

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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WHOLE NO. 770.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

VICTOR HUGO ON GARIBALDI.

On June 4th, a meeting was held in the Isle of Jersey to express the sympathy of its people with the deliverers of Sicily. Victor Hugo delivered the following address, which, if not specifically anti-slavery, is anti-oppression. Freedom being one, as Despotism is one, a blow struck for the rights of man in Italy, is felt by the oppressors of humanity in America; while, on the other hand, every thing that tends to degrade the slave here, strengthens the power of despotism in Europe.

"Gentlemen, I respond to your appeal. Wherever a tribune in the cause of Liberty is created, and calls to me, there am I. It is, in truth, my instinct and my duty. While some may act and others speak, let all be doing. Yes--all to the work. The wind is breathing--let public encouragement to the heroes be the joy of every soul. Let the multitude glow, like the furnace, with enthusiasm. Let those who cannot fight with the sword, fight with the mind. Let not a single intelligence remain neutral; let not a single spirit remain inactive. Let those who are struggling in the fight feel that they are gazed on, that they are loved, that they are sustained. Let there be around that valiant man, who is standing erect there in Palermo--a fire on every mountain in Sicily--a light on every height in Europe. I have pronounced the word. The tyrants! Have I exaggerated? Have I calumniated the Neapolitan Government? No words! Here are the facts! Pay attention! This is living history--bleeding history!"

The kingdom of Naples--that kingdom which now occupies our thoughts--has but a single institution--the police. Every district has its edging commission, two Sbirri--Ajossa and Manicelco--reign under the King. Ajossa edgels Naples--Manicelco edgels Sicily. But the edgel is merely a Turkish weapon. This Government, bas, in addition, the instrument of the inquisition--torture. Yes, torture! Listen. A sbirro, Bruno, binds the accused with the head between the legs until he confesses. Another sbirro, Pontillo, fixes him upon an iron grating, beneath which he lights a fire. This is called the burning chair. Another sbirro, Luigi Manicelco, a kinsman of the chief, has invented an instrument into which the arm or the leg of the victim is introduced; a screw is turned and the limb is crushed. This is called the "Angelic Instrument." Another suspends a man by the hands and feet between two walls, and then jumps on him and dislocates his body.

There are also thumb screws for crushing the fingers, a tourniquet for pressing the head, an iron ring with a screw which almost forces the eyes out of the head. Sometimes a victim escapes. A man, named Casimiro Arsinano, was one of these. His wife, his sons, and his daughters were seized and placed upon the burning chair. This Casimiro Zafferano touches on an arid beach. To this beach the sbirri bring sacks. Each sack contains a man; it is plunged into the water, and kept there till the man no longer moves. It is then taken out, and he is commanded to confess. If he refuses he is plunged in again. Giovanni Vienna, of Messina, expired in this manner. At Monreale an old man and his daughter were suspected of patriotism. The father died beneath the whip; the daughter, who was pregnant, was stripped naked and flogged to death!

Gentlemen, here is a young man of twenty-one years of age who does these things. This young man is called Francis II. This takes place in the country of Tiberias. Is it possible? It is true. The date?--1860--the very year in which we live. Add to this the fact of yesterday--Palermo crushed by bombshells, flooded with blood, massacred. Add, again, this frightful tradition of the extermination of towns which seems the maniacal rage of a family, and which in history will hideously unbury this family, and change Bourbon into Bumba. Yes, a young man of twenty-one commits all these deeds of darkness. Gentlemen, I declare to you that I feel myself struck with a profound pity when thinking of this miserable petty king.

What horror! It is at an age when others love, and believe, and hope, that this miserable creature tortures and kills! See what divine justice does with a wretched soul. It replaces all the generosities of youth and opening life with the decrepitudes and the terrors of the end; it flares the sanguinary tradition like a chain upon the prince and the people; it accumulates on the new tenant of the throne the influences of the family. It was necessary to deliver this people; I might as well say it was necessary to deliver this king. Garibaldi has taken on himself the mission. And Garibaldi--who and what is Garibaldi? He is his fellow-countryman Virgil would turn him. Virgil has he an army?--No; a handful of volunteers. Has he munitions? None. Has he powder? A few barrels only. Has he cannon? Those of the enemy. Where, then, is his strength? What causes him to conquer? What does he bear about him? The soul of peoples. He goes--he runs--his march is a dream of flame! his hand of fire terrifies the regiments; his feeble weapons are enchanted; the bullets of his rifles check the cannon balls; he bears with him revolution, and from time to time, in the chaos of the battle, amidst clouds and lightning, like a Homer, we see behind him the goddess. However obstinate may be the resistance, this warfare is astonishing by its simplicity. It is the assault of a man upon a royalty. His warm floats in the air around him; woea throna swarms at his feet, men fight singing, the royal army flees. The whole of this adventure is epic; it is brilliant, formidable and charming, like an attack of bees.

