

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

A. HART, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED. OFFICE IN PHENIX BLOCK, THIRD STORY.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 2, NO. 30. RAVENNA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1856. WHOLE NUMBER 556.

## Poetry.

### WHICH LOVE IS BEST?

BY ISABELLA GRAMM WEBB.

When I was in my fifteenth year,  
And with the wretched fair,  
I loved a youth whose eyes were dark,  
And even black his hair;  
My little heart went pit-a-pat,  
When'er he passed me by,  
And I'd look'd at other maids,  
I'd sit me down and sigh.

Must be in his stony voice,  
And he would softly tell  
How dearer far than ought to be  
He loved his little self.  
And I'd beaming, told his love,  
I blushed, and mine comfats,  
And then, O! was I very sure  
That I love was the best.

Time has been on. Two Summers more  
Their splendors o'er me threw.  
My fancy changed, I now adored  
Two laughing eyes of blue.  
My first love's voice its sweetness lost,  
His eyes me thought grew dim,  
And much I marvel'd how I'er  
Had loved or fancied him.

My second love now whisper'd me  
That I was wonderful fair,  
That Cupid's wand in my eyes,  
And revel'd in my hair.  
So straight we you'd our little hearts  
Should own no other guest,  
And then—why, then, I had no doubt  
That second love was best.

But soon, alas! another change  
Was in my fancy thrown;  
The beauty of my second love  
No more in splendor shone.  
I worshipp'd at another shrine;  
Blue eyes had had their day;  
I lov'd, O! yes I dearly lov'd  
Two sparkling eyes of gray.

And when far than orbs of blue,  
Or eyes of jet, they cast  
Their radiance o'er my beating heart,  
Which seem'd to love all last.  
It seem'd like a seraph's voice,  
Sweet as my ear did fall,  
And then—yes, then, I thought and felt  
That third love was best of all.

Thus did my fancy, like a jaded  
For years her wanderings keep;  
And many a solemn vow I breath'd  
Of passion's fire and deep,  
Till reason came to fancy's aid,  
This lesson to impart:  
That lasting love is only found  
In a pure and kind regard.

I sought and found that kindred heart,  
And now all change defied,  
No more there's magic in a form,  
Nor lustre in an eye;  
These fading charms no more I heed,  
My spirit is at rest,  
For now I feel, and know indeed,  
That last love is the best.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE WAY SHE WON HIM.

A young girl leaned from the window of a pleasant country parlor, chatting with a fine looking man, some ten years her senior, who stood among the flowers below and pelted her with rose buds still glittering with dew. "Stop, stop, Mr. Mansfield," she said, as he twined a handful of flowers in her dark curls. "What was that you asked me? I could not hear well."

"Only to describe your beau ideal to me I may know him if we ever meet," said her companion, desisting from his sport, leaning one arm upon the window sill, and gazing into her animated face with an admiring smile.

"Oh, that is easily done! *Imprimis*—he must be young and handsome."

"That, of course, or how could he aspire the love of the charming Marion Cliffe?" smiled her companion with a gallant bow. "A true compliment, I pray you sir, and handsome—so much for generalities—now I'll descend to particulars. He must be about twenty-two—slender and finely formed—graceful in his movements—courtous in his manners—and—let me what comes next!"

"Features, Marion; eyes, hair, nose, and all the rest of it."

"Thank you. His features should be classic; his forehead high, and broad, and his eyes blue, and his hair of the same hue, and his nose straight—a brown, dark in the shade, and light in the sun."

"Something like mine, eh, Marion? You don't speak, or lift your hand to strike me, or to speak seriously, didn't you mean when you were talking? If so, just say the word, and your ideal shall be made divinely as the poet says."

"Don't be foolish, Louis, she replied, and look in the glass, at your Roman nose, black hair, whiskers and eyes, and if the description suits. No, I have no use to break my friend Jennie's heart, by telling away her true collegian."

"That name strikes me," said the student with an embarrassed laugh. "But if it is not the lucky individual, I know who it is, and I know, too, that he is within twenty miles of you, and coming nearer every moment."

"Your eyes followed him as they look'd down the orchard path, and saw a gentleman coming, slowly towards the house, and I saw a small volume in his hand. Setting the roses a little more benignly in her curls, (for she was born a little,) she whispered:

"Your college chum, Clinton, is it not?"

