

The Democrat.  
Published every Thursday morning in the  
Masonic Hall, second story of the brick build-  
ing west of O. Venable & Co. corner Main  
Street, Bates, Mo., at the following rates:  
\$1.50 per annum, in advance.  
\$3.00 if not paid within the year, and  
\$2.00 after the year has expired.  
These rates will be rigidly enforced.  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are re-  
paid unless at the option of the publisher.  
No communication inserted, unless ac-  
companied by a responsible name.

# NATION DEMOCRAT

BY L. G. GOULD. "Fearless and Free."  
New Series. EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. AUG. 1856. Vol. 13, No. 7.  
\$1.50 per Annum in Advance.

### Rates of Advertising.

"square (of less) 3 insertions, \$1.00  
One " Each additional insertion, .25  
" " Three months, .75  
" " Six months, 1.25  
" " Twelve months, 2.00  
One fourth of a column per year, 15.00  
" half " " " " 18.00  
" column " " " " 30.00  
All over a square charged as two squares.  
Advertisements inserted till forbid a  
he expense of the advertiser. **JOB WORK**  
Executed at this office with neatness and dis-  
patch, at the lowest possible rates.

### Poetical.

#### IN THE MEADOWS.

BY BATAVIA TAYLOR.

He in the summer meadows,  
In the meadows all alone,  
With the infinite sky above,  
And the sun on his mid-day throne.

The smell of the flowering grasses  
In sweeter than any rose,  
And a million happy insects  
Sing in the warm repose.

The "warbler lark that is brooding,  
Feels the sunshine on her wings,  
And the deeps of the noon-day glitter  
With swarms of fairy things.

From the billowy green beneath me  
To the fatuous blue above,  
Features of God are happy  
A warmth of their summer love.

The bliss of nature  
Very vein,  
A light of summer  
Reason in heart and brain.

Deeper than any shadow  
In clouds unfurled,  
With arctic  
Is in the world!

And the sky may beam as ever,  
A cloud be curled,  
Airs be living odors,  
This is in the world.

Deeper of sunshine  
In the lot is hurried,  
There is in the summer meadow's,  
But death is in the world!

### Miscellaneous.

#### LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY MARY W. S. GIBSON.

No wooing had preceded the marriage. It was merely a *marriage de conscience*—both parties understood and regarded it so. It was not they that were married, but the broad lands and fertile estates of their parents. Strange that a man, and much more, any woman, should so farise an act! But Hugh Grandison, and would have loved his beautiful bride, had it not been for the stately coldness of her demeanor; he had been un-  
solicited by contact with the world, and longed for happiness and home. Alice Carlton cared little for either, and still less for him. In her first betrothal she had pledged her faith to one who left her for a time, and died in a far off land of gold—died before one word of mes-  
sage could be sent to her loved—died alone and among strangers, and was buried where her tears could never moisten the turf on his breast.

They told the tidings to Alice, little dreaming that the lovely adventurer had been brought to her. She was in her elegant home, sur-  
rounded by a brilliant circle of guests, while Hugh Grandison leaned over her chair, and bent his eyes upon her quietly face and form. She heard the speaker through; the rich color died slowly out of her cheeks, leaving her white and stern; her lips shut firmly as if they would repress a shriek of agony; her large dark eyes wandered around the group with a gaze of passionate despair. The wondering of all around recalled her to herself, and making a graceful apology for a moment's abstraction, she played her part so successfully, that no one guessed the secret she guarded with Spar-  
tan-like firmness.

Not until she was alone in her chamber, did the storm burst forth. She mourned as she had loved, most deeply and passionately, but to the world she seemed unmoved. A little cooler—a little lighter—a little more im-  
patient of outspoken admiration and love, she seemed, but feeling as a faithful wife, her ex-  
clusive circle, and none knew, or cared to know, that the heart beating within her breast was a heart of stone.

