was so ill as to require unwonted care. Now that I can safely dismiss him from my mind for hours, my wings begin to flutter; and I want to fly; but I cannot have him, because nobody else can do anything with him; and when I am away he trains in an extraordinary fashion. The recent public events have also greatly discouraged me. To have tolerated so long against slavery, and yet to see it always triumphant! The outrage upon Charles Sumner made me literally ill for several days. It brought on nervous headache, and painful suffocations about the heart. If I could only have done something, it would have lessened that tight ligature that seemed to stop the flowing of my blood. But I never was one of those who knew how to stir the Lord by standing and sitting, and to stand and sit there! It almost drove me mad. And that miserable Faneuil Hall Meeting! The time-serving Geo. Hillard talking about his friend Sumner, being a man that "hit hard." Making the people laugh at his own vitriolisms, when a volcano was seething beneath their feet! Poisoning the well-spring of popular indignation, which is rising in its might? And then that miserable tool of a Governor Gardiner, proclaiming that the State should pay Mr. Sumner's bond! God forgive me, that I wanted to take Boston by the throat, and stop the sluggish blood that feeds its worldly life. I wish Mr. Russell was dictator, and hemp already risen in the market. Those Boston notables, I tell you they are criminals. Great criminals; and those who merely destroy physical life, for they systematically blind the minds of the people, and stagnate their moral energies.

Mr. Athos, in his letter of departure for the North, wrote to me, "The North will not really do anything to maintain their own dignity. See if they do! I am willing to go abroad, to find some relief from the mental pain that the absence of public affairs in this country, has for many years caused me." But I am more hopeful. Such a man as Charles Sumner will not blud and suffer in vain! Those noble prototypes of liberty in Kansas will prove missionary ghosts, walking through the land, rousing the nation from its guilty slumbers. Our hopes, like yours, rest on the North. I would almost lay down my life to have them elected. There never has been such a crisis since we were a nation. If the Slave Power is checked now, it will never regain its strength. If it is not checked, civil war is inevitable, and with all my horror of bloodshed, I could be better resigned to that great calamity, than to endure the tyranny that has so long trampled on us. I do believe the North will not this time fall asleep; after shaking her mane and growling a little. If Buchanan is elected, I believe there will be such an army of irremediables in the field, as have not been seen since the days of Cromwell. The Sutroan blood is like Lehigh coal, slow to be