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Poetry.

The Sunny South.

Awake thou genius of my youthful life,
And bid the flame of sweet poetic fire,
With trembling hand and heartily thrill,
I write my story, graceful quill—
And as that hand shall waver each string
It will be true, and sweetly sing
Of the South, the Sunny South!

To the meek of a home in distant lands,
Whose fires run on golden sands,
Where 'Alps on Alps and hills on hills arise'
To grace the scene and prop the skies:
For viewing snow-laden and ice-cold hills,
'Tis then I own I love the soil.

The South, the Sunny South!
My back's ached, my neck's stiffed,
I'll take the breeze and view the world,
For hap shall find me suitably free,
Waves for the land and sail the sea—
And sailing over its alkali sea
I'll be the bright dove to you!

Let hills be of her marble sky,
Let her myrtle groves, whose fragrant breeze,
Breathe fragrance over her herbage buds,
But of there's a clime by rubies spanned,
It is our own, our native land.

The South, the Sunny South!
In Northern climes, amid snow and hills,
Amid cold fumes and frozen rills,
Let others dwell, and prize and roam,
The joys of mine are in my home,
And 'tis my love to have you see,
A Southern sun, of the Sunny South.

The South, the Sunny South,
Bride of the sunbeams, whose beams
My eyes still turn to look, my heart,
Blows with the greenest odors, the freshest showers,
The sweetest light, the fairest flowers,
All beautiful from the sunny South,
The mine shall live on Freedom's page.

The South, the Sunny South,
Why do I love thee? 'tis for thy love,
I should not live for thee—'tis for thee,
Thou hast a love—'tis pure and strong,
That I would wish to see in me,
And when I'm gone, I'll sweetly rest,
And calmly sleep within thy breast—
The South, the Sunny South,
December 14, 1859.

Correspondence of the Express.

JACKSON, Mo., Dec. 12th, 1859.

Dear Express—This is a broken, woody country; thickly settled with enterprising and industrious farmers. The land prevalent among many Eastern people that all west of the great Mississippi is one vast prairie, is entirely erroneous. We have timber as lofty and abundant here as can be found in any part of North Carolina; nothing lacking but the pine and chestnut to make these real Carolina forests. Our hills and valleys are arranged on a plan by nature similar to those in Alexander county, only not half so supine. The section of country bordering on the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Missouri river to Cape Girardeau inclusive, and averaging about ten miles in width, is so broken into abrupt hills, and so rocky as to be almost worthless. West of that lies a large scope of land, moderately hilly and generally quite productive. In the valley of White Water, a small river, lies the wealth of this portion of the State. West of this again rises a continuation of hills, and small mountains, extending westward for near two hundred miles, from which we descend into the plains stretching far away to the Rocky Mountains. South of us begins a short distance, an interminable morass; a paradise for sportsmen, inhabited only by water-fowl, wild animals, snakes, mosquitoes, and a few squatter sovereigns.

The water is the next item of importance, which is of the quality known as hard-limestone, which, by the way, does not rest well on the stomachs of those unaccustomed to it; afterwards it becomes delicious to the taste, and is delightfully cool. Springs are numerous, though many of them fail during the summer months. Recently, many are having cisterns constructed, the rain-water being considered more wholesome, and preferable to either spring or well. Unlike the never-failing brooks in Western Carolina, the small streams here dry up, and cease to flow during the greater part of the summer. This fact, with many persons, constitutes an objection to locating a home in this part of Missouri—while indeed the same facts are peculiar to all level countries.

One of the first questions asked by those who contemplate a change in the location of a home is, "Is the country sickly?" With reference to Missouri, I answer emphatically "Yes!" if you regard the "blue-chills" sickness; if not, then I cannot say that this part of the country is more sickly than Carolina; though men and women too, do sometimes die, out here. Upon the whole the general health here, taking one season with another, is as good as it is in any portion of the West with which I am acquainted.

The remaining items I may sum up as follows:—Our winters are longer and more severe here than in Carolina; in places the soil is more productive, in others, less so; the surface of society is not so smooth—that is, the benign influences of the Sabbath are not so generally and thoroughly appreciated, and Churches might be considered few and far between, in places at least; aristocracy has but a shabby foothold; a new style of domestic ar-

chitecture has not been introduced since the State was admitted into the Union; and finally I may state that wheat and stock raising are the principal sources of income—the River furnishing a market for all saleable commodities. WESTERN.

Miscellaneous.

A Slight Mistake.

One cool afternoon in the early fall, I—Chester F. Le Roy, a gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson River boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance of the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and flitted through in search of seats, their increasing number at last warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I followed them.

"Beg your pardon, sir."

I turned, in obedience to a touch on my arm, and saw a respectable looking negro man before me, who bore the traveling bag and shawl, and was evidently the attendant of a slender and stylish girl behind him.

"Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, "do I address, sir, Mr. Le Roy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what can I do for you?"

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, who was to join you at Albany at six o'clock this evening—I have charge of her." He turned to the young lady behind him.

"This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss."

The young lady, whose dark blue eyes had been scanning me, as I could perceive, through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le Roy," said she. "I thought I should know you in a moment. Jenny described you accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shan't trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at thus being addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant, who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see my baggage, Edward?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss; it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the 7 o'clock boat. Good bye, and tell them you saw me off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks and induced me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure our seats in the cars and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trudging out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had no time to reflect, with that lovely face opposite me, but what was the use. Some strange mistake had undoubtedly happened, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge—how to find the right man, with the right name among several hundred people, and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than mine!

While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open, unsuspecting gaze decided me. I will not trouble or distress her by any knowledge of her position, I concluded, but will just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wishes to go, if I can only find where it is! I turned to her with an affectionate ease, which I was very far from feeling, and said, "it is a long journey."

"Do you think so? But it is very pleasant, isn't it? Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed!"

"Why, why, what a queer man!" she said, with a light laugh. "Doesn't she never tell you, as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in? Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall laugh about it when we get there."

So it was St. Louis where we were going to, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

"And how does dear Jenny, look?" and what is she doing? and how is dear Aunt Beman? do tell me the news."

"Jenny," said I, mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife

in the world you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband. As to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to me."

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a malicious smile; "but about aunty's rheumatism?"

"Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman, is very well."

"Well?" said my fair questioner, regarding me with surprise, I thought she had not been well for a number of years."

"I mean well for her, said I, in some trepidation; 'the air of St. Louis (which I have since learned is of a misty moisty order) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman."

"I am very glad," said her niece. She remained silent for a few moments, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes.

"To think," she said, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that in all this time you have not mentioned the baby."

"I know I gave a violent start and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in the same proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued by tormentor, as I almost considered her. "I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jenny's letter—you should see how she cares for him."

"Him! Blessed goodness, then it must be a boy!"

"Of course," said I, blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say something, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgement unbiased, I shall not describe him to you."

"Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jenny had no such scruples—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, which ever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him?"

"We have not decided upon a name, I replied.

"Indeed! I thought she intended to give him yours."

"The deuce she did! thought I. 'No, one of a name is enough in a family,' I answered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that to my thinking, had instigated my companion heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston.—Yet, I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice started me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flush steaming upon my temples, every time I met the look of those innocent eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my companion's eyes drop long and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly had courage to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not as she thought it, that of a cousin and a married man. Recollecting, however, that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done, I proffered the usual civility. She slightly blushed, but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning her head slightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile said, "As you are my cousin." Soon after her eyes closed and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace.

I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue, that rested against mine, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the rebounding of the cars jostled her very much. I sat remorseless until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled.

"It is no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said; for it is very much in the way for me I am sure; it troubles you." So she removed it, giving me the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons and flowers to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections, she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair, she leaned against my shoulder and slept again.

This time when the motion began to shake and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience; and passing my arm lightly round her slender waist, drew her head upon my breast, where it rested all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, and it is needless to say that I could not close my eyes or ease my conscience. I could only gaze down on the beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would confront me, if she

knew what I was, and how I had deceived her; or dreaming more wildly still, reproduced it in a hundred scenes, which I had never before paused to imagine, as the face of my wife. I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of Saratoga and Newport might be so dignified, and still less had I ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possibility and for contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife—never before had I so longed to call anything my own as I did that lovely face lying on my heart. No, it was impossible for me to sleep.

If the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she when the light of feeling and expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquently still. I don't think I looked at the cataract as much as I looked at her, or thought the one creation more beautiful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me in her innocent way, calling me 'cousin Frank,' and seemed to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly by her, when I entered the parlor, to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me—to have her hang on my arm—look up into my face—tell me all her little adventures alone (how long it seemed to me,) while every word, look and smile, seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew the precarious tenure by which I held my right to them. She busied herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaging all over her trunks to find a box which I had expressed a desire to see. She mended my gloves, sewed the band on my traveling cap, and found my sugar case whenever I had lost it, which was about twenty times a day, while she scolded me for the carelessness which she declared almost equalled her own.

Long ago she had given over into my possession her elegant little portmanteau, with all the money in it, which she was sure she would lose, as she could never keep anything, and as she had ordered me to take out what she wanted for her traveling expenses, I opened it with trembling hands when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which with pious care she had packed into the smallest possible compass, as much gold as her pretty toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring, too small to fit my finger, but not hers—which I am afraid I kissed—a card with her name on it, and a memorandum in a pretty hand—No—Olive Street, St. Louis, which I rightly conjectured was the residence of her cousin Jennie, whose husband I was: a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed thus far I had not found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances at least, and when with her I forgot everything but her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be no more to her than her cousin should be; but out of that charmed presence made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had had, by my manner; but when I was reserved and ceremonious with her, she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name "Florence," that had I dreamed as much as I longed to do, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an imposter, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmerited self-reproach and mortification, and innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her and I leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say at last? When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to commence in earnest, the thought of the coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew near.