Behold those radiant stages of his march, and I predict to you that not one of them shall disappear from the infallible fortune of the future. After Messina--Palermo; after Palermo, Messina; after Messina, Naples; after Naples, Rome; after Rome, Venice; after Venice--All. You who now bear me picture to yourselves this splendid vision--Italy free--free; free from the gulf of Ta-

ranto to the lagoons of St. Mark, for I vow to thee in thy grave, O Manlio that Venice shall be present at the festival. Tell me--does the mind's eye see that vision which to-morrow will be a reality? But it is done. All that was falsehood, flint, darkness and ashes is dispersed. Italy lives, Italy is Italy. That which was a geographical term is now a living soul. That which was a spectre is now an archangel; the mighty archangel of people; Liberty; Liberty erect with outstretched wings. Italy the noble, Italy, that slept in death is now awake again.

Look at her, she rises and smiles upon the human race. She cries to Greece, I am thy daughter; to France, I am thy mother. She has around her her poets, her orators, her artists, her philosophers--all those councillors of humanity, all those members of the senate of ages, and on her right and on her left those two awful grandsons--Dante and Michael Angelo. Oh! since politicians love the words, this shall be the most majestic of *faits accomplis*. What a triumph, what an advent, what a wonderful phenomenon--Unity with a single flash of lightning passing through the sister cities of Milan, Turin, Genoa, Florence, Bologna, Pisa, Siena, Verona, Parma, Palermo, Messina, Naples, Venice, Rome!

Italy arises, Italy is in motion, *patuit deus*, she bursts forth, she imparts to the progress of the entire world the great and joyous fever of her genius, and while Europe is electrified by this marvellous light on every height in Europe. I have pronounced the word. The tyrants! Have I exaggerated? Have I calumniated the Neapolitan Government? No words! Here are the facts! Pay attention! This is living history--bleeding history!"

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[The following article was written while the Methodist Conference was in session in Buffalo.]

CHURCH ACTION ON SLAVERY.

One of the most important lessons of history, and yet one of the most difficult to learn, is the fact that religious and political associations are never thoroughly reformed. Through all the past a corrupt Church has never been regenerated. Whenever a great and radical change occurs in the moral and religious character of a people, it is accomplished either in spite of their existing religious associations, or on their ruins. This truth is so plainly written out in the annals of the past, that it ought to be received as an axiom in the philosophy of history. From the days of Jesus until now it has been illustrated over and over again. When he told his hearers that they could not keep new wine in old bottles, he told them a truth which has been repeatedly verified in every religious revolution from the fall of Jerusalem to the present struggle for Church reform, now going on in this country. Luther labored long to confine the new truths which burst upon his vision under the forms and within the enclosures of the Papal Church. But it was all in vain, and he was compelled to burst away from her enclosure. Wesley did his best to keep the new wine of a more evangelical religion within the face of the English establishment, but the effort failed. The English establishment is yet unchanged in its general drift and influence. And so in our day, no great denomination in this country has as a body ever been reformed in its relations to American Slavery. There has been a growth of anti-slavery sentiment in these denominations, but whenever the question of cutting off their man-stealing members has come to a practical issue, every one of them has failed. Churchianity has always been too strong for their Christianity. The spirit of the party has always been too powerful for the spirit of Christ. The desire to preserve the Church from disension has in every instance trampled over love for the poor slave. The revolting crime of man-stealing still holds a place in all the leading denominations, with the whole power of ecclesiastical officialism in favor of its toleration. Nor is there any well grounded hope that any of these denominations, as such, will put away this shame and crime from among them.

