

# Religious Intelligencer.

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

L. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. III.—NO. 23.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 127

## Religious Selections.

### The Meaning of Ministering.

The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.—MAT. XX. 28.

To be ministered to, is to be served, to be waited on by other persons. To minister to him, is to serve him. Earthly potentates and other great men, are surrounded and waited upon by a great many servants; and would think it infinitely below their rank and dignity, to lay aside their robes, their purple and fine linen, and humbly serve their own subjects and dependents.

Jesus Christ was Lord of all. "All power was given to him in heaven and on earth." He needed but a word, but a volition, to have shrouded about him a greater train of servants, than ever waited in the palaces of the emperors. But this would not have comported with the design of his mission. It was no part of his object to show the world, what an exalted state it is to live in luxury and ease, to be served, to be waited on by a throng of trembling menials; but "contrariwise," to set the world an example of condescension, spending his life in ministering to the poor, to the sick, to the helpless, to the friendless. It was thus that "he went about doing good." It was in this way that he accomplished what he came to do, not to be ministered to, but to minister, and after he had done all, "to give his life a ransom for many."

How hard it is to follow Christ's example in this, as well as almost every thing else! How much better do we naturally love to be ministered to, than to minister! It requires a great deal of self-denial, to bring ourselves to a habitual cheerfulness in doing good to our fellow men, serving them, as their circumstances require, and according to our means and ability. A sudden impulse of sympathy and compassion, at the sight of want and distress will move almost anybody to offices of kindness. But such spasms are very different from the spontaneous outflowings of benevolence, in its habitual ministrations to the sick, the afflicted and the destitute.

There are a great many people in the world, and some I am afraid in the church, who act as if they thought that God had made them of better clay than the great majority of mankind; as if he undoubtedly intended them to be ministered to in everything, and not to minister at all, where it would cost them the least inconvenience. Hence, their main study is, how to live at ease; to enjoy life, as they very mistakenly intend to do by this selfish way of living. They never had out the secret of being contented and happy; and they wonder what the matter is. They have money enough; they have servants enough; they have every thing enough; they have all the time upon their hands to enjoy themselves, and yet they are not happy. God never intended they should be, in being served merely, while they neglect the duties of life.

If they have read in the Bible, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive," they appear never to have believed a word of it, or if they did, to have entirely forgotten it. They are so absorbed by the lusts of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, that they have but few thoughts to spare for anything else. In their golden ears, they are whirled round and round in their narrow circles, and are never satisfied. In leading this selfish and useless life, whether they will confess it or not, they know that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Below them, there are many others who follow the example of our Saviour, as little as they can help.

Our saint can love, whose nose can thank, Creation's blot, creation's blank.

O wretched, wretched condition! To be receiving a thousand blessings from the hand of God every day; to be all the while ministered to, and not to minister to others.

If we are not wholly at fault in this regard, if we do not consult our own ease and convenience, to the entire neglect of our social duties, if we make some honest endeavour "to do good and communicate," let us inquire whether we do not fall much below the gospel standard; whether we are not, at the best, "following Christ afar off;" whether we do not still very much prefer being "ministered to, to ministering." Wherein we have erred, and sinned, through sloth and self-seeking, let us "repeat and do works meet for repentance." The more we minister to others, the more good we do, renouncing all merit in our works, and relying on Christ alone, the more reason shall we have to boast in the great day, to hear that sweet plaudit from his lips. "Well done good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord." H. H.

