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. XXV.--NO. 2. BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1856. WHOLE NUMBER 1250.

Professional Cards.

GEO. HOLLAND & C. C. BINKLEY.—ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in Halle's Block West of Court House, Brookville, Ind.

J. B. DAVIS, M. D.,—PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office, opposite Tyner & Kimbe's store, on Main street, Brookville, Ind.

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

THOMAS J. WHITE,—NOTARY PUBLIC ..., Ind., will take depositions and acknowledgments, 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 north of the Tyner Store.

DR. J. W. KEELY,—SURGEON DENTIST BROOKVILLE, IND. All work warranted. No charge for examination or advice.
I have constantly on hand a supply of both Powder and Brushes. Also, Books and Stationary at the lowest retail prices for cash. Office one door North of the old Tyner Store June27

CYRUS KILGORE,—ATTORNEY AT LAW Brookville, Ind. Office, in the old County Office Buildings, on the Public Square 43—'53

Original and Selected Poetry.

For the Indiana American.

ON THE DEATH OF M. L. CHITWOOD.

She hath passed from earth to heaven,
As a beautiful, bright dream,
Scarce since she was to us given,
A brief moment doth it seem.
She was indeed, a frail, sweet, rose,
Whose leaves were scattered by the wind,
Transplanted, her pure spirit grows,
With him who never, never, sined.

She ever had a cheering word
For the victim of accursed rum,
In gentle tones her voice was heard,
Luring him to his wretched home;
Her words were healing balm,
To many a wounded heart,
And all our sorrows, would she calm,
E'ry she did from us part.

But she now is calmly, sleeping,
In her cold, and narrow bed,
Her stricken mother, now is weeping,
When sad thoughts, rises of the dead;
But we will meet her in heaven
On that bright, and sinless shore,
There, our love shall ne'r be riven,
We shall never, be parted more.

CEOLIA.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

BY ANNIETRIFLER.

The clouds move fast, the oak woods roar,—
The maiden sits on the green of the shore,
Where the billows break with might, with migg't.,
And she moans out in the gloomy night,
—Discolored with weeping her eye:

"The heart is dead, the world is drear,
And it gives no more the heart's desire!
O, Father, call home thy child to heaven!
I have tasted all unto mortals given;
I have lived—loved— now let me die!

"The course of tears doth flow in vain!
Lamenting wakes not the dead again!
Yet tell me if aught can console the heart,
When the pleasures of holy love depart?
—I'll not refuse of God relief,

"Let the tears in their vain course be shed!
And let my lament not wake the dead!
The sweetest joys for the broken heart,
When the sacred pleasures of love depart,
Are its own plaints and pains and grief."

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Oh! woman's heart is love's own soil,
And well the beauteous plant will thrive;
No pale exotic reared with toil,
And kept by constant care alive.
It is no bright ephemeral flower,
That lives but in the sunny ray,
The transient beauty of an hour,
That passeth with the beam away.

'Tis balsam all its balmy breath.
No subtle poison lurketh there;
It has no canker in its leaf,
But blooms forever sweet and fair,
It close clings when fortune flings
Her deadly sorrow on the gale;
And brightest glows 'mid scenes of woe,
When sickness, want and care assail.

Oh! then 'twill shine with light divine,
Throwing its balsam all around—
Its tender smile with grief beguile,
And heal or soften every wound.
Sorrow and pain assault in vain,
Chill penury and cold disdain—
For still 'twill bloom through thickest gloom,
Within the dungeon or the tomb.

When passion's blast hath o'er it passed,
And scattered all its bloom away,
Or some rude stroke its stems hath broke,
And trodden in the dust it lay—
You deem it dead, its spirit fled,
And mourn perhaps the peris'd flower;
But 'tis not death:—affection's breath
Can wake again each dormant power.
'Twill softly rise 'neath loving eyes,
And put its tender beauties forth
Again 'twill cling round that base thing
That crushed it in an hour of wrath.

All-suffering, all enduring spirit,
Thy gentleness and fortitude
Might well a brighter clime inherit
Than the cold world so bleak and rude.
But flower of love in woman's heart,
Immortal as the soul thou art,
And with that soul shalt arise,
Triumphant to thy native skies.

☞ R. B. Sheridan had a great distaste to anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas his son, Tom, had a liking for them. Tom, one day, tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of Necessity.

"Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference, without a motive of one kind or another?"

Sheridan, who foresaw what was coming, and did not relish it much, after a moment replied,

"Yes, certainly."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed."

"What! total, entire indifference—thorough indifference?"

"Yes—total, entire, thorough indifference!"

"Well, then, my dear father, do, pray, tell me what it is that you can do with such total, entire, complete indifference!"

"Why—listen to you—Tom," said Sheridan.

This rebuff, Tom said, so disconcerted him, that he never attempted wit with his father again.

