

quieted without the effusion of blood, and in a satisfactory manner, there is, I regret to say, reason to apprehend that disorders will continue to occur there, with increasing tendency to violence, until some decisive measures be taken to dispose of the question itself which constitutes the inducement or occasion of internal agitation and of external interference.

This, it seems to me, can best be accomplished by providing that, when the inhabitants of Kansas may desire it, and shall be of sufficient numbers to constitute a State, a convention of delegates, duly elected by the qualified voters, shall assemble to frame a constitution, and thus to prepare, through regular and lawful means, for its admission into the Union as a State.

I respectfully recommend the enactment of a law to that effect.

I recommend, also, that a special appropriation be made to defray any expense which may become requisite in the execution of the laws or the maintenance of public order in the Territory of Kansas.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

### The State Organization of Kansas—What will be done.

In three weeks the Legislature of the State of Kansas will assemble at Topeka, and the question is frequently broached, What will the Legislature do? Will it organize a regular State Government, and pass the statutes necessary for the government of a 'Sovereign People'?

We know there is an opinion prevalent with some Free State men that the Legislature will adjourn for a specified time, awaiting the action of Congress. In our opinion such a course would be bad policy. 'Revolutions never go backward' is a proverb, and the present movement, though by no means revolutionary in its character, is a bold effort of a down-trodden and oppressed people, to recede from which would be suicidal to our true interests, and calculated to retard rather than subserve the great interests of Freedom.

Glancing at our past condition—at the total subjugation of our people—at the invasion of the Territory on several occasions by ruffian hordes who have no interests or sympathies with the real settlers of Kansas—at the fact that a Legislature elected by these ruffians have not only passed laws as odious as any that ever emanated from the vilest despots, but have actually taken all power out of the hands of the people by appointing tools of their own to execute their vile enactments for 'four years' to come—what possible reason can there be for even the appearance of succumbing to the tyranny which threatens our destruction?

It appears to us that the Legislature elect have a field of promise before them, in which they may give to themselves and to Kansas a character which shall command the approval and respect of the world. In the acts of our opponents they have laws so totally devoid of the first principles of justice, and so completely at war with the spirit of the age, that all civilized men mete out to them their utter condemnation.

Let the Legislature of Kansas show to the world an honorable contrast between the acts of a body duly elected by a subjugated people, and those of a body of usurpers who have no affinity with the people.

We hope they will pass humane, liberal, and upright laws, which will be worthy of a liberal, intelligent, honest people. Having thus performed their duty, they can leave the consequences to take care of themselves. If prudence should dictate anything short of putting all the machinery of the Government in motion, an act might be passed holding the laws in abeyance for a time, awaiting the action of Congress.

The people, however, have the inherent, inalienable right to govern themselves, and they ought to and will do it. Under a Government of our own, we can carry out the true principles of 'Squatter Sovereignty' at least as fully as was ever anticipated by the authors of the Kansas Bill. If Missouri attempts to interfere we must defend ourselves.—[Kansas Tribune, Feb. 18.]

### THE IDLE WIND.

Man is a verb or ought to be—an active transitive verb in the potential mode, present tense, first person singular, depending upon Providence for his nominative case.

He that can be parsed in that way, is a man, worthy of the italics we put him in—and more than that, is no discredit to the little capitals we appropriate, when we write him MAN.

We have a great deal to say about idle this and idle that, when in fact, there is nothing idle in the world, but man, or something that he made. The idle wind!

Why, it is the busiest thing in nature. It has the contract, and fulfils it too, for carrying all the seeds with sails, and seeds with oars, and seeds with wings, all over the world, and leaving them here and there, and every where—some to cover the rock's nakedness, and some to make glad the islands of the sea. It trundled the thistle-down and the dandelion blow about the world all last fall and winter, and we will warrant the disc of the one as round and yellow as a double-eagle glittering by the roadside, and some indignant farmer—we can not help being amused, though we are very sorry for him—is striking away with a hoe at the other, that as green as a rush has shot up in a fence corner.

Some how the wind never makes a mistake; never, to our knowledge, leaves the small passenger it carries, where it can not live and thrive.

