The Indiana American.

A NEWS AND BUSINESS PAPER--DEVOTED TO FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, MORALS, TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF SOCIETY.

VOL. XXIV--NO. 26. BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1856. WHOLE NUMBER 1222.

Professional Cards.

J. R. DAVIS, M. D.,—PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office, at his residence, corner of Main and James streets, Brookville, Ind.

CYRUS KILGORE,—ATTORNEY AT LAW, Brookville, Ind. Office, in the old County Office Buildings, on the Public Square 43—43

W. MORROW,—ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office, No. 7, Hall's Building, Brookville, Ind. 21—43

ALF. WARD,—ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office, over Powers' Store, Brookville, Ind.

MORRIS J. KELLEY,—ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office, one door south of the Valley House, Brookville, Ind. Will take Acknowledgments of Deeds, take and certify Depositions, Affidavits &c.

THOMAS J. WHITE,—NOTARY PUBLIC, Lawrenceburg, Ind., will take depositions and acknowledgements, and attend to Notarial business generally.

JOHN W. KEELY, NOTARY PUBLIC, BROOKVILLE, INDIANA, IS PREPARED to draw and take acknowledgements of Deeds, Mortgages, &c.
OFFICE—One door south of the Tyner Store.

DR. J. W. KEELY,—SURGEON DENTIST BROOKVILLE, Ind., thankful for past favors, would inform his friends, and the public generally, that he has determined to do plate work at a reduced price where more than two teeth are inserted, so that almost all who have been so unfortunate as to loose their natural teeth may furnish themselves with an artificial substitute. Terms for gold plate will range from $2 to $3.75 per tooth, according to the kind of tooth used, and the amount of plate required. On silver plate from $1.75 to $2 per tooth. On full upper or lower set of teeth inserted on the system principal a small deduction will be made. Teeth on pivot from $1.50 to $3 each. Filling from 50cts to one dollar. Cleansing from 50cts to one dollar. Extracting twenty-five cents. Warrants my work, and make no charges for examination or advice. I am now ready, willing and waiting to serve you. Go on on. Office one door north of the Old Tyner Store.

HARRISON DIRECTORY.

R. PERRY,—DEALER IN GROCERIES AND Provisions, Market street, HARRISON, OHIO, Keeps on hand a good assortment of all articles in his line.
ALSO—a general assortment of
FURNITURE,
Which he will sell cheap for cash or country produce. oct 27 45 1854.

G. S. BROWN. WM. LEMON.
BROWN & LEMON,—DEALERS IN FANCY and Domestic Dry Goods, Ladies Dress Goods of every kind.
—ALSO—
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots, Shoes Carpeting, &c.,
CORNER MARKET AND WALNUT STREETS,
HARRISON, OHIO.
Oct 27 45 1854

FRANKLIN COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 1st Mondays in February and August—may sit three weeks.
COMMON PLEAS COURT meets 1st Mondays in January, April, July and October—may sit 3 weeks.
COMMISSIONER'S COURT meets 1st Mondays in June, September, December and March—may sit six days each time.

County Officers.

A. R. McCleery, Senator, time expires			Oct 1856
P. H. A. Jeter, Rep.	"	"	" 1856
Noah Miller, "	"	"	" 1856
John M. Johnson, Clerk,	"	"	Feb 1856
M. Skinner, Sheriff,	"	"	Oct 1855
Wm. Robinson, Treasurer,	"	"	Aug 1857
John H. Quick, Auditor,	"	"	Mar 1858
Redin Osborn, Recorder,	"	"	Oct 1859
John Hartley, Coroner,	"	"	Oct 1856
W. W. Whitehead, Surveyor,	"	"	" 1856

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:—J. H. Parrot, Elmer Hyatt, Simpson Calfee, time expires October, 1856-7-8.

Justice of the Peace.

BROOKVILLE TOWNSHIP.

Cyrus Kilgore, Commission expires			Apr 19, 1856
Alfred Ward	"	"	Apr 26, 1857
J. M. Tharp	"	"	Nov 6, 1859
James Mewhinney	"	"	Oct 21, 1858

BRIGHTSFIELD TOWNSHIP.

Joseph Welsh, Commission expires			Oct 7, 1856
A. C. Miller,	"	"	Oct 2, 1859
Samuel Holliday,	"	"	Apr 24, 1859

BLOOMINGROVE TOWNSHIP.

David Slaughter, Commission expires			Nov 1, 1859
Jesse Clements,	"	"	Apr 21, 1857

BUTLER TOWNSHIP.

John Conlin, Commission expires			Nov 1, 1859
Albert Brannon,	"	"	Dec 2, 1859

FAIRFIELD TOWNSHIP.