A year passed away. The father of Alice, seeing that she was in no way inclined to choose one from her many lovers, chose for her, and selected Hugh Grandison as his future son-in-law. The young man was only too eager and willing to accept the fair hand offered him, but when her father thought him for her as an acknowledged lover, she checked all his raptures, and said coldly—  
"Mr. Grandison let us have a perfect under-  
standing. I do not love you; I never shall love you—look of pain shot over her calm face as she suppressed the word "again." She paused for a moment, and then went on, with her cold dark eyes bent full upon his face.  
"But my father wishes us to marry, your parents wish it—yours and mine. But I beg you to understand distinctly that, while I give a wife's duty, you must never look for my love or blind submission. From the moment we leave the altar, our lives must be separate, though our home is one. On these conditions, and these only, I will give you my hand. Are they ac-  
cepted?"

The young man stood for a moment bewil-  
dered. There was no mistaking her words of manner. Those clear dark eyes, that scornful lip and haughty brow, assured him that she had spoken the truth, and no love was there; but he had long cherished a passion for her, and hoping that his fervent love would win some affection in return, when they were one in the eyes of the world, he clasped the small, fair hand in his, raised it to his lips, and an-  
swered—  
"Be it so," was her unmoved reply, and then she left him.

The engagement was soon made public, and all eyes were curiously scanning the happy pair. They could find no fault with the ill-  
concealed devotion of the lover; and the calm, unmoved way in which Alice received his at-  
tentions, or listened to his whispered words, was acknowledged to be the perfection of high breeding. "A Queen could not be more tranquilly self-possessed," was the general verdict, as all looked eagerly forward to the bridal.

It came one long, on a bright sunny spring day. The splendid parlor were filled with the fashionable friends of both, and a murmur of congratulation greeted the lovely bride as she turned from the altar with cheeks and lips as white as the snowy satin robes she wore. She received her first caresses as calmly as though she were but one of the glittering throng around her; and when all had wished her joy, she re-  
turned to her apartments, preserved an unbroken silence, while her dressing maid robbed her in her plain traveling dress, and joined the party once again, attired for her journey. Calmly

and coldly were all her farewells spoken; but when she came to her father, her forced com-  
posure gave way, and throwing her arms around his neck, she clung to him a moment in silent, tearful agony. It was her last dis-  
play of weakness. She heard his parting bless-  
ings, and sitting by the side of her husband  
was whirled rapidly away from the home of  
her childhood.

A month elapsed before the pair returned to  
occupy their elegant mansion, far "up town."  
But in that month a strange change had taken  
place in Grandison. He seemed restless, un-  
easy and agitated; he followed the stately  
movements of his wife with anxious eyes; he  
was unhappy in her society, and wretched  
when she was not near him; he was a little  
like the light-hearted bachelor his dearest  
friends had known, and all his former  
matrimony on the spot would be altered  
him so.

It was not long ere Madam Rumor reported  
the startling fact that the princely household  
was carried on upon the European plan, and  
the lady and gentlemen scented separate  
apartments, and only met at stated hours in  
the great drawing room below. Great was  
the wonder of the "upper ten"; many the sur-  
mises hazarded upon, but no one dared ques-  
tion the parties most deeply interested, and  
they held their peace. In public and in private  
Alice was uniformly kind and polite to her  
husband; but this was all, and the wondering  
city had an opportunity of witnessing that  
suddenly a man violently in love with his  
own wife, and seeking in vain to win her.  
I doubt if Alice saw the struggle in his mind.  
Her own feelings were benumbed—her own  
heart seemed cold and dead. Judging his na-  
ture by her own she deemed him satisfied  
with her rigid observance of all wife's propri-  
ety and dignity—it was all he required of her—  
she was true to the letter of her vow, and  
her spirit was at rest.

Two years had passed away. It was the  
anniversary of her wedding night, and Alice  
Grandison sat in her boudoir, robed for a party  
and only awaiting the arrival of her husband,  
who was to escort her. The years had changed  
her little. She was fair and proud as ever—  
her robe was of azure velvet—her cotillon of  
pearls and diamonds—her necklace, her brace-  
lets, and the single ring she wore, were fit  
ornaments for an Empress, and right well did  
she become them. She was alone, and touch-  
ing a secret spring in her private escritoire,  
she took from a small drawer two miniature  
cases in gold, and laid them side by side.

