# THE AGITATOR.

**Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.**

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*THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.*

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## The Poet's Corner.

*For the Agitator.*

### BESSIE IS DEAD.

Breathe gently the turf lightly,
Above her fair head;
For Bessie our beautiful—
Bessie is dead.

Ah sweet was the whisper,
That lured thee away;
To the beautiful land—
To unclouded day.

Yes soft was the love-note
And sunny the smile;
That beckoned our treasure,
To that blessed isle:

Where the light winds of heaven,
Fan over her brow;
And the harps of the blessed,
Are shivering now.

Where the key-note of mystery,
The unceasing moan;
Of the ocean of life,
Forever is flown.

Then press the turf lightly,
Above the fair head;
For Bessie our beautiful—
Bessie is dead.

*Northumberland, Pa.* M. A. S.

## A Tale of the Sea.

*From the National Magazine.*

### AN AWKWARD ADVENTURE.

One evening in the Autumn of 185—, during a temporary stay at a muddy little fishing station near the junction of the river Avon with the Bristol Channel, an adventure befell me, which might have been attended with very untoward results and which I shall relate as briefly as may be. I had taken my residence for a week or two in the neighborhood, for the express purpose of holding communication and exchanging occasional visits with an old friend and schoolfellow, the captain of an India trader then lying at anchor in the roads. We generally spent our evenings together either on board his vessel or at my lodgings, but always separated about an hour before midnight. The old boatman, who two or three times a week rowed me off to the vessel and back again, happened to be out of the way one evening at the accustomed hour: and while I was waiting, almost ancle-deep in the brown sludge which the receding tide leaves upon that coast, expecting his appearance, a decent-looking middle-aged man pulled toward me in the merest cockle-shell of a craft, touching his hat of glazed tarpaulin, volunteered to supply his place.—Without hesitating a moment I stepped into the boat, and, seating myself in the stern, pointed to the "Bhurtpoor," lying about a mile and a half in the offing, and told him to pull away.

The season was approaching the equinox, and the wind blowing fresh, my appetite for dinner sharpened as we got clear of the mud banks, which, as the tide runs out, rear their broad backs above the surface in that part of the river. The sun had sunk nearly to the level of the mountain-tops in distant Wales, but was still shining brightly when I took my seat; but we had not proceeded a mile before a dark cloud *rising in the West, from* which quarter the wind blew, rapidly curtained him *from sight, and twilight came on much more* suddenly than usual. The black cloud was the precursor of an angry squall, and I could discern the advancing scud glooming over the waters at a few mile's distance. I did not relish the notion of being caught in it, as there was also advancing, as usual, a heavy shower of rain, against which I had no defense, and I urged the boatman to pull away with a will. "Ay, ay, sir," said he tugging at the oars, "trust me for putting your honor aboard without a wet jacket."

For about two minutes the little boat, under the impetus of increased exertions, danced forward at a more rapid rate. Already I could see the hands on board the Indiaman hastily furling some loose sails, which, as the vessel lay at anchor, had probably been let down for the purpose of repairs. I was watching the seaman-like evolutions of the crew, and marvelling at the instantaneous disappearance of every rag of canvas, when I became suddenly aware that my companion had stopped rowing, and that the boat under the influence of the receding tide, was drifting out of the right track. "Pull away!" I shouted turning my eyes to where he sat, while the big drops from the black clouds, now right overhead, began splashing down like liquid bullets upon us. The man however neither moved nor spoke, but, with crossed arms, clasping the oars to his breast, sat *stiff and rigid as death. His eyes were darting* from their sockets, and glaring on all *sides as though in agony of terror*; his mouth firmly set fast, yet spluttered forth foam at the corners: his face abnormally swollen, was of a liver black color; and the veins of his forehead stood out like an iron net-work, while the prespiration streamed off his head in a perfect torrent.