### Who Slew All These?

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

About twenty years ago, Mr and Mrs —, decent and respectable people, removed with a family of children from the country to a neighbouring town, where they purchased a small house and ground, and lived very comfortably. Their family, however, increasing to five boys, they removed to the shore—the town being situated on a river—and in addition to their former means of obtaining a living, erected a sign, and provided "entertainment" or such as chose to call on them. They were temperate people, accounted honest, and sent their children to the most respectable school in the place. In a short time it was perceived

that they too frequently partook of the "entertainment," as it is called, which they provided for their customers. The habit of daily nursing the poison to others, induced them to taste for themselves; their house was not as respectable as formerly; restraints were removed; and, although they were not drunkards, they gave evidence that they used too freely the deadly drag which they fearlessly handed. If the temperance reformation had been at that time commenced, they might have been warned of their danger, and saved from ruin; but nothing arrested their progress in the path of the destroyer.

Their children, who used to be clad in garments which denoted a mother's industry, soon began to bear marks of neglect, and were by degrees withdrawn from the school—their parents, because of hard times, not being able to support them there. They consequently lounged about, became acquainted with the customers at the bar, and learned their evil habits, especially that of drinking.

The parents had commenced the safe intoxicating drink to become rich; but at the end of a few years it had reduced them to poverty. They had lost their respectability, their honesty, and their property, which was mortgaged for ruin; their children had become vagabonds, and their house a receptacle of vice. Of all their five sons, not one escaped the infection; they and their miserable parents wallowed in the mire together.

In consequence of the dreadful excess to which she had abandoned herself, the imagination of Mrs — became disordered, and conjured up horrible visions. In her fits of delirium tremens, she fancied herself bound with a belt of brass, to which was attached a chain held by the great enemy of souls, who had indeed enchained her with this most dire and effectual of all his spells. She would cross the room with the rapidity of lightning, screaming that he was winding up the chain, and she must go—she could not stop. She was afraid to pass her own threshold, and saw spirits black and hideous all around her. "There they sit," she would say, "J—, M—," mentioning the names of all her children; "there they sit, gnawing at me, and telling me I sent them to hell: they are on the beams, and in the corners, and wherever I go."

The writer of this has often witnessed her desperate struggles; has seen her, when a gleam of reason came over her mind, weep in bitterness over her ruin and misery; has heard her confessions of deeds of villany committed under her roof; and has heard also her solemn vows to refrain from that which wrought all this misery and sin; but, after all this, has seen her "seek it yet again."

All the arguments which religion can offer were set before her, and she often felt, or appeared to feel their force, and resolved; but the deadly wave seemed to have retired to gather new force, and again swept over her and prostrated her lower than "the beasts that perish." There can be no more effectual barrier against the voice of conscience, the powerful influence of natural affection, and the strivings of the Spirit of God, than intoxicating drinks.

Her husband had made himself literally a beast; his appearance was scarcely human; bloated, discoloured, tottering, uttering curses, and sometimes threatening her life. Her constitution after a while gave way, and she sank in death, snoring out the few last days of her existence in a state of stupor, covered with rags and filth. Her husband had so benumbed every feeling of humanity by his excess, that he seemed very little affected by her death; and to one who reminded him of their former respectability, and spoke of the wretched state to which they were reduced, urging him powerfully, over the dead body of the self-murdered wife, now to desist, he replied stupidly that there is an *eleventh hour*.

Four or five years have elapsed, and he is still in the same state of beastly degradation—his property entirely gone, and he occasionally earning a few pence, with which to purchase the poison which is consuming his vitals, and rendering him stupid and dead to every motive that can be urged for reformation.

Two of the sons of this unhappy man have gone down to death in an awful manner. Another, in an affray occasioned by intoxication, received such an injury in the head, that his intellect has suffered, and he is subject to fits of partial derangement. The other two are very intemperate, one of them apparently lost to all sense of shame.

The circumstances attending the death of one of these young men were extraordinary. He had become subject to fits in consequence of his intemperate life; and his wife following the same course, they were obliged to give up keeping a public-house, and he maintained himself by fishing. He frequently stopped coloured people and others who were advertised as runaways, and obtained a reward for returning them to their masters. He was brutally cruel in his treatment of those who thus fell into his hands, and on one occasion having apprehended a young coloured man on suspicion of his being a runaway, he confined him; and taking him in a boat to his master—who had sent him from home on business—as he was returning, he fell from the boat, probably in a fit, and sank like lead into the mighty waters. On the following day search was made for his body, which was found swollen and disfigured, and laid into the grave.

