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NUMBER I.

The Lower Sandusky Freeman.

BY J. S. FOUKE.

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Poetry.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

A SONG—BY C. D. STUART.
How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moistening tear drops call:
O, if they knew, who walk the earth
Mid sorrow grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
T'were Paradise again.

The weakest, and the poorest, may
This simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live;
O, what is life if love be lost?
If man's unkind to man—
Or what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief but mortal span?

A stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Betray their source divine:
O, then, be kind, whoever thou art
That breathe'st mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all the life,
And sweeten every death.

Miscellaneous.

FLOWERS IN HEAVEN

"Where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and reap no more?"
Mrs. HENRY.
I sat alone in my school-room. The busy beings who had been about me all the day, had taken their dinner baskets on their arms, and trudged off over the hill, in the path which led to their several homes.

My desk was strewn over with withered wild flowers. Some were offerings of infantile hands, while others had been brought in by the botanical class. I had dwelt for a longer time that night than I was wont upon the beauty of the vegetable world, and the goodness and wisdom of its Creator. I spread before me the beautifully tinted corolla of the field lily, and showed them its thread-like stamens with golden anthers, and its curious petals. From another wild flower, I drew the delicate and nicely notched calyx, and explained to them its various uses, and asked if man, with all his boasted powers, had ever planned or executed anything one half as lovely.

I turned over the pages of God's holy word, and read a description of the riches of Solomon, "and yet," I continued, "in all his glory he was not arrayed like one of these." If it is out of our power to make anything as beautiful as the little flower which we crush under our feet at almost every step, should we not be humble?

A breathless interest pervaded the little group, and their voices were more subdued than usual, when they came to which was "good night." After the echo of their footsteps had died away, and the room had become silent, I opened a book and began to read. Soon my attention was attracted by a quick light step, and a little girl of five summers slid in beside me. Her little, pale, sweet face was turned up toward me, while her sun-bonnet had fallen back, losing the dark brown curls which strayed in rich profusion around her face and neck.

"I thought Frances had gone home?" said I, as I lifted her to a seat beside me. "Is she not afraid her mother will be anxious about her?"
"I thought Miss Barber would tell me more about God, and the beautiful flowers," she replied, "and I have come back to hear."

She had gathered a bunch of buttercups, and I took them from her little hand, and told her again of their curious structure. I spoke to her of that most beautiful of God's creation, the moss rose, and said that He had placed the Magnolia Grandiflora upon the earth, to render it more lovely—more like heaven.

She caught the idea with enthusiasm. "Will there be flowers in heaven she asked?" she asked.
"There will be every thing bright and beautiful there," I replied, "and if flowers can add anything to the beauty of the golden courts, we shall surely find them there."

"O," said she, "I hope the angels will wear wreaths of them; I am sure I shall love better to look upon them and to hear them sing!"
These were among her last words as I parted from her that evening. The next day, Frances was not in her seat. I enquired for her and they told me she was not well. I never saw her again. A few days after, her coffin passed my window, covered with a black pall, and followed by a train of mourners. I watched them until they disappeared in the circuitous road that led to the village grave-yard, and then I turned with a sigh, and said—
"Yea, Frances, there are flowers in heaven, for you are there."

"Put that right back where you took it from," as the girl said when her lover snatched a kiss.

WEBSTER'S EULOGY ON MASON.

Among the truly great men of New England, was Jeremiah Mason, a distinguished lawyer and politician who after a long course of honor and usefulness, died in Boston, on the 14th of October last. At the opening of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, on the 14th of November last, Mr. Webster presented to the Court resolutions of the Bar, on the occasion of Mr. Mason's death, and proceeded to pronounce upon his deceased friend a eulogy, that in simplicity, impressive dignity, and true eloquence, has rarely been equalled by any similar effort. It was, we remember, warmly commended at the time, but we have never seen it in print until now. It was published in the Boston Advertiser, of last week. The following extract is very fine. After rapidly sketching the principal events in Mr. Mason's life, and dwelling upon his political eminence and professional fame and character, Mr. Webster said:—

Nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth. They remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to itself. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life, it points to another world. Political or professional fame cannot last forever, but a conscience void of offence before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary, an indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the scriptures describe—in terse but terrific manner—as "living without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being; out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far away from the purposes of his creation.