It may fling it up on the sand; but depend upon it, it knows how to get a living, and the Sahara becomes a Sarah, as one of old did; it may drift upon a rock, but be sure, it will cling to it

for dear life, and struggle bravely, and the wind shall bring it a handful of dust, and a drop of rain, and it shall become an evergreen, over which December has no dominion at all.

Then the wind has the sailing of the great fleets of clouds in all seas of the air, and it drives them to and fro, as they are consigned with their freight of beauty and blessing, and it brings up the great black man of war into the mid-summer heaven, where there is no danger of a lee-shore, and then how they open ports, and clear up the air, and let down green for the grasses and glow for the roses, and paler robes for the lilies below.

But clouds and colors are not all it carries, for while it wafts a breath with ice in it to the sultry Line yesterday, it returned with a 'sweet south' tribute to the Arctic to-day. You open your window in June, and it showers in upon you a heart full of fragrance from the meadows of clover, and gushes of bird-music from the woodland beyond.

Then how busy is the wind all abroad upon the waters. How it marshals the great plumed waves of the sea, and hurls them upon the shore, till the charge of Balaklava is nothing to sing of. And yet it finds time to trifle with the brook and curl its waters, and frills them into ruffles of silver.

Then again, the wind is a glorious ensign—Have you never seen it shake out the bunting from main mast and mizzen? Have you not heard how it unfurls the banners of arms till they grow terrible to look upon? And how gently in the morning does it lift the bed curtains of silver mist, that night had hung over the river like a canopy, and let it flash along with an unobscured glory.

As for music, what so wonderful as the wind? We extend a silken thread in a crevice of a window, and it finds it, and sighs over it, and sings round it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paginini must go somewhere else for his honor, for lo! the wind is performing with single string!

It tries almost every thing upon earth, to find if there is music in it; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree, till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and wind up the river that runs at its base, for a sort of murmuring accompaniment.

But all this is nothing to the great melody it makes when it gives a concert with full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs a mighty anthem between the two worlds that goes up perhaps, to the stars that love music the most and sing it the first.

And who does not know that the wind is a match maker, and goes about in garden and orchard and field, to solemnize the weddings among the blossoms of tree and flower, where there is always an Adam for every Eve, and the wealth of the harvest to crown the nuptials.

There is wooing and winning going on around us, among those whose marriages never appear in the newspapers, and who never would have been wedded at all, if the wind had been idle or weary.

The wind is something of a waltzer withal. Sometimes it takes a feather for a partner, and sometimes an oak; now it dances round the corners like a fairy, and now it takes the corners with it, like a giant.

Occasionally it whisks away a roof like a cambric handkerchief, and then again it trips so lightly, that the flowers nod gaily to the measure, so gentle is it. But then there is no harm in this rude frolic, but a great deal of blessing.

How the strong wind settling in from the sea, furls the broad, heavy wings of the death angel, that broods over the crowded city, and carries away with it too, the cobwebs that some sly, moody spider of a thought has woven in the nook and corners of the brain.

The wind is something of an artist too, and does things with the snow, that Powers never did with the Parian, but then it is summer, and we will let its genius, as a sculptor, rest until December's storms shall wake it.

The wind like almost every body else, has its merry and its melancholy moments. How gaily it dances among the corn, sweeping over their tasselled forms and rattling their waving blades like knights at an old tournament.

Then how fondly it haunts old houses; moaning under the roofs, sighing in the halls, opening old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song round the fireless and deserted hearth.

How boldly it follows the grandest of us all, and carefully covers up our footprints in the sand, and removes all trace that we have ever walked thereon.

But the impression we gain from all this, is that the wind is neither empty nor wanton nor idle—that it does something more than whistle and wander; that it has nobler duties to perform than lifting the tress from the cheek of beauty, or turning the leaves of an open book upon a window sill; that whether freighted from Java, or Araby the blest, it has a life or a death in it; that it goes forth to the sowing, when the wind is over and gone, and garnets many a harvest for the years that are to come.

It waded away the bough from our reach when we were children; it fanned our brow in manhood when we were weary; it will rustle down the sere leaves upon our graves when we are dead.—[Ex.]

