

## ICHABOD.

I heard the train's shrill whistle call,  
I saw an earnest look bespeak,  
And rather by that look than speech,  
My neighbor told me all.  
  
And as I thought of Liberty,  
Marched, hand-cuffed, down that sworded street,  
The solid earth beneath my feet  
Reeled fluid as the sea.  
  
I felt a sense of bitter loss—  
Shame, fearless grief, and stinging wrath,  
And baulking fear, as if my path,  
A serpent stretched across.  
  
By love of home all pride of place,  
All generous confidence and trust,  
Sank smothering in that deep disgust  
And anguish of disgrace.  
  
Born on my native hills of June,  
And home's green quiet, bidding all,  
Felt sudden darkness like the fall  
Of midnight upon noon!  
  
And Law, an unloosed maniac, strong,  
Blood-drunk, through the blackness trod,  
Horse shouting at the ear of God  
The blasphemy of wrong.  
  
Oh, Mother, from thy memories prop'd,  
Thy old renown, dear Commonwealth,  
Lend this dead air a brace of health,  
And smile with stain this cloud.  
  
Mother of Freedom, wise and brave,  
Was awful in thy strength," I said;  
An me: I spoke but to the dead;  
And stood upon her grave!

J. G. W.

## SELECT MISCELLANY.

## TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

When she was seated on the bench of the bar, she was asked if she had a defense. She replied that a friend had undertaken it, but not seeing him, she proposed to defend herself. The president of the court, who was the young Chevalier Lagarde, afterward illustrious by his defense of the accused, and already famous for eloquence and courage when the advocate shared the cause of his client. Chevalier Lagarde placed his hand on the bar. Charlotte gazed on him through the glass, lest, to save her life, the audience would abandon some part of her defense.

The widow of Marat wept while giving in evidence. Charlotte, moved by her tears, exclaimed—

"Yes, 'twas I that killed him."

Then she related the premeditation of the crime, her project of stabbing Marat in the convention, and the rage she had shown to obtain access to him.

"Confess," said she, with humility, "that this means was unworthy of me; but it was necessary to appear to esteem this man worthy to obtain access to him."

Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?" she was asked.

"I did not need the hatred of any one else," she replied, "besides, you always execute me, that which you have not devised your-

"What did you hate in him?"

"His crimes."

"What did you hope to effect by killing Marat?"

"Restore peace to my country."

"Do you, then, think you have assassinated the Marats?"

"Since he is dead, perhaps the others may live."

The knife was shown her that she might recognize it. She pushed it from her a curse of disgust.

"Yes," replied she, "I recognise it."

"What persons did you visit at Caen?"

"Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal officer, and the Cure at St. Jean."

"Did you confess to a conforming or non-conforming priest?"

"Neither the one or the other."

"Since when, had you formed your de-

"Since the 31st of May, when the depu-

"tate of the people were arrested. I have kill-

"One man to save a thousand. I was a re-

"Frauchet was confronted with her."

"I only know Frauchet by sight," said she.

"Inscrutably, I look upon him as a

"Devout of principles; and I despise him."

"He accused, reproached her with having

"The fatal stroke downward, in order to

"To make it more certain, and observed she must

"We exercised in crime. At this sugge-

"She destroyed all her ideas, by assimil-

"She turned her to professed murderers, she uttered

"A cry of horror."

"The monster!" exclaimed she. "he

"Is me for an assassin!"

"I pronounced Timville summed up, and demand-

"The sentence of death should be passed

"On me."

"The defendant arose. "The accused,"

"She confesses her crime, she avows its

"Preliminary, and gives the most over-

"Hearing details. Citizens, this is her only

"Crime. This impudent calum and entire

"Peculiarity of self, which reveals no re-

"More in the presence of death—this calm

"In this forcefulness, sublime in one point of

"Men, is not natural; they can only be ex-

"Excited by the excitement of political fanati-

"Cism, which placed the poignard in her hand,

"As you to decide what weight so stern a

"Monstrous should have in the balance of

"Justice. I leave all to your consciences."