A mind like Mr. Mason's, active, thoughtful, penetrating, sedate, could not but meditate deeply on the condition of man below and feel its responsibilities. He could not look on this wondrous frame—

"This universal frame thus wondrous fair,"

without feeling that it was created and upheld by an intelligence to which all other intelligence must be responsible. I am bound to say that in the course of my life I never met with an individual, in any profession or condition of life, who always spoke and always thought with such awful reverence of the power and presence of God. No irreverence, no lightness, even no too familiar allusion to God and his attributes ever escaped his lips. The very notion of a supreme being was within him made up of awe and solemnity. It filled the whole of his great mind with the strongest emotions. A man, like him, with all his proper sentiment and sensibilities alive in him, must, in this state of existence, have something to believe and something to hope for; or else as life is advancing to its close and parting, all is heart sinking and oppression. Depend upon it—whatever else may be the mind of an old man—old age is only really happy when, on feeling the enjoyments of this world pass away, it begins to lay a stronger hold on those of another.

Mr. Mason's religious sentiments and feelings were the crowning glories of his character. One with the strongest motives to love and venerate him, and the best means of knowledge, says:

"So far as my memory extends, he always showed a deep conviction of the Divine author of the Holy Scriptures, of the value of the institutions of Christianity, and of the importance of personal religion. But he did not, until his residence in Boston, make any public religious profession. He then very soon entered the communion of the church, and has continued since regularly to receive the Lord's Supper. From that time he has also habitually maintained domestic worship, morning and evening. The death of his sons produced a deep impression upon his mind, and directed it to an increased degree to religious things.

"Though he was always reserved in expressing religious feeling, still it has been very apparent for several years past, that his thoughts dwelt much upon his practical religious duties, and especially upon preparation for another world. Within three or four years he frequently led the conversation to such subjects, and during the year past, immediately preparation for his departure has been, in his constant subject of his attention. His expressions in regard to it were always deeply humble, and indeed the very modest and humble manner in which he always spoke of himself was most marked. * * * His whole life, marked with uniform greatness, wisdom, and integrity, his deep humility, his habitual reverence for the Divine Majesty, his habitual preparation for death, his dependence upon his Saviour, left nothing to be desired for the consolation of his family under this great loss. He was gradually prepared for his departure. His last years were passed in calm retirement; and he died as he wished to die, with his faculties unimpaired; without great pain, his family around his bed, the precious promises of the Gospel before his mind, without lingering disease, and yet most suddenly called away."

Such, Mr. Chief Justice, was the life, and such the death of Jeremiah Mason. For one I would pour out my heart like water. I would embalm his memory in my best affections. His friendship, so long continued, I esteem one of the greatest blessings of my life; and I hope that it may be known hereafter, that—without intermission or coolness—for so long a period, Mr. Mason and myself were friends.

He died in old age; not by a violent stroke from the hand of death, not by a sudden rupture of the ties of nature, but by a gradual wearing out of life. He enjoyed through life, indeed, remarkable health. He took competent exercise, loved the open air and avoiding all extreme theories or practices, controlled his conduct and practice of life by the rules of prudence and moderation. His death was therefore not unlike that described by the Angel, admonishing Adam:

"I yield it just, said Adam, and submit,
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our consanguine dust!"
"There is, said Michael, if thou wilt observe
The rule of—'not too much'—by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st: seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight;
Thy many years over thy head return,
So may'st thou live; till, like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or with less loss
Gathered, if not harshly plucked; for death mature.
This is old age."

WINTER EVENINGS FOR MECHANICS.

From our arm chair we would dictate a few words of advice to our young friends respecting the employment of their winter evenings. We are not among the number of those who think that all kinds of amusements "should be discontinued" as "trifling employments." There is nothing which tends more to elevate man and woman than rational and social amusement. The grand question is, the rationale of the matter. Let every one choose to their taste in this respect. We find no fault, if it be not impure and foolish. We would direct attention to the storing of the mind with useful knowledge. There are many men who are compelled to toil unremittingly during the summer season from sun rise to sunset, and have no opportunity, and never had, of acquiring a suitable education before they were obliged to toil for their livelihood. To such young men, and there are too many of them, and young females too, we would say, let your winter-evenings be well spent in acquiring all the education you possibly can. If you are near an evening school, do not neglect to attend it and pay attention to your studies. If you are not near a school, be sure and have a good book, a writing copy and a slate in the house, and dig out of them all the gold contained therein. Mental study is more severe and less agreeable than physical toil, but set up your stake and march to it with unflinching perseverance. You may be baffled, elated and feel discouraged, but whenever this is the case lay down your studies for a moment and reflect upon the prize before you. The difference between an American and a savage, is in their education, and just in proportion as we are an enlightened people so are we removed from barbarism. As it is with nations so it is with individuals; every man will find his level, except it may be the fortuitous circumstance of being born rich, and even that in our country is not of so much consequence. Young mechanic remember that you have a title to the highest office in the commonwealth.