What to do I did not know. I concluded that the man was in a fit of some kind or other, and I feared momentarily, lest in some sudden paroxysm he should flounder overboard, and perhaps upset the boat, causing the destruction of us both. I would have given much to have had a friend with whom to advise; but advice was out of the question. While I sat deliberating, the squall burst upon us with unmitigated fury. The floods came down a perfect waterspout, and the winds tossed us about among the chopping billows to such an ugly tune, that in a few minutes the boat was nearly half full of water, and I was fain to take to bailing out with all my might, making use of an old saucepan, rusty and short of its handle, which lay among the loose planks in her bottom. Still there sat the wretched waterman, rigid as a corpse, and apparently insensible to the assaults of the tempest. By this time it was so dark that I could neither see the "Bhurtpoor" nor the coast, and, what is more, did not know in which direction to look for them. I could only see my companions face by leaning forward and bringing my own almost in juxtaposition with it; and whenever I did this, the same horrid aspect met my view, and he invariably resented my curiosity by the utterance of a frightful guttural sound, expressive if of anything, of terror lest I should lay a hand upon him.

The squall fortunately soon mitigated in intensity, and seemed to settle down into a heavy rain. When I bailed out the water sufficiently to remove present uneasiness on that score—and it seemed to me that I had occupied hours in accomplishing it—I unshipped the rudder, and, by dint of no inconsiderable labor, paddled with it so effectually as to keep the boat's head to the wind. This was all I could do, and I could not do that very well, as an occasional sea broke over the gunwale covered me a dozen times at least. After tossing about in this miserable condition a considerable time, which seemed to me an age, I looked at my watch to see how long we had been out, and was amazed *to find that not two hours had elapsed since* we had started. I should hardly have been more surprised had the sun risen on the other side of the channel and ushered in the morning. My troubles seemed to have endured longer than the whole past day, and yet there were eight or nine hours to pass before another would dawn upon us. I began to fear that we should not survive the night; we were probably several miles from the nearest land, but in what direction it lay I had no idea.—All that I knew was, that we were drifting down the channel, and that down we must continue to drift till the tide turned, which I judged would not be for several hours. I bawled at my companion as loud as I could holloo—bantered him, consoled him encouraged him, reasoned with him,—all, however, to no purpose, not a response could I elicit. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to sit still and wait the issue. I was wet through *to the skin—as thoroughly soaked as if I had* been fished up from the bottom of the sea, and every now and then a terrible presentment haunted me that to the bottom we were doomed to go before morning.

How long I sat in this state, alternately bailing with the rusty saucepan, paddling with the rudder, and gazing moodily at the grim figure of the boatman, now half shrouded in the darkness, I have no distinct recollection, but it must have been a very considerable time. My reflections were none of the pleasantest. The vision of the Captain's comfortable cabin, and his well-spread table furnished with the game we had shot together the day previous, rose up to my imagination, in tantalizing force; and there was I, transformed *from a delighted and favored guest to a miserable castaway*, at the mercy of a motionless *image, who for all I knew*, might wake up into a raging madman, or die and stiffen in the position in which he sat, leaving me in the unpleasant predicament of having to account for his fate should I survive him long. Morbid thoughts began to rise in my mind and to mingle with unworthy terrors, both of which I had a difficulty to shake off. At length I began to revolve the matter determinately, with a view to *action* of some sort I could bear the perplexity of my position no longer, and determined to do something, if possible, to bring it to an end. But what? *that was the question.* I stood up and looked around. I fancied I could see a glimmering of light far away to the left, and thought if I could get possession of the oars I might succeed in making the land in that direction, particularly as the wind had now abated and the storm had ceased.

