congress and adopted by the several States as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, they will not only preserve the Union, but will cement the walls of this glorious Temple of Liberty more strongly, and perpetuate it, as it ought to be, forever.

Resolved, That in the event that the principles in the preamble and resolutions of Hon. John J. Crittenden can not be made the basis of settlement of the differences of the sister States of the Union, we hereby, in the name of our country, in the name of our sacred Union, call upon Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, the border sisters, to intervene as mediators in this great crisis of our affairs, and by their combined wisdom and devotion to the Union, devise some method by which the country and her institutions can be preserved and perpetuated.

Several substitutes and amendments were offered, but the original resolutions were adopted with the heartiest manifestations of applause, after which the meeting adjourned.

"Plans of Adjustment"

The St. Louis *Republican* cordially approves the plan suggested by Mr. DOUGLAS for adjusting the differences between the different sections of the country and pacifying the South. We call attention to the comments of the *Republican*, as they come from an influential paper, which represents the pro-slavery interests of Missouri. If the border slave States are satisfied with the proposed compromise, the conservative men of the North should accept it as a peace offering and urge its prompt adoption. After reciting the main features of Mr. DOUGLAS' propositions, the *Republican* remarks:

We have seen no better plan, and can not easily conceive of any better one. Why should not this plan, or some one very like it, be adopted? That is a questioned to be answered. How will it be answered?

Will it be answered by the exclamation: "O, the day for compromise has passed!" Ah, fatal speech, if listened to. The word compromise may have an ill sound just now; but never in a great crisis among a people who are not judicially blinded and abandoned of heaven, has the day of compromise passed by.

Will it be answered by the objection that such a scheme will not pacify the South? We ask, how can this be known until you try it? Subject the South to such a test. We yet firmly believe that the test would show that the South (South Carolina always now excepted) would be content with such a scheme. At any rate, we say, try it. If it does not answer, what then? Why, then, the South will be put manifestly in the wrong before all the rest of the Union. And the result will be that she will have against her the whole Union beside, in one undivided body and solid phalanx. Is this result not an important one? If coercion, or rather constraint (particularly for revenue purposes) is to be the order of the day against some of the Atlantic and all the Gulf States, is it not very important that all the border States should be in accord with the rest of the States that stay in the Union?

Some *such plan must be agreed on*, if the Union would not risk the most direful consequences. If Abolitionists, Secessionists and ultra Republicans have their way, then look out for another *seven* years or *thirty* years' war. Either is possible, and one of them highly probable.

The *people of these United States* are Union men. In our belief *six-sevenths* of them not only want Union, but are perfectly willing and anxious that some conciliatory measures shall be adopted to that effect. These very provisions we have been reciting, if only properly understood by that vast majority of our people, would, we believe, be cordially assented to by them. If this be so, then, is it not horrible that, when six-sevenths of our people want to do so good and great a thing as to preserve this Union, and can, if leading men will only open the way for it, agree on terms which will save it—is it not, we repeat, a most horrible thing to contemplate that *one-seventh* of them, in consequence of having on its side a large number of *uncompromising leaders*, shall be able, upon a question so immense as this, to baffle the wishes of the other six-sevenths?

We have in Congress, from the North and South, stubborn *malignants*. They have at present too much influence and power over schemes of conciliation. Let, then, if nothing else can be done, the men there, who are really willing to accommodate differences, agree upon a just plan. Let that plan be sent out to the *people*, North and South, East and West. Let their voice be heard upon it. If necessary, let *polls* be opened and the *popular* vote be taken on it; and let the *majority* decide. Even the ultra Republicans say they always abide the verdict of a *majority*. That verdict let us have, and have it without delay. When pronounced, let Congress members who now obstruct and oppose every scheme of conciliation abide by it or resign their places to others who will.