"Flatterer!" she said her white and jeweled hand caressing upon his shoulder and turned her graceful head within the room as if in search of something. There was policy in the coquette's slightest movement, and this made that a sudden glimpse of her glorious beauty might dazzle and astonish the dreamy student.

Thus admonished, the apparently unconscious girl raised her large and beautiful eyes to his face. A rapid glance convinced her of the truth of her cousin's assertion. It was a face much like that of the ideal she had pictured forth for his amusements.

"Cousin Marion, let me introduce you to my best and dearest friend, Godfrey Clinton," said Mansfield, with a light touch upon her arm.

"My cousin's friends are always welcome to me," she said, removing her hand from Mansfield's shoulders and extending it to him. He took it with a firm, warm clasp, that thrilled her through every vein.

"How beautiful she is!" thought the gentleman. "I will win his heart before I leaves me," said the lady.

Their eyes met as he relinquish'd her hand. Both blushed a little, and Mansfield turned away to hide a smile, when he saw his friend, whose grave and steady aspect no woman's smile had ever before possessed the power to move, beneath the magnetic influence of his cousin's handsome eye.

"The three lingered there but a few moments, before the breakfast bell rang in the great hall. Mansfield sprang gaily through the window and stood by his cousin's side, determined, as he said, to lead her to the breakfast-room though forty Clintons stood in the way. At this folly his friend only smiled and turning away, passed round the house to gain the front entrance.

"What now, Louis?" asked Marion, as he stood silent, looking absently from the window.

"Not much, Marion, I was only wondering if you would win Godfrey's heart, as you have won so many others."

"Most certainly—if I think it worth my while to try," she answered carelessly.

"Not if you flirt with him, Marion. Godfrey has never loved yet—but he despises coquetry, and will never yield to a flirt. Be your brighter and better self and you will win him. I hope so—from my heart."

"Pshaw! Don't lecture, Coz. Will you wager your diamond ring against mine, that he is my declared lover before he leaves?"

"If you propose to secure him by coquetry—yes!"

"Done. Now take me to breakfast, for I am terrible hungry."

They passed on and took their seats at the pleasant family table. A moment after, Godfrey Clinton entered, looking a little pale, and seemed a little cold. Throughout the day he was much with Marion, but though his manner was courteous and kind, she mistook an indefinable something that had charmed her, at first, and wondering if she had been deceived in the tall tale glances of his beautiful brown eyes.

Ah! she had no means of knowing what you and I, dear reader, may discover—namely, that Godfrey Clinton, in passing by the open windows and doors had heard the heartless wagger she had laid!

The days passed by. Marion, like Godfrey, was simply a guest at her uncle's pleasant home, and was at liberty to devote her whole time, if she choose to do so. Much of it was passed in his company—especially as the arrival of Jennie Harrison, her dearest friend, Mansfield's cousin, as well as his betrothed bride, took her gallant relative from her.

While the young lovers, absorbed in each other, took little heed of their friends, they were travelling a most dangerous road together. Marion loved strong and beautiful poetry—the deep, musical voice of the student read it to her in the lonely library—she sketched—he always carried her portfolio, and pointed out the most beautiful views—she rode, and he was ever at her bridle rein—if she choose to do so, to him. Much of it was passed in his company—especially when he sang, and her light touch was needed upon the piano, to make the melody complete.

And yet, all this familiar intercourse could not make him one whit more lover-like than he had been on that first unhappy morning. If his eye flashed now and then, and his bosom yearned to hold her there in an impassioned embrace—if his hand trembled at the light touch of hers, or his cheek paled and flushed at the fanning of her warm breath, she never knew it. He was always quiet, reserved, and rather cold—never striving to seek the vacant place by her side, but taking it, if all circumstances were favorable, exactly as he would have taken any other chair, and talking to her as he would and did to any other young and pretty girl.

Marion was puzzled. For the first time in her life she met him coldly, but he did not seem to notice it—if she greeted him half-tenderly, he wore an sarcastic air that made her angry; and if, as was often the case, she tried to pique him by a desperate flirtation with another, his soft, brown eyes, wore a mingled astonishment and disgust that hurt her more than a thousand cutting rebukes from her cousin Louis could have done. That cousin Louis, by-the-way, would often smile mischievously as he passed by her, and touch the diamond ring upon his left hand.