His brother, the youngest of the five, had not reached his twentieth year, but had given himself up to the influence of the vice which has proved the destruction of his family, until

he also was subject to fits. Not many months ago he was seized with one, being then intoxicated; he was recovered by the bystanders, and crawled to a small sloop laying partly on the shore for repairs: he laid himself down there, and was found, ten minutes afterwards, dead, with his head partly under water. It was supposed that another fit had seized him, and that in his struggle he had fallen and suffocated.

This is a melancholy history, but a true one. Many circumstances rendering it more striking are suppressed, as some of the parties are living. The old man, but a short time ago, was warned again, and the question put to him, "What are the benefits of this practice?" "It fattens graveyards," he replied, with a distorted countenance and a horrid laugh.

Yes, such are the dire results of intemperance; and of intemperance not born with one, but brought on by a comparatively moderate use of ardent spirits. These facts are well known. They are published with the hope of their proving a restraint to some one who, trusting in the strength of principle, is in the habit of using intoxicating drinks as a daily beverage.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

### Obedience to Parents.

A poor soldier, some years ago, whose pay was but a few pence daily, was asked by his officer how he understood the fifth commandment; what was meant by honouring his father and his mother. "Please your honour," replied the soldier, "I take it to mean, allow them three half-pence a-day out of my pay, now they are old." Was not this a very good practical explanation?

Why should you render this obedience? Reverence for the guides of your youth requires it. Affection prompts it. Gratitude urges it. The Bible commands it. The happy results of obedience encourage it. The miserable consequences of disobedience enforce it. A wicked man, becoming angry with his aged parent, determined to turn him out of doors. He ordered his little boy to give the old man a blanket that he might have some little defence against the cold winter's blast. "Father," said the child, "shall I cut the blanket in half?" "In half! what do you mean child?" "Why father, because when I'm grown a man, may be, I shall turn you out of doors when you are old, and then you will want the other half!" The wicked man's conscience was awakened. What! would his child visit upon him the sin he was about to commit? It might be so. And if so, the retribution would be just. He could not bear the prospect, and with tears besought his aged father to forgive him his great transgression, and still to remain under his roof.

You are to obey your parents in all things. Even when it is a thing disagreeable or inconvenient. However busy you may be at work or play, you must answer directly, and run to do what they bid you. The little girl of whom I told you, as loving her Bible so much, was cheerful and prompt in her obedience. "Whenever I called her," said her aunt, "however busy she might be, ran to me like a bee's wing." Was not this a pretty comparison? It was the same thing as saying, she came flying like a little honey bearer.

Do not think this a matter of trifling concern. Disobedience to parents is rebellion against God. Disobedient children are put in a list with the worst of characters, 2 Tim. iii. 2, 3.

Of course, I am aware that fathers and mothers have their faults. They would not be human beings if they were quite perfect. You should be ready to bear with their imperfections. The reason why you should do this, may be gathered from the following narrative. The kind master of a certain slave one day gave him an olive, and desired him to eat it. Olives are unpleasant to eat; but this slave ate his without making a wry face. His master looked, and expressed his surprise. "What!" answered his servant pleasantly, "have I received so many favours from you, and cannot I manage to eat a bitter olive when you give me one, without making a fuss about it?"

But mother is very unkind to me, and father is always harsh. I never get anything but angry looks and words from them. It is very hard to mind what they say. I am sure it must be. Still the command is absolute. You are not, and cannot be, a proper judge of the conduct of your parents. It would never do to leave it with you to settle when you should obey and when you should not obey. Besides, love to Jesus Christ will enable you to obey; even if love to your parents is not strong enough. And your heavenly Father is acquainted with all your difficulties; pray to Him and He will grant the peculiar support and assistance you need, so that, as you walk in the way of parents-obeying, you shall not stumble.

