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Miscellaneous Articles.

THE BEER SPRINGS.

The following taken from Col. Fremont's Narrative of his second expedition is an account of some of the remarkable natural traits of the Great Salt Lake basin.

Aug. 25th, 1843.

This was a cloudless but smoky autumn morning, with a bold wind from the south east, and a temperature of 45° at sunrise. In a few miles I noticed, where a little stream crossed the road, fragments of scoriated basalt scattered about—the first volcanic rock we had seen, and which now became a characteristic rock, along our future road. In about six miles' travel from our encampment, we reached one of the points on our journey to which we had always looked forward with great interest—the famous Beer springs. The place in which they are situated is a basin of mineral waters enclosed by the mountains, which sweeps around a circular bend of Bear river, here at its most northern point, and which, from a northern, in the course of a few miles acquires a southern direction towards the Great Salt Lake. A pretty little stream of clear water enters the upper part of the basin, from an open valley in the mountains, and passing through the bottom, discharges into Bear river. Crossing this stream, we descended a mile below, and made our encampment in a grove of cedar immediately at the Beer springs, which, on account of the effervescing gas and acid taste, received their names from the voyageurs and trappers of the country who, in the midst of their rude and hard lives, are fond of finding some fancied resemblance to the luxuries they rarely have the fortune to enjoy.

Although somewhat disappointed, in the expectations which various descriptions had led me to form of usual beauty of situation and scenery, I found it altogether a place of very great interest; and a traveller for the first time in a volcanic region remains in a constant excitement, and at every step is arrested by something remarkable and new. There is a confusion of interesting objects gathered together in a small space. Around the place of encampment the Beer springs were numerous; but, as far as we could ascertain, confined entirely to that locality in the bottom. In the bed of the river, in front, for a space of several hundred yards, they were very abundant; the effervescing gas rising up and agitating the water in countless bubbling columns. In the vicinity round about were numerous springs of an entirely different and equally marked mineral character. In a rather picturesque spot, about 1,300 yards below our encampment, and immediately on the river bank, is the most remarkable spring of the place. In an opening on the rock, a white column of scattered water is thrown up, in form like a jet d'eau, to a variable height of about three feet, and though it is maintained in a constant supply, its greatest height is only attained at regular intervals, according to the action of the force below. It is accompanied by a subterranean noise, which together with the motion of the water, makes very much the impression of a steamboat in motion; and, without knowing that it had been already previously so called, we gave to it the name of Steamboat springs. The rock through which it is forced is slightly raised in a convex manner, and gathered of the opening into an urn-mouthed form, and is evidently formed by continued deposition from the water, and colored bright red by oxide of iron.

It is a hot spring, and the water has a pungent and disagreeable metallic taste, leaving a burning effect on the tongue. Within perhaps two yards of the jet d'eau is a small hole of about an inch in diameter, through which, at regular intervals, escapes a blast of hot air, with a light wreath of smoke, accompanied by a regular noise. This hole had been noticed by Dr. Wislizenus, a gentleman who had several years since passed by this place, and who remarked, with very nice observation that smelling the gas which issued from the orifice produced a sensation of giddiness and nausea. Mr. Fremont and myself repeated the observation, and were so well satisfied with its correctness, that we did not find it pleasant to continue the experiment, as the sensation of giddiness which it produced was certainly strong and decided. A huge emigrant wagon, with a large and diversified family had overtaken us and halted to noon at our encampment; and

while we were sitting at the springs a band of boys and girls, with two or three young men came up, one of whom I asked to stoop down and smell the gas, desirous to satisfy myself further of its effects. But his natural caution had been awakened by the singular and suspicious features of the place, and he declined my proposal, and with a few indistinct remarks about the devil, whom he seemed to consider the *genius loci*. The ceaseless motion and the play of the fountain, the red rock and the green trees near, makes this a picturesque spot.