W. A. J. Gilliswell, Comm expires			Feb 20, 1856
Joan Cochran,	"	"	June, 3 1859

HIGHLAND TOWNSHIP.

Francis Knecht, Commission expires			Nov 6, 185
Francis A. Bowers,	"	"	Oct 13, 185

LAUREL TOWNSHIP.

Isaac Clements Commission expires			Dec 29, 1856
Ludwick Ensminger "		"	Nov 5, 1856
Robert H. Hicks "		"	Oct 26, 1858

METAMORA TOWNSHIP.

John Horsley, Commission expires			July 13 185
W. J. Cooley,	"	"	May 2, 1859

POSEY TOWNSHIP.

Robt. H. Miller, Commission expires			Sept 28, 1857
James H. Moore,	"	"	July 16, 1858

RAY TOWNSHIP.

Henry Reimeier, Commission expires			May 28 1858
Bernard Moorman "		"	May 2, 1859

SALT CREEK TOWNSHIP.

Asa Hays, Commission expires			June 27, 1859
Isaac Phillips,	"	"	Feb 24, 1857

WHITE WATER TOWNSHIP.

Walter Mitchell, Commission expires			Sep 8, 1858
Hilphalet Barber,	"	"	Sep 13, 1856
Daniel Wilson	"	"	May 2, 1859

BATH TOWNSHIP.

John Blair, Commission expires			June 24, 1858
Lewis Whiteman "		"	April 29, 1858

UNION COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT meets the 4th Mondays in February and August—may sit two weeks each time.
COMMON PLEAS COURT meets 2d Mondays in February, May, August, and November; except when there are five Mondays in the preceding month—then 1st Monday. May sit 3 weeks each time.
COMMISSIONER'S COURT meets 1st Mondays in June, September, December and March—may sit six days each time.

County Officers.

Minor Meeker, Senator, time expires			Oct. 1856.
Geo. W. Clark, Rep.	"	"	Oct. 1856.
M. J. Witt Sheriff.			Aug. 1857.
Lewis J. Cline, Clerk,	"	"	Nov. 1859.
W. Dawson, Auditor	"	"	Nov. 1860.
G. R. Brown, Treasurer,	"	"	Aug. 1857.
Wm. S. Ross, Coroner,	"	"	Oct. 1856.
A. M. Stiles, Surveyor.	"	"	Oct. 1857.
H. H. Bustel, Recorder	"	"	Nov. 1854.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—Garret Wilson, Alex. M. Paddock, and Isaac Snider, time expires September, 1856-7-8.

Justice of the Peace.

E. Jarrell, Commission expires			Apr. 15, 1858
W. Bragg,	"	"	Sep. 16, 1856.
Ira Maxwell	"	"	Apr. 18, 1858.
R. M. Haworth,	"	"	May 5, 1857.
J. F. Bennett,	"	"	Nov. 23, 1857.
G. W Hunt,	"	"	Oct. 10, 1852.
T. J. Colvin,	"	"	Sep. 1, 1856.
Jas Sawhe,	"	"	Oct. 24, 1856.
H. Rider,	"	"	Apr. 9, 1856.
J W. Swean,	"	"	Aug. 2, 1855.
Joseph Brown,	"	"	Feb. 14, 1856.
R. Kelly,	"	"	Aug. 23, 1856.
Geo. Wilson	"	"	May 3, 1852.
J. P. Templeton	"	"	Oct. 5, 185.
E. Ferguson.	"	"	Apr. 15, 1855

FAYETTE COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT meets 2d Monday of March and September, may sit two weeks.
COMMON PLEAS COURT sits 3d Mondays in January, April, July, and October; hold two weeks if business requires.
COMMISSIONERS COURT meets 1st Monday in March, June, September and December; may sit nine days if necessary.
COURT OF CONCILIATION sits when business requires it, any judicial day of the Sessions of Common Pleas Court.

County Officers.

Minor Meeker, Senator, time expires			Oct. 1856
Nelson Trusler, Rep.	"	"	" 1856
A. R. Edwards, Clerk,	"	"	Feb. 1858.
Wm. McCleery, Sheriff	"	"	Oct. 1855
John McCleery, Jailor,	"	"	" 1856
Wm. H. Beck, Treasurer,	"	"	Sep. 1856
Job Stout, Auditor,	"	"	Mar 1855
Joseph T. Tate, Recorder	"	"	Aug 1856
Henry Morris, Surveyor.	"	"	Dec 1857

Commissioners, Amariah I. Becket, Joseph Dale, and Wm. H. Houston.

QUEENSWARE—
A beautiful and very large assortment in full colors by the piece, just received at No. 1 Commercial Row, and for sale by
LINCK & FARQUHAR.

HATS AND CAPS—
Spring styles, just received at No. 1 Commercial Row, and for sale by
LINCK & FARQUHAR.