☞ "What do you ask for that article?" inquired Obadiah of a young miss behind the counter.

"Fifteen shillings."

"Ain't you a little dear?"

"Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so."

THE MOTHER AND BOY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Tom let that alone!" exclaimed a mother, petulently, to a boy of seven years of age, who was playing with a tassel that hung from one of the window blinds to the imminent danger of its destruction.

The boy did not seem to hear, but kept on fingering the tassel.

"Let that be, I tell you! Must I speak a hundred times? Why don't you mind at once?"

The child slowly relinquished his hold on the tassel, and commenced running his hand up and down the Venetian blind.

"There! there! Do for gracious sake let them blinds alone. Go way from the window this moment and try and keep your hands off of things. I declare you are the most trying child I ever saw." Tom left the window and threw himself at full length into the cradle, where he commenced rocking himself with the force and rapidity that made everything crack again.

"Get out of the cradle! What do you mean? The child seems really possessed."

And the mother caught him by the arm and jerked him from the cradle.

Tom said nothing, but with the most imperturable air in the world, walked twice around the room, and then pushing a chair up before the dressing bureau, took therefrom a bottle of hair lustral, and pouring the palm of his little hand full of the liquid, commenced rubbing it upon his head. Twice had this operation been performed, and Tom was pulling open a drawer to get the hair brush, when the odor of the oily compound reached the nostrils of the lad's mother, who was sitting with her back toward him. Turning quickly, she saw what was going on.

"You!" fell angrily from her lips, as she dropped the baby in the cradle. "Isn't it too much?" she continued as she swept across the room to where Tom was standing before the bureau dressing-glass.

"There, sir," and the child's ears rang with the box he received.—"There, sir," and the box was repeated. "Havn't I told you a hundred times not to touch that hair oil? Just see what a spot of grease you've made on the carpet. Look at your hands!"

Tom looked at his hands, and seeing them full of oil, clapped them quickly down upon his jacket and tried to rub them clean.

"There! Stop! Mercy! Now you see your new jacket that you put on this morning. Grease from top to bottom! Isn't it too bad! I am in despair."

And the mother let her hands fall by her side, and her body drop into a chair.

"It's no us to try," she continued. "I'll give up. Just see that jacket! It's totally ruined. And that carpet, too. Was there ever such a trying boy. Go down stairs this instant, and tell Jane to come up here."

Tom had reason to know that his mother was not in a mood to be trifled with, so he went off briskly and called Jane, who was directed to get some fuller's earth and put upon the carpet where the oil had been spilt.

Not at all liking the atmosphere of his mother's room. Tom, being once in the kitchen, felt no inclination to return. His first work there, after delivering his message to Jane, was to commence turning the coffee mill.

"Tommy," said the cook, mildly, "you know I've told you that it was wrong to touch the coffee mill. See here, on the floor, where you scattered the coffee about, and now I must get a broom and sweep it up. If you do so, I can't let you come down here."

The boy stood up and looked at the cook, seriously, while she got the broom and swept up the dirt he made.

"It's all clean again now," said the cook, pleasantly. "And you won't do so any more, will you?"

"No, I won't touch the coffee mill." And as Tom said this, he sidled up the knife box that stood upon the dresser, and made a dive into it with his hand.

"Oh, no, no, no, Tommy! That won't do, either," said the cook.—"The knives have all been cleaned, and they are to go on the table to eat with."

"Then what can I play with, Margaret?" asked the child, as he left the dresser. "I want something to play with."

The cook thought a moment, and then went to a closet and brought out a basket filled with clothes pins. As she held them in her hand, she said, "Tommy, if you will be careful not to break any of these, nor scatter them about, you may have them to play with. But, remember, now, that as soon as you begin to throw them about the room, I will put them up again."

"Oh, no, I won't throw them about," said the little fellow, with brightening eyes, as he reached out for the basket of pins.

In a little while he had a circle formed on the table, which he called his fort; and inside of this he had men, cannon, sentry boxes, and other things that were suggested to his fancy.

"Where's Thomas," asked his mother, about the time he had become fairly interested in his fort.

"I left him down in the kitchen," said Jane.

"Go down and tell him to come up here instantly."

Down went Jane.

"Come right along up stairs to your mother," said she.

"No, I won't," replied the boy.

"Very well, Mister, you can do as you like; but your mother sent for you."

"Tell mother I am playing here so good. I am not in any mischief, am I, Margaret?"

"No, Tommy, but your mother has sent for you and you had better go."

"I don't want to."

"Just as you like," said Jane indifferently, as she left the kitchen and went up stairs.

"Where's Tommy?" was the question with which she was met on returning to the chamber.

"He won't come, ma'am."

"Go and tell him if he does not come to me instantly, I will put on his night clothes, and shut him up in the closet."