Marion was proud as well as beautiful and coquettish. Was she, the gay city belle, for whose smiles a thousand laughing lovers

had sued in vain, to waste her time in this lonely out-of-the-way place, simply because a perverse student refused to love her, in preference to his books? She thought, with a strange yearning, of the crowded city, and the countless friends who would flock round her, when it was known she had returned. She would give up her foolish wagger—present Jennie with the diamond ring, of which she was tired, long before—return to her city home, and in the gaiety of the coming winter forget him!

She was sitting in her room alone when she made this wise resolution and took the surest way of keeping it, by going down into the parlor where he was sitting at the piano, playing and singing. She stole in so silently that he did not notice her—and sitting down upon a low rocking-chair beside the centre-table, leaned her head upon her hand, and listened. But while her ear drank in the plaintive tones of his exquisite voice, her eyes were bent steadily upon the form she could see no more—upon the handsome laughing head, with its wealth of bright brown eyes shining with a splendid light—the white and symmetrical hand that laid upon the key. One sad thought follow'd another, and forgetting that she was not alone, she sighed audibly.

He started at the sound, and turned away from the instrument. Marion, blushed and a faint color stole over his white forehead.

"You, Miss Cliffe!" he said at last, "why should you, of all others, be sad!"

"It was the sound that made me so."

She rose, and standing by the window, pulled a Michigan rose from the vines that shaded it, twirled it for a moment in her hand and stood irresolute whether to go or to stay.

A sudden thought struck her—without another look towards him, she was gone. And the next morning, while she sipped her coffee, the petted belle announced her early departure for her city home.

It was the last morning of her stay, and she equipped for travelling, was seated at the piano when Clinton entered to summon her to the breakfast table.

"Miss Cliffe," he said, coldly, "I may not see you at breakfast. I have already taken that meal, and am about to start on a hunting expedition. So I will say good-bye now."

"Good-bye, Mr. Clinton," she answered calmly, "I trust you will have a pleasant day. He took the cool, steady hand she offered, in one hot and trembling.

"And is this all—Marion—Miss Cliffe?"

"What more can I say," she asked with a quiet smile.

"Nothing! nothing! Good-bye, Marion, and may God bless you."

She sprang back into the parlor, flung herself into a chair by the table, and wept silently and bitterly.

Some one sprang through the window from the piazza and knelt beside her—a strong arm stole around her waist, and a dear voice spoke her name. She looked up, and there before her knelt Godfrey. Tears in his eyes, and in his hand he held the Michigan rose she had cast away the night before.

"Marion, I love you. Do you love me?" he asked eagerly.

She laid her hand in his, the next moment she was drawn closely to his heart, and their lips met in a long, long—kiss of youth and love! The wagger was won, but she had won it by losing her own heart.

**Let's Die Together.**

"We laughed 'ready to split' over the following funny case so graphically described in the Council Bluffs Bugle. We have at read anything for a long time so infinitely amusing. Next time poor Quill takes to eating poisoned meat may 'we be there to see.' Just open your waitcoat before reading it, or you will certainly burst the buttons off."

A very amusing scene occurred a few days ago, in a neighboring city, not a thousand miles from this, wherein a number of the fraternity were prominent actors, about which we have laughed off a threatened attack of winter fever, and through the same means, have lost a number of buttons from our jackets. Our readers are honestly entitled to have the particulars, and shall have a hearty laugh too. Ha! ha! ha!

The editor, (which for short we will call Quill), having business to engage him much of the night, had wisely provided a nice broil to strengthen the innard man, and having carefully stowed it away for future reference, stepped out for a short time to manage some necessary business. The foreman and a typo, (whom we call Quad and Rule), soon came in and chanced to find the steak. What a fine chance for a joke on Quill, and the delicious morsel he had prepared, and when too late, laugh at him—that is, bright ideas—ah, we have him on the hip! The juicy steak is broiled and eagerly and hastily devoured, after having given it a fine brown roast. Quill comes in and goes to his labor, suspecting nothing wrong. Quad and Rule could not long retain their mirth at the rich joke they had played, the secret must out. Thanks to the careful provident, Quill; "the steak was fine!"