A short distance above the spring, and near the foot of the same spur, is a very remarkable yellow colored rock, soft and friable, consisting principally of carbonate of lime and oxide of iron, of regular structure, which is probably a fossil coral. The rocky bank along the shore between the Steamboat springs and our encampment, along which is dispersed the water from the hills, is composed entirely of strata of calcareous *lufa*, with the remains of moss and reed-like grasses, which is probably the formation of springs. The Beer or Soda springs, which have given name to this locality, are agreeable but less highly flavored than the Boiling springs at the foot of Pike's peak. They are numerous and half hidden by turfs of grass, which we amused ourselves in removing and searching about for more highly impregnated springs. They are some of them deep, and of various sizes—sometimes several yards in diameter, and kept in constant motion by columns of escaping gas.

In the afternoon I wandered about among the cedars, which occupy the greater part of the bottom towards the mountains. The soil here has a dry and calcined appearance; some places, the open grounds are covered with saline efflorescences, and there are a number of regularly-shaped and very remarkable hills, which are formed of a succession of convex strata that have been deposited by the waters of extinct springs, the orifices of which are found on their summits, some of them having the form of funnel shaped cones. Others of these remarkably shaped hills are of a red colored earth, entirely bare, and composed principally of carbonate of lime, with oxide of iron, formed in the same manner.—Walking near one of them, on the summit of which the springs were dry, my attention was attracted by an underground noise, around which I circled repeatedly, until I found the spot from beneath which it came; and, removing the red earth, discovered a hidden spring, which was boiling up from below, with the same disagreeable metallic taste as the Steamboat spring. Continuing up the bottom, and crossing the little stream which has been already mentioned, I visited several remarkably red and white hills which had attracted attention in the morning. These are immediately upon the stream, and, like those already mentioned, are formed by the deposition of successive strata from the springs. On their summits, orifices through which the waters had been discharged were so large, that they resembled miniature craters, being some of them several feet in diameter, circular, and regularly formed as if by art. At a former time, these dried-up fountains were all in motion, they must have made a beautiful display on a grand scale; and nearly all this basin appears to me to have been formed under their action, and should be called the place of fountain. At the foot of one of these hills, or rather on its side near the base, are several of these small limestone columns, about one foot in diameter at the base, and tapering upward to a height of three or four feet; and on the summit the water is boiling up and bubbling over, constantly adding to the height of the little obelisks. In some, the water only boils up, no longer overflowing, and has here the same taste as at the steamboat spring. The observer will remark a gradual subsidence in the water, which formerly supplied the fountains; as on all the summits of the hills the springs are now dry, and are found diminishing on their sides, or the surface of the valley.

From New Salem we removed to Pittsburgh Pa. Here Mr. S. found an acquaintance and friend in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. P., who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it for a long time and informed Mr. S. that if he would make out a title page and preface, he would publish it and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. S. refused to do for reasons which I cannot now state. Sidney Rigdon, who figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at the time connected with the printing office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated. Here he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with S's manuscript and to copy it if he chose. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all who were connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington County, Pa., where Mr. S. deceased in 1818. The manuscript then fell into my hands and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. McKenstry, of Monson, Mass., with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the "Book of Mormon" came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the "Manuscript found" was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the "Book of Mormon." The historical part was immediately recognized by all the older inhabitants, as the identical work of Mr. S. in which they had been so deeply interested years ago. Mr. John Spaulding was present, who is an eminently pious man and recognized perfectly the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted, that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears and he arose on the spot and expressed in the meeting his deep sorrow and regret, that the writings of his sainted brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great, that the inhabitants held a meeting and

of Dartmouth College, and distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided at Cherry Valley, N. Y. From this place we moved to New Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio; sometimes called Copeneat, as it is situated upon Comeat Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New Salem, there are numerous mounds, and forts, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an historical sketch of the long lost race. Their extreme antiquity of course would lead him to write in the most ancient style, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this historical romance was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit, occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative, the neighbors would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, and assumed the title of "Manuscript found." The neighbors would inquire how Mr. S. progressed in deciphering "the manuscript," and when he had a sufficient portion prepared he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce many singular names, which were particularly noticed by the people and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with this work and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

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BOOK OF MORMON OR GOLDEN BIBLE.

As this book has excited much attention and has been put by a certain new sect, in the place of the Sacred Scripture, I deem it a duty which I owe to the public, to state what I know touching its origin.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in early life, was a graduate

deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their member to repair to this place and to obtain the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction, and request for the manuscript, signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright and others with all of whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbors when I resided in New Salem.