The threat of the closet was generally uttered ten times where it was executed once. It made but little impression upon the child, who was all absorbed in his fort.

Jane returned. In a few moments afterwards, the quick angry voice of the mother was heard ringing down the stairway.

"You, Tom! come up here this instant."

"I'm not troubling anything mother."

"Come up, I say."

"Margaret says I may play with the clothes pins. I'm only building a fort with them."

"Do you hear me?"

"Mother!"

"Tom, if you don't come to me in a moment, I'll almost skin you. Margaret take them clothes pins away.—Pretty plaything indeed, for you to give a boy like him. No wonder I have to get a dozen new ones every two or three months."

Margaret now spoke.

"Tommy, you must go to your mother."

She now took the clothes pins and commenced putting them into the basket where they belonged. Her words and action had a more instant effect than all the mother's storm of passion. The boy left the kitchen in tears, and went slowly up stairs.

"Why didn't you come when I told you? Say?"

The mother seized her little boy by the arms the moment he came within reach of her, and dragged rather than led him up stairs, uttering such exclamations as these by the way.

"I never saw such a child! You might as well talk to the wind! I'm in despair! I'll give up! Humph! Clothes pins, indeed! Pretty things to give a child! Everything goes to rack or ruin! There!

And as the last word was uttered, Tommy was thrust into his mother's room with a force that nearly threw him prostrate.

"Now take off them clothes, sir."

"What for, mother? I havn't done anything. I didn't hurt the clothes pins. Margaret said I might play with them."

"D'ye hear? Take off them clothes, I say."

"A word more, and I'll box your ears until they ring for a month.—Take off them clothes, I say. I'll teach you to come when I send for you. I'll let you know whether I am to be minded or not."

Tommy slowly disrobed himself, while his mother fretted to the point of resolution, eyed with unrelenting aspect. The jacket and trowsers were removed, and the night drawers ordered to be put on in their stead.—Tommy all the while protesting, tearfully, that he had done nothing.

"Will you hush?" was all the satisfaction he received for his protestations.

"Now, Jane, take him up stairs to bed. He's got to lie there all the afternoon."

It was then four, and the sun did not set until nearly eight o'clock.—Up stairs the poor child had to go, and then the mother had some quiet. Her babe slept soundly in the cradle, undisturbed by Tommy's racket, and she enjoyed a new novel to the extent of almost entirely forgetting her lonely boy shut up in the chamber above.

"Where's Tommy, said a friend who dropped in about six o'clock.

"In bed," said the mother with a sigh.

"What's the matter? Is he sick?"

"Oh, no. I almost wish he were."

"What a strange wish? Why do you wish so?"

"Oh, because he is like a little angel when he is sick—as good as he can be. Now, I had to send him to bed as a punishment for disobedience. He is a hard child to manage. I think I never saw one just like him. But you know obedience is everything. It is our duty to require a strict regard to this in our children."

"Certainly. If they do not obey their parents, as children, they will not obey the laws of men."

"That is precisely the view I take. And I make it a point to require implicit obedience in my boy. This is my duty as a parent. But it is hard work."

"It is doubtless. Still we must persevere, and in patience possessing our souls."

"To be patient with a boy like mine, is a hard task. Sometimes I feel as if I would go wild," said the mother.

"But under the influence of such a feeling," remarked the friend, "what we say makes but little or no impression. A calmly uttered word, in which there is an expression of interest in and sympathy for the child, does more than the sternest commands. This I have long since discovered. I never scold my children. Scolding does no good, but harm. My oldest boy is restless, excitable and impulsive. If I were not to provide him with the means of employing himself or in other ways interest him, his hands would be on everything in the house, and both he and I be made unhappy."

"But how can you interest him."

"In various ways. Sometimes I read to him, sometimes I set him to doing things by way of assisting me. I take him out when I can, and let him go with the girls when I send them on errands. I provide him with playthings that are suited to his age. In a word, I try to keep him in my mind; and, therefore, find it not very difficult so meet his varying states. I never thrust him aside, and say I am too busy to attend to him when he comes with a request. If I cannot grant it, I try and not say 'no,' for that word comes too coldly upon the eager desires of an ardent boy."

"But how can you help saying 'no,' if the request is one you can not grant?"

"Sometimes I ask if something else will not do as well. And sometimes I endeavor to create a new interest in his mind. There are various ways in which it may be done that readily suggest themselve to those desirous for the good of their children. It's affection that inspires thought. The love of children always brings a quick intelligence touching their good."

Much more was said not needful here to repeat. When the friend went away, Tommy's mother, whose heart convicted her of the wrong to her little boy, went up into the room where she had sent him to spend four or five lonely hours as a punishment for what was in reality her own faull, and not his.

Three hours of the weary time had already passed. She did not remember to have heard a sound from him since she drove him away with angry words. In fact, she had been too deeply engaged in the new book she was reading to have heard any note that was not of an extraordinary character.