DR. O. H. MARTIN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ANDERSONVILLE,
38 27 INDIANA.

HATS AND CAPS.
WE have just received a general assortment of Seasonable Caps, for Men, Boys and Children, low for cash.
oct 30 TYNER & KIMBLE.

An Interesting Story.

TALES OF THE BAR.

WRITTEN FROM THE LIPS OF AN OLD COUNSELLOR.

BY W. LINN TIDBALL.

MY FIRST RETAINER.

I.

The first business entrusted to my care after admission to the bar, though it promised very little in the beginning, turned out to be an adventure of no ordinary character.

The application was made by a middle-aged farmer, of plain exterior and unpolished manners, which were sufficiently apparent; but, as I afterward found, of substantial business habits and respectable education.

"Is your name Clifford?" he abruptly inquired, placing one foot on the door-sill while the other remained on the ground, to be ready, as it seemed, to enter or retreat, according to my reply.

This was not a question that required consideration, but simply an answer; nevertheless I hesitated.—There was something in the off-hand manner of the man that displeased me, though since then I have been frequently accosted in a similar way, without feeling my pride in the least offended.

The answer I felt inclined to give at the moment, I should not like to repeat here or elsewhere. It occurred to me in time, however, that he might be in search of legal assistance, and the improper words at the end of my tongue were quickly forced back into my gullet and swallowed. I replied instead, as I should have done unhesitatingly, with complaisance—

"Yes, sir! my name is Clifford—Henry Clifford. Walk in, sir, and take a seat."

He promptly accepted my invitation, doffed his hat, crossed his legs, and sat completely at his ease. But his mode of putting questions was not in the least changed by my civility.

"Are you an attorney, authorized to practice in the courts?" he continued, looking steadfastly into my face.

At that time there was in my character a touch of pseudo pride, or what may be more aptly termed hauteur; and the uncivil answer I had swallowed a few seconds before, leaped up through my gorge, and perched again upon the tip of my tongue. That was the trying moment of my existence.—It was a struggle between pride and poverty. But it lasted only a moment. What have I to do with pride, when I have not the means to support it?—Avaunt, thou monster!

"Sir," I replied, with truth, "I was licensed at the last term of the Supreme Court."

In the end this proved to be a fortunate answer, though at the time it gave me some uneasiness. Scarcely was it uttered, when I began to fear the consequences of so unreserved a disclosure.

"Then you are not practiced in the management of suits?" he inquired, in confirmation of my fears.

I was vexed and angry, and more angry than vexed, partly at his pointed interrogatories, but chiefly at my own ingenuousness. But the emotion was only momentary. I abhorred duplicity, and so my frankness was approved. Of course, the last question was answered in like manner.

"It is scarcely six months," I replied, "since my admission to the bar, and since that time I have had very little business, and that little has been of small moment. Those who wish to have important matters tried, are not willing, as a general thing, to trust their management to a youth with neither beard nor experience."

"There is too much truth in what you say," he replied, "But I am a man of a different sort. At the risk of being thought queer, I will declare my preference for young men in nearly all matters pertaining to litigation. I cannot endure the delays usually attendant upon civil suits, and which old counselors, secure in the enjoyment of their reputations, do all in their power to foster, or as little as possible to prevent."

Surprised to hear such language from beneath so rough an exterior, I more closely scanned his countenance, which, though sunburnt and wrinkled, I found to possess unmistakable marks of intelligence.

"There is a brief space in the professional career of every successful attorney," he continued, meanwhile, "lying between misdirected energy on the one hand, and established indolence on the other, during which he is best qualified to discharge the duties which he owes to society, to his client, and to himself. But beyond that boundary, on either hand, and especially in criminal cases, I would greatly prefer the activity and vigilance of youth to the tardy profundity of maturer years."

When he had gone so far, I began to suspect the reason assigned for his preference was a mere subterfuge, the real object being to avoid a full-grown fee, which an old lawyer does not fail to exact, but which a young one dare seldom demand. How far I was wrong will shortly appear.

"And now, sir," he still continued, "before I enter upon the particulars of the case, allow me to state one fact, that there may be no misunderstanding. The person in whose behalf I solicit your professional services, is an old woman, without even the means of subsistence. Are you willing to accept such a client, and to use the same industry and energy to procure the justice she claims, as if you were certain of a liberal fee when your labor is performed?"

I was not prepared to say yes, for I was too poor to work for nothing; I was afraid to say no, lest I might not be employed. In this strait I resorted to evasion, which I would have shunned under almost any other circumstances.

"What interest have you in the issue?" I inquired.

"Enough," he replied, "to neglect my business and lose my time for her sake, but not enough to become surety for her lawyer's fee."