Quill comprehending at once the whole state of affairs, determined richly to repay the boys for their leithanded joke, so instantly assuming the gravity of an owl, and the solicitude of a matronly aunt, with great eagerness, grasping Quad by the arm, exclaimed:

"My God, Quad you have eaten that poisoned meat!"

"Y-e-s," responded Quad, whilst his face assumed an ugly pincushion, his limbs were sized with a trembling and his eyes stood out an inch from his forehead.

"Great God!! then you are poisoned, and in a few minutes will be a dead man.—Strychnine was put upon that meat to kill wolves."

Every person in the office knew that strychnine had been procured that day, to silence some wolves, that with their howling, made midnight hideous. Each, therefore, rushed forward to the scene of conversation, everything in the shape of business was suspended, and each waited in breathless agony the termination of this tragical scene.

"Poisoned!—strychnine!—death!!!"

"Oh! my God, save me!" and he rolled his eyes heavenward, then hastily placing both hands upon his stomach, he hissed, "Ah, ye gods! I feel the death gripe—the poison has hold of my vitals. Oh-h-h! Save me—what shall I take?"

Quill suggested grease, oil, lard, soap, anything as an antidote. Devil jumped down to the press, and in an instant returned with a large bottle filled with oil—the article used on the press. Quad grasped it spasmodically, disengaged the cork and placed it to his mouth. The limped stream rapidly flowed towards its level, and the bottle would have been emptied had it not been arrested by the hand of Rule, whose quick eye measured the remains of the fast disappearing, life-saving antidote. The remainder was hastily dispatched, together with all the grease that could be found in the office.

Consternation and fright now reigned in the once happy office—prayers were breathed for the sinful souls of the two unfortunates. The crisis was hastily approaching, when another entered and quickly learned the awful state of affairs, viz: that the young man had eaten strychnine.

"To the Doctors, for God's sake—haste!" screamed the new comer. This was something new and unthought of in the bustle before. Quad sprang to the door, and was about vanishing when Rule moaned out:

"Stop a moment, Quad, wait I will go.—If we die, let's die together like men!"

The office of Dr. M. was reached in a moment—the victims examined—said there was little danger, the poison if taken, would have done its work before. Quad was not satisfied; he saw only death before him; could he get no oil; Doctor was out. Pale, haggard and trembling in every limb, he rushed out, followed in the distance by all the "boys," in the office—breaking through two doors of a neighboring establishment, he shouted to the proprietor in sepulchral tones:

"Oil, grease, lard—quick—strychnine!—O, I am poisoned! haste or I die! Oh-h-h-h-h-h! The pains of death are severe—O-o-o-o-o!"

The frightened keeper could only furnish the little lamp grease on hand, and hastily put on the fire a pan of pork. The wretched victim almost in the agonies of death, his knees, like Belshazzar's smiting together seized a ladle and half cooling the sweetest morsel, he rapidly drank it and the accursed fat. The overburdened stomach could not endure everything, a tenderness and upheaving ensued, and the victim was laid back with difficulty to the office, physically prostrated. Quill was absent—the secret had leaked out—the boys could not hold—they tittered, laughed, giggled—the thing was out. Quad and Rule smelt the nice, very strongly—their strength and vigor instantly returned. No oil, the press could not run that night, no one dare mention the name of it. Doctor called next morning, bill was promptly met. Weather was exceedingly cold, yet that house was too hot for Quill for a number of days. The boys won't endure the sight of pork, grease or butter.

On Saturday, Quad still pale, was passing down street—a stranger called from behind, asking where was a drug-store, he wanted some strychnine to poison wolves.

With murder in his eye Quad turned upon him. Stranger took him to be a madman, and hastily fled, hotly pursued—hate flew off in the wind; still bareheaded as for life, each nerved himself—away—away, until lost from sight. We have heard from neither since—meantime, Quill returned to the office.

Oil has gone up in that city, but strychnine no sale.

**MATRIMONIAL.**—A writer has computed that a woman has lost half her chances of marriage at her twentieth year; at twenty-three, she has lost three-fourths of her opportunities; and at twenty-six, seven-eighths of her chances are gone. Eighteen hundred and fifty six is leap year—that delightful season, when by common consent, the fair sex can indicate their preference. Look at the facts presented above, and then improve the advantages of the present year.—Delays are dangerous.