One was that of her dead lover; the other of  
her husband. Lending her head upon her  
hand, she gazed long and earnestly at the two,  
and as her dark eyes dimmed with tears, she  
could not but acknowledge the shadowy like-  
ness that existed between the loved and the  
loved. It was a faint and shadowy one,  
but still it was no fancy. A something on the  
lip, cheek and brow—the same careless ar-  
rangement of the waving hair—more than  
all, the same earnest, loving intensity of look  
and expression in the deep blue eyes. This  
never seen before, was what now claimed her  
attention to both.

The small pendule over the mantelpiece  
struck the hour of nine, and with a deep sigh  
she replaced the portrait in the drawer, and  
left the room. She rang, on reaching the  
drawing room, to ask for her husband. There  
was a bustle and the sound of many feet before  
the summons was answered, and then the ser-  
vant who entered looked pale and frightened.  
A strange, sickening sensation crept over her  
as she asked—  
"Where is your master?"

The servant hesitated, hesitated, and east  
strange looks towards the door. Dreading she  
knew not what she stepped into the hall, and  
looked down the wide stairs. Four men were  
ascending, bearing a motionless form between  
them. The long hair hanging down towards  
the floor, and from a wound in the forehead  
the dark red blood was flowing freely. They  
stopped short when they saw her awaiting  
them; they evidently dreaded the scene, but  
she was firm and calm, though heavy at heart  
by the thought, "If he is dead, how can I  
forgive myself for the unhappiness I have cause  
him!"

Obedient her calmly spoken orders they laid  
him down upon a sofa, in the splendid draw-  
ing room. He had been struck down, before  
his own dwelling, by a runaway horse, and  
the family physician, who was instantly sum-  
moned, gave little hopes for his recovery—  
the wretched wife sat close beside him while  
the anguish would be closed, his blood  
flowed unheeded over her rich attire, and one  
small white hand was crumpled, as it held his  
head; for the first time she laid her cheek  
to his, and called him by a thousand endearing  
names; for the first time she kissed him; she  
loved him came to bring her to-fold misery.  
The estrangement of years was forgotten; the  
stone was rolled away from the door of her  
heart, and his living waters gushed out once  
more. But he who would have perilled life  
and limb for one unloved mistress from her,  
now lay pale and still while she pressed him  
to her heart, and the love that he had sought  
in vain during life, seemed given only too late  
—only to waste itself upon a pallid corpse—  
a ghastly coffin and a lonely grave!

She watched beside him, day and night, in  
the chamber where he had spent so many  
happy hours. Into this room she had scarcely  
ever entered since he had installed her mistress  
of his household, and every where she saw such  
traces of his love for her, as pierced her very  
heart. In a small alcove beyond his bed, hung  
her portrait, the first and last thing he saw as  
he opened and closed his eyes. A small inlaid  
cabinet held the gifts she had bestowed upon  
him from time to time—a favorite book—a pic-  
ture—a truss of dark brown hair—withered but  
never worn—her compass gave way. Many  
things which she had given ceremoniously and  
lightly, which he had treasured as his choicest  
possessions.

The glitter of a golden chain upon his neck  
attracted her attention, as she bent above him  
one night. Softly she drew it forth, and gazed  
upon a splendid picture of herself, set in a  
small gold frame. She gazed in silence for a  
moment, but when upon the other side she no-  
ticed a ring—the wedding ring that she had  
never worn—her compass gave way. Pride  
bent left her heart, and love usurped its place.  
Sinking upon her knees by the bedside, while  
her tears fell fast upon the dear hand that lay  
feebly on the counterpane, she prayed as she  
had never prayed before, that God would spare  
his life, that she might atone for her sin by  
years of patient and enduring love.

Her prayer was heard, for God is merciful  
even when we sin most deeply. All night she  
watched beside him. With the early dawn  
the physician (now domesticated in the house),  
entered the room. He held the shrunken hand  
in his for a moment, gave a searching glance  
into the marble like face, and turning to her,  
said briefly—  
"Your care has saved him, he will live!"

Late in the afternoon of that day Alice sat

beside his bed, waiting for the long deep slum-  
ber to be broken, that she might see those blue  
eyes look up at her once again. She was  
dressed as for a bride, in a robe of pearly sat-  
in, with no ornaments save a single white rose  
in her dark hair, and another on her breast—  
The color deepened in her cheeks as the event-  
ful hour drew near; her fine eyes glowed and  
sparkled with the love so long imprisoned, and  
so suddenly set free.