I took a few moments to consider whether it were better, for the sake of justice and an old woman, to devote my time and talents to a cause that promised no immediate remuneration; and I fear, had it not been for the hope of incidental advantage, I should have come to a negative conclusion.

The reader must not think too severely of me because of the motive here confessed; and will not, I am sure when informed of the circumstances. These incidents transpired nearly sixty years ago, when the north boundary of the city, except the Out Ward, was the Palisades, which traversed the island through the Park. At that time the wealthy people of Peal street, in which I had my office, always rode when they visited their friends in the country, on the hill near the crossing of Worth street and Broadway. To Bloomingdale, where the justice resided, was more than five times as far, and, as I would be obliged to travel that distance on foot if I engaged my services, hence the hesitation.

II.

All the important facts in any way connected with the domestic history of the litigants, as developed on the trial and gleaned from other sources, may be condensed in a few paragraphs.

Hannah Hartwell, the complainant, was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts. She was the belle and beauty of the village, without a rival. Among her attractions, which were neither small nor few, was the handsome legacy of a widowed aunt, whose idol and namesake she had been from the day of her birth.

Nothing occurred to interrupt the even tenor of Hannah's life, until she entered upon her twentieth year. That summer, John Steel, a young Englishman, of handsome face and polished manners, unexpectedly appeared in the village, and for a brief space, reigned the undisputed lord of fashion.

To fall in love with the gay gallant, as he was not unfrequently termed by some of the more thoughtful matrons, was the least of Hannah's intentions. But Steel was shrewd and wary, and by no means insensible to her various charms, chief among which, in his secret estimation, was her aunt's legacy. Immediately he besieged the citadel which her heart held out bravely against other advances, and being skilled in the arts of love, soon effected a lodgment in her affections.

Having wed against the influences of her best friends, Hannah was not hard to persuade, after the lapse of the honeymoon, to dispose of her property, and allow her husband, in whom she had the utmost confidence, to invest the proceeds in the purchase of real estate, on the island of Manhattan. But to her surprise and mortification, she soon discovered, that by the conversion, she had lost all control of her legacy.

Concealing her disappointment as well as she could, she took an affectionate farewell of her friends, and followed her husband to the new home which he had provided. And from that day forth, his words, when spoken to her, were vinegar mingled with gall, and sometimes accompanied by blows, which he called chastisement.

In the course of time, but not for several years after her marriage, she became a mother. Had this event happened sooner, he might have been a different man. But now, his habits were old and settled. Besides, disappointed that the child was not a son, his evil disposition expanded fearfully, and the savage course he had previously pursued, was the turtle's tenderness compared with that which succeeded.

Poor, innocent, angel woman! what did she not suffer for that unfeeling tyrant! She had enriched him with her money, and never complained of his perfidious trickery; had forsaken her early friends and girlish haunts, and followed him to another colony; had watched over his interests, and strove in every way to give him pleasure; and, more than, that had reared his children with the tenderest care, which they greatly needed, one being a fragile, puny thing, and the other a crippled dwarf. But for all these deeds of kindness, and years of devotion, she had received only neglect, and cruelty, and criminal desertion.

About two years previous to the trial, an Englishman, who called himself Pilkay, leased certain mills somewhere north of Harlem river, and soon after took possession. He was a single man of five-and-twenty, and his house was under the direction of a maiden sister of thirty-two. Quick and communicative, he readily made acquaintances; but not friends. There was nothing congenial in his nature; at least so thought his neighbors, except, perhaps, Steel, who, with all his faults, and they were many, loved the children of his native isle.

In the course of time, Steel and Pilkay became friends; and not long afterward, the latter was successively known as a visitor, a favorite, and a suitor. The object of his addresses was the little deformed Julia, who, in long years of unbroken melancholy, had schooled herself to look upon matrimony as a great blessing which she might never enjoy. It required not the diviner's art to discover the real object of this pretended love. Julia's mind, like her body, was weak and distorted, and neither possessed the semblance of an attraction. But her father had wealth, which, at his death, would descend to her, and here lay the secret.

Save this poor crippled being, John Steel had no consanguineous relative on this side of the Atlantic. The great wish of his life had been a son, who might inherit his wealth and importance. Two daughters had been all his children, and one of these was dead. But there was hope that through the other he might yet be gratified. He did not scruple, therefore, to sacrifice her to the cupidity of his countryman.

After the marriage, under the pretense of witnessing his daughter's happiness, Steel spent much of his time at the mill cottage. The distance from his farm was only a few miles, and for a while at first he rode over in the morning and returned in the evening. As the autumn advanced, however, he sometimes remained over night, and sometimes, indeed, for three or four nights in succession.