I am sure that nothing could grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to purposes of delusion. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new Bible and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics, as a divine. I have given the previous brief narration, that this work of deep deception and wickedness may be searched to the foundation, and its author exposed to the contempt and execration he so justly deserves.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding was the first husband of the narrator of the above history. Since his decease, she has been married to a second husband by the name of Davison. She is now residing in this place; is a woman of irreproachable character and an humble Christian and her testimony is worthy of implicit confidence.

A. Ely, D. D. Pastor Cong. Ch. in Mass. R. D. Austin, Principal of Monson Academy.

THE RELIGION OF REVOLUTIONARY MEN.

I know—I sigh when I think of it—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. It is because the idea of God, which arises from all the evidences of nature, and from the depths of reflection, being the profoundest and weightiest idea of which human intelligence is capable, and the French mind, being the most rapid, but the most superficial, the lightest, the least reflecting of all European races, this mind has not the force and severity necessary to carry far and long the greatest conception of the human understanding.

Is it because our governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us, to believe for us, and to pray for us? Is it because we are and have been a military people, a soldier nation, led by kings, heroes, ambitious men, from battle field to battle field, making conquests, and never keeping them—ravaging, charming and corrupting Europe, and bringing home their manners, vices, bravery, lightness and impiety of the camp to the fireside of the people?

I know not, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought, if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters compared as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe, America, or even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries live and die looking at the spectator, or at most, at posterity. Open the history of America, the history of France, read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms, the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of the dying, and compare. Washington and Franklin fought, suffered and ascended and descended, in their political life, always in the name of God, for whom they acted; and the great liberator of America, died confiding to God the liberty of the people and his own soul. Sidney, the young martyr of patriotism, guilty of nothing but impatience, and who died to expiate his country's dream of liberty, said to his jailor—I rejoice that I die innocent toward the king, but a victim, resigned to the King on high, to whom all my life is due. The republicans of Cromwell's day sought the way of God, even in the blood of battles. Their politics were their faith—their reign a prayer—their death a psalm. One hears, ages, feels that God was in all the movements of these great people. But cross the sea, traverse La Mancha, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that his name was un-

known in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when she recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France. The victims only have a God; the tribes and victors have none. Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death! "Crown me with flowers," said he, "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die at the sound of delicious music!" Not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a vast voluptuousness in his agony.

Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the bearded people who killed their prophets and slybils. Not a glance toward heaven. Only one word for the earth she was quitting—"Oh, Liberty!" Approach the dungeon doors of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet, the only hymn, the Marseillaise!

Follow Camille Desmoullin to his execution. A cool and indecent pangs at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal. Hear Danton, on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner, "You will show my head to the people; it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last sigh, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people, whose great figures seem to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister, death, itself recalls neither the threatenings or promises of God! The republic of these men without God has quickly been stranded. The liberty won with so much heroism and so much genius, has not found in Europe a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier and some apostate republicans, travestied to courtiers. An atheistic republicanism cannot be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you buy it, it sells itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful and God non-existent! So finish atheist revolutions!—*Lamartine*.

IMPORTANT POLITICAL ITEMS.

From the Daily Typhoon (Republican.) On the evening of Monday last a Republican banner was raised in West Pekin, N. Y., amid the cheers of a large assemblage! In the morning the banner was still there! This is a good omen for the future.

A correspondent from Turkey Hollow sends us the following: "out of twenty mules in this village, fourteen are named Jack, and only four Jim, while none are known as Millard."

The accounts from all quarters are very cheering. A correspondent from South Van Winkleberg says that a gentleman of that city, who has always voted the Democratic ticket hitherto, named a pointer pup (which he had just bought) Fremont. This exhibits the sort of feeling which pervades the whole country. The Revolution has begun.

From the Daily Blues (Buchanan.) On every hand there are cheerful evidences of the approaching success of Democratic principles.

Last Monday a little boy was observed tossing up a chip and attentively examining it. On being approached by our reporter, it was discovered that he had written on one side Buck and Breck and, on the other side Fillmore and Donelson, and Fremont and Dayton. The Buck and Breck came uppermost three times out of five. This, too, was in the Ninth Ward—the stronghold of the opposition, and where all the chips have hitherto been strongly Republican.