The golden hands of her watch pointed to  
the hour of seven, when the sleeper moved  
slightly, drew a long sigh, and opened his eyes.  
She bent above him with a beating heart; his  
gaze wandered anxiously about the room, first  
upon her—kissed, and he tried to smile—  
Very gently she passed her arms beneath his  
aching head, and drew it towards her till it  
rested upon her breast; very gently her warm  
lips fell upon his brow; very gently the tears,  
which she could not quite repress, fell upon his  
washed cheek.

He looked up in a strange, joyful surprise,  
and asked faintly—  
"Alice, what does this mean?"  
"It means that you must live to forgive me!"  
she sobbed. "That I love you with my whole  
heart, and none but you! Do not send me  
away, my husband!"  
Ah, his tears were falling now! Too weak  
to feel astonishment, he could only thank God  
silently. He drew her feebly to his breast,  
and whispered—  
"My wife! God bless you! Life is worth the  
living now!"

The lips met in a long, long kiss of recon-  
ciliation and forgiveness. All was silent in  
the chamber; for happiness like this there is  
no language.

### COUNT THEM.

Count them! Why count the mercies which  
have been quietly falling in your path through  
every period of your history. Dawn they come  
every morning and every evening, un-  
sought, messengers from the Father of lights, to  
tell of your best friend in Heaven. Have you  
lived these years, wasting mercies, trampling  
them beneath your feet, consuming them every  
day, and never yet realize from whence they  
came? If you have, Heaven pity you.

You have murmured under affliction but  
who has heard you rejoice over blessings?—  
Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the  
sunbeam, the rain drop, the star of the queen  
of the night. What is life but a mercy?—  
What is health, strength, friendship, social  
life, the gospel of Christ divine worship? Had  
they the power of speech, each would say: "I  
am a mercy." Perhaps you never regard them  
as such. If not you have been a dull student  
of nature or revelation.

What is the propriety of stopping to play with  
a thorn bush when you may just as well pluck  
sweet flowers, and eat pleasant fruits?

Yet we have seen enough of men to know  
that they have a morbid appetite for thorns—  
if they have lost a friend, they will murmur at  
the loss, if God has given them a score of new  
ones. And sometimes, everything seems a  
value when it is gone, which man would not  
acknowledge when he had it in possession,  
unless, indeed, some one wished to purchase it.

Happily he who looks at the bright side of  
life, of providence, and of revelation. Who  
sees thorns, thistles and sloughs, until his  
Christian faith is such that if he cannot im-  
prove them, he may pass among them without  
injury. Count mercies before you complain  
of afflictions.—*Religious Telescope.*

### The Two Tailors.

"I take my coat into Littlejohn's; in two  
hours it is mended, and very likely Littlejohn  
himself will bring it home. I took my vest  
two weeks ago to Brown's, to have a few re-  
pairs made; Saturday night it was not done,  
though he had had the whole week to do it in.  
I sent again the next Saturday night. Well,  
really, it had somehow escaped him," he said.  
Now, which of these two men will probably  
succeed in business? Littlejohn is already a  
rich man," said the gentleman. "Brown has  
failed three times; he is poor now, and always  
will be. Doing, not delaying, must be a busi-  
ness man's motto." In other words, for the  
Scriptures are remarkable for practical wis-  
dom. "Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do  
it with thy might."

The editor of a New York paper, while  
recently confined to his bed by severe illness,  
wrote to his assistant as follows:  
"They say I am better to day. I suppose I  
suffer more now from externals than from in-  
ternals; with the calls at night, and in the  
day a young lady at the next door, who is try-  
ing her prettiness to be a prima donna. It is  
hard to say when I shall be released from this  
bed. Please send me one of Sharp's rifles,  
that I may silence the feigning ruffians on the  
shed, and send also, a shiloh young man,  
with long light hair, a smooth face, and draw-  
ing voice, to quiet the musical prodigy in  
embryo."

A little Galveston boy only eight years  
old, now on a visit abroad, and writing home  
to his mother, says, "I have just received a  
letter that I wrote it anyhow, for I want him to  
know that I love my promise."