Indiana and Nullification.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STATES AND UNION:

The attention of the undersigned, Representatives in Congress from the State of Indiana, has been called to the following paragraph of an address recently issued by the convention of the people of South Carolina to the people of the Southern States:

"The hostility of the Northern States to the institution of slavery had led them to disregard their constitutional obligations. The laws of the General Government have ceased to effect the objects of the Constitution. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Iowa have enacted laws either nullifying the Constitution or to render useless all attempts to execute the acts of Congress. In many of those States fugitives 'held to service and to labor' have been claimed, but in none of them has the State Government complied with the stipulation on this subject made in the Constitution. The ends for which this Government was instituted have been defeated, and the Government itself made destructive by the action of the non-slaveholding States."

This charge, so far at least as the State of Indiana is implicated, is utterly unfounded. She has ever been faithful to the Constitution and devoted to the Union of the States, and justly proud of her history as a State of the Confederacy; she will not consent, even by her silence, that an attempt to dissolve the Union shall be palliated by the assumption that she has ever been false to any constitutional engagement.

The State of Indiana has never attempted to nullify an act of Congress. While jealous of her rights, she has been equally jealous of her honor, and has never hesitated to perform, in letter and spirit, her constitutional engagements. Her statute books contain no provision *hindering or delaying* the effective enforcement of any law of the Federal Government, or tending even remotely to destroy a just and liberal comity between herself and her sister States. And in the midst of the bitter sectional animosities which threaten the peace of the country, she can appeal to her public record, and to the great States upon her borders, the domestic policy of one of which differs from her own, to vindicate the uniform fidelity of her constituted authorities as well as of her citizens in the just and honorable fulfillment of her engagements as one of the States of the Union.

She is too devoted to the maintenance of the Union to be willing to rest under the charge of any complicity in the events which may lead to its destruction.

W. S. HOLMAN,
W. H. ENGLISH,
JOHN G. DAVIS,
WM. E. NIBLACK.

Will There be a United North!

The *Wabash Express*, a prominent Republican paper, assumes that, in the event of a general secession of the Southern States, on the advent of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, that the North will be almost entirely united (except a few Democratic politicians) in measures for preventing disunion by force of arms. The *Express* takes the ground that the Democrats will as cordially support Mr. Lincoln in violent measures as the Republicans. Before admitting that such will be the case, we think, we must know what the position of Mr. Lincoln and his party will be. If they make honest and earnest efforts to adjust the existing difficulties, and offer a just and fair compromise to the South, guaranteeing the rights of that section and its security in the Union, and if these offers are superciliously rejected by the South—in that event Mr. Lincoln may reasonably hope for the co-operation of Northern Democrats.

But if Mr. Lincoln persues the course which he seems to have marked out for himself, saying that he has no terms to offer, and that he will maintain the Chicago platform, which debars the South from her just and equal rights in the Territoritories belonging to the Union, then we think nothing is more certain than that Mr. Lincoln will receive no sympathy or support from Northern Democrats in the difficulties which may beset his path. While Northern Democrats will do what they can to preserve the Union, they do not feel under any obligations to assist in deluging the land with blood merely to preserve the Chicago platform, which has been condemned by a majority of more than a million of the people's votes.—*New Albany Ledger.*

Leslie Combs on the Crisis.

GEN. LESLIE COMBS in a letter to HORACE GREELEY thus presents his views upon the issues before the country:

FRANKFORT, Ky., December 23, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: I have no time or inclination for an argument, much less for controversy, with you. You know I am an honest citizen of the *United States*. I saved Kentucky last August from the power of Southern treason; and I now wish to say a word to you—which *must be heeded*.

The slave and territorial questions must now—*now*—be settled on fair and constitutional grounds, or Kentucky—Old Kentucky, the land of soldiers and patriots—will be forced into revolution. Ninety-nine out of every hundred men in Kentucky demand this easy solution of our troubles.

With this we can take care of the South; without it there will be civil war—*war*—and blood, and desolation.

You may think I jest or am alarmed; but I know what I say is true. The coat-of-arms of Kentucky is, two men embracing each other; and her flag motto, "United we stand—divided we fall." And such will be our fate. Throw away all prejudice—everything—I pray you, but love of liberty and *your* country. LESLIE COMBS.