But is it never right to disobey? Very seldom.—Still such a case may occur, although great caution is necessary, for fear it should be selfishness which makes you glad of an excuse for disobedience. These questions may help you if you should be thus placed: Does the Bible positively forbid it? Does my unwillingness to obey come from respect for God's command? Is it merely, or chiefly because I want to save myself trouble? Have I expressed my unwillingness in a very modest, respectful manner, and asked my parents

to notice that the Bible forbids what they want me to do? Am I at the same time doubtfully attentive to the other wishes of my parents, so that I may prove the sincerity of my scruples?

The way of obedience is certainly pleasant and peaceful, when we look at it from beginning to end. Now and then you may think it would be pleasanter to have your own way; but in the long run, experience would convert you to an opposite opinion. The commandment to honour parents, is the first which has a promise. Think of that; God meant to distinguish this commandment. The promise referred to the land of Canaan. But I have no doubt, that to every obedient child there is still a promise belonging and fulfilled—the blessing of God rests upon the worldly substance of obedient children. Dutiful sons and daughters are generally favoured with peculiar enjoyments and usefulness in every other relation of life. They make the best husbands, wives and parents. They are blessed as the instruments of making others happy. Like Isaac, Joseph, and David, such children have the privilege of finding God near them as a Father, and in "his favour is life, and his loving kindness is better than life."

There was a father who, one day, met with a dreadful accident, while he was on what some persons call "a drunken spree." This happened while his wife, equally as abandoned as himself, was drinking in a gin-shop. They had one child, who, in a Sunday school had learned to know and love the Lord. Poor child, she had had a painful time of it, before this accident.—And now her misery was increased. Her father became delirious, and his pious child could scarcely bear to sit up with him at night, for his language was full of dreadful words. Her mother was little better. Most of the things in the house were at the pawn shop, and but for a shilling better Martha had saved out of her earnings, there would not have been a particle of food. I have not time to tell you of this affectionate daughter's unwearied patience, meekness, and love; all rendered in return for her unkindness and neglect of her; of her hard labours in the day, and pale watchings at night.

But I must tell you of what occurred to her and her parents two years after this melancholy time. About two years afterwards, you would not have known the cottage. It was decent and well furnished. On a Sunday, both parents were seen, well clad, accompanying their happy child to the house of God. When they returned, they sat down in gratitude and peace, and conversed of the great things God had done for them, whereof they were glad. They spoke of the means which had brought the striking alteration in their persons and their circumstances. Listen to their acknowledgment:—"It was a great blessing we ever went to that temperance meeting, and were persuaded to put down our name. And it was a great blessing when we got back our bit of clothing to make us decent. And it was a still greater blessing, when we were led to hear the sound of the Gospel. But"—and both parents took the hands of the weeping, happy Martha—"we should never have kept our pledge, we should never have been persuaded to hear the Gospel, if it had not been for seeing that it taught this dear child to be dutiful and affectionate, even to parents who so little deserved it. She has honoured her father and mother in humble obedience to the command of God, and long and abundantly may she enjoy the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

### The Infidel's Child.

The following fact communicated by one of our foreign correspondents, shows alike the blessings of Sunday Schools to children, and the influence which even these "little ones" may exert upon others for good.