I cautiously laid my hand upon the man's shoulder, and felt for his fingers; they were hot as those of a person in high fever. I endeavored to loosen the oars from his grasp, but I might as well tried to snap them in pieces with my fingers; they were firm as *though gripped in an iron vice. I felt his* face and hair; both were hot and bathed in *clammy moisture. In spite of the poor fel*low'n affliction, I grew exasperated with him *for venturing* out to sea, with the knowledge which he must have had that he was liable to such fearful visitations. Half in anger and half inspired with a sudden idea, I grasped in the bottom of the boat for the old saucepan, found it, filled it with the cold brine and dashed it suddenly in the fellow's face. The shock was instantly followed by a deep sigh and a rather violent gasping. Distressing as these sounds usually are, they were now grateful music to my ears, and without waiting more than a minute, I repeated the experiment. Directly afterwards I heard the oars rattle in the rowlocks, and saw *plainly as the gloom* would permit, that the man was addressing *himself again to his work, though in all like*lihood he had hardly yet recovered his full consciousness. I spoke to him, but received no answer. I again filled the rusty saucepan and sprinkled water over his face with my fingers. At length he threw off his hat with one hand, shook himself, and with much difficulty stammered forth "It's all right now."

"All right, do you call it? Whereabouts are we? and what o'clock do you suppose it is? and where away lies the Bhurtpoor?"

"Very sorry, your honor—how long is it we've been out?"

"Four or five hours—perhaps six; a pretty scrape you have led me into!"

"Very sorry your honor; but we'll get picked up before long. Here's a smack a comin'—she'll be down upon us in twenty minutes, and we'll be snug enough on board of her."

I could see nothing of the smack whose approach he announced: but as he assured me again and again that she was bearing down upon us, I was but too glad to believe it true. Sure enough in ten minutes later I could discern her broad white canvas looming forward like an apparition, and soon my companion hailed her hoarsely, had received a reply perfectly unintelligible to me, through the captain's speaking trumpet. She did not, however, heave to, but came dashing past at five or six knots an hour, and seemed about to abandon us to our fate, with a coarse jest flung at us in passing. I had begun exclaiming against this abominable inhumanity, as I supposed it, but the poor boatman interrupted me "It's all right, your honor; we'll board her in two minutes." With these words he lifted something white into the boat, bawling out, "Heave ho!" at the same moment, with the full force of his lungs. The something white was a floating-buoy attached to a long line which the smack had dropped for our convenience, and which, on hearing the signal, they now began to haul in with astonishing rapidity. For two minutes, we cut through the water like a rocket, and the next, ascended the hull of the smack, and dived down into her cabin, where a few rashers of Welsh bacon and a cup of steaming coffee restored *our exhausted strength and spirits. It was* past one o'clock when we bourded the smack, and nearly three when she *arrived at an ad*joining sea-port, the place of her destination. I was fortunate enough, through the recommendation of the captain, to find accommodation in a house for the night. Next morning I encountered the unlucky boatman, still pale and haggard upon the quay, and sought to obtain some explanation of the previous night. He was, however, most unwilling to speak on the subject, and but for the consciousness that he owed me some reparation for a wrong unintentionally done me, it was plain he would not have uttered a word. As it was, my curiosity was but half gratified. He acknowledged that he was subject to occasional fits; but he had his living to get. He denied that he had a fit last night, asserting that *if he had he should have gone overboard im*mediately, as it would have required three or *four men to hold him still. He said he saw* me and all I did during the whole period, and heard, moreover, every word I spoke, which he could not have done had he been in a fit. From all I could understand of his description of the agonies he had himself undergone, he had felt the symptoms of an approaching attack, and knowing that if it mastered him in the boat it must inevitably result in his destruction, he had wrought himself up to a determined resistance, and in the danger and darkness of that sudden tempest had manfully battled it out with the dreadful malady that might else have merged us both in one common doom. The more I questioned him and *revolved his answers in my mind*, the more I became convinced that this was the truth.—*Doctors may, for aught I know, pronounce* such an effort to be altogether vain; but I describe the facts of the case pretty much as they happened, and must leave those who differ with me in opinion to deal with the matter as they like.

The poor fellow would accept nothing for his services, but returned the offer with a dolorous glance of the eye, and a significant curl of the upper lip—and so we parted.—Health and peace go with him!

The above narrative is no mere fancy picture, but, in all its main facts, is a true description of what actually occurred to the writer.