She was all gayety and was astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her in giving the address I found in the portmanteau which, fortunately was the right one to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her bright face towards me—we were rattling up the street and my time was

short—how can you be so quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence, I answered, 'the time has come in which I must confess to you that I have no more right in the house to which we are now hastening than to the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either is that of an imposter and deceiver.'

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled toward me.

"Thank heaven I did not read fear and aversion in it."

"No right! no claim!" she repeated, "what can you mean?"

I confessed the whole truth, as nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing and concealing nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but she had hidden her face, I could see she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I blame or hate myself," I said, "for the distress I have unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is more than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke; she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said in a low voice, "Do not misunderstand me if I was so silent."

The coachman threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and assist her out. I hardly dared to touch that little hand, though it was the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door was thrown open, and a pretty woman followed by a fine looking, black whiskered gentleman whom I supposed to be my name-sake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, she presented me as 'Mr. Le Roy, your husband's name-sake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me.'

I glanced at her face to see if she was mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. Le Roy opened her eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise; and after introducing me to her husband in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious what I did, or of anything except that I was still in the presence of Florence, from which I could not endure to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady whom my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and unable to rise from her chair; and before I could stammer out an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine,) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care and the history of our journey, in which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my kindness and consideration, to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially inviting me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my name-sake and family.

I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her left the room. A moment after, and I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me as I see you do. If I was silent while you so humbly apologized for the noble, generous and honorable conduct, I was not angered, believe me, but because I was too much astonished, afterwards too much moved and grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing as I looked down into that lovely face that it was not for that last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining.

If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung, how he would feel to be reprieved.

Well, how time flies. It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet cousin Jenny (my cousin Jenny now) so bitterly reproaches us in our last letter, for not visiting her in all that time, we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no more blushing, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years standing, and I

registered our names in the hotel book, as 'Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy, and bless my lucky stars as I read it over. Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me by past transactions, to write down this story) or comes leaning over me to call me 'dear Chester,' instead of 'dear cousin Frank,' as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write instead of talking with her. Was ever man so happy in a slight mistake?"

From the Virginia Whig.

A Homespun Party.

The movement towards Southern Independence is progressing steadily. The people of Virginia are in deadly earnest about this matter. While we gentlemen have contented ourselves, as yet, with meetings, speeches, &c., the ladies have begun to act. Without noise, they have commenced to give force and color to our resolutions—to put our theories into practice.—We had the pleasure, a few evenings ago, of attending a 'homespun party,' given by a patriotic lady of this city, whose excellent good sense prompted her to substitute deeds for words, and to inaugurate at once that system of self-dependence which has been the theme of the innumerable public meetings held recently in every county of the State. That party was a decided, a brilliant success. More than a hundred ladies and gentlemen, belonging to the most respected families in the city were present, all of whom were attired in part or in whole, in garments made of Virginia fabrics, woven in Virginia looms. It was strictly a Virginia cloth-party.

As a matter of course, the ladies were far in advance of the gentlemen in their costumes. Many of the latter wore but a single article of clothing made of material produced and manufactured in the State; some, indeed, had not so much as a Virginia pocket-handkerchief; but the ladies, without exception, were dressed from top to toe in home-made apparel. And it was wonderful to see how the plain homespun become them. We were particularly struck with the effect of gas light, and a little trimming, produced on the commonest white cotton ozonaburg and flannel. Only by the closest inspection would the eye be convinced that this rough, coarse stuff, was not the finest crape Cashmere, of a delicate cream color. Nor were the blue and the brown homespun plaids less becoming to the fair wearers than the ozonaburgs. Not an article of jewelry was to be seen anywhere, not a artificial flower or ornament of any kind. Even the laces were made at home, of ordinary cotton.

Doubtless, the light of patriotism which beamed from the lovely faces of the maids and matrons, helped to give plain garments a comeliness not intrinsically their own; but, be that as it may, we declare heartily that we never attended a party where the ladies looked better, or where both sexes seemed to enjoy themselves more heartily and universally. It is true that the gentle creatures would have looked more brilliant in silk, satins, diamonds, and other fashionable gewgaws, but we must distinguish between brilliancy and true loveliness. Woman never looks so well as when she looks domestic.