At the door of the chamber she stood and listened for a moment. All was silent within. The mother's heart beat with a heavy motion. On entering, she found the order of the room undisturbed. Tommy was asleep on the bed. As the mother bent over him, she saw that tears were upon his cheeks and eyelids, and that the pillow was wet. A shocking sigh struggled up from her bosom. She felt a rebuking consciousness of having wronged her child. She tried to awaken him, but he only moaned and muttered. The excitement had bro't on a fever.

When the father came home and laid his hand upon the hot cheek of his sleeping boy, he uttered an exclamation of alarm, and started immediately for a physician. All night the wretched mother watched by the side of her sick child, unable from fear and self-reproaches to sleep. When the morning broke, and Thomas looked up into her face with a glance of affection, his fever was gone, and his pulse calm, the mother laid her cheek thankfully against that of her boy, and prayed to heaven for strength to bear with him, and wisdom to guide her feet aright; and as she did so, in the silence of her own overflowing heart, the lad threw his arms around her neck, and, kissing her, exclaimed—

"Mother, I do love you!"

That tears came gushing down the mother's face, is no cause of wonder, nor that she returned, half-wildly, the embrace and kiss of her child.

Let us hope that in her future conduct towards her restless boy she may be able to control herself; for then, she will not find it hard to bring him under subjection to what is right.

The Kansas Yankee's Ferry Ticket.

We are permitted to copy the following from a private letter just received by a gentleman of this city, from a brother in Kansas. The Yankee referred to is the right kind of a man to deal with the "Border ruffians" in Kansas.

You know the tests to which the Missourians subject all travelers who make their appearance at any of their ferries, and ask to be crossed into Kansas. Some days since, a slab-sided Yankee arrived at one of the Northern Missouri landings, with a long train of plunder of various sorts. By the way of testing him, the ferryman asked him what stock he had with him.

"Waal," said the Yankee, "I've got two horses, a yoke of oxen, and two *keows*."

"That's enough," said the ferryman; "you can't cross here."

"Why not?" inquired the Yankee.

The ferryman told him that his instructions were, not to cross anybody that could n't pronounce the word *cow*.

"But I said *keow*," persisted the Yankee.

"Well, you can't cross here," rather gruffly replied Charon.

"But I've got tickets entitling me to cross."

The ferryman replied, that he did not know of any body who had a right to sell him tickets.

"But I've got them, any way," said he.

"Let's see them."

Mr. Yankee stepped back a little, hauled out a revolver in each hand, crying,

"Them's the tickets, and I'm bound to cross, *keow* or no *keow!*"—*Marengo Jour.*

☞ A creditor, whom he was anxious to avoid, met Sheridan coming out of Pall Mall. There was no possibility of avoiding him, but he did not lose his presence of mind.

"That's a beautiful mare you are on," said Sheridan.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed! How does she trot?"

The creditor, highly flattered, put her into full trot. Sheridan bolted round the corner, and was out of sight in a moment.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

RELIGION ABROAD.

Spain and Portugal—What they have been, and what they have become—Alliance of Romanism in both Countries with Political Despotism—The Relation of the Spanish Church to the Political Parties—The Reign of Isabel II.—The supports of the Roman Church.

If the nations of Europe were to examine the disasterous influence which Rome has exercised on the development of their history, we think that Spain and Portugal would probably be foremost among the complainants. Three hundred years ago Spain was the leading monarchy of the world, and even Portugal displayed a power and an influence, the like of which hardly ever a state of its dimensions had exhibited before. They represented the European influence in Asia and Africa, and the newly discovered continent of America was divided between them. It appeared for a time as if the whole non-European world would be won through them for modern civilization, and, at the same time, for the Roman Church. But both began to decline with the Reformation of the sixteenth century. In order to secure the absolute power of the princes and ecclesiastical uniformity among the people, the whole peninsula was subjected to the unlimited sway of the Inquisition, which crushed there the beginnings of religious and social progress with greater cruelty than in other countries, and, unfortunately, also, with greater success. No other country has had princes which strove more zealously to maintain in their dominion the faith of Rome, and no other country has sunk more deeply. Spain no longer belongs to the great powers of Europe, among which Protestant England and Prussia have secured a place; Portugal, at present, hardly yields to any other European State in insignificance, and the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in America are still struggling for their very existence, while the younger English colonies, educated by Protestantism, have taken their place, as the United States of North America, among the great powers of the world.

The ecclesiastical as well as political history of both countries, during the last century, has been nearly the same. The Catholic clergy having closely allied itself with political despotism, every movement for political reforms has found itself in opposition to the Church. Liberal politicians, when at the helm of the State, must, for the sake of self-preservation, use all the means to break the influence of the Church, and, for the same reason, the Church endeavors with all her might, to suppress liberal constitutions, liberty of the press, liberty of conscience, and everything that can tend to educate the people for greater independence and social progress.