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A Word to Young Men.—Extract from the address delivered before the graduating class of Rutger's College, by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen:

"Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore you may, live above work, and without it. Among the most pitiable objects in society *is the man* whose mind has not been trained by the discipline of education; *who has learned how* to think of the value of his immortal powers, *and with all these noble faculties cultivated* and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to do nothing; with no influence over the public mind; with no interest in the concerns of his country or even his neighborhood; to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift and no effort to put forth to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such miserable enterprise? Never permit your influence to go into hostility to the cause of truth and virtue.—So live that, with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say that

"If your country stand not by your skill,
At least your follies have not wrought her fall."

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Virtue in Man.—We love to believe that there is more goodness than depravity in human nature. When we see one tear of pity from the eye, it gives us more pleasure than would the finding of a diamond. There is goodness—real and unselfish—in the heart, and we have seen it manifest itself, to the making of a scene of sorrow the vestibule of heaven. For him who is always picking out flaws in his neighbor's character, we have no sympaty. He reminds us of those birds which resort to dead and decayed limbs of trees to feast on the worms. In the characters of most men, *we shall find more good* than evil, more kindness than hatred, and why should we pick out the flaws, and pass over the sterling traits of character: to portray real goodness and hold it up to the gaze and admiration, while we suffer the evil to remain in the shade and die. If every picture of human nature were only pure and beautiful, we should have such characters living around us.

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A Picture.—*The following description of* a confirmed toper is worthy of being plagiarized by all the would-be *poets within* the "bounds and metes" of Uncle Sam's farm, and inserted in every young lady's album:

His name was a terrible name indeed,
'Twas Timothy Thady Mullagan,
And whenever he emptied a tumbler of punch
He always wanted it *full* a'gin.

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One of the deacons of a certain church asked the preacher if he usually kissed the bride at weddings.

"Always,"

"And how do you manage when the happy pair are negros?" was the deacon's next question.

"In all such cases," replied the preacher, "the duty of kissing is appointed to the deacons."

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An Irishman who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

## Thrilling Sketch.

*From the New York Dispatch.*

### THE FIRE AT SEA.

OR, THE UNKNOWN SURVIVOR.

Some, whose heads are gray, may remember to have seen a lank and rather tall man, with a stoop in his gait, striding through the streets of Nantucket, and rejoicing in the name of Jethro Starbuck, called more often, Captain Starbuck.

He was a busy man, and in his hand could often be seen a block, a piece of rope, or some other sign of his profession, which, as the reader has already divined, was that of a mariner.

Captain Starbuck was one of the old-time whalemen. The long voyages of three years he knew nothing about. He had been in several *successful cruises on the coast of Chili* and Peru, and had not been absent longer than two years and three months. I have said that he was lank. His visage was long and serious, like that of a man who feels that we come into this world to struggle a while for our bread, and then return to the dust from which we were taken. No one would have thought of giving Captain Starbuck a free pass to the theatre, or of asking him to a pic-nic. He was simply a hard-working man, who expected to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. He never smiled at jokes, and never made any; and you could as well get cider out of a millstone, as a laugh out of the honest, regular, care-worn Captain Jethro Starbuck, of Westcott Hill, Nantucket.

He was a useful man in the community, *for he ate food and wore clothing*, and he paid for them. He had also filled several ships with oil, and in consideration of the last feat, he was regularly installed Captain of the large and fast-sailing ship *Charlotte*, whose cotemporaries have long since gone the way of all timber; and what became of the Charlotte herself, we shall find out in due time.

Shoots, beans, rice, beef, pork, polee, harpoons and lances, were seen going through the sandy streets, on trucks, down towards the wharf, where lay the Charlotte—none of which were put on board till she had gone over the bar.

Who could doubt that Captain Starbuck *would make a good and prosperous voyage?* So careful and faithful a man must needs *prove successful*, and who would hesitate to entrust his son with so steady and worthy a man. He was a Quaker; but that amounts to little; for Nantucket Quakers cannot afford to carry out their principles till they are their enough like the shore, and to follow some business that does not require swearing and long absences of three years from the principal wife.