**FIRST BANK.**—The first bank established in the United States was the Bank of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. It was established in 1780, for the purpose of assisting in supplying the American Army with provisions. Ninety-three gentlemen of that city, together, voluntarily subscribed three hundred thousand pounds sterling, and paid in all the money in one year, and the bank was of much use in providing for the army.

**MR. JAMES BRADLEY** of Deserovtown, Morgan County, O., was frozen to death last Saturday night week, while in a fit of drunkenness.

## The Flag of our Union.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

"A song for our banner!" The watch word recall  
Which gave the Republic her station;  
"United we stand—divided we fall!"  
It made and progresses as a nation!  
The union of lakes—the union of lands—  
The union of States none can sever—  
The Union of hearts—the union of hands—  
The Flag of the Union forever.  
And ever  
The Flag of our Union forever!

What God in His Infinite Wisdom designed,  
And armed with his weapons of thunder,  
Not all the earth's despoils and fictions combined,  
Have the power to conquer or sunder.  
The union of lakes—the union of lands—  
The Union of States none can sever—  
The Union of hearts—the union of hands—  
The Flag of the Union forever.  
And ever  
The Flag of our Union forever!

## A New Continent.

The coral reefs of the Pacific Ocean have been, in part, measured, and are found to be of amazing extent, and a new continent is in process of formation. All the labor is accomplished by zoophytes—insects; and if we wish to form some conception of their doings, we have but to remember that the coral formations of the Pacific occupy an area of four or five thousand miles, and to imagine what a picture the ocean would present were it suddenly drained. We should walk amid huge mounds which had been ceased and capped with the stone these animals had secreted. Prodigious cones would rise from the ground, all towering to the same altitude, reflecting the light of the sun from their white summits with dazzling intensity. Here and there we should see a huge platform, once an island, whose peaks as they sank were clothed in coral, and then prolonged upwards until they rose before us like the columns of some huge temple which had been commenced by the Anakins of an antediluvian world. Champollion has said of the Egyptian edifices, that they seemed to have been designed by men fifty feet high. Here, wandering among these strange monuments we might fancy that beings one hundred yds. in stature had been planting the pillars of some colossal city they had never lived to complete. The builders were worms, the quarry whence they dug their masonry, the crystal water. In the event of this vast extent of coral reef being upheaved, where or whence will the waters of the Pacific recede? Either the western shores of the American continent, and away to the base of the Rocky Mountains will be submerged, or the shores of the opposite Asia, for innumerable ages the cradle of man's development and civilization, will sink into the great abyss; and the ships of the inhabitants of this globe—when it adds ten thousand years to its age—will sail over and find no soundings where millions to-day toil in unrelenting servitude, and where cities from gorgeous cupolas and storied pinnacles flung back the rays of the rising and declining sun.—N. Y. Herald.

## Political.

### WASHINGTON NEWS.

#### DEBATE ON KANSAS ELECTIONS: THE NEW TARIFF.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz authors, died at Martanna, Florida on the 11th inst.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—A Washington correspondent writes the Tribune—a conference of some 15 or 20 gentlemen, formerly in public life, who have heretofore acted with the old ruling party, assembled last week on the invitation of one of the Senators, who still acknowledges his Whig allegiance for the purpose of consulting as to the policy to be pursued in the ensuing presidential canvass, especially of calling a National Convention. Mr. Vinton who was appointed chairman of the committee of states at the last Whig Convention in Baltimore, was present. The persons who at once represented the four sections of the Union. After some discussion it was determined to make a movement toward a National Convention.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—The Herald Washington correspondent telegraphs touching Kansas affairs, in answer to a call of the Senate the President to-day communicated that body sundry documents relating to Kansas affairs, among the documents are the reports of Gov. Shannon to the President, giving an account of the disturbances in Kansas and the two following letters.

LAWRENCE, K. T. Jan. 21, 1856.  
TO FRANKLIN PIKE, Pres. of the U. S. S. S. S.

We have authentic information that an overwhelming force of the citizens of Missouri are organizing on our border, amply supplied with artillery, for the avowed purpose of invading this territory, demolishing our towns and butchering our unoffending Free State citizens. We respectfully demand, on behalf of the citizens of Kansas, that the commander of U. S. troops in this vicinity be immediately instructed to interfere, to prevent such an inhuman outrage. Signed, Respectfully, J. H. Lane, Chairman Ex. Com. K. T. C. Robinson, Chairman Ex. Com. of Safety; J. B. Goodin, Secretary Ex. Com. K. T. G. W. Driller, Secretary Com. of Safety.