This is like Pat, who, writing to his better  
half, said:  
"When you call at the post for this, if the  
postmaster tells you it is not there, tell him  
he lies, the bastie, for sure, Biddy, be I not  
writing at this present moment intirely?"

"Pat! said a gentleman to his Hibernian  
fellow, "did you ever present that bill I  
gave you for payment?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"And what was the gentleman's answer?"  
"Evasive, sir."  
"Evasive? How so?"  
"Why, sir, he said he'd be hanged if he'd  
pay it!"

A drunken fellow having sold all his  
goods to maintain himself at his glass, except  
his bed, at last made way with that too. Being  
reproved by some of his friends he said: "I  
am very well thank God, and why should I  
keep my bed?"

When the widow of Wisacre surveyed  
the funeral pomp which escorted her dear de-  
parted to the grave, she said, "Ah, how de-  
lighted my poor husband would be to see thus,  
he was always so fond of ceremony!"

Sweedlepicks thinks that instead of  
giving credit to whom credit is due the cash  
had better be paid. Sweedlepicks should not  
be impertinent.

A border at one of the hotels was re-  
cently observed to shed tears when the check  
was presented. Upon being asked the cause of his  
agitation, he replied "that there is a very  
swearing night."

"You lie!" as the man said when he  
knocked the other down.

### Political Reading.

December 11, 1855.  
Sheriff Jones received an anonymous letter  
through the postoffice at Lawrence, warning  
him that, should he serve another legal process  
in said town, he would sign his own death  
warrant. This anonymous letter purported to  
come from "The Secret Twelve."  
December 15, 1855.  
An election, held by order of the Big Springs  
Executive Committee, to pass upon the constitu-  
tion adopted by the bogus convention at To-  
peka, which received less than one thousand  
votes, all told, in the whole Territory.  
January, 1856.  
Another pretended election held by order of  
J. H. Lane, chairman of a so-called Executive  
Committee for members of the Legislature of  
the bogus State of Kansas, and for a Governor,  
Treasurer, Secretary of State, and Supreme  
Court Judges and other officers.  
February, 1856.  
A Mr. Cook, very worthy citizen, residing  
near Easton, Leavenworth County, was mur-  
dered by a party of outlaws, calling themselves  
"Free State men."  
March 4, 1856.  
The said bogus Legislature, Governor, and  
other State officers, met at Topeka, and were  
all sworn into office by J. H. Lane, chairman  
of the aforesaid Executive Committee.  
The bogus Governor sent into the pretended  
Legislature a very inflammatory document,  
called a message, and began to exercise the  
functions of Governor.  
April, 1856.  
The outlaws held a meeting at Ossawatimie,  
at which they passed resolutions not to  
submit to the Territorial laws, and pledged  
themselves to resist them even though they  
had to do so by force, and warned the County  
Commissioners not to attempt to make assess-  
ments, asserting that they would do so at  
their own peril.  
April 11, 1856.  
S. N. Wood returns from his pilgrimage to  
Ohio with one hundred and fifty armed men  
who are welcomed in Lawrence by public  
speakers and other demonstrations, and even  
exhorted by A. H. Reeder to resist the laws.  
April 19, 1856.  
Sheriff Jones, hearing of the arrival of S. N.  
Wood at Lawrence, proceeds, as he was in  
doubt, to arrest him, there being four or  
five writs out against him for various offences.  
He finds him in Lawrence, and at once arrests  
him, but he is immediately rescued by an armed  
mob, and the authority of law again openly set  
at defiance.  
April 20, 1856.  
Sheriff Jones returns to Lawrence with a  