"Let not thy mind recoil;
At transitory pain or manly toil;
Be thine the task, be thine the care,
Nobly to suffer and sublimely dare,
Wisdom waves on high a radiant prize,
And each hard step but leads thee to the skies."

We hope that the young men belonging to our various Mechanics' Institutes are availing themselves of the winter lectures and the good books in the libraries. In the Mechanics' Associations throughout the State, (of which there are now a great number, one in almost every village, and others, we hope that the older members are by practical lectures scattering the good seed in good soil. You have still a great task before you, but "knowledge is power," & in union there is strength."

We would not dictate to any man what course of study to pursue, we only say lay out the track, then on to it like a locomotive. We regret that there are so many vicious and foolish books read by our young men—rank trash they are to mind and body. They tend to make a man like nothing but an old shoe in this world and good for nothing in the next. Our young females, too, are perhaps the most criminal in this respect. We are afraid that the fine matronly character of our old American lady is fast disappearing from among us. We know that it is a hard task to study a work that is obscure and of a logical nature—but a continued effort for some time to master such a work, imbues a task for it, and every one knows the difference in point of benefit in being acquainted with the useful sciences, instead of the heroes and heroines of romance. To those who would desire to know the value of winter evenings in acquiring useful information, we may spend them well now, and tell us in ten years after this what has been the result. We predict that California with all her gold would be no equivoque for its value. If at this moment we were offered all the wealth of Mexico as an exchange for the information we possess, so as to leave the mind a savage blank, we would not look at the offer as a measure for the enjoyment we would lose. There is many a sermon contained in the old maxim:

"Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

With our excellent School Libraries, there is no excuse for ignorance: let the winter evenings be well employed, and there will be none needed.

[Scientific American.]

DESTINY OF MAN.

If we look around us we perceive one vast union, in which no one can work for himself, without working for others; or for others, without working for himself; since the happy progress of one member, is the happy progress of all, a glimpse of truth, that by the harmony we see in the midst of variety, elevates the soul, and becomes to it a power and a blessing. Still more so, when a man comes to regard himself as a necessary member of this great union. The feeling of our dignity and power grow strong, when we say to ourselves: My existence is not aimless and in vain. I am a necessary link in the chain, which, from the full development of consciousness in the first man, stretches forward into eternity. All the great, good and wise, among mankind—all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I find noted in the history of the world—and the much greater number whose good deeds have outlived their names—all these have labored for me. I have entered into their fair harvest on this fair earth, which they inhabit. I followed in their footsteps spreading blessings. I can undertake the solemn task that they undertook—that of making our common brotherhood wiser and happier. I can build on, where they were forced to cease. I can bring nearer to perfection, that magnificent temple which they left unfinished. But even as they, I, too, must leave it, unfinished. Oh! this is the sublimest thought of all! I can never finish the sublime task, I have undertaken, therefore, so sure as this task is my destiny, I can never cease to work; and, consequently, never cease to be. That which men call death, cannot break up this work, which is never ending; consequently, no limit is set to my existence, I am eternal. I lift my head boldly to the threatening mountain-peaks, to the sounding cataracts, and to the driving storm—clouds swimming in the sea of fire, and say, I am eternal—I defy your power! Break, break over me!—and Earth, and Heaven mingle yourselves in the tumult! My will alone, with its purpose shall float bold and triumphant, over the ruins of the universe; for I have comprehended my destiny, and it is more durable than ye. It is eternal; and I also am eternal!

Political.

SPEECH OF MR. TAYLOR, OF OHIO.

On the question of referring the bill to abolish the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, to the committee of the whole on the State of the Union, Feb. 2, 1849.