The Church of Spain suffered a severe blow by the exclusion of Don Carlos from the throne. This prince was the representative of those political principles to which the Spanish Church had always given her support and, moreover, believed to be sincerely attached to his faith. The majority of the clergy remained faithful to his cause, and showed itself always ready to plan new revolutions against the throne of Isabel II. Among all political parties of Spain, the Carlistic party, which is the weakest, and without any prospects of success, is the only one which is willing to maintain the prerogatives of the clergy unimpaired. Among the supporters of the present dynasty the Church had originally but a few friends. The conservative party did not repudiate an alliance with the Church, while by her aid it could hope to strengthen its power or to avert a common danger; but it readily sacrificed the ecclesiastical interests, whenever it thought it safe to do so. The constitutional party has always, when it has been in the ascendency, showed itself an unyielding enemy of Rome. The ministries belonging to this party have signalized their administratiom by suppressing convents, confiscating the property of the Church, exiling the bishops when they disobeyed the laws of the state, and emancipating the press and public schools from the rule of the clergy. All its leading statesmen, such as Espartero, O'Donnell, and Prim, agree fully on these points, however much their views on political questions may differ. The republican does, by no means, conceal in its papers the fact should it ever arrive at the helm of the state, it intends to use still more thorough measures for annihilating the influence of Rome in Spanish affairs.

The present queen, Isabel II., is one of the most devoted adherents of the pope on European thrones, although the Spanish clergy, more than any other class of her subjects, opposed the erection and continuance of her throne. She is resolved to attempt, by all means, the restoration of political despotism, and finds the aid of the priesthood indispensable for that purpose. Therefore, she concluded, in 1851, a concordant with Rome which prohibited within the boundares ot Spain every form of public worship, except the Roman Catholic, and subjected to the control of the bishops the whole system of public instruction. When afterwards compelled by a constitutional ministry to sanction several anti-church laws, the Catholic papers announced that the queen had yielded to the demands of her ministers very reluctantly, and with tears. While her ministry was warring with the clergy, she presented the pope with a very costly tiara, and assured him of her unwavering obedience to the Church. She insisted incessently, that the wishes of the bishops must be complied with; and at length, in October, 1856, when she thought the right time to have come, appointed a new ministry, under Narvaez, which commenced its career with the repeal of all laws which were obnoxious to the Church. The queen had repeatedly declared that after having in vain tried to break the power of the Cortes, and to re-establish an absolute form of government, by a ministry of lawyers and soldiers, she wished to try in this time by a ministry of bishops. The Archbishop of Toledo had been even thought of as prime minister. Her demands in favor of the clergy were so exorbitant, that even Narvaez shrunk from taking the responsibility for all of them. The common report in Madrid is, that she at present follows blindly the advice of a Father Sanz, whom she consults before every council of ministers.

As also the sister of the queen, the Duchess of Montpenser, shows the same amicable disposition for the Church, the Catholic party enjoys, for the present, the patronage of the whole dynasty. This circumstance, however, has considerably increased the hostile attitude of the constitutional and republican parties, and the Church may expect troublesome days, if a new revolution should place the reins of the goverement in the hands of either of these two parties. The great majority of the educated classes of Spanish society entertain either constitutional or republican sentiments. If the Cortes are chosen principally from their midst, they are sure to contain but a limited number of Ultramontane members. Thus in the legislature of 1854, on several test questions, the Catholic party could not poll more than 13 votes. But, unfortunately, the educated classes in Spain from a smaller fraction of the whole population than in most other countries. Some years ago, the number of persons who were able to read and to write, fell short of two millions, in a population of fourteen millions and a half, and eight thousand municipal communities were without a school. This ignorant mass of the lower people is entirely under the influence of the priests, and clings to the Roman faith with more than common fanaticism. In this respect Spain is a greater stronghold of Romanism than either Italy or France. There is still another advantage which the Spanish Church has over that of Italy. The female sex in all classes of society is fanatically under the influence of the confessional. When, last year, the Cortes declared by a great majority as a fundamental law of the country, that no Spaniard ought to be persecuted for his religious belief, many wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters of the liberal legislators subscribed a petition to the queen, to reject this principle of religious toleration.