civil posse of four men, but is again resisted,  
and the law is defied by the mob calling them-  
selves citizens of the town.  
April 22, 1856.  
Sheriff Jones proceeded to Lawrence with a  
small posse of United States troops, and suc-  
ceeded in making several arrests, but when night  
came on was shot in the back by a hired  
murderer of the New England Emigrant Aid  
Society while sitting in the tent of Lieutenant  
Melmoth of the United States Army, and thus  
received a wound deemed at the time mortal.  
May, 1856.  
A band of the outlaws, about fifty in number,  
armed with Sharp's rifles, enters the Court-  
room, while Judge Cato was holding Court, at  
his May term, in the Second Judicial District,  
and forcibly broke up the Court—at the same  
time warning the Judge against attempting to  
enforce any of the Territorial laws.  
May 6, 1856.  
The United States Deputy Marshal of the  
Territory serves a bench warrant, issued by  
Judge Lecompte, of the First District Court,  
for A. H. Reeder, who spurned the authority  
of the court and boldly defied the Marshal to  
take him to his penitentiary, for which he was  
checked by all the citizens of Lawrence present,  
amounting to an immense throng.  
May 24, 1856.  
Allen Wilkinson, of Franklin County, was  
most inhumanly butchered by a body of mid-  
night assassins, who entered his house be-  
tween the hours of twelve and one o'clock  
at night, and, approaching his bedside, told  
him he was a "prisoner of the Northern Legion,"  
at the same time tearing him away from the  
embrace of his wife, who begged upon humbled  
knees, with tears in her eyes, the brutes to  
spare her husband for the sake of her helpless  
children—three in number—but turning a deaf  
ear to her entreaties and the common dictates  
of humanity, the brutes took him a short  
distance and literally chopped him to pieces with  
their Bowie knives, for no other offence than  
that he was an old resident of the Territory,  
familiar with the incidents attending the elec-  
tions in the Territory, and would likely be  
called upon by General Whitfield to testify  
before the Congressional investigating Com-  
mittee, and therefore must be murdered.  
On the same night William Sherman and  
Mr. Boyle and his two sons were massacred in  
the same manner by the same assassins, for  
the same reasons—their bodies being most  
horribly mutilated, the ears, nose and fingers  
being cut off before they were killed.  
May 25 and 26 1856.  
The store of Joseph M. Bernard, at Willow  
Springs, in Douglas County, violently entered  
and robbed of \$5,000 worth of goods by a party  
of these self-same outlaws, who, dressed in  
the garb of Indians, committed these depreda-  
tions.  
May, 1856.  
The postoffice in Douglas County, at Keese-  
ville, entered and robbed by a party of these  
same outlaws and assassins, who forcibly ex-  
pelled from the premises the postmaster.  
June 15, 1856.  
Mr. Bowen, one of the oldest citizens of  
Douglas County, was attacked in his house at  
midnight and compelled to leave the Territory  
with his slaves, under penalty of death, the  
assassins robbing the house of whatever was  
valuable in it.  
June 15, 1856.  
Deputy Sheriff Haney, of Lawrence, attacked  
in his own house at night by an armed body  
of midnight assassins, who failing to kill him,  
renewed the attack on the following night by  
breaking open his door and firing at his bed,  
but he, fortunately, was lying on the floor un-  
observed; and quietly drawing his pistol, shot  
the ringleader of the gang, a man by the name  
of Hopkins, well known in Lawrence, when  
his assistant, a crime died. The next morn-  
ing eleven shots were found in the bed of Mr.  
Haney.  
June, 1856.  
A company organized in Lawrence for the