Take for example the Methodist Episcopal Church. For a dozen years, or more, a portion of that community here in the North has been laboring to drive slavery out of the Church; but thus far the effort has been unsuccessful, and the General Conference now in session at Buffalo, promises to furnish us another illustration of "how r a to do it."

Let us turn to the number of twenty thousand names--have been poured into that body in favor of such a change of the discipline, that it will compel the exclusion of slaveholders. But these petitions come mainly from the laity, and the church is entirely governed by the clergy. These twenty thousand petitioners have immensely weakened their power, by the perpetual reiteration on their part of a determination to stay in the Church at all hazards.

Hosmer, Mattison, Bristol, and their associates, have constantly broken the whole force of their denunciations of slavery in the Church, by declaring that they would continue in the body with the woman whippers, and cradle robbers of the Southern Churches.

On such a platform they can never wield moral power over their colleagues. They denounce the robber in one breath, and cling to him as a Christian brother in the next. They preach against man-stealing on Sunday morning, and commune with the man-thief in the evening. They advertise the Church on the start, that all their blowing and blustering in favor of freedom will amount to nothing, provided she has the nerve not to be frightened by it, and they thus lose the entire power which a minority has over a corrupt majority, by holding over them the prospect of secession when the corruption becomes past cure.

Let the thousands of Methodists who believe slaveholding to be a crime, say to the General Conference, put away this crime, or we will leave your communion, and they will not be met any longer by trickery and evasions, but the question will have assumed a dignity which will bring the Conference to terms.

If the *Northern Independent*, and its supporters, are again driven to the wall and snubbed in this Conference we shall not be disappointed, nor will our sympathies be strongly excited. They have invited the Conference to trample upon their rights. They have made their own glorious cause contemptible in the eyes of their enemies by putting their own ecclesiastical standing above that cause, and protesting that they only meant to make some less in the Church, but that they would cling to it, notwithstanding their abolition speeches.

The fact is, that some-outism is the only effective remedy for slavery in the Church. It is the anti-slavery men in a pro-slavery Church who keep up its reputation in the North. It is always the case, that the good men in a corrupt Church keep it in countenance. Talk to a Catholic about the wicked deeds of his Church, and he will tell you that it contained such men as Thomas A. Paine and Fenelon, and such women as Madam Guyon. Talk to a Methodist about slavery in his Church, and he says yes, but we have an anti-slavery paper, and some eloquent anti-slavery preachers, and something will be done. This has been the great Methodist conscience plaster for twenty years, and yet the slaveholders continue in full fellowship, and the Abolitionists are the persecuted class. The Abolitionists stand on the defensive merely, and are cowed and snubbed at every Conference.

They have invited this treatment by continuing to declare that they will not leave the Church for any cause, and just so long as they occupy this crippled position, they will continue to be driven to the wall. Let these anti-slavery leaders raise the banner of revolution and secession, and they will either bring the unwieldy body to terms, or build up a new and strong Church, unstained by the blood of the slave.--*Frederick Douglass' Paper*.

RIOTING AT PUBLIC MEETINGS.

It is an instance of poetic justice, such as rarely happens, that some of the ringleaders in the attack made last winter upon the freedom of speech, were their defence from a similar attack against themselves at the Breckenridge meeting last night to that very police interference so bitterly denounced by them. Now that the heat is on the other leg, and these gentlemen find themselves on an unpopular side, we make sure of their speedy and complete conversion to the principle we have always advocated, and to Mayor Henry's impartial enforcement of that principle. It is one thing to be in the jubilant and insulting mob who claim the constitutional right to hiss, provided they have paid their money, and it is another and a very different thing, as these expounders of the bill of rights now know, to be the objects of such insults. Remain, then, gentlemen, all your legal arguments and newspaper disquisitions, and confess that when the right of free speech is assailed in your own persons, it is very proper for the police to interfere for its protection.--*Philadelphia Log*.

A SLIGHT DISCREPANCY.

[We give the following Republican and Democratic accounts of a Ratification Meeting. One side or the other interposes, if not both. This is the kind of stuff that is dished up in partisan papers--books, not fit for men to feed upon, though there may be four footed brutes which nature would expect to grow fat on it.]

DOUGLAS DEMONSTRATION IN NEW LISBON.