LAWRENCE CITY, Jan. 23, 1856.  
To the President of the U. S. S. S. S.

We notified you that an overwhelming force supplied with artillery, was organizing upon our borders for the avowed purpose

of invading Kansas, demolishing the towns and butchering the Free State citizens, and they constituting 14-20ths of the entire population. We earnestly request you to issue your proclamation immediately, forbidding the invasion. We trust there may be no delay in taking so important a step to prevent an outrage which, if carried out as planned, will stand forth without a parallel in the world's history. Signed, Yours, Respectfully—J. H. Lane, Chairman Ex. Com. K. T.; C. Robinson, Chairman Com. of Safety.

Instructions to Col. Sumner, the commandant of the U. S. troops, and the instructions to Gov. Shannon, are also among the documents. They are coextensive with the recent proclamation. Below are the instructions to Gov. Shannon entire.

MR. MARCY TO GOV. SHANNON.  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 16th.—Sir, I herewith enclose to you a copy of a proclamation by the President dated 11th which is duly authenticated, and also a copy of orders issued from the department of war to Col. Sumner and Brevet Col. Cooke of the U. S. Army. The President is unwilling to believe that in executing your duties as Gov. of the Territory there will be any occasion to call the aid of the U. S. Troops for that purpose and it is enjoined upon you to do all that can possibly be done before resorting to that measure yet, if it becomes indispensably necessary to do so in order to execute the laws and preserve the peace, you are hereby authorized by the President to make requisition upon the officers commanding the U. S. Military forces at Forts Leavenworth and Riley for such assistance as may be needed for the above specified purpose. While confiding in the respect of our citizens for the laws and the efficiency of the ordinary means provided for protecting their rights and property. He deems it however not improper considering the peculiar situation of affairs in the territory of Kansas, that you should be authorized to have the power herein conferred with a view to meet any extraordinary emergency that may arise. Trusting that it will not be used until you shall find a resort to it unavoidable in order to insure the due execution of the laws and to preserve the public peace. Before actual interposition of the Military force on any occasion you will cause the proclamation of the President, with which you are herewith furnished, to be publicly read.

I am Sir, very respectfully your obedient servant.  
W. L. MARCY.

To Hon. Wilson Shannon, Gov. of Kansas.

Some pretty sharp words passed between Senators Toucey and Wilson to-day, as soon as the Kansas documents had been read pending a motion to print, Senator Toucey made a set speech in defence of the President and avowing his own intentions to support the constitutions and laws, and concluding with the remark, that certain gentlemen in this country would lose their vocation by the action of the President, which would settle all difficulties in Kansas: Wilson rose to reply and remarked, that if the Senator alluded to him and those who acted with him, that servility to the Executive was not their vocation, whatever else it might be. Gen. Wilson finishes his speech in the morning.

N. Y., Feb. 19th. The "Times" of this morning says, we learn on good authority that the important revision of our present tariff recommended in the last report of Secretary Guthrie, meets the hearty approval of the committee on ways and means, of which Mr. Campbell of Ohio is at the head, who will shortly reprint a tariff bill drafted under the advice of Mr. James.

It is understood that this bill meets the approval of the President and Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—Mr. Hickman from the Com. on elections offered a resolution empowering the Com. to send for persons and papers in the Kansas contested election case. Mr. Phelps thought that the exercise of such a form would be an insurrection as Wm. Reeder does not claim that he was elected by virtue of the laws passed by the Kansas Legislature. He defended his constituents from the charge of being Border Ruffian which had been reported here and elsewhere, and by the Senator Wilson who comes from a state where men war on defenseless women and burned unreluctant convicts. He earnestly condemned the Anti-Slavery men in Kansas and claimed that the Missourians desire not the shedding of blood but to sustain the laws.

Mr. Washbourne of Maine regretted that Mr. Phillips had indulged in such remarks which were exceedingly exciting to the people of this country believe in their hearts that there was no legislature of Kansas, no law and nothing under which the election had been held by which Mr. Whitfield claims his seat as delegate. This matter should be investigated and he asked him could it be done unless power to send for persons and papers was granted.