Meanwhile some ill rumors became current in the neighborhood, some of which, in particular, was very little to the credit of him and the maiden housekeeper. But in defiance of these reports, when the weather became wet and blustrous, he accepted the invitation of his son-in-law, and went to live with him at the cottage.

All this while, Mrs. Steel, sinking under the weight of accumulated afflictions, lived in gloomy loneliness, a prey to fear, abuse and slow starvation.

How lamentable the vicissitudes of that unhappy woman! Once a belle, a beauty and an heiress, the sweetest among the singers, and the loveliest among the dancers; then a wife, without a husband's love or a wife's enjoyment; afterward a mother, with nothing but a mother's care and a mother's sorrow; and when I was summoned to her assistance, a feeble old woman, in the winter of her existence, doomed to solitude in a dingy apartment of her own house, and fed by a relentless woman brioed to silence!

The man employed to manage the farm, who with his family occupied the house, had been strictly enjoined to allow her neither meat nor coffee, nor indeed anything save moldy bread and water. Thus deprived of everything desirable, she begged for money to carry her to a younger sister, in her native town, that she might there die in peace, and even this was denied.

A few days subsequent, having been repeatedly beaten by her husband in the meanwhile, she escaped from her confinement, and sought refuge at the house of Mr. Digby, the neighbor through whom I was retained.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

The Sack of Lawrence.

We had, yesterday, the pleasure of a visit from Mr. W. Y. Roberts, Lieutenant Governor of Kansas. He was at Lawrence when U. S. Marshal Donelson and Sheriff Jones entered the place, and when the latter with his posse destroyed the two printing presses and the Free State Hotel. When Sheriff Jones was asked by Gen Pomeroy and Lieut. Gov. Roberts for the authority under which he was acting, he replied that he was the Sheriff of Douglas county, and Deputy U. S Marshal, that the printing presses and the hotel had been indicted by the Grand Jury as nuisances, and that Judge Lecompton had issued the order for their destruction. Four cannon were placed, opposite the hotel, about a hundred feet distant, and the cannonading begun. The first two shots missed the building, a large four story stone building, altogether!—Thirty-four shots were fired in all, but the balls made little impression on the walls.

An attempt was then made to blow it up with gunpowder, and two kegs were placed in the cellar, but this also failed. Finally a fire was kindled inside and the house burned down.—Gov. Robinson's house was also burned, although no indictment had been found against it, and Judge Lecompt had issued no order for its destruction. Every house in the town but one was plundered!

The citizens of the States will regard this as a singular mode of executing the writs of the United States, when no obstruction was offered to their service. Lieut. Governor Roberts himself offered to execute all the writs which Marshal Donelson had, if he would give him authority to do so. This offer was rejected; evidently for the purpose, as subsequent events show, of enabling him to take his gang of thieves to Lawrence, where they might enrich themselves by plundering an oppressed people.

Lieut. Governor Roberts pronounces the story of the murder of eight pro-slavery men by the Free State party, which we publish in another column, a fabrication. All the murders, thus far, which have been committed in that Territory, have been the work of the pro-slavery men; and the victims have been almost invariably unarmed or disarmed before they were killed. We think the Free State men have submitted to too much; they should have defended themselves and property with more zeal and energy. Mr. Roberts asserts that nearly the whole gang engaged in sacking Lawrence were strangers. Although well acquainted with the people of the Territory, he was not able to recognize more than two or three of them.

Cin Gazette.

☞ The bachelors of Cleveland are an ungallant set of fellows. At their annual supper a few nights ago, the following was the seventh regular toast: Our future Wives—Distance lends enchantment to the view."

☞ "I'm a going to draw this beau into a knot," as the lady said when standing at the hymenial altar.

Speech of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at the Tabernacle.