At length everything was ready. The Charlotte had got her stores on board, her casks, shooks, spars and her whaling gear.—So, one pleasant afternoon, Captain Starbuck was seen to get into a whale-boat, and double Brand Point, on his way to the Bar. This was ominous; no doubt the ship would soon sail. Those who had relatives on board the Charlotte, prepared to "draw the long, long sigh, and breath their last adieu." Several of the finest lads on the island, had gone on board the Charlotte, and even the owner of the ship had entrusted one of his sons to the care of Captain Starbuck.

It was a bright morning in June, when the anchor of the Charlotte was hove up, and a third of the people of the town were crowded on the cliffs, Brand Point and the wharves, to see the departure for a long Cape Horn voyage, of one of the finest ships in the whaling fleet. Some of the inhabitants, who had *walks on their houses*, were out with their spy-glasses, and even "the tower" could be seen peopled with black heads, like an ant-hill.

The tars and green hands on board the Charlotte, seemed to feel that they were the objects of attention to many hundreds of spectators, and they worked briskly in consequence. The anchor went up quick, and a shoal of men and boys were on the rattlings when the word was given to lay aloft and reef the topsails before they were set. Then, with a spanking breeze, the head of the Charlotte payed off, and foaming through the water, she gradually lessened to the view.—Oh! long and dreary was the farewell to many a maternal heart; and there were tearful maidens, to whom the departure of that ship was like a death-knell. Long, long *must it be ere the loved ones could greet the* mourners again, and the vacant chair, the *empty bed, are symbols of the void—the des*olation of many a chilled and aching heart.

The Charlotte was soon lost in the distance, and the town wept.

Months passed away. Occasionally the ship was heard of. As usual, Captain Starbuck had been successful; his ship was rapidly filling with pure spermaceti oil. Letters were received. Still a few months longer, and the Charlotte's letters continued to come. Sisters and mothers, brothers, sweethearts and wives, began to look forward with pleasure to the time of her return home. But after the Charlotte had been absent two years, it was borne in mind that in the last six months there had been no tidings of the ship.

There was nothing startling in this fact, as there were some ships out, at that very time, which had not been heard from in a whole year. Still the human mind is so constituted as to bode evil when a change takes place for which it cannot account. Even at that early date, some who had relations on board the Charlotte, looked gloomy, and lost their appetite for sword-fish, corn-pudding, and the heavier articles of food. From day to day there were whispers and surmises, but when the full time had come for the ship's return, fear seemed to give way to hope. At any hour of the day might be seen somebody on the cliff or on the house-tops, looking earnestly in the direction of the Bar, through the long spy-glass so common in that maritime town. A number of young ladies, with lively eyes and elastic step—the characteristic of Nantucket girls—might be seen in the evening, *wandering along the shore from Brand* Point to the cliffs, and looking sea-ward; and on such occasions, you might be sure that there was more than one in that band of maidens whose hart was far away with some long-absent wanderer of the deep; and at the time of which I speak, there were among these watchers, not a few who had a friend or a relative on board the Charlotte, for she had now been absent two years and a half, longer than Capt. Starbuck had ever been gone before.

It was now, indeed, that fears were felt for the safety of the ship; the owners became alarmed: they took the back streets when they went "down along" to avoid the importunities of mothers and sisters, who assailed them with questions and tears, as if *they* could control the destinies of mankind, or bid the elements give up the adventurers who had trusted to their mercy.

These rackings fears were soon changed to certainty; for when three years had passed, all hope of ever seeing the ship Charlotte, was given over. Ship after ship came home, but none of them had seen or heard of the missing vessel in some months, though when a new ship called the *Samuel*, arrived, her crew reported that some twelve or fifteen months previous, while on the off-shore ground, and during the mid-watch, a Martha's Vineyard Indian, celebrated for the power of his vision, had declared that he saw a light on the edge of the horizon, which could have *proceeded from nothing but a burning ship.*

The Indian was overhauled by the owner of the Charlotte and many more; but he was obstinate, and refused to speak till he had received a quart of rum for his guerdon. Having received the liquor and swallowed the best part of it, he was too drunk to give any information; and finally, little was ever got out of the man. His report was generally disbelieved.