for the emergency, and for a short time peace  
and quiet prevailed.  
December 11, 1855.  
Sheriff Jones received an anonymous letter  
through the postoffice at Lawrence, warning  
him that, should he serve another legal process  
in said town, he would sign his own death  
warrant. This anonymous letter purported to  
come from "The Secret Twelve."  
December 15, 1855.  
An election, held by order of the Big Springs  
Executive Committee, to pass upon the constitu-  
tion adopted by the bogus convention at To-  
peka, which received less than one thousand  
votes, all told, in the whole Territory.  
January, 1856.  
Another pretended election held by order of  
J. H. Lane, chairman of a so-called Executive  
Committee for members of the Legislature of  
the bogus State of Kansas, and for a Governor,  
Treasurer, Secretary of State, and Supreme  
Court Judges and other officers.  
February, 1856.  
A Mr. Cook, very worthy citizen, residing  
near Easton, Leavenworth County, was mur-  
dered by a party of outlaws, calling themselves  
"Free State men."  
March 4, 1856.  
The said bogus Legislature, Governor, and  
other State officers, met at Topeka, and were  
all sworn into office by J. H. Lane, chairman  
of the aforesaid Executive Committee.  
The bogus Governor sent into the pretended  
Legislature a very inflammatory document,  
called a message, and began to exercise the  
functions of Governor.  
April, 1856.  
The outlaws held a meeting at Ossawatimie,  
at which they passed resolutions not to  
submit to the Territorial laws, and pledged  
themselves to resist them even though they  
had to do so by force, and warned the County  
Commissioners not to attempt to make assess-  
ments, asserting that they would do so at  
their own peril.  
April 11, 1856.  
S. N. Wood returns from his pilgrimage to  
Ohio with one hundred and fifty armed men  
who are welcomed in Lawrence by public  
speakers and other demonstrations, and even  
exhorted by A. H. Reeder to resist the laws.  
April 19, 1856.  
Sheriff Jones, hearing of the arrival of S. N.  
Wood at Lawrence, proceeds, as he was in  
doubt, to arrest him, there being four or  
five writs out against him for various offences.  
He finds him in Lawrence, and at once arrests  
him, but he is immediately rescued by an armed  
mob, and the authority of law again openly set  
at defiance.  
April 20, 1856.  
Sheriff Jones returns to Lawrence with a  
civil posse of four men, but is again resisted,  
and the law is defied by the mob calling them-  
selves citizens of the town.  
April 22, 1856.  
Sheriff Jones proceeded to Lawrence with a  
small posse of United States troops, and suc-  
ceeded in making several arrests, but when night  
came on was shot in the back by a hired  
murderer of the New England Emigrant Aid  
Society while sitting in the tent of Lieutenant  
Melmoth of the United States Army, and thus  
received a wound deemed at the time mortal.  
May, 1856.  
A band of the outlaws, about fifty in number,  
armed with Sharp's rifles, enters the Court-  
room, while Judge Cato was holding Court, at  
his May term, in the Second Judicial District,  
and forcibly broke up the Court—at the same  
time warning the Judge against attempting to  
enforce any of the Territorial laws.  
May 6, 1856.  
The United States Deputy Marshal of the  
Territory serves a bench warrant, issued by  
Judge Lecompte, of the First District Court,  
for A. H. Reeder, who spurned the authority  
of the court and boldly defied the Marshal to  
take him to his penitentiary, for which he was  
checked by all the citizens of Lawrence present,  
amounting to an immense throng.  
May 24, 1856.  
Allen Wilkinson, of Franklin County, was  
most inhumanly butchered by a body of mid-  
night assassins, who entered his house be-  
tween the hours of twelve and one o'clock  
at night, and, approaching his bedside, told  
him he was a "prisoner of the Northern Legion,"  
at the same time tearing him away from the  
embrace of his wife, who begged upon humbled  
knees, with tears in her eyes, the brutes to  
spare her husband for the sake of her helpless  
children—three in number—but turning a deaf  
ear to her entreaties and the common dictates  
of humanity, the brutes took him a short  
distance and literally chopped him to pieces with  
their Bowie knives, for no other offence than  
that he was an old resident of the Territory,  
familiar with the incidents attending the elec-  
tions in the Territory, and would likely be  
called upon by General Whitfield to testify  
before the Congressional investigating Com-  
mittee, and therefore must be murdered.  
On the same night William Sherman and  
Mr. Boyle and his two sons were massacred in  
the same manner by the same assassins, for  
the same reasons—their bodies being most  
horribly mutilated, the ears, nose and fingers  
being cut off before they were killed.  
May 25 and 26 1856.  
The store of Joseph M. Bernard, at Willow  
Springs, in Douglas County, violently entered  
and robbed of \$5,000 worth of goods by a party  
of these self-same outlaws, who, dressed in  
the garb of Indians, committed these depreda-  
tions.  
May, 1856.  
The postoffice in Douglas County, at Keese-  
ville, entered and robbed by a party of these  
same outlaws and assassins, who forcibly ex-  
pelled from the premises the postmaster.  
June 15, 1856.  
Mr. Bowen, one of the oldest citizens of  
Douglas County, was attacked in his house at  
midnight and compelled to leave the Territory  
with his slaves, under penalty of death, the  
assassins robbing the house of whatever was  
valuable in it.  
June 15, 1856.  
Deputy Sheriff Haney, of Lawrence, attacked  
in his own house at night by an armed body  
of midnight assassins, who failing to kill him,  
renewed the attack on the following night by  
breaking open his door and firing at his bed,  
but he, fortunately, was lying on the floor un-  
observed; and quietly drawing his pistol, shot  
the ringleader of the gang, a man by the name  
of Hopkins, well known in Lawrence, when  
his assistant, a crime died. The next morn-  
ing eleven shots were found in the bed of Mr.  
Haney.  
June, 1856.  
A company organized in Lawrence for the