I am not insensible to the sentiments which have been expressed this evening. I did not desire, however, to speak at this meeting—not because I could not sympathize with it, for I have sympathized to a degree which I can truly say I hardly ever felt before, in every resolution, in its general drift and in its special language, and in all the speeches that have been made. But I did not wish in any wise to interrupt the course of a meeting inaugurated so wisely, directed so discreetly, designed and calculated to have such weight with all parties, and with all men that *are* men, throughout the whole country. If there is one thing that we ought to forget, it is that we have ever been divided citizens. If there is one thing that we ought to remember, it is that we are united citizens now [great applause.] I know not, if we had the ordering of all things, that we could have conceived anything more consummately wise, looking to remote and final results to arouse the dormant feeling of the North, than these things which have now transpired in the order. as I must think, of a wise and watchful Providence. I think the more readily that the present events have taken place, because I know that sometimes Providence employs *infernal instruments* to do his will [Laughter.] Had Senator Sumner been a man of war, or a man of brawling words—had he been any other than he was—the case could not have been so strong. I know not that if we had gone through our whole land, from one end to the other, we could have found a man so fit to be offered as a sacrifice of liberty upon the great altar of his country [Great applause.] No aspiring politician has he been. A lawyer by profession, a scholar by instincts and habits, a man of refined ideas, of social and esthetic tastes, he was seized by one of those sudden waves of popular feeling that flow through the nation and bear away some man upon their bosom, as one of George Steer's clippers, that has been building on the shore, would be lifted by some Spring-tide that has flooded so far in as to buoy her up and launch her into the sea [Applause!] Office sought him, and too him reluctantly: for while his election was yet a pending question, I had the pleasure of a conversation with him, in his office, as a private gentleman; I, being a clergyman, acted somewhat as confessor on that occasion, and he told me the secrets of his heart. And I am sure that, although he had an honorable and manly ambition, the office to which he was elected was not sought nor desired by him. Since he has been in Washington, his course has been that which became a man, a gentleman, a statesman, a scholar, a Christian [Great and enthusiastic applause.] He has everywhere not merely observed the rules of decorum, but with *true* "chivalry," with the noblest impulses of a gentleman, he has maintained himself void of offense. So that the only complaint that I have ever heard against Senator Sumner has been, that by his shrinking and sensitive nature he was not fit for the "rough and tumble" of politics in our day [Renewed applause.] It was because he held himself back, as he did, that he was reproached and reproved, and in part goaded by the ill judged criticisms of friends, he attempted at last to spice and re-spice his remarks It was not the complaint that they had been too high, or too keen, or in one whit too critical or severe. But every man, in speaking, must follow the rule of his own nature. To attempt to speak, as is not in his nature, is a mistake for any man. Senator Sumner, however, did not commit it; for when he began to speak, instead of listening to the mistaken counsel of his friends, he took the better counsel of his own judgment and nature, and spoke from his conscience and his heart [applause.] And it was undisguisedly for that utterance, that he was prostrated by a felon's blow. Ah, it touches me! It touches me not as a citizen, but as a man. I could not walk the street and see the raggedest wretch struck by a man who was his superior, or in circumstances which gave him advantage, without feeling my blood boil [Applause.] I, who ought to be a man of peace, yet say, that to defend a weak I would not hesitate a moment to peril life and limb [Loud applause] I tell you that you may go through the Five Points and rake to the bottom, and you cannot bring up the most degraded wretch or gambler of that which has been once a man who, if you should ask him: "Would you strike a man who is down?" and not be indignant at the question! [Loud applause] You may go through the Courts where we have had assembled within the last few months a learned body of pugilists [Laughter;] you may take the whole of them; begin and call over the names of the firsts, seconds, bottle-holders—all the way to the bottom—and you cannot find one who will not have manliness enough left in him to say, "Fair play is a jewel" [Great laughter and applause.] It may not be known to all of you that Mr. Sumner has that which by consent and courtesy, by laws and public sentiment, exhonerates a man from the performance of military duty; for if a man be *near-sighted*, it is taken for granted that he cannot fight to advantage. Mr. Sumner is near-sighted. In the act of writing, he must needs have been bent down, and even when he lifted his eyes, he must have been unable to discover an adversary even at a little distance. That was his condition, when he was attacked by the chivalrous son of Carolina—South Carolina! Chivalry? It is just that Chivalry that would be manifested if a blind man were walking with tremulous steps along your street; and a man should come stealing out from a corner-crossing, and dodging the police should strike the blind man down to the earth! It is that kind of chivalry that would creep at night into a woman's chamber and give her blow with a bludgeon over the head as she slept on her pillow [Applause.] Attack a man sitting cramped in his chair, at his desk, with no other weapon than a pen! Ah! we have it; the symbol of the North is the pen; the symbol of the South is the bludgeon [loud and long applause,] I know of but two of the club-heroes beside this Brooks, one in mythical tradition, and one in sacred history. Hercules was a brute hero of the club: but even Hercules, in the twilight of mythological civilization, used his club only against centaurs, hydras, and other enemies of society—never against weak and unarmed men. The other hero of the club is sacred; it is Cain. And this Brooks is the hero not only of the cane but Cain himself [Applause.] But why do I speak in reference to this act, which is but one single bomb that has burst out under our feet? That which happened in Washington is but a faint echo of that which is taking place where a whole empire is clubbed and a whole State knocked down by the tactics. At this hour the Government of the United States stands in precisely the same relation toward Kansas as Brooks sustained to Senator Sumner [Loud applause.] A thunder stroke is now heard on our Western plains, of which that was but a faint echo which we heard in Washington! It is storm in Texas; it is storm in Washington; and by and by it will be stormy along the whole horizon, unless there is a spirit that rises up and says to the madmen, "Thus far have ye ruled and "come, but no further" [Loud cheers.] I will not attempt to inspire you with any stronger feeling. You know full well what my thoughts are. For I think that this is but a pimple, and the disease lies down deeper. There are principles that are at war; and we men of deeds are but the instruments which principles are employing, in a conflict which will be severer, and in its final victory more illustrious than any other which has been achieved. By the force of Liberty—by the force of Civilization, which comes from the bosom of Christianity—by the force of Christianity itself, we shall yet, in our lifetime, or in that of our children—we shall yet achieve the Victory of Liberty. And when at last this country shall sit at the feet of Liberty, as the man in the Scriptures, exercised of the Devil, sat at the feet of Christ—when at last this country shall sit at the feet of Almighty God and say "Thou has ordained me for this work," then that time shall come, predicted in the Apocalypse, when "Satan shall be seized and "bound and cast into a pit for a thousand years, and behind shall be left peace, purity, and prosperity. May God speed the day [Tumultuous applause.]