Mr. Taylor said he did not propose to occupy much of the time of the House; but he had risen principally to make an explanation of his own position on this question, having been very much misrepresented here and elsewhere in regard to the resolution which had been introduced some weeks ago by the gentleman from New York [Mr. Gott]. He would first say, he hoped that the motion made by his friend and colleague, [Mr. Edwards], who had introduced this bill, would be carried by the House; and that the bill would be referred to the committee of the whole on the State of the Union and printed, that all might see it, and be enabled to act understandingly and deliberately upon the subject. He here distinctly avowed himself in favor of the principals of the bill. He wished to see it, to examine it, to ascertain whether there was anything unconstitutional in it or not; and if there was, he told his friends from the South he shrank from no responsibility here, and he was ready to vote according to the dictates of his best judgment upon this and upon any other question which might arise out of the subject of slavery.

Now, in reference to the resolution introduced several weeks ago by the gentleman from New York: It had been represented in various parts of the country by Democratic papers, and by the paper falsely calling themselves "Free Soil" papers, but which were political nuisances in the country, that he (Mr. T.) had shrank from voting on this resolution. He was not present in the house when the resolution was introduced; he was absent on business, as was frequently the case with gentlemen. If he had been here, he should have looked into the resolution, and then voted according to the dictates of his best judgment.

[A voice: "How would you have voted?"]
He would tell gentlemen, if they would hear him. While he was willing to vote for a law prohibiting the slaveholding States from sending their negroes into the District of Columbia for sale, he was not disposed to vote for any insulting preamble prefixed to such a resolution or bill. He was ready to vote for the amendment proposed by the gentleman from Indiana, [Mr. Smith] upon the reconsideration of the resolution. He had voted to reconsider it, for the purpose of voting for the substitute proposed by that gentleman.

And now, while he was on the floor, he had a word to say with regard to the struggle which seemed to be disappointed portions of this confederacy. There was a manifestation of disappointment by a great party on the one hand, and by a small party on the other, who were doubly, trebly disappointed in the result of the recent Presidential contest. Those who favored the election of General Cass had failed most signally to effect their object. It was natural that they should feel mortified, wounded, disappointed; and, so far as they presented the question of slavery here by the introduction of resolutions, or by speeches calculated to alienate one portion of the confederacy from the other, it was only an involuntary manifestation of the regret, the despair and sadness that pervaded the party at their overwhelming defeat. There was another party, doubly, trebly disappointed, who were known by the euphonious name of *Barburnians*, who had set their trap at Buffalo to catch all such as choose to come into their organization. They had succeeded in entrapping the political Abolitionists of the State which he in part represented, as though they were taken in a steel trap of a hundred horse-power, and they were unable to extricate themselves. Hence they came up here, a few men on this floor, manifesting these feelings, and were introducing systematically, frequently, and unnecessarily, propositions which were calculated to disturb the peace of the country, without giving the house an opportunity maturely to consider them. They were asked and forced by the previous question to vote upon them without reflection and without fully understanding their nature and objects. He sympathized not with these *Barburnian* movements.

If these gentlemen represent the "anti-slavery" society which met on the 12th of May, 1848, in the city of New York, where Wm. Lloyd Garrison presided as president, and whose proceedings he found published in the N. Y. Tribune, (but with which the great body of the citizens of that city, he believed they had no sympathy and would find no response from any part of the people of the State of Ohio, which he had the honor in part to represent. They threatened to dissolve the Union of these States, and break down the American churches, to carry out their purposes. He had no sympathy with them. He looked upon them as disorganizers and disunionists, who ought to be scourged by every good man in the country, from the North or the South. He had before him the resolutions passed by that meeting, and he would read one, that the spirit which they manifested might be seen and understood by the country:—"Resolved, That slaveholders, as such, can have no rights; that they have no rightful existence on earth; that they were never created by God, and constitute no part of the human race; they are of monstrous and diabolical origin; and no law, no compact, no religion, that endorses their humanity, is to be obeyed or tolerated."

This was the spirit of these fanatical abolitionists who composed this anti-slavery society.

Now, he said to his southern friends here, that while they dealt in wholesale denunciations of the North, they did great injustice to the moderate, intelligent, and conservative men of all parties in the North. Who were the men in the North who composed this miserable faction, and who were instigating trouble in the country? Many of them came from the South. That the house might know, and that the attention of the country might be called to the facts, he would name a few of the leading spirits who had come among them at the North, and who were exciting this spirit of faction and political abolitionism.