"The jury unanimously sentenced her to

"She heard the verdict unmoved; and the

"President having asked her if she had

"Anything to say relative to the punishment

"Inflicted on her, she made no reply; but

"Turning to her defender, "Monsieur," said

"She, "you have defended me as I wish to be

"Defended; I thank you: I owe you a proo-

"My gratitude and esteem, and I offer you

"The worthy of you. These gentlemen,

"Pending to the judges,) have just declared

"My property confiscated; I owe something

"To prison, and I bequeath to you the pay-

"Men of this debt."

"During her examination she observed the

"Painter engaged in taking her likeness; with-

"Interruption the examination, she smiling,

"Turned towards the artist, in order that he

"Might better see her features. She thought

"Immortality, and already sit for her por-

"rait to immortality.

"Behind the painter stood a young man,

"Dense fair hair, blue eyes, pale complex-

"So marked him for a native of the North.

"His eyes were riveted on the prisoner; and

"Each reply he shuddered and changed col-

"Or. He seemed to drink in her words and

"Associate himself by gesture; attitude and en-

## THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthly Reform.

M. H. COBB, EDITOR.

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## FARM &amp; KITCHEN.

thusiasm; with the sentiments she expressed: Usable frequently to repress his emotion, he drew to himself by involuntary exclamations the attention of the audience and Charlotte Corday. At the moment when the president passed sentence of death, the young man rose from his seat, with the gesture of a man who protests from the bottom of his heart, and then sank back, as though his strength had failed him. Charlotte, insensible of her own fate, perceived this movement, and comprehended that, at a moment when all on earth had abandoned her, a kindred spirit attached itself to hers, and that, amidst those hostile and indifferent throng, she possessed an unknown friend, and she thanked him with a look.

This young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, sent to Paris by the revolutionaries of Mayence, to concert the movements of Germany with those of France, in the common cause of human reason and the liberty of the people. His eyes followed Charlotte, until she disappeared among the gens d' armes beneath the arch of the stairs. His thoughts never quitted her.

On her return to the Concierge, which was so soon to yield her up to the scaffold, Charlotte smiled on her companions in prison, who had arranged themselves in the corridors and courts to see her pass. She said to the concierge, "I had hoped that we should breakfast together once more, but the judges have detained me so long that you must forgive me for having broken my word."

The executioner arrived: she requested him to allow her time to finish a letter, not the outpouring of weakness nor regret, but the last act of wounded friendship—addressing an eternal reproach to the cowardly spirit which had abandoned her.

It was addressed to Doucet de Pentecoulant, whom she had seen at her aunt's, and whom she believed she had called in vain to be her defender. The letter was as follows:

"Doucet de Pentecoulant is a coward who has refused to defend me when it was so easy. He who undertook it, performed his task with all possible dignity, and I shall retain a grateful recollection of him to my last moments."

Her indignation was unjust; the young Pentecoulant, who was absent from Paris, had not received her letter; his generosity and courage were a sufficient guarantee that he would have accepted the office; and Charlotte bore an error and injustice to the scaffold.

The artist who had sketched Charlotte's likeness at the tribunal, was M. Hauer, a painter and officer of the national guard, of the section of the Theater Francaise. On her return to the prison, she requested the concierge to allow him to finish his work, and, on his arrival, Charlotte thanked him for the interest he appeared to take in her, and quickly sat to him, as though, while she permitted him to transmit her form and features to posterity, she also charged him hand down her mind and her patronage to unborn generations. She conversed with M. Hauer on his profession, the event of the day, and the peace of mind she had felt after the execution of her design; she spoke of her young friend at Caen, and requested him to paint a miniature from the portrait, and send it to her family.

Suddenly, a knock was heard at the door, and the executioner entered. Charlotte, turning around, perceived the scissors and red chemise he carried over his arm.

"What! already," exclaimed she, turning pale. Then recovering her composure, and glancing at the unfinished portrait, "Monseur," said she to the artist, "I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude."

As she spoke, she took the scissors and severing a lock of her long fair hair, she gave it to M. Hauer. This portrait, interrupted by death, is still in the possession of the family of M. Hauer.

The head only was painted, and the bust merely sketched. But the painter, who watched the preparation for the scaffold, was so struck with the sinister splendor added by a red chemise to the beauty of the model, that after death, he painted her in this costume.