Some two or three years after the arrival of the Samuel, and long after the Charlotte had been given up, a young man appeared on the Island who attracted considerable attention from the inhabitants. He was a cooper by trade, and soon got employment with a Mr. Cartwright, near Long Wharf. He was silent and observing, and, unlike other young men, took very little notice of the girls at his boarding-house. But what chiefly drew upon him the observation of others, was the fact that he bore a very close resemblance to a young man belonging at Egypt, a small town on the Island, who had gone out in the Charlotte. *His close resemblance to Reuben Joy*, a lad who sailed in the lost ship, was the *theme of universal remark, and he was sev*eral times requested to call upon the parents of young Joy in Egypt, that they might mark the close resemblance which he bore to their son. But he looked so stupid when this advice was given him, and laughed so contemptuously when it was urged upon him, the people soon got tired of talking on such subjects to the young cooper. Although some six years had elapsed since the sailing of Joy in the Charlotte, yet a girl from Newton, known to be attached to the boy, having met our young cooper in the street, turned pale and came near fainting away, for to her he seemed to be the lost lover whom she had so long mourned.

The name of this youth was Campbell, or so he called *himself. Years passed on and* Campbell had ceased to be an object of curiosity to the inhabitants. He was now arrived at middle age, but he had never taken a wife. Among all that splendid array of brisk maidens and young widows he had lived over twenty years, but he had never taken a wife. He joined the Universalist Church, and as he wrought very steadily at his profession, he laid up some property, all of which he willed to the girl of Newtown, who had remained single up to the time of Campbell's death, never ceasing to lament young Joy.

Campbell was about sixty years of age when he died. The following singular item was found among his papers:

"My name is Joy. My parents who have been long dead, lived in Egypt. I sailed in the ship Charlotte, Captain Starbuck. For some offence, the Captain ordered me to be confined in the hold and fed on bread and water. In the night I set fire to the ship, and coming on deck, I threw overboard a large steering oar and plunged into the sea. I distinctly heard the officer on deck order the mate to lower away the larboard boat to take me. In the next moment the order was countermanded and the cry of fire was raised.—The ship went on and was some distance from me when the flames broke out. No doubt the ship was burned and all on board perished. Early in the morning I was picked up by a Spanish vessel and carried into Talcahuana.

"I came home and lived awhile in New York, but wishing to see old acquaintances and friends, and believing that my identity would not be suspected, I returned to Nantucket. This statement is true. I am Reuben Joy."

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A wag, observing on the door of a house the names of two physicians, remarked that it but him in mind of a double barrelled gun, for if one missed the other was sure to kill.

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Of the inmates of the Alms House Lunatic Asylum and Penitentiary, on Blackwell's Island, the *proportion of intemperate persons is fully seven-eighths.*

## Communications.

*For the Agitator.*

### SLAVERY—PAST AND PRESENT.

Mr. Editor: The more I become acquainted with the history of Pennsylvania's course on the subject of slavery, the more I see to condemn in the present political managers of the state. They have departed not only from the principles which governed our fathers, but if my philosophy be correct, they have also departed from the motives which prompted those noble patriots to action. Facts show this to be true, history shows it to be true. Where is the politician who can point out any similarity either in the *principles* or the *motives* of that class of men who used every means in their power to prohibit the extension of slavery and the continuance of those laws, so revolting to every principle of humanity, by which men—*men possessing souls* moulded after that God's who made the universe, could be bought and sold like the horse in the plow-field or the ox in the market and that *other class* of men who have so recently used every means in their power, to open extended fields upon which those revolting crimes might be perpetrated. The facts are before the world, and politicians may be assured that notwithstanding their duplicity, the masses are fast becoming acquainted with them. The cunning devising office-seekers of the country, have heretofore introduced collateral issues and succeeded in part in making men believe that there was no fear of extending *that southern institution; but the investiga*tions which have been made together with *the recent demonstrations in Kansas, show* to most minds beyond a doubt that slavery extension is the question—*magnum bellum quo pugnamus.* Truth is the sword to be used in this great battle, and every honest man should volunteer on the side of freedom. Yes, let every man show to the world his opposition to despotism and his love of liberty—not by obeying sets of men, but by acting in accordance with the principles of justice and humanity. There is no other rule, there can be no other standard. But let me resume my thread of history.