This homespun party is the beginning of the end. Other Virginia cloth parties will follow. The movement must go on. There is no helping it. When our mothers, our wives, our daughters, sisters and sweethearts, lead the way, who can refuse to follow? If any one trait is stronger than the other in the female character, it is that element of perseverance which will not permit them to abandon any measure they have undertaken. When once they put their little hands to the plough, they never turn back. It is a gross mistake to suppose that homespun clothes will worn only as a fancy costume at parties. They who think this, know little of the character of Virginia ladies. The best, the purest, the bravest blood on earth runs through their veins. They dare do any thing, save that which is immodest, to promote the welfare of our noble Commonwealth. We shall see them at home, and on the street and at church, dressed in Jersey-woolsey; and we but echo the common sentiment of the city and of the whole State, when we say that we shall love them all the more for this convincing proof of their devotion to a lofty and patriotic principle.

Parson Brownlow of the Knoxville Whig, writes from New York as follows, concerning the contemplated invasion of Mexico by the K. G. C. General Biekey, of Baltimore, spent some time in my room last evening. His expedition to Mexico now numbers nineteen thousand men, and he is provided with ample means. One thousand men are in Tennessee, and these will move first and move without delay. I predict that the General will capture all Mexico before spring, and that he will have control of Vera Cruz in ninety days.

A young lady in Hill County, Texas, recently recovered \$10,000 damages against a man for slander.

At the Philadelphia Union Meeting, which was held in Jayne's Hotel, recently, the following is

JOSIAH RANDALL'S SPEECH.

Fellow Citizens:—In obedience to your wishes I appear once more as the advocate of the Union, and to unite with you in reaffirming the allegiance of our city and Commonwealth to the Constitution and laws of the country.

The people of Virginia were quietly and usefully pursuing their common good, when a small band of conspirators, instigated by others who kept in the back-ground, attempted to excite a revolt on the part of the slave population of the South. The culprits have had a fair trial, and have been sentenced to condign punishment. The leader, John Brown, has been executed, and his associates will in a few days undergo a like penalty of the law.

The official conduct and private deportment of Gov. Wise have been firm, judicious and prudent. Self-preservation demanded the course he has taken. If the judicial and executive authorities of Virginia would have permitted these criminals to have escaped, it would have encouraged others to have attempted a similar outbreak and insurrection. John Brown deserved the punishment he has received, if he had done nothing else than to permit four of his own children to be enrolled in the crime and fanaticism for which they have met with an untimely death. A weak and miserable effort has been made to prove him insane; he himself has disproved this allegation, and, immediately before his execution, disclosed the real truth. He labored under the delusion that the slaves were dissatisfied with their condition, and were ready to rise en masse and cut the throats of their masters and their wives and children. Such has been the result of a tragedy which, in its practical result, has confirmed the confidence reposed in the safety and strength of the Southern States.

No part of the Union has been more loyal in its attachment to the Federal Constitution, and to respect the rights of the South, than our city and Commonwealth. Whenever the question has been fairly presented to our people a triumphant majority has vindicated the rights secured by that great charter of liberty.

We have, however, amongst us a few individuals who are exceptions to the remark that I have made; I mean that body of men and women who have segregated together under the cognomen of Abolitionists. Some years ago, at every successive gubernatorial election they have voted an Abolition (or Lesmoine) ticket. It never amounted, in the present consolidated city, to more than one hundred and forty-seven votes or thereabout. It has not since increased in numerical strength. It have more convicts in the Eastern Penitentiary than this number of Abolitionists, and we might as well be called a convict community as an Abolition community. These Abolitionists, though small in number are active and untiring in their reasonable efforts, and they have recently, under the protection of the armed municipal police, met together and promulgated the most abominable opinions and sentiments. It is much to be regretted that the chief magistrate of our city did not take efficient measures to suppress such meetings and prevent what must be the inevitable result, if they should be continued, an open violation of the peace and quiet of our city.

The South should understand our position. The people at large have no power to prevent such emissaries as Wendell Phillips and Giddings coming here and delivering abolition lectures—they have no power to prevent the Rev. Mr. Furness and Mrs. Lucretia Mott from disseminating their sceptical disunion doctrines; but they have no part nor lot with them, and can with great propriety quote the language of Mr. Jefferson, in his inaugural address, March 4, 1801:

"If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it."

It is a source of pride and exultation that, in the recent crisis, Pennsylvania has been true to herself and her sister State, Virginia. Her Chief Magistrate has firmly and promptly done his duty, the border citizens of the Commonwealth have with alacrity turned out and assisted in the capture of the criminals, and, as far as we know at present, no citizen of Pennsylvania was directly implicated in the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. I trust the South will understand our true position and adopt no hasty measures. Whenever a majority of the North shall endorse the incendiary projects of these abolitionists, it will then be time enough for them to convene in council and gravely deliberate upon the proper measures to be adopted in the event of such an emergency. But the Harper's Ferry conspiracy has developed a great moral truth, of more value to the Union than any event that has occurred in this country since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. It is this, the slaves are happy and contented, they desire no