### Why he Supports Buchanan.

The editor of the Lancaster American Press  
(a paper which until recently was opposed to  
the Democratic party), gives the following  
reasons why he will support Mr. Buchanan:  
"Because he is our neighbor and friend,  
and because he has done more for the poor of this  
city than all his predecessors put together."  
"Because he is a statesman of the first or-  
der of intellect, and is vastly the superior, in  
every respect, of all his competitors."  
"Because he is an honest man, and will  
administer the government honestly and faith-  
fully."  
"Because he will be the president, not of a  
faction or section of the Union, but of the  
whole American people—and will know no  
South, no North, no East, no West—but will  
treat alike, fairly and impartially, in the true  
spirit of the Constitution."  
"Because we know him, and can truly say  
that he is of the purest, as he is one of the  
ablest, statesmen now living."  
"For these and other reasons, which we  
might give had we the room, we prefer James  
Buchanan for the Presidency, and shall do  
what we can to promote his election."

### Refuse to go for Fremont.

Amos A. Lawrence, one of the "solid men  
of Boston" who was placed on the Free-  
mason ticket, declines to allow such use of  
his name, and announces further that he will  
not support Fremont.  
Judge McLean, it is said by the Baltimore  
American, has avowed his intention to sup-  
port Fillmore instead of Fremont. There is  
probably no doubt of this, as Judge McLean  
was shoved aside by the Philadelphia Con-  
vention.  
The Cincinnati Enquirer published the other  
day a letter from James B. Clay, of Ashland,  
the son of Henry Clay, announcing his deter-  
mination to vote for James Buchanan.  
The son of another Whig Patriot and States-  
man General Harrison, also announces that  
he will not support Fremont, and that he will  
vote for Buchanan and Breckinridge. Wm.  
H. H. Taylor and Thornton, sons-in-laws of  
the hero of Tippecanoe announce a similar  
purpose.  
The son and immediate personal friends of  
the lamented Daniel Webster give their sup-  
port to Buchanan and Breckinridge.

### Aburdities of the "Black Republicans."

To claim to be a republican party—and  
then to call a convention to nominate a candi-  
date for the presidency, representing on 16  
states out of 31 which comprise the REPUBLIC!  
To claim to be an anti-slavery party—and  
then to select a slaveholder as a candidate for  
the presidency!  
To claim to be a party in favor of freedom  
in favor of the blacks—then propose to en-  
slave the whites who emigrate to Kansas!  
To endorse Sumner's abuse of South Caro-  
lina and of South Carolina men—and then se-  
lect one from that State to be their standard  
bearer!  
To abuse the administration of President  
Pierce, and to characterize the measures of  
the democratic party as absolutely wicked and  
even infernal—and not to propose the repeal  
of a single enactment of which they complain!  
JACKSON.

Jimina says she loves turnips. Jimina  
is enthusiastic. We shall soon hear of her  
adoring carrots, worshipping beets, going into  
ecstasies over onions, and bending into im-  
passioned devotion, at the shrine of early pota-  
toes.  
Girls never run away from your parents  
till you are sure the young gentleman you  
elope with don't intend to run away from you.  
This advice is worth a year's subscription, but  
we give it gratis.  
A Michigan paper, commenting on the  
remarks of a coeditor, that "the show in  
his vicinity was two feet deep," says that "it  
was two inches deep here."  
Lady (in fashionable dress)—"Little boy,  
can I go through this gate to the river?" Boy  
—"Perhaps. A load of hay went through this  
morning."  
Printers are like patient wives with dis-  
sipated husbands—they are used to "setting  
up."  
"A regular fly press" as the sugar re-  
marker when a thousand flies lit on it.  
Why are energetic men like emetics?—  
Because you can't keep them down.  
The natives in Africa call a rocking-chair  
"massary house."