**MEN MORE POLITE THAN WOMEN.**—A Cincinnati editor says that men are more polite than women, and proceeds to prove it in this wise:—'Not long since we had occasion to ride a short distance in one of our city omnibuses. It

was after dark, and the omnibus started off, nearly filled with men. Soon it stopped, and a woman opened the door. Instantly there was a move among the men; they crowded together, and a seat was furnished the lady.

After proceeding a square or two further, another lady wished to get in; an additional squeeze was made, and she was accommodated with a seat. A similar application was again soon made, and a gentleman instantly gave up his seat, and got on top. Another soon followed, and another gentleman did likewise.

Repeated instances like this occurred, and the gentlemen by crowding together, holding market baskets and children, accommodated every lady applicant, till we counted inside—men, women and children—nearly twenty persons.—Then the number began to diminish; men and children got out, and the omnibus was decently filled with women, there being only two men inside, and they at the further end, completely blocked in by market baskets. And now a woman opened the door; not a lady inside stirred.

'Can I have a seat?' modestly inquired the applicant.

I should like to see where you'd sit,' said one lady.

'Don't you see this omnibus is full?' asked another.

'You can stand,' sneeringly said a third.

'I can walk!' said the spunky applicant, and slamming the door, off she walked.

Now, had the omnibus been as full of men as it was of women, that lady would have been furnished a seat without a murmur.

But it is not only in the omnibus that men show the superior politeness over women. In a rainy day, if we meet two men abreast on a crossing, one instantly steps behind the other, and gives you a passway. But if you meet two ladies, ten chances to one but you will have to step into the mud.

In a crowded church, men will squeeze together to accommodate another man; but ladies will spread themselves out, so that three or four will fill a pew, and not one inch will they move to accommodate one of their own sex. So in railroad cars, and other places where men and women congregate, and where the true native disposition is instinctively shown.

We state these as general cases. There are exceptions, of course, but we wish merely to draw attention to the general fact, that while a man's rudeness to a woman is so rare as to attract notice when it occurs, the rudeness of a woman toward a man, is so common as to be considered a matter of course.

If, among other 'Woman's Rights,' which some ladies are now striving to obtain, they will engraft to be always courteous and polite to each other, we men will take care of ourselves and them too, God bless 'em.

**REPUDIATING THE CHURCH.**—Some years ago, there resided on the Saint Johns River, in Florida, a planter named Hendricks. He had no family, but lived alone with his wife and servants. When everything went on aright, he was a very good fellow; but a little deviation from the usual course put him in a violent passion.

During a revival under the ministrations of a Methodist parson, Mr. H. joined the church as one of the converts. For some months affairs happened to jig on smoothly, until eventually there occurred one of those violent hail storms and tornadoes so common during the summer months in tropical latitudes.

After watching the storm for some time from an outhouse, and witnessing the ruin of his crops, he rushed wildly into the house, calling out at the top of his voice—

'Wife—wife! bring me my other coat—I am going right off to Jacksonville.'

At a loss to account for this sudden determination, instead of complying with his strange request, she stepped to question him.

'Why, what now?'

'Get me my coat,' thundered he—I don't see that God Almighty favors me more than others; and I'll be — (using an expletive that sounded strongly of unrighteousness) if I don't go right over to Jacksonville, and have my name taken off the church books. You need not say one word, wife, cutting short the expostulations, 'I am going to do it.'

And he did it.—[Ex.]

**RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN JERUSALEM.**—Letters from Jerusalem state that at present the European consuls hoist their flags regularly on Sundays and all feast days—a ceremony which has hitherto been jealously prohibited by the Turkish officials through the Ottoman empire, excepting at the sport towns.

It was first done on the occasion of the capture to Sebastopol, when the English, French, Spanish and Austrian consuls displayed their flags, and the Prussian consul has since done the same.

Rain is very much wanted throughout Syria and the inhabitants are enduring great sufferings, as prices of all provisions are very high. The Austrian consul at Jerusalem has received from his government a very large sum for the erection within the walls of the town of consular buildings, an hospice, and a palace for the archbishop of Vienna.

The Latin patriarch is building a palace for himself, and a college at Beit Sata, near Bethlehem.

The Greeks are in possession of about two thirds of the land within the walls of Jerusalem, generally supposed to have been bought with Russian money.—[Ex.]