The late water-crosses in the garden of a very respectable gentleman living in the suburbs of this city came up in the form of two B's. No one about the house knew anything about the matter, and it is regarded by all as a prognostic of the election of "Buck and Breck." The insinuation that the eldest boy sowed the seeds in this form is rejected with scorn by the father.

From the Evening Paul Fry (Know-Nothing.) Most gratifying accounts are pouring in upon us of the progress of American

principles and the popularity of our candidates. In Hard Scrabble there is one paper—the Hard Scrabble Weekly Courier (circulation 70 1-2)—which is Fillmore to the bone. There is neither a Buchanan nor a Fremont paper published in the place, which contains two hundred inhabitants. This shows the course of the political current.

A gentleman in Brooklyn yesterday scratched the names of Fillmore and Donelson on a piece of gingerbread, and then on a piece of bread and butter he put Fremont. He offered the two to his son, a child of only six years of age, which took the gingerbread, and rejected the Fremont bread and butter.

LONDON EDITORS ON YANKEE POLITICS.

The London Morning Advertiser alludes to Fremont as a Know-Nothing! The "Tizer," as that journal is affectionately termed by its friends and supporters, exhibits in this a knowledge of American politics far superior to that of any of its English, or even American contemporaries. Yet the "Tizer" makes a small mistake, which we can not account for except on the supposition that its long advocacy of the interests of the non-keepers of England has incapacitated it for taking in any thing—not even a fact—except in an 'arf' an' 'arf manner. The mistake of the "Tizer" is in the name, and, in order that its readers may be thoroughly posted in regard to our politics, we have prepared a short editorial expressly for its columns, as follows, for which we will charge it nothing at all:

"AMERICAN POLITICS.—There are three political parties in the United States—the Old Hunker Woolly Heads, the Hard-Shell Abolitionists, and the Silver Gray Soft-Shells. The candidates of these respective parties for the Presidency are Fillmore, Fremont, and Buchanan. The Vice-Presidential nominations are Donenridge, Daytelson, and Breckton. The Fillmore and Donenridge party are opposed to the extension of slavery South of Dason & Nixon's line, and are likewise ardent champions of the Tariff principles of Harry Webster and Daniel Clay, two statesmen still held in grateful remembrance in the States. The Fremont and Daytelson men wish to have the seat of government removed to Kansas, where Horace Greeley resides, while the Buckmore and Breckton party advocate the election of foreigners only to office. (This is supposed to be because offices have been lately so much disgraced by the conduct of those occupying them, that they wish to keep natives out of it.) There is a fourth party whose nominee appears to be one Mr. Jessie, but our advices from America do not give us a clear idea of the principles which he represents. To judge from the little that we have gleaned we should judge he was Southern Rights Barnburner. However, no matter what turn affairs may take, the Americans will be sure to have a President!"

The Dangers of the Country—Nullification of the Constitution in Fifteen States.

During our long experience in the discussion of public affairs there have been several crises of danger to the institutions of the country, of which we have not hesitated to warn the American people, without reference to men, to cliques, parties or sections. But since the origin of this government there never has been a crisis of such open, widely extended, and flagrant defiance of the rights of a free people, guaranteed by the federal constitution, as the crisis that is now upon us. Not only in the Territory of Kansas is free speech, free opinion, and freedom of the press trampled under foot, but in fifteen States of the Union these "inalienable rights" of the constitution are suppressed by the despotism of an irresponsible mob.

Practical nullification—nullification of the constitution of the United States—exists, we say, in the barbarous, despotic and dangerous form, in fifteen States of this Union. The fundamental principles of American liberty, upon which lie the foundations of our popular institutions, have no real existence now, except in the sixteen Northern States of the confederacy. In the South the constitution is a dead letter—it is practically extinct—it has been superseded by a despotism over the public press and the private individual, as stealthy, cunning and deadly as that of the Council of Ten of ancient Venice, and infinitely more odious than the existing censorship, either of France, Austria, Italy or Russia. Among the liberals and among the despots of Europe this may read like an extravagant exaggeration; and yet it is the simple truth. A reign