In the city of London, there lived a little girl, who attended for three years, and by stealth, the teachings of a Sabbath-school.—Coming under the saving influence of truth, she became concerned for her father—a infidel, and active opposer of Christianity. She obtained a Bible, but knew not how to put it into his hands; for she feared his displeasure, and dreaded any prohibition which might deprive her of the prized advantages of the Sabbath-school. She retired, to seek Divine guidance. Her father, passing the door of the apartment, heard the voice of his child; it was the voice of prayer—she prayed for him. He became affected, agitated, distressed. After a little, the family assembled at the tea-table; the beverage was handed round, but he could not partake. "Is there a Bible in the house?" he said. "My dear," replied his wife, apprehensive of the purposed repetition of the act, "did you not burn every Bible that we had, not leaving so much as one?" "Is there any good book, then?" he inquired. His little daughter, thinking that God might be answering her prayer, arose, took him by the hand, asked him to go with her, and when they had left the room, looking into his face, said "Father, sure you won't be angry with me? I know you won't be angry with me; come with me and I will get you one." And she brought him and gave him the Bible, which for this very purpose she had procured. He felt deeply, and, trembling while he handed it back to her, said, "My child, I cannot read this book, will you read it for me?" She did so; and then, taking her in his arms, he kissed her and said, "Tell me, my child, where did you get this book, and how did you obtain this knowledge of it?" She told him all, how she attended

the Sabbath-school, the effect upon herself, and how she became concerned for his salvation. That very evening he accompanied her to the chapel. As they entered, the minister was engaged in prayer; his manner and address made a powerful impression on the father's mind, for he seemed to walk with God; the sermon aided in deepening the impression; and it was an interesting sight when two or three Sabbaths afterwards, that father appeared in that chapel, with his wife and nine children, and openly renounced his infidelity, reclaimed through the influence of Sabbath-school instruction on the heart of his child, was the celebrated author of "The Every-Day Book."—N. Y. Obs.

### The Fall of Jerusalem.

One of the most splendid sketches is that by Croly, who thus describes the Fall of Jerusalem:

The fall of our illustrious and happy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of the Roman policy, and, to the last hour of our natural existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic disposition to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was a grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes, and voices in the air; visions startling us from our short and troublesome sleep; lunacy in its hideous forms; sudden death in the midst of vigor; the fury of the elements let loose upon our unsheltered heads; we had every terror and evil that could beset human nature, except pestilence, the most probable of all, in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded, and the dead. Yet, though the streets were covered with unburied bodies; though every well and trench was teeming with them; though six hundred thousand corpses lay flung over the rampart, and naked to the sun, pestilence came not, for, if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But the abomination of desolation, the pagan standard, was fixed where it was to remain until the plough had passed over the ruins of Jerusalem.

On this fatal night, no man laid his head upon his pillow. Heaven and earth were in shock. Meteors burned above us; the ground shook under our feet; the volcano blazed; the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead, in whirlwinds, far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were on our side, swelled by the deluge. The lakes and rivers roared and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out tenfold fire. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heavens. Lightning, in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forest of flame, and shattered the summits of the hills.

Defence was unthought of, for the mortal enemy had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear, but it was to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and spear, and crouched before the descending judgment. We were conscience-smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish and horror, were heard through the uproar of the storm. We howled to the caverns to hide us; we plunged into the sepulchres to escape the wrath that consumed the living; we would have buried ourselves under the mountains.

I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause, and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man among them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came round me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly that they were to die, and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the temple. They followed, and I led through the streets, encumbered with every shape of human suffering, to the foot of Mount Moriah. But, beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of clouds, whose darkness was palpable, even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted by anything that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascent. But I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept down by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower around me. And now came the last and most wonderful sign, that marked the fate of rejected Israel.

While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill, and the vapors began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on the edges, and the clouds rose rapidly, shaping themselves into forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distinct, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened, and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement. In awe that held us mute, we knelt and gazed on this more than mortal architecture, that continued rising, and spreading, and glowing with a serene light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moonbeam was dim. At last it stood forth, from earth to heaven, the closed image of the first temple; of the building, raised by the wisest of men; one consecrated to the visible glory.