TRENDENOUS ABSENCE OF THE DEMOCRACY.

A SKELETON CONVENTION.

Miserable Fizzle!

WALLACE AND REILLY BACKED OUT.

THE BOYS TAKE POSSESSION.

ENTHUSIASM OVER THE LEFT.

NO RATIFICATION AT LAST.

Advertisements in newspapers for weeks back, and great flaming posters have been extensively circulated throughout the country, calling upon the democracy to meet at the Court House on Monday evening last, to ratify the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas. Monday night arrived, but the democracy "owing to their absence," did not make their appearance, and when the hour approached for the gathering in of the great masses of the unratified, it was really pitiable to witness the solemn countenances and the despairing movements of a few of the wire workers, as they looked in vain up one street and down another, in search of the expected delegations. At last, "a solitary horseman," as the novelist would express it, was seen dashing into town, and rounding to at Hamilton's tavern, hurriedly asked if "there was room for another horse." A loud laugh from the boys soon announced to his astonishment that he was bored--bored through and through. A delegation from Knox soon made its appearance in the shape and form of the Ex-Sheriff, who was cordially welcomed as adding another delegate to the most skeleton looking convention that probably ever assembled in New Lisbon. The delegation from Perry came pouring in, to the number of two, accurately counted by our reporter. Waynes equally furnished another, and Franklin was equally largely represented. The streets and pavements of the town soon became crowded with just fifteen delegates from the country--including our friend Jonathan--anxious and determined to do something for democracy, they didn't precisely know what. Toney Wagener--the wheel horse of the party--refused to come, doubting in his own mind the democracy of Douglas; and hundreds of others refused to come, having been humbugged long enough by the rotten and dishonest demagogues who have so long dictated to them what their principles should be, and for whom they should cast their votes.

A consultation was now held as to whether this great nigger, Mass County Convention had better be adjourned to a more propitious time, but it was finally concluded to send for a drum or two, and by making a desperate effort in that way, endeavor to get at least a sufficient number of persons in the Court House to make a show of business. The drums were procured, but they uttered a dull, heavy, unearthly sound. Even the men in the moon couldn't stand it, and soon retired behind a cloud. Beck rung the bell, and at about eight o'clock, the meeting got to work. The House was about half full, a large number of the audience were Republicans, about forty democrats present--a number of them Breckenridge men--and a lot of boys who were placed in the back seats to do up the stamping and cheering. It was a sorry looking sight indeed, and if poor Douglas himself could have looked in and witnessed the miserable farce that was being played off ostensibly for his benefit, he would have discovered that his humbuggery of squatter sovereignty could not entrap very many of the honest yeomanry of Columbiana county.

The only respectable speakers announced on the bill, Messrs. Wallace and Reilly, made it convenient to be absent, although it was announced for a number of days previous to the meeting, that they were selected to address the Convention, and had, as was generally supposed, agreed to do so. But they were not there, and the meeting was left to be addressed by any political loafer whom the boys--who had control of the concern--might see proper to place upon the stand.

Tom Woods spoke. The boys called him out with a rush. After giving a long detail of the proceedings of the Charleston and Baltimore Conventions, he indulged in a few fastidious and harmless remarks about the Republican party. After

Woods got through, Mr. McCord was called upon, but declined to speak. Some thought they were yelling desperately for the use of a cord, but we do not believe that any Democrat wished to hang himself at present, desperate as may be their party prospects or their personal aspirations. Not a resolution was offered or passed; and no allusion was made to the platform, except that the nomination of Douglas had taken the wind out of republicans. This noble thought should be well aired. No vote was taken on any subject. There were too many anti-Douglas men present to risk it. There was no adjournment, every fellow went out as he came in, on his own hook. It was a mob like proceeding throughout--the silliest humbug--a ridiculous fizzle--and the most contemptible farce ever enacted. There was not enough of enthusiasm to raise a fly, and the whole thing showed the utter foolishness of trying to keep up an organization in this county, based upon non-intervention, and thus giving to the slaveholders the right to take their slaves where they please and keep them where they please. The only fear is now, that we shall have no opposition this fall--no contention, no fight.

GREAT RATIFICATION.

GLORIOUS DEMONSTRATION.

PATRIOTISM AROUSED.

IMMENSE CHEERING.