When Mr. Beecher had concluded the audience gave him three times three with a will, and then the immense assemblage slowly dispersed, and for half an hour afterward Broadway, in the vicinity of the Tabernacle, reverberated with their cheers.

Martyrs of Slavery and Freedom.

The most conspicuous name among the late mobbites at Lawrence is that of Sheriff Jones; the most active, and ardent, and mischievous. After the United States Marshal had discovered that none of his intended prisoners had remained to be caught, and perhaps lynched, and very surely imprisoned, he handed over his brutal posse to Sheriff Jones, as the representative of the Territorial authority embodied in the counterfeit Legislature of the Shawnee Mission. It was Jones, accordingly, who directed the sack of the town, Jones who destroyed the printing presses, Jones who set fire to the houses of Messrs. Robinson and Brown—Brown, Jones and Robinson is a noted firm—Jones, in short, who demonstrated himself to be precisely the executive officer for such laws as were milled by the Mission House swindlers. To the people of Lawrence he was more than a Jones "of the War Office."

The problem must have occurred to every attentive reader of the story, how was the resurrection of the Sheriff for these highly useful services effected? The latest advices previously received had, on ruffian authority, left him in an exceedingly critical condition, lying at a point very near the point of death, many miles away from the scene of his disaster, surrounded by physicians, and friends tearfully sympathizing. He was understood to have formally laid down the bravo, and assumed the martyr. The responsibility of his approaching fate was heaped heaven-high upon the conscience of the unknown assassin.—Enormous bounties were set upon the offender's head. Jones was already sainted in the calendar of Border devotion; Jones already figured among the acts and monuments of martyrdom. Suddenly, as if by miraculous touch, or diabolical enchantment, the dying man resumes his health, and youth, and strength; resumes the leadership of the mad legions leagued against the free town of Lawrence, and plays out his ferocious part with very decided evidences of thorough vitality. Herein is a mystery. Was "Sheriff Jones," as he is called, ever shot at all? No sonner, we were told at the time, was the crack of the beatific pistol heard, than his friends and accomplices huddled about the victim, forbade, under pretence of fear for his safety, the approach of all Free-State men, who might have given a free statement of the truth; they hurried him a way on a fatiguing journey, which must have proved fatal had the wound been as serious as they testified; and from that moment until his substantial apparition at the pilage of Lawrence, no one of assured veracity has attested the fact of any wound whatever. Now it must be owned that Border Ruffianism is not inherently of purity so immaculate that vice of milder forms is not sometimes named along with it. With all proper admissions in behalf of undeniable virtues, it is certainly obnoxious to charges of frequent false swearing; of gross brutality, sometimes taking the positive shape of murder, but uniformly violent and inhuman; of stealing, either in a high-handed way, or meanly and thievishly; of treachery, cowardice, falsehood, imposture.—Among this little ganglion of traits there is ground for suspecting the genuineness of their very martyrs. There is an intrinsic probability that any article of that sort they present us is bogus. We believe Jones to be bogus. Nothwithstanding a public lecturer last night in this City, undeterred by the fear of arrest under the Governor's proclamation, claimed the honor of aiming the weapon that canonized St. Jones, we have no evidence that the ball ever reached its intended target. We have the best of evidence for believing, that if scathed at all, it was so lightly as to justify no portion of the outcry elicited by the fact, and no portion of the display and circumstance surrounding the couch of the pretended sufferer. We have yet, in fact, to be satisfied that Slavery has a proto-martyr. In truth, it has been found that there was no ball in the musket fired at Jones.