A Know-Nothing lodge was burnt out by the recent fire in Syracuse. Their furniture, inventoried, according to the Standard four broken chairs, a three-legged desk, four volumes of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, a lot of choice songs composed by "Seth," a copy of the Bible in Haidoo, and a brass eagle with silver wings and a blue tail. The bird of liberty was saved and all the rest was destroyed.

Why is the letter U a most uncertain letter? Because it is always in doubt.

## War—Message of Gov. Chase.

To the General Assembly of the State of Ohio: I transmit for the consideration of the General Assembly a communication from certain gentlemen holding official positions in Kansas.

The urgency of the appeal, made by the communication herewith transmitted, induces me to lay it before the General Assembly without delay.

It is authenticated by the signatures of JAMES H. LANE, Chairman of the Executive Committee of Kansas Territory, of CHARLES ROBINSON, the Governor, and GEORGE W. DEITZLER, the Secretary, elected by the People under the recently adopted State Convention.

It represents that an overwhelming force of citizens of Missouri is organizing upon the borders of Kansas, with the avowed purpose of invading the Territory, demolishing its towns, and butchering the Free State citizens.

It appeals for prompt assistance in terms which cannot fail to command your most earnest attention.

The object of the contemplated invasion of Kansas is to compel its inhabitants to submit to the establishment of Slavery.

The progress of Slaveholding aggression is very remarkable.

In 1820 the slave power insisted on the admission of Missouri as a Slave State, and effected its purpose by engraving on the bill for its admission a perpetual prohibition of Slavery in all the remainder of the territory acquired from France, north of the South line of Missouri, extending westward to our frontier.

In 1854, the slave power demanded the repeal of the Prohibition of 1820, and effected its object by engraving on the Nebraska Kansas bill which provided for the repeal, an express declaration that the people of the Territory should be left "perfectly free to form and regulate their own domestic institutions, subject only to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States."

In 1855, the slave power insists that under this declaration the people of the Territory have no power at all to exclude Slavery, until, under an enabling act of Congress, they proceed to form a State Constitution, preparatory to admission into the Union.

That this pretension would be advanced was foreseen and predicted, when the Nebraska Kansas Bill was under discussion; and it was, indeed, indirectly sanctioned by the refusal of its supporters to adopt an amendment to the bill, expressly recognizing the right of the people to exclude Slavery.

Whatever construction, however, may have been intended by the Slaveholding supporters of the bill, and whatever countenance to that construction may be afforded by the phraseology of the act itself, it is certain that, throughout the Free States, the conviction is nearly universal, that the People of Kansas, deprived of the protection of the prohibition of 1820, have, and ought to have, complete right and full power to protect themselves against the evil of slavery.

To prevent the people from exercising this right and power, armed bands, from the neighboring State of Missouri, invaded the Territory at the time appointed for the first election of members of the Territorial Legislature, (March 30, 1855), and, having taken possession of the polls, and excluded the legal voters, elected themselves the persons who were to constitute the Legislature, without regard to their place of residence, whether in Missouri or in Kansas.

The acts of this spurious Legislature were worthy of its origin. Having excluded the few Free State members who held certificates of election, they proceeded to promulgate, in the forms of law, a series of pretended Statutes which have no parallels in the annals of Legislative usurpation. The Governor of the Territory who attempted, imperfectly, to restrain their excesses by his Executive veto, was removed from office by the President of the United States, and thus full scope was given to their utmost extravagance.

As if disposing of a conquered province, they proceeded to decree the establishment of Slavery, and to secure it against popular opposition, by providing for the appointment of Sheriffs and other officers, by Commissions of their own creation; without allowing to the People any voice whatever in their election, and by imposing on the exercise of the right to vote at future elections of members of the Legislature, conditions which none but the supporters of Slavery could comply.

It was impossible for men, not themselves prepared to be slaves, to admit the validity of this spurious legislation. The people of Kansas refused to submit to disfranchisement by the usurpers. Left without valid laws, and remitted to the original right, inherent in every community, to provide for its own safety and good order, they proceeded in regular convention, to appoint a day and prescribe the manner of electing a delegate to Congress, and to provide for holding a convention to frame a constitution, preparatory to application for admission into the Union of a State.