All Jerusalem saw the image, and the shout that in the midst of their despair ascended from its thousands and tens of thousands, told

what proud remembrances there were. But a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world beside. Never fell on my ear, never on human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing; so full of melancholy yet of grandeur and command. The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see, but once again; the guardian angels of the City of David! They came forth gloriously, but with woe in all their steps; the stars upon their helmets dim; their robes stained; tears flowing down their cheeks of celestial beauty. "Let us go hence," was their song of sorrow; "Let us go hence," was answered by the sad echoes of the mountains. "Let us go hence," swelled upon the night, to the uttermost limits of the land. The procession lingered long upon the summit of the hill.—The thunders pealed, and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. The chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, until their splendor was diminished to the brightness of a star. Then the thunder roared again. The cloudy temple was scattered on the wind, and darkness, the omen of the grave, settled upon Jerusalem.

## Correspondence.

### New York Correspondence.

New York, May 26, 1856.

Mr. Editor.—As a new Act in the Kansas tragedy has taken place, and, as I have frequently mentioned, Kansas is the pivot upon which is to turn the destiny of this nation in relation to freedom or slavery, it is well to connect the present with the past. I have hitherto traced the history of events in Kansas, as to the repeal of the Missouri compromise by the last Congress, by which repeal that territory and that of Nebraska were opened to slavery, though for thirty years prohibited by act of Congress; in relation to the Missourians entering Kansas, taking possession of the ballot boxes and electing contrary to the wishes of the inhabitants a pro-slavery legislature which passed the most cruel and tyrannical acts known to slaveholding legislation, despicable as it is; in relation to the inhabitants refusing to acknowledge the legislature and the invasion this refusal brought from the Border Ruffian last winter; in relation to the formation of a state government by the inhabitants and their application for admission into the Union, and now I will follow still further the history of events.

By the court of Judge LeCompte in Kansas, (a judge appointed by the U. S. Government) indictments for treason were found against the officers of the people's government and other leading citizens of the free state party; those citizens were either arrested and confined, or they fled; then the United States Marshall, Donaldson, in connection with LeCompte's Court assembled the border ruffians by United States authority in great hordes, and marched upon Lawrence the principal place of the free state men, and last Wednesday burned that place. According to present accounts not a building is left. How many lives were sacrificed we have not yet heard, but it is certain some have perished. So far the great events. Now we will attend to some of the immediate occasions upon which the great events turned.

Reeder, ex-governor of Kansas, deposed by the President for refusing to be the tool of slave-power for fastening slavery upon that territory, was elected by the people as their representative in the lower House of Congress; Whitefield was elected by the Missourians under authority of the mock-legislature to represent Kansas in Congress. Thus the question arose in Congress who of right represents Kansas, Reeder or Whitefield. To settle this, Congress, that is the lower House, appointed a committee of three, to go to Kansas and investigate affairs there, and report them to Congress. This committee began to take testimony the last of April, going into each congressional district. As far as they had gone till the late disturbances it turns out that the Missourians have polled two or three votes to one polled by the settlers of Kansas. So the investigation was fast exposing the whole scheme of villainy by which the slave power is pushing forward its cherished institution. This exposure was what the pro-slavery leaders were determined not to hear. So it was arranged while the committee was at Lawrence to send by the authority of the mock Legislature to arrest some of the citizens on false excuses of one kind or another. This was done, knowing the citizens not acknowledging that authority, there would arise an occasion, which rising, as a pretext, the present state of affairs might be induced and the Congressional investigation broken up. The citizens of Lawrence preferred not to be arrested by such authority though they made no resistance, but the atrocious individuals kept out of the way. The desired pretext was formed, and the United States troops were called out to aid the Sheriff (Jones) to execute his arrests. Of course there was no opposition offered, but unfortunately Jones was shot while at Lawrence, and badly wounded. He was shot by an assassin at night. The people of Lawrence in a public meeting, disclaimed the act, and offered five hundred dollars for the arrest of the assassin; but this furnished occasion for the proclamation by which the border ruffians were hurried upon Lawrence.

Another thing needs to be stated. Next week