of Terror has arisen in our Southern States—the terror of the mob—compared with which the well-defined limitations of popular privileges, even in Russia, are better adapted to the security of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Within a few months past we have had a number of striking illustrations of the prevalence and virulence of this supreme law of the mob throughout the South. The savage assault by Bully Brooks, of South Carolina, upon Mr. Sumner, in the Senate chamber, and the lion which the Southern democratic oligarchy have made of their hero of that frightful spectacle, indicate, in the outset, a condition of the Southern governing sentiment deplorably demoralized. Such a condition of the public mind can only exist where constitutions and laws have ceased to be morally binding, and where brutal terrorism is the order of the day. In rapid succession, after this bloody scene in the Senate' we have had a brutal dispersion of popular meetings at Wheeling, Va., Baltimore, Md., and various other places in the Southern States; the lawless expatriation of Southern citizens from their homes and their families, for the astounding crime of speaking their own opinions upon the political questions of the day, and an interdict—a perfect Chinese law of exclusion—established throughout the South, in defiance of the constitution, against all Northern men, suspected even, of doubting the infallible blessings of Southern Slavery.

The latest Southern outrages attempted, in this connection, have not been limited to Northern invaders of Southern territory. They have been addressed to Southern born men, and by the leading organs of the Democratic Jacobin Club in the capital of Virginia. Mr. Hott—a native born and distinguished citizen of Virginia—ventured, the other day, to utter the opinion in Richmond, that the South would submit to the election of Fremont and remain in the Union; and for this audacious declaration the democratic journals of that city have left no stone unturned in order to strip up a democratic Governor or a democratic Mob to the forcible expulsion of Mr. Hott from the State. A man of less influence in the shoes of Mr. Hott, and with fewer friends at his back, would probably have been tarred and feathered before sundown; for a similar offense—a similar attempt—to call into force the invisible powers of the democratic mob which now governs the South, was tried against the Hon. Henry Winter Davis, a prominent and promising member of Congress from Maryland. The democratic Richmond Enquirer is horrified at the temerity of Mr. Davis, and suggestively says that the opponents of Mr. Buchanan will very likely next announce the appointment of Mr. Burlingame to speak to the people of Richmond. Mr. Burlingame is the gentleman who cut the comb of Bully Brooks; but let him not show his face in Richmond, if he desires to escape the vengeance of the Virginia Buchanan democracy with a whole skin.

And such is the existing supreme law of the South!—the law of practical nullification!—the law of a democratic jacobin club!—the law of brute force!—the law of spies, informers, outlaws and assassins!—the law of a general and remorseless terrorism!

In fifteen States of the Union we of the North are thus denied the liberty of speech, the liberty of opinion, and even those social privileges which barbarians concede to strangers, as arising from the universal rights of hospitality. We dare say that in no region of the civilized world, during the present century, has there been a parallel to this irresponsible, lawless and invisible despotism which now lords it over the South. It is, nevertheless, infamous, from the fact that it has been generally overlooked, in view of the bloody conspiracy at work to make Kansas a slave State through the same savage law of brute force.

And where lies the responsibility for this frightful state of things? It rests with this wretched democratic Pierce administration, with its disunion managers, with the party, and the candidate pledged to perpetuate its policy. It rests, first, with that plotting and deliberate secessionist, Jefferson Davis, the Mephistopheles of the whole conspiracy, and with Aitchison of Missouri, and poor Pierce, and his active confederates; secondly, with the Cincinnati Convention and the democratic Senate at Washington; and thirdly, with Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Buchanan, and their traitorous recommendations to the South of a dissolution of the Union should Fremont be elected. This it is that the democratic Southern jacobins have been encouraged, not only to threaten disunion should they fail to retain the spoils and their power in the government, but practically to secede from the Union in advance; because, with the constitution as the test, the fifteen Southern States are already out of the Union, and the Union is practically reduced to sixteen States of the North.

Where, then, is the remedy? Not in the election of Buchanan; for in the hands of Davis, Aitchison and that secession crew, he will be but as clay in the hands of the potter; not in voting for Mr. Fillmore, for he is but the lighter attending Buchanan to lift him over the shoals, our safety is in the election of Fremont, who is the only candidate for restoring the constitution and the law to Kansas, and the South to the constitution and the Union. The liberal Southern States, practically, are now out of the Union. Let us elect Fremont and bring them back into the family.—*N. Y. Herald.*