In the first place was Mr. Birney, formerly of Kentucky, once a slaveholder, who either sold his slaves himself, or had them wrested from him by the strong arm of the law, and afterwards removed to Michigan and became a Democratic Abolition candidate for the Legislature. Afterwards he was the candidate of the political Abolitionists for the Presidency of the United States. A very small number of the people in the State of Ohio, and some in New York, sustained him for that high office; but the great body of the people of Ohio,

let him tell gentlemen, were as sound as the people of any portion of the Union, upon all constitutional questions in reference to slavery in the Southern States, and they had no desire to inter-ferere with it, so far as it was guaranteed by the constitution of the United States.

They had in Ohio a highly educated, accomplished, plausible and eloquent gentleman from South Carolina, Mr. John C. Vaughan—a gentleman whom he personally knew—who, he understood, was engaged in the laudable business of editing an Abolition paper in the city of Cincinnati, to enlighten the people of the State with reference to slavery in the Southern States.

They had also in Ohio Mr. Stanley Matthews, (now Clerk of the House of Representatives in that State,) formerly of Tennessee, where he edited a Democratic paper in favor of Polk and Dallas for the Presidency and Vice Presidency—now editing what was called a "Free Soil" paper, and cultivating the spirit of faction, to break down the beautiful institutions which our forefathers reared for us. Now, what do we see in the city of Washington? A Mr. Baily, who, he understood, was from the State of Virginia, conducting an Abolition paper called the "National Era." If he was wrong, he hoped some gentleman would correct him. He did not know the gentleman, but he understood he was from the State of Virginia, located in this metropolis, propagating his political Abolition doctrines that our friends in the South might charge upon the North that they were instigating this spirit of faction and political Abolition.

Then, again, during the excitement at the last session of Congress, when the negroes were stolen from this district by three kidnapers, and when the excitement reigned at its intensest height, he had seen, in a Baltimore paper, the card of another gentleman, (a Mr. Snodgrass, he believed,) who edited a similar paper in the city of Baltimore, and who hailed from Virginia, and who endorsed the publications of the editors of the National Era.

Now, he trusted his friends from the south, when they spoke of Northern fanatics who would destroy this glorious Union of ours, would recollect, if there were any such there, that they were not confined in the North; the South had abolitionists, fanatics, disorganizers, who, if they could not live at home, came among them at the North, throwing in their firebrands to excite a popular indignation against the institutions of the Southern States.

He had said much more than he anticipated when he rose; but he would embrace this occasion to say that he saw all the delicacy which surrounded this great question touching the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He looked to those who had gone before us for information upon the subject. He was not disposed to legislate hastily upon it; and while he was ready to prohibit the importation of negroes into this District for sale, he looked for information to the wise men who had gone before him, and he found that the venerable patriot who, honored and beloved, sunk into this chair (pointing to the seat formerly occupied by Mr. J. Q. Adams) at the last session of Congress, expressed himself, as late as the year 1843, in the city of Pittsburgh, against abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia without the consent of the inhabitants. He had a copy of the speech of that gentleman before him, and he would read an extract from it:

Mr. Adams was waited on by a committee of the political Abolitionists, urging him to meet and address them. This he declined; answering that he was as much opposed to slavery as any of them, and especially to the representation of slaves in Congress, but expressing his opposition to the abolition measure of the day, as follows:

"On the subject of abolition, abolition societies anti-slavery societies, or the liberty party, I have never been a member of any of them.
"As to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, I have said that I was opposed to it—not because I have any doubts as to the power of Congress to abolish slavery in the District—for I have none—but I regard it as a violation of republican principles, to enact laws at the petition of one people which are to operate on another people against their consent. As the law now stands the people of this District have property in their slaves."

"I do not admit these laws are in accordance with justice, for it can never be true that one man can rightfully have property in another man—Still, these laws have had an existence since before that part of the country became the District of Columbia, and was brought under the power of Congress, and I think they should never be altered without the consent of the people of the District."

He would state that he should see no reasonable objection, and he had heard no reasonable objection urged upon any one side of the House, against the adoption of the resolution of the gentleman from Indiana, offered as a substitute for the resolution of the gentleman from New York—the simple effect of which substitute was to instruct the committee of the District of Columbia to enquire into the propriety of preventing the importation of negroes into the District of Columbia for sale.—The State of Maryland prevented the importation of slaves within her borders for the purpose of sale. Such a law, he understood, existed in that State; and he understood that the bill reported this morning by his colleague, (Mr. Edwards) and now under consideration, was merely a conscript of the law of Maryland upon this subject. But, he repeated, when such a proposition was introduced here, instead of voting upon it without understanding it, under the pressure of the previous question immediately after it was brought before them, let them have it printed and referred to the committee of the whole on the State of the Union, that they might legislate without haste, without violence, and with a proper understanding of the whole subject.