At the first Congress petitions on the subject of slavery were offered from different states. "The Pennsylvania Society for promoting the abolition of slavery, took the lead *and laid before Congress a memorial, praying* Congress to promote the *abolition by such powers as it possessed.*" Of course those veteran fathers, (had they lived at this day) would have been in favor of prohibiting it in the District of Columbia, and the territories of the United States. But alas! how the blind, worm-eaten, metamorphosed *Democracy* and the double-dealing *Whigs* of the present have deteriorated. Few men from among the old parties of the present day could be found praying Congress to abolish slavery wherever it had the power. But why *this change?* Were those old petitions opposed to reason? Is it a fact that slavery had not ought to be restricted, to its narrowest limits? Were those fathers acting unwisely, when they offered their petitions for the abolition of slavery? The answer is upon every tongue. Office-seekers, soulless office-seekers, "with a watchfulness that never sleeps and an activity that never tires—with as many eyes as Argus and as many arms as Briareus," are continually exerting themselves to corrupt and lead astray, the honest voters of the country. Think men, think for *yourselves. Do you believe the Harrisburg* Convention of last July that pledged the Democracy of the state to Pierce, Douglas and their Nebraska Bill, knew any better how the members of that Democracy wanted to vote on these questions than the members do themselves? And does any one feel bound to vote for and sustain those principles simply because those men said *they* would?

But I will not impose upon the intelligence of men by asking such questions. There is no individual, who is opposed to the extension of slavery, and opposed to Congress breaking up old compacts that prohibited slavery, that will support any convention, or any candidate that *is in favor of extending slavery*, and in favor of breaking up laws that prohibited slavery, unless they are basely dishonest.

Permit me to show a few of the incongruous features of that beautiful convention. From the Resolutions passed upon that occasion I quote the following.

"*Resolved*, That the Democratic Party reiterate and reassert their confidence in, and adherence too the political creed promulgated by Thomas Jefferson, in his first Inaugural Address, and practiced by Madison, Monroe, &c."

Immediately following this expression of patriotism and fatherly love, I find a valuable specimen right from the fossil remains of dead politicians. Read it: "*Resolved*, that we have undiminished confidence in the *ability* and *integrity* of Franklin Pierce, and his *administration* of the government of our country." This is religious; is it not? Pardon me. There is about as much consistency in these Resolutions, as there would have been for Julius Ceaser while engaged in his slaughters on the banks of the Rhine and the blood of his men running in rivulets from the battle-field, to have fallen upon his knees and declared to Almighty God that he was and always had been opposed to war and bloodshed; or for Lucius Catalina while urging his followers on to conspiracy, to have risen and made a speech in favor of Roman patriotism.

But let me notice these incongruities more pointedly. First I ask what part of Jefferson's Inaugural Address agrees with the course that Pierce and his Administration have taken on the subject of slavery. Certainly not that which says "freedom of the *press*; freedom of *person* under the protection of the habeas corpus; and *trial* by *juries* impartially selected," should be among the principles on which this government ought to be conducted. The Committe that drew these Resolutions made a sad mistake in placing them side by side. The first should have been adopted unanimously, and the other thrown under the table in order to screen the brainless writer from public condemnation. But let us see, how beautifully they compare. Jefferson's Inaugural Address is in favor of a *free press*—Filmore, Pierce, Douglas and the Philadelphia Conventions of 1852 were opposed to all agitation on the subject of slavery. Jefferson's Inaugural Address goes for *freedom* of *person* under the protection of the habeas corpus—the followers of Fillmore and Pierce either swore that