THE COURT HOUSE ROOF IN THE CANAL.

COMMISSIONERS BEWILDERED.

DEMOCRACY ON THE WINDING WAY TO EASY TRIUMPH.

The meeting at the Court House on Monday night, was all any Democrat could ask. At an early hour in the evening the people commenced coming in from the country, and distant parts of the county, and at 8 o'clock they rushed in and filled up the Court House taller than we have seen it for years. The meeting was immediately organized by electing Gen. Armstrong President, and John Dallenbaugh Secretary. As soon as the organization was perfected, Judge Clark was called on for a speech, and responded in an effort that was listened to attentively by the large audience, and received with frequent demonstrations of applause. The Judge argued ably the question of popular sovereignty and the claims of its great embodiment. He showed up the perfidy and recklessness of the office seeking Abolitionists and hungry hangers on of the immortal rail splitter, and concluded with some happy remarks as to the qualifications of the Republican candidate. Mr. Wallace being absent, Mr. Woods was then called upon, and recounted the proceedings at Charleston, and spoke with some ardor of the pride and hopes of Democracy--as evidenced by the demonstration of the night and the enthusiasm that was spreading over the whole country. The meeting was kept up till a late hour. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed. The spirit and enthusiasm we have never seen equalled. The campaign is opened and is now running itself. The Democracy is on a rising wave of triumph and sure to win. Black Republicanism stands aloof, cold, ghastly and appalled. Republicans see plainly they have no hope. The coming man is foreshadowed, and they have concluded to devote themselves to fighting for county spoils. Let them fight--"his dogs delight." We hope our fellow Democrats will follow up the brilliant opening that has been made of the campaign, and lose no advantage they have gained. Keep charging on Black Republicanism till it is blotted out forever.

METHODIST SLAVEHOLDERS.

The action of the recent Convention at Buffalo, whereby Methodists were advised not to be slave holders, has induced some of the members of the Southern Methodist Society, through J. D. O'Quinn, of Louisville, Ky., to invite members of the Northern Church who do not hold anti-slavery views to unite with their southern brethren. The following is the card of invitation, as it appears in the Louisville Journal: "The Northern Methodist Church has, up to this time, had a part of six conferences in slave Territory, numbering over 50,000 communicants in slave States, which she is now likely, *aye certain* to lose by secession. The action of the Buffalo General Conference, they say, 'has put the last feather upon the camel's back,' and--it is broken. "Whether the secession will be an accession to the Southern Church, or whether they will form a separate organization is not determined, but will depend in a large measure upon us of the South, as some of them of the Baltimore work informed me; but their final action what it may, secession is now inevitable. "May I not say in behalf of my brethren South that a most hearty welcome is extended to every one, minister and layman, to the bosom of a church that preaches the religion of Christ as taught by Him and His apostles, and leaves the institutions of States to be managed by the States in their legislative bodies?"

J. D. ONINS.

THE SARBON SEIZURE.--The Grand Jury of Middlesex county, Mass., have just returned an indictment against the men who seized Sarbon. The counts in the indictment are as follows:--

First--That they inveigled and seized Sarbon, without any lawful warrant or authority, with intent to send him out of the Commonwealth.

Second--An assault.

Third--A forcible seizure with intent to confine in the Commonwealth. And

Fourth--That they seized, confined and handcuffed him with design of transporting him out of the Commonwealth.

No bill was returned against Sarbon, for assaulting the officers.--*Boston Herald*.

A proposition has been made to construct an iron Railway over the streets of New York and to run locomotives to all parts of the city.

YOUNG MEN.

The Republican party is the party for young men. Its machinery is not under the control of sly old politicians, as is that of the Loonoo party, who 'ran' it for the purpose of lining their own pockets. Its leaders are all comparatively young men, who have impressed upon it a portion of their own generous views, and it looks to the young men of the country to secure it the ascendancy. It requires young, active, energetic men to fight battles and conquer its foes. It does not deem it necessary for a man to be three score and ten years old before he is qualified for an office. It protects the interests of the young men who labor for their sustenance in the rich Territories in the west, and aims to secure there free homes for free men. It is opposed to the political fossils who would surrender all our Territories to the demerit of slavery, rather than encounter any strife in regard to their disposition. Its bugle call to the rally for Freedom stirs the heart of a young man to its lowest depths, and beneath its banner will soon rally a large party of the young men of the nation, and their aid will make it irresistible. In its ranks the path of promotion is not crowded and crammed with legions of honary parasites who trample down every young man who presumes to ask a substantial recognition of his services, as is the case with the loonoo party! Its candidates are built comparatively young men, and its chief honors are bestowed upon those who are still in their prime. Young men of Stark county take your places in the party which is worthy of your ardent support, and in which you will find a congenial home.