Thus the hope of the Roman Church rests especially on the patronage of the court and high aristocracy, on the ignorance of the masses, and the attachment of Spanish women to the imposing ceremenies of the Church. Feeble as this foundation is, an intelligent priesthood might be able to build upon it a strong Catholic party in Spain. But the priesthood has degenerated with the people; they displayed much intolerance and fanaticism, but little activity. Religious life is here, as in Italy, in entire stagnation. Spain no longer occupies the place among Catholic nations which it held two hundred years ago Neither to Catholic literature, nor to the missionary cause, nor to the promotion of any other general interest of the Church, does it contribute its due share. It is an object of universal pity to the other Catholic countries. Thus have we given some glimpses at popery on the Spanish peninsula. The subject is extensive, but these matters of fact will, at least, indicate the present status of the question. The great and almost unmanageable evil at the foundation of all the difficulties of reform there as elsewhere in papal Europe, is the intellectual degradation of the massas; they are so low, so engrossed in the pageantry or pastimes of the Church, that far-reaching projects of reform cannot be appreciated by them. The work of the reformer is almost as hopeless as the attempt of medical skill to awaken to life and vigor the dead multitudes of a pest-house.—The corruption seems fatal; the national disease mortal, God alone can raise up the hosts, who lie prostrate in the great valley of dry bones where popery reigns in Southwestern Europe.

Kossuth—A Beautiful Thought.

There are some of the sayings of that wonderful man, Louis Kossuth, which, for rythm and poetic beauty, stand almost unrivaled in the English language. They breathe all the sense of inspiration in their measure, and when they have wandered down the dim way of ages, they will be read with the same soul stirring emotions by the generations then, as the sayings of those noble Greeks and Romans, which history has led by the hand so cherishedly from the equally dim past to us, are, by the generations now. As an instance of them, we cite but one, when, as it is asserted, he stood in the streets of Charleston, with his finger pointing to Bunker Hill Monument, he uttered:

"Silent, like the grave, and yet melodious like the song of the cherubim; senseless, cold, granite, yet warm with inspiration like a patriot's heart; immovable like the past, and yet stirring like the future, which never stops, it looks like a prophet and speaks like an oracle!"

Who is there that does not feel this is beautiful.

LIGHT SUMMER HATS.—The ladies of South America, during the hot weather of July, wear cabbage leaves for bonnets, trimmed with radishes.—What an extremely horticultural idea!

Interesting Debate in Congress.

The following is a brief synopsis of the debate in the House of Representatives, Wednesday, on the President's Message.

The House has been musical all day. Mr. Walker of Ala., who was entitled to the floor, was too ill to speak to-day, and gave notice that he would speak next Tuesday, on that portion of the Message relating to Central America.

Mr. Washburn of Me., got the floor, and made an able speech in exposition of the doctrine of the Message and in defense of the Republican party. He was interrogated by Mr. Smith of Va., to know if a new State should apply for admission into the Union with a Constitution asking the right to form her own institutions if she should have his vote.

Mr. Washburn.—When that question comes up, I shall meet it and vote as circumstances guide me. Now, I will ask the gentleman from Virginia a question: If Utah should apply for admission into the Union, with a constitution establishing polygamy, will she receive his vote? [Laughter.]

Mr. Smith—When the gentleman answers my question, I will reply to his. [Laughter]

Mr. Cobb of Ala., Good! That is Yankee eat Yankee! [Continued laughter]

Mr. Smith—I repeat the question.

Mr. Washburn—And I repeat mine [Roars of laughter]

Mr. Washburn proved that the President had made up a false record of history, and denounced him in telling terms. All heresies and sins of opinion, if not of practice, may be tolerable, tolerated and excused, if we may judge from the language an conduct of the President and his party, except the enourmous crime of loving Liberty and hating Slavery. This is the unpardonable sin which shall not be enduree neither under this Administration nor that which is to come.—Why, Sir, Old-Line Whigs—Whigs of the straightest sect—High-Tariff men, Bank men, and all those whom the Democracy for a quarter of a century have charged with being unpatriotic and dangerous men, unworthy of the confidence of the people, though they stand covered as with a garment by their unrepented sins, have but to bow the knee to the dragon of Slavery and worship it as the god of their political idolatry, and they are hailed as good members of the modern Democratic party, put forward to places of leadership, and nominated to important offices. Third-Degree Know Nothings, in all their foggery, fresh from their fulminations against the Pope, and hoarse with denouncing those who constitute, if not a majority, a very large proportion of the Democratic voters—I mean our adopted citizens—declare that the triumph of Freedom in a national election would be tantamount to a dissolution of the Union, and would justify it, and are joyfully received as the willing and welcome allies and loving coadjutators of the Sham Democracy, Nullifiers and Fire-Eaters, red with uncommon wrath—the men against whom Jackson thundered in 1832—no sooner pronounce Slavery a blessing, and the very corner stone of republican institutions, than they are made the oracles, law-givers, and platform-builders of the party. Is it not singular that all these outrages, aggressions, crimes and treasons, of which the President seriously complains, should be found only in the North—the land of Free Schools and a free Gospel—in which it is no offense to read the Bible to the poor and lowly? To adopt the President's style of argument, I would inquire, is it true that education leads only to error—is it true that the Christian religion is the nursing mother of every vice and every crime? And is it not shameful that these wanton slanders, these swashing and malignant diatribes against the North should come from one who was reared and nurtured in her bosom, and who, like the Cow-Boys of the Revolution, can find nothing good among his own people and nothing wrong among their opponents?

Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, followed. We parted here last Summer said he, in the midst of a contest upon this Slavery question. We have met again, just after the Presidential election, and almost while counting the regiments which have been cut down and the banners which have been demolished in the fight, we have, in both Houses, a discussion sprung upon us again. He disclaimed that the discussion was the result of any action of the South side of the House. He said it grew out of Mr. Whitefield's appearance as Delegate for Kansas, and defended Whitefield's right to a seat. He declined taking part in the discussion at this time, in the questions brought into the debate. He defended the right of a Southern man to hold property in man, and said it was as good as his right to any other property.

Mr. Washburn, of Maine—Does not the gentleman hold that South Carolinian has the right, under the Constitution, the supreme law of the land, to take his slave into the Territories? And how is it that supreme law of the land ceases to operate the very moment the people of a territory come to form a State Conistitution?

Mr. Keitt—I would ask the gentleman whether he could cease to hold his horse under the Constitution?

Mr. Washburn—Yes, if the local laws decided it was not property.

Mr. Keitt—Suppose there are no local laws there?

Mr. Washburn Then I suppose that what is regarded as property by the universal consent of the civilized world would be considered prima facie at least as property.

Mr. Keitt—I hold that the Government of the United States is the agent of the several States, and it is the bounded duty to that agent to protect the property of the citizens of all the States, each being entitled to define what is property within its own limits. He argued that the purpose of the Republican party was to obtain the power, and then to abolish slavery in all the States. He asked the gentleman from Maine, or "Member from Maine" as Mr. Keitt chose to call him if he would not altar the Constitution if he had the power, so as to abolish slavery?

Mr. Washburn—I will state that while I certainly would not object to such a change in the Constitution of the United States as should give a power to the Federal Government to do what Jefferson desired to have done, what Madison prayed to accomplish, what Gen. Scott wished to behold, to wit: the amelioration of the condition of the slaves, even to emancipation. I do not say that if the Government had that power, I should deem it wise or expedient or just to exercise it at this time or any time.

Mr. Giddings now to k the floor, which fact soon filled the galleries and crowded the lobbies, for the old war-horse seemed prepared for a gallant charge. He contended that one thing was established by our current historical history, that we are destined to continue the agitation of the great question which according to all past annals has agitated the North. The rights of man are still the themes of discussion. He showed that the Declaration of Independence was one of the rich fruits of the Revolution, and asked the member from South Carolina, Mr. Keitt, if he was prepared to stand by that instrument; but Mr. Giddings got no answer. The Republican party have responded to this question. They have reaffirmed the great truth written by the inspired pen of Jefferson, that "all men are by their Creator endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." These rights came not from Franklin Pierce, but from the Omnipotent Mind. He put the question to the member from South Carolina again, if he would stand by the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and getting no answer he said, "I ask any member of "the Democratic party, North or South, whether that party is ready to stand by these principles—I pause for an answer. I heard no reply. Sir, such is the response I always get to my well-defined interrogations. Men from the South unequivocally deny this truth. Men of that party in the North dare not speak in the affirmative.—There they sit. If they were to answer in the negative they would be cast off by there constituents; if in the affirmative, they will be repudiated by the South. Thus they vibrate between heaven "and hell." [Great Laughter]

He said the self-evident truth of the Declaration of Independence was pronounced, by a prominent Democrat in the other end of the Capital, to be a self-evident lie; and that the members of the Democratic party now tacitly sanction the correctness of that libel. He said Mr. Stephens of Georgia, had endeavored to show that Abraham was a slaveholder and dealer: the Bringham Young, with his retinue of three score wives, vindicated his doctrines by referring to Abrrham also. Both he and the gentleman from Ga., with great gusto, appealed to the civilized word, saying:—"Have we not Abraham to our father?" [Laughter] He showed that the Republican party were pledged to support the Constitution, He repudiated the lecture of the President on the Fugitive Slave Law, and said he should rather obey God. He has seen at one time nine fugitive slaves dining in his own house—fathers, mothers, husbands, wives and children—fleeing for their liberty, and in spite of the law he obeyed the divine mandate to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. He did both, and gave them money and sent them on their way rejoicing.—Was that treason?"

Mr. Bennett, of Miss., wanted to know if the gentleman would'nt have gone one step further.

"Yes," was the prompt reply of the gallant old man; "I would have driven their captor from my door-yard, if he had made his appearance."

The inquisitive Mr. Bennett pressed the matter still further, and asked if the gentleman would not have justified the taking of the fugitive by force in the first instance?