**HUMAN SACRIFICES IN NEW YORK.**—Five hundred and sixty eight of the children in this

city, whom the morning light awoke one week ago yesterday, are now laid away in their little coffins, never more to rejoice in the sight of those who gave them birth.

This mortality among children is extraordinary. It is unequalled in any other city in the United States. It is, we suppose, safe to say that of the children, who died last week, two or three hundred might have been saved by proper attention to keeping the streets clean, on the part of the city authorities, and the entire prohibition of the sale of swill milk.

This needless waste of life, this sacrifice of children, is not any exception to the ordinary course of events here. Five hundred and sixty eight died last week. About as many more may be expected to die in the week to come.

Hundreds of coffins are already made, and are now scattered through the various undertakers' warehouses, which, before next Monday comes, may contain the remains of those who are to day the cheerful prattlers of New York homes.—[N. Y. Post.]

**FOOLSCAP PAPER.**—Everybody knows what 'foolscap paper' is, but would perhaps be puzzled to tell how it came to bear that singular cognomen. Well, when Charles I. found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water marks the Royal Arms. The Parliament under Cromwell made jests and jabs at his law in every conceivable manner, and among other indignities to the memory of Charles, it was ordered that the Royal Arms be removed from the paper, and the fool's cap and bells be substituted. These also were removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued, but paper of the size of the Parliament's Journals still bears the name of 'foolscap.'—[Scientific American.]

**A proud parson and his man,** riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat?

'The same,' said the shepherd, that clothed you—the parish.'

The parson, nettled at this, rode on murmuring a little way, and then bade the man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man, going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool.

'Why, are you going away, then?' said the shepherd.

'No,' answered the other.

'Then you may tell your master,' returned the shepherd, 'that his living cannot maintain three of us.—Ex.'

**THE IRISH SNUFFERS.**—We are reminded, by the anecdote of young Giddings, of the Irishman, lately arrived, who, in visiting one of his countrymen already resident several years in America, discovered on the table a pair of snuffers. 'By my soul,' says Pat, picking them up and examining them, 'that's a queer scissors!' 'Scissors? Mahoney,' responded his companion, 'sure that's no scissors; that's what they call snuffers.' 'Snuffers—for what's that?' 'Sure for snuffing the candle.' 'O—oo—oo—oo,' says Pat, 'I have it now,' and suiting the action to the word, he forthwith pulled the snuff from the candle with his fingers, deposited it in the box, and shutting the snuffers together, exclaimed, with wonder-staring eyes, 'By my soul, but it's a late invention, isn't it?'

**AN OLD SAYING EXPLAINED.**—'Mind your P's and Q's' has a very vulgar origin. The expression arose from the ancient custom of hanging a slate behind the alehouse door, on which was written 'P' or 'Q'—i.e., Pint or Quart—against the name of each customer, according to the quantity which he had drunk, and which was not expected to be paid for till the Saturday evening when the wages were settled. The expression so familiar to schoolboys of 'Going tick,' may perhaps be traced to this—a tick or mark being put for every glass of ale.—[Ex.]

**OLD GRAPES.**—The Richmond American acknowledges the receipt of a few Fox Grapes, of the mature age of fifty years. They were found on the 8th of October, by Mr. James B. Carter, on his farm in Grochland county, Virginia. They were buried in the spring of 1805, having been put in an air-tight jar and sealed with rosin. The negro who buried them was sold soon after, and the grapes were not found till this fall. They lay three feet below the surface.—[Ex.]

**UNIVERSAL SPITTOON.**—It has been stated, on good authority, that one thousand tons of tobacco juice are annually squirted over the face of God's creation, and twenty tons of ivory are worn out in chewing the weed, every seven years. If this practice continues to increase in the future, it has in the past few centuries, the world will become one vast spittoon.—[Ex.]

**AN ANCIENT APPLE TREE.**—The editor of the Manchester (N. Y.) Mirror has been eating apples from a tree that is 120 years old. That tree was planted in Bedford, by John Goff, prior to the year 1740, and is now, 1865, in good bearing condition.

**On his death bed,** a disingenuous humorist requested that no one might be invited to his funeral, 'because,' sighed the dying wag, 'it is a civility I can never repay.'