[So says the *Stark County Republican*. We think the sad experience of all past Presidential campaigns are faintly--and but faintly--set forth in the following paragraph which we copy from another paper. More to be dreaded than small pox, more fatal than yellow fever, more terrible than cholera is the presidential pestilence.]

YOUNG MEN AND POLITICS.

Very many young men contract habits of indolence and dissipation in a Presidential contest which they nevermore overcome. Excited, enthusiastic, ambitious, they identify their personal fortunes with those of their party, often dreaming of some post in the customs, some post-office, or other well paid place, as the reward of their zealous, persistent exertions. But the election passes, and their party is defeated; or, even if successful, there are forty aspirants for every place, and of course thirty-nine must be disappointed and destitute. Sometimes the habits they have insensibly acquired in seeking their coveted places render its bestowment impossible. The general triumph is achieved; but the personal advantage they hoped from it has eluded their grasp. Blighted in hopes and shattered in constitution, they now bid adieu to energy and aspiration, seeking oblivion and a wretched monetary solace in the drunkard's poisoned cup or the suicide's miserable end.

THE OHIO DELEGATES BROUGHT BACK WITH THEM FROM CHICAGO, A RAIL.

The Ohio delegates brought back with them from Chicago, a rail, one of the original three thousand split by Lincoln in 1830, and though it bears the marks of years, is still tough enough for service. It is for Tom Corwin, who intends taking it with him as he stamps the Buckeye State for honest old Abe.

The above is told by a paper devoted to the interests of 'old Abe' and is told with as much self-complacency and assurance as if the ability to split rails qualified him to perform the duties of President. And why? Simply to gull honest folks--to make them think that the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, the lawyer and demagogue, is 'old Abe' the farmer? Shame on such mad, love-lit craft! And then see how tow-dish 'old Abe' sounds! how wanting in respect for one whom they are trying to raise to what they call the highest office in the world! I should think every honest man would turn away from such a party in disgust; and yet the other party is no better. Hungry, unprincipled demagogues lead both, and will deceive, and cheat, and wheedle and gull the people all they can, though not, perhaps, in the same way.--*Pleasure Boat*.

CREWS OF SLAVERS DISCHARGED.--Judge Martin, of the United States District Court South, has discharged the crews of the slavers *Wildfire* and *William*, captured with hundreds of African slaves on board, and brought in to Key West. The Judge decided there was nothing in the law of 1820 to hold them. A passage was given them over to Havana, and they are at liberty to enter upon piratical expeditions again, assured of safety and good treatment if caught by United States cruisers. The mockery of holding some of the officers for trial is still being enacted.--*Leader*.

THE PLATFORM OF ALL THE PARTIES.

I. Every man for myself.

II. Rotation from one office to another.

III. To the victors belong the spoils.

IV. Out with the Ins, and in with the Outs.

V. All's fair in politics.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

RATHER OVERDOSE.

"The talons of that proud bird which tore the flag of Ireland's oppressor from the cloud-piercing topmast, which for successive centuries pierced the belt of Orion as his whetted his nightly course in the heavens, will not pause to slouch with fierce ire and to scatter in a thousand shreds the breeze-flaunting emblems of oceanic pseudo-sovereignty. Gentlemen, the den of that glorious fowl will dart with the velocity of lightning to avenge the wrongs of outraged Ireland, and to vindicate the bleeding of the glorious fatherland."--[Extract from an oration by John Minor Botts.]

[But suppose Orion should take the topmast out of his belt, and, wreathing in the rainbow ambles of pseudo-sovereignty, hit the bird a soaking deluge with the butt end, how would that strike the glorious fowl, Mr. Botts?]

The total length of railroads in Germany, at the close of 1859, was 7,940 miles.