Not such are the confessors of Freedom. With them the work of slaughter is so thoroughly done, that death is the almost sure result. Against this moss-trooping sheriff of the border, this type of Pro-Slavery martyrdom, this living, breathing, raving survivor of an apocryphal *auto da fe*, set up Senator Sumner, the accomplished scholar, the polished gentleman, the man of peace, as the type of Freedom's martyrs. Struck down by blows too palpable for by-standing sympathizers with the deed to omit seeing them all in their continued and repeated ferocity, or to deny them when called to the witness-stand, he is borne out bleeding and senseless from the scene of his passion, while honorable Senators sneaked out of side-doors, as the burden approached them, for fear some expression of commiseration might be elicited at the spectacle of wrong so flagrant and shameful. Public was the outrage, for it was perpetrated in the most elevated seat of American legislation, and publicly was the victim carried from the scence to his house, and men are reading painfully the daily bulletin of his sufferings and danger. This is a different kind of martyrdom from that of Sheriff Jones; as different as the men are different; for the country, in its present emergency, can better spare a thousand cowardly swaggerers like Jones, and Brooks, and Keitt, and those who applaud their ruffianism, than one eloquent and fearless champion of the right like Sumner.—*New York Times.*

The Attack on Mr. Sumner.

Nothing, for a long time, has created so much feeling in this community as the attack made by BROOKS, a Representative of S. Carolina, in the House of Representatives, upon the person of Mr. SUMNER in the Senate Chamber. It was the subject of indignant comment everywhere, and enlightened hundreds and thousands as to the true spirit of the slavery propagandists. The slavery propagandists are made. Everything they do weakens them and increases the bonds of union between their opponents. In their madness and folly they alienate and exasperate those who have striven to defend them, hastening on the day when every Free State man must feel that the slave oligarchy must be crushed or his own freedom must be given up. The slavery propagandists, in their madness, can do nothing which does not help to open the eyes of the people of the North to this inevitable fact, which they will soon be able to see and understand. When that day comes, the days of the slave oligarchy are numbered, and our government will once more become an instrument to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. The great danger now is that the people will not have their eyes opened until the dissolution of the Union has become inevitable, and but few more years of outrage and injustice like the past two or three will be sufficient for this. In Kansas, in Washington, everywhere, they exhibit the same insolence, the same intolerance, the same hatred of freedom, of courage, and manhood; everywhere they seek to trample the weak under foot. They cannot tolerate free speech anywhere, and would stifle it in Washington with the bludgeon and the bowie-knife, as they are now trying to stifle it in Kansas by massacre rapine and murder.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ Man does many things by calculation, or with indifference; the tender heart of woman, nothing but love; in her tears and her smiles, in her sorrows and in her joys, there is always love, and herein lies the magic of her omnipotence; it is like the warming rays of the sun—there is a hill of ice—winter has heaped it up, as if it were saying, Sun, I defy thee, upon my icy breast thy power will break, and thy very rays will freeze. What does the sun? It continues to shine; noiseless it shines on and shines on, and the ice hill melts away by drops.

☞ "I shall soon die, Cuffy—I must soon set out upon a long journey," said a planter to his old negro. "Berry well," replied Cuff, "I guess massa hab good goin', kase it be all way down hill."

Well Directed Satire.

One of the best satires that we have seen upon the late Washington homicide, is from the Providence *Journal*, which a friend has kindly loaned. The folly of members of Congress carrying deadly weapons without the privilege of using them at pleasure is well taken off. We commend the article to the attention of our readers:

We do not know how it strikes other people; but it seems to us that the Union is in danger. If it has come to this that a gentleman cannot shoot a waiter in his own hotel, it is time that the South was aroused to a sense of its danger and duty. Pistols and bowie knives are a southwestern institution, a democratic institution, and by the constitution all the people are put upon an equality in respect to their domestic institutions, at least in the Territories and in the District of Columbia. The right to bear arms is, in terms, granted by the fundamental law; now, what is the use of bearing arms, unless you can shoot somebody with them? To be carrying around a loaded pistol, concealed in the breast pocket, is, we admit, very chivalrous, but at the same time it is altogether useless. There is nothing practicable about it. It shows, indeed, that the wearer is a gentleman, high-minded, fearless, and, above all, that he belongs to the chivalry; but all this is quite as surely indicated by the free use of whisky and tobacco, and by the independent style of his profanity.—What would any one say of that freedom of the press which was restricted to the permission to erect a printing press, but did not allow the owner to print anything on it? (Of course this illustration does not apply to those cases where the well-being of society has demanded the destruction of a printing office that has been concerned in disseminating doctrines adverse to the introduction of slavery into the Territories.) Just as useless is the right to wear arms, unless the right to shoot somebody goes with it. And allowing that somebody must be shot as we think we have satisfactorily shown, what better selection could have been made than an unarmed Irish waiter? Suppose Mr. Herbert had shot at a gentleman; he might have been shot in return, or he