Mr. Giddings (walking indignantly out into the arena in front of the Speaker, in a voice of thunder, that made every member feel that he meant what he said) answered. "I would smite down the infamous slave-catcher if he crossed my path in pursuit of his traffic."

☞ At a distribution of prizes in a German village, a little girl, seven years old, whose parents had been turned out of their lodgings because they had failed to pay their rent, was asked by the rector—

"Have you studied sacred history, my child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the history of the creation?"

"I know that God made all,"

"Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Pradise?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then, fixing her eye on her examiner, replied:

"Probably they were turned out because they could not pay their rent."

☞ The same iron ore furnishes the world the plow-share, the pruning hook, the needle, the graving tool, the spring of a watch, the chisel, the chain, the anchor, the compass and the cannon-ball.

Fires.

This is the season of the year for fires, and every one owning or occupying a house should, at once, see that everything is made safe. A few dollars may save hundreds and perhaps thousands. Your neighbors who join you are also interested in your securing your premises, and after protecting their own, it is their duty to look after yours. Have your stovepipes and chimneys been thoroughly cleaned?—Are your stoves upon zink? Have you a non-conductor around your pipes where they pass wooden partition?—Are they secure at the joints where they enter the chimney? If yours are secure, are your neighbors' adjoining you? If not, you are liable to be burnt out before to-morrow morning. If your chimneys are foul, and too small to sweep, select a favorable time and burn them out, *before they burn you out* Where do you keep your ashes? in wooden boxes and about the house? we beg of you to quit it. We in Peru are wholly without protection against fires—we are without organizations. We have neither Engines, Buckets, Ladders, Hooks, or anything else to secure us! One careless man in Broadway—one stove insufficiently guarded, may burn the whole heart of the town; and who is prepared for such a stroke? Follow the three recommendations below, and you will sleep sound all winter:

1st. See that your own and your neighbors' premises are secured against fires. 2d. Organize an efficient fire police of some kind. 3d. Get your property insured in some reliable company.—*Peru Repub.*

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Rising Sun Insurance Company. Dr. Jno. W. Keeley is agent for this town and vicinity.

[From the London Times.

England will Oppose, by Force, the Revival of the Slave Trade.

* * * There is one question which must have occurred to these advocates of a revived Slave trade, and to which we would invite their serious attention. Have they made sure of the consent of England, in the event of their obtaining a majority in Congress to repeal the law of 1820? We have perceived no reference to this momentous question in the journals that have yet reached us, and we are not a little surprised at the omission. Can it be supposed for a moment that we should be indifferent to the matter?

Let not the men of the South deceive themselves on this point. England will never consent to a revival of the Slave trade. Her abhorrence of it remains unmitigated and unconquerable; she has pledged herself to its suppression by innumerable treaties; she has opposed it by active hostilities for fifty years, and she will not now abandon a policy which has, under the blessings of Providence, had the effect of extinguishing the traffic in every quarter excepting the colonies of Spain. We believe that France is equally in earnest in this matter. Let the men of Louisianna and Carolina consider those things. They may rely upon it, that in their efforts to revive the Slave trade, the opposition of the Northern States will not prove their only difficulty.

One of the Beaux.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* tells the following good story:

A young man from the town of S———, in Richland county, Ohio, lately visited Cleveland, accompanied by a fair damsel. The young man, never having been much from "hum," was somewhat unaccustomed to the "usages of the world." He put up at the Weddell, and ordered dinner; which, in due time being announced, the young gallant boldly walked into a sumptuous repast, leaving the young lady in the sitting room.

After partaking of a meal that 'astonished his stomach," he returned to his companion—who was rather surprised at this proceeding—and remarked—

"The dinner was darned good; why don't you buy some?"

The young lady was sixteen hours without anything to eat. The above is an actual fact, which we can vouch for.

A GOOD JOKE.—A good deal of merriment was created in the Senate on Thursday, by Mr. Hale, who exhibited a poster for one of the Democratic meetings in Pennsylvania during the campaign. It was a call for "the friends of Buchanan, Breckenridge and *Free Kansas*," and among other speakers announced the name of Senator Bigler. Mr. Bigler denied having spoken at the meeting; but it is well known that such language was used in calling many of the Democratic meetings, both in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The honesty of it is about on a par with that which in '44 inscribed on the Democratic banners. "Polk, Dallas and the Tariff,"

YANKEES NEVER LOSE A TRADE.—A gentleman once negotiating with a New Hampshire horse dealer for the purchase of a mare, could not agree by ten dollars. Next mornin , however, making up his mind to split the difference; he posted off to the stable, where the first person he met was the groom.

"Master up, Joe?" inquired the gentleman.

"No, master be dead," said Joe, "but he left word for you to have the mare."

☞ The following is about the vote of California at the Presidential election: Buchanan 60,000; Fillmore 35,000; Fremont 19,000.

The Democrats also have a majority in both Houses.