A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolation of religion. "Thank," said she to him, "those who have sent you, but I need not your ministry. The blood that I have spilt, and my own which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal." The executioner then cut off her hair, and put on the chemise des condamnes. "This," said she, "is the toilet of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immorality."

She collected her long hair, looked at it for the last time and gave it to Madame Richard. As she mounted the fatal car, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the crowds that blocked up the squares, the bridges and the streets which she passed. Hordes of women, or rather, furies, followed her with the fiercest imprecations; but insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

The sky cleared up, and the rains which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like that of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head; and this forced rigidity of the muscles, gave more fixity to her figure. The rays of the setting sun fell upon her head; and her complexion, heightened by the red chemise, seemed of an unearthly brilliancy.

ROBERT IN KENTUCKY.—Young Farmer— I say, friend, is there anything of shoot about here?

Farmer—Wal, I don't know, stranger, but you can go down to the cross-roads and take a pop at the schoolmaster, just to keep your hand in.

From the Village Record.  
A Memorial of Jesse Kersey.  
BY CHARLES MINER.

More than half a century ago, perhaps three score years would more accurately define the time, there might have been, seen in Chester County, sitting at the wheel in a Pottery, a lad seventeen or eighteen years of age—modest, pale and thoughtful, he gave himself to his task with cheerful alacrity and more than ordinary skill. The mass of clay rose from his plastic hand into useful forms, with more than usual grace, or customary finish. A member of the society of Friends, his dress was neat and plain, even for that period of primitive simplicity. With companions of his own age he was unaffectedly cheerful. In free discussion of the topics of the day in playful wit, or in the more sober examination of subjects of deeper interest he was always ready to take a modest part, and won by intelligence and good sense upon the general esteem. But on first days and those appropriated to meetings on week days, there appeared about him an air of solemnity that if not inspiring awe, excited a feeling in his young associates nearly akin to it, and kept them for a time at a respectful distance. He read much of everything that fell in his way. Books were then comparatively scarce, but yet in the intelligent community in which he resided there were many valuable, though limited collections, and he obtained a respectable knowledge of History and the common sciences of Geography, Mathematics and Astronomy. His preferred reading however was indifferent. Religious works—the Bible, from its earliest historical records—the Jewish dispensation, so wild in its romantic interest, so impressive in many of its solemn ceremonies—the beautiful Psalms of the monarch bard—the lofty and soul-inspiring writings of the Prophets the new dispensation of our Saviour bursting upon the benighted earth, like a flood of cheering and guiding light, engrossed his mind. And while he learned all that Seneca and Plato, Locke and Bacon taught, the works of Penn and Barclay, the journal of Chalkly and other writers of his own profession, and the powerful and impressive sermons of Petherill, claimed his particular attention. At length, while yet a very young man, and still in his apprenticeship, he presented himself in meetings of business, making a few remarks, always pertinent and modestly delivered. Accustomed to the sound of his own voice, he advanced still further, and spoke briefly and acceptably in meetings for worship.

Such was the death of Marat; such were the life and death of Charlotte Corday. In the face of murder, history does not praise, and in the face of heroism, dare not condemn her.

The appreciation of such an act places us in the terrible alternative of blaming virtue, or applauding assassination. Like the painter, who, despairing of rendering a single expression of a single sentiment, cast a veil over the figure, we must leave this mystery to be debated in the abysses of the human heart.

There are deeds of which men are no judges, and which mount, without appeal, direct to the tribunal of God. There are in human actions so strange a mixture of weakness and strength, pure intent and culpable means, error and truth, murder and martyrdom—that we know not whether to term them crime or virtue. The culpable devotion of Charlotte Corday, is among those acts which horror and admiration would leave externally in doubt, did not morality remove them. Let us to find for this sublime libertatrix of her country, and generous murderer of a tyrant, a name which should at once cover the enthusiasm of our feelings towards her, and the severity of our judgement on her action, we would coöperate.

Whether as his wheel revolved, his active and virtuous (revolutionary) constituents ranged abroad on the wings of anticipation and shadowed forth in its futurity a Popular Oracle, the "observed of all observers," it is impossible to aver with certainty. Judging as men we would coöperate.

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