He would avail himself of this opportunity to say one word with regard to the recent distinguished sectional southern convention which was held in another part of this Capitol. He regretted to see sectional meetings held in any part of the U. States. He had read the two addresses presented in that convention, and it was needless to say that he disapproved of them both.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, rose to a point of order.

The Speaker. The chair rules out of order remarks upon that convention, if the point of order is made.

Mr. Taylor said he would not speak of the proceedings of that convention, then, but would refer to the allegations which were constantly urged against the north in this House by southern men,

that their slaves escaping into the free States could not be reclaimed, and that there were organized bodies to prevent the master recovering his slave, and to help him on his transit to Canada. So far as that part of Ohio which he had the honor to represent was concerned, the declaration was perfectly unfounded. No master ever came within his district without having all the benefits which the Constitution of the United States and the law gave to him. There were various instances in which these laws had been carried out to the letter, and the master had taken home his slave.

Another thing; he had resided in the State of Ohio for twenty years, and he had never known or heard there of any such secret organization as were alleged by some of their southern friends to exist, to aid the fugitive slaves from the slaveholding States in their transit to Canada.

They did not want the free negroes of the slaveholding States in the State of Ohio; and he feared the time was rapidly arriving when they would be compelled to adopt the policy of Illinois, and close the door to the admission of any free negroes from the slave States, or they might be overrun by such a population as these States should choose, to send them. The Governor of Virginia had recently reported the Legislature of that State that there were about fifty thousand free negroes in Virginia, and recommended that they should be expelled from that State. Ohio wanted none of that population; the greater portion of it was a pauper population. They did not want any more of it.

He was opposed also to placing this black race, free or slave, upon a platform of equality with the whites, because he thought they were unworthy to stand upon that platform, and that they were incapable of exercising the rights of citizenship. He should give his consent to no such proposition as to allow the free negroes and the slaves to vote upon any political questions. The Constitution of the United States contemplated that the white citizens of the country should do the legislation of the country, and not the negroes. He dissented from the views of his colleague, (Mr. Giddings,) who, some weeks since, desired that a vote of the free negroes and the slaves of this District should be taken upon the question altering the relation of master and slave here. Such views and opinions found no countenance among the great body of the people of Ohio; and he wished his friends from the north and south to understand it.

He had said a great deal more than he had intended when he arose, and wished to say, in conclusion, that he looked upon every effort, from every quarter of the Union, that looked to a dissolution of the union of these States, as proceeding from an ill-judged quickness of action, from a disorganizing spirit, and from a feeling utterly at variance with the peace and tranquility of the country; he stood by the Union. He stood by it as Washington recommended he should stand by it; and he "looked indignantly" upon any man, north or south, who would deliberately do any act in this Hall, or in the country, calculated to violate the integrity of the Union, or break down the constitution under which we all lived and had prospered, and under which, he trusted, the country might prosper and be united forever.

A TOUCHING STORY.

Hon. A. H. Stephens of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free Schools of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way, with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the ornaments that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy, years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity—and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent his electric thrill throughout the house, 'that orphan boy stands before you!'"

MILITARY ESCORTS ACROSS THE PLAINS.

The people of St. Louis have drawn up a petition to Congress praying that body to establish a safe commercial communication from Fort Leavenworth to California. For this object they ask for a military force of 600 or 800 men, and half dragoons and the other half riflemen—the whole force to be divided into four detachments of 150 or 200 men; two divisions always to winter in California, and two at Fort Leavenworth. Three divisions to act as convoys for the gold treasures of California and the parties having them in charge.

THE POTENCY OF WORDS. On words rest the axis of the intellectual world. A word has struck ineradicably in a million hearts, and envenomed every hour throughout their hard pulsation. On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. On a winged word, hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness.

There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, sweetest, warmest, brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

How beautiful are the smiles of innocence—how endearing the sympathies of love—how sweet the solace of friendship—how lovely the tears of affection! These combined, are all characteristic of Woman. They are the true poetry of humanity—rich pearls clustering around the altar of domestic felicity.