

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE,

WEST BRANCH FARMER.

An independent Family Paper---devoted to News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture, Science and Morality.

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1850.

VOL. VI, NO. 50---310.

The Lewisburg Chronicle is published every Wednesday morning at Lewisburg, Union county, Pennsylvania.
Terms:—\$1.50 per year, for each actually in advance; \$1.75, paid within three months; \$2.00 within the year; \$2.50 if not paid before year expires; single numbers, 5 cents. Subscriptions for six months or less to be paid in advance. Discontinuance optional with the publisher except when the year is paid up.
Advertisements:—Handbills inserted at 50 cents a square one week; \$1 for a month, and \$5 for six months; a reduced price for longer advertisements. No square, 75; Mercantile advertisements not exceeding one-fourth of a column, quarterly, \$10.00; and advertisements not to be paid for when handed in or delivered.
All communications by mail must come post paid, accompanied by the address of the writer to give attention. Those relating exclusively to the Editorial Department to be directed to H. C. Hickok, Esq., Editor—and all on business to be addressed to the Publisher.
Office, Market St. between Second and Third. O. N. WORDEN, Printer and Publisher.

The Eyes.
See the color of the eyes—
Joyous eyes!
Oh, what enchantment in them dwells
Of joy or sweet surprise!
How brightly in their beaming
With lovely glances teeming
Is the sparkling
Of the laughing of the eyes!
How they peer into the heart
Such a sweet and tender dart
And there such freaks are taking,
Hope or fear with us awaking,
That we know not which prevails—
At the glancing
And the dancing
Of the jet or blue or blinding,
Each in turn their color lending
To shed a lovely power—far more
It never fails!
Their soft depths fringed with curtains bright,
Beaming with a heavenly light,
Beaming like wand of elfin spirit
With the shining
Of the fading
Of the eyes—
Oh, the beauty of the glancing
Of those radiant eyes!—CAREL.

THE OPEN HAND.
BY A. J. WHITAKER.
"For the love of Heaven, good friend,
a penny," said a feeble beggar, one cold
night to a wealthy merchant in Chestnut
street. But the proud man, wrapped his
rich mantle about him, turned scornfully
away, and the beggar passed on.
You would scarcely have noticed the
scene—the calm, unfeeling coldness of in-
human apathy, and the great agony of a
breaking heart. The one went in his
lively home, where music and gladness,
and the bright faces of happy children were
around the hearth stone; the other tottered
along with trembling steps to the
wretched hovel, where his pale faded wife
awaited his return. The light flashed
over from the rich man's mansion, but the
beggar's house was desolate.
Through the whole of that weary night
did the beggar and his wife sit musing over
the past and looking for some light in the
future. About, around them, on all sides,
they beheld nothing but the gloom which
no ray might penetrate; nothing but the
impenetrable obscurity which is ever resting
upon the wretched and the out-cast.
For God knows, if we do not, that at all
times, even at this moment, in many a
desolate home, by many a cheerless hearth,
there are strong men bowed beneath the
weight of an overwhelming despair; trem-
bling women, pining away in their great
despondence; and bright eyed little children
growing pale and ghastly for the want of
bread.
God knows, that even upon our neigh-
bors and friends, possibly upon the one
next door, there is resting the cold, re-
lentless hand of poverty of which we can form
no true conception, until we shall find our-
selves bending like them over the last dead
ember, and famishing like them for food.
Could we but enter into the homes so
near us; go like the angels into every
haunt of woe and grief, and touch the
wretched ones gathered there, what tales of
agony should we hear! One would tell
us sweet dreams of his sinless boyhood,
tell us how he started in life, gladly and
gaily, and with no fear of the unknown
future; how for a time the sky was blue,
the ocean calm, and with his flag thrown
out upon the gale, he sped along bravely
and rapidly, until his voyage was nearly
over, when, just as he caught sight of the
desired port, saw its temples all glittering
in the sun light, heard the music of the
harp and the voices of the singers wafted
from its streets—just as the billow was
bearing him in upon its bosom to the de-
sired anchorage—just then, alas! alas!
the storm came down and the rudder gave,
and his vessel was carried out again, all
crushed and broken, a thousand leagues
into the angry sea. He would tell us per-
haps, how that storm passed by, and the
sun shone out as brightly as before, and the
sea became calm again, and that once
more, with the blue sky above him he
sped along towards the haven. But again
and again, until at length his brave and

beautiful barque was thrown high upon the
rocky reef, and left, a solitary hulk, to
moulder in the sun.
Another would tell us his tale of love—
How the sweet being whom he worshiped,
the idol to whom his heart gave homage,
loved him and blessed him for many a
long and pleasant year; but that before
long her cheek grew pale and her eye
grew dim, and now his only solace in life
is to go at twilight hour and bending over
the grave where she lies sleeping in death,
hold communion with her spirit, and pray
to meet her again in the silent land.
Still another, an old and feeble man,
leaning upon his staff, would tell, perhaps,
the saddest tale of all—that of a boyhood
unblessed, of a manhood wasted, of an
old age comfortless and wretched. He
would tell that from his youth up, as the
days and weeks and months passed slowly
on, the star had deepened and the guid-
ing gleam gone out, and that now he was
only waiting God's time that he might
depart and be at rest.
Such suffering ones are all around us.
Such tales of woe have come so often to
our ears that we God forgive us—we pass
them by unheeded, and leave the starving
to their untold agony, even as the rich
man did. "Say what we will, deny it as
we please, the blessing of God does rest
upon the charitable: the curse of God
does follow the unfeeling. The bond of
brotherhood may not be broken."
So heaven help us to bear the burdens
of the poor—and do it joyfully. For so
shall thousands look from their wretched
ness, and thank God for the angels he has
sent—the cheerful heart—**THE OPEN
HAND.**

To the Low Spirited.
Numerous are the victims of low spirits.
The blue spirits of evil form their forces
into platoons in martial order, and at the
word of their commander surround poor
human beings, and torture them with fear-
ful apprehensions, gloomy forebodings,
and woe-begone melancholy. When a
poor mortal is thus beset, he becomes
smitten with a sort of mental palsy; his
resolution becomes paralyzed, and his will,
of which he has often boasted, lies supine
in the ditch of hypochondria. In this
state he is worthless to himself, and bears
the same value to every body else. What
can he do? Why, he can't do anything.
The word can't is the only word in the
dictionary of any importance to him, for it
is the only one he can clearly comprehend.
What can be expected of a man when he
is surrounded by a "corporal's guard" of
the spirits of evil, all dressed in their dark
blue uniform? When such a body of
these blue devils beset a man, it is unrea-
sonable to suppose he can do any thing
worth doing. How can he? The guard
around him prevents the approach of kind
hearted sympathizing friends, and he might
as well not have any friends, for they can
do him no good. All the realities of this
life in his possession, fail to give him any
consolation. A few impoverished crumbs
of comfort that fall from his desponding
sighs, are all he has to soothe him.
Reader! are you low spirited? Is there
nothing in the realities of this world that
can make you cheerful and contented?—
Then we must prescribe the last remedy—
the only one that can do you any good.
If it fails, you are a gone case—there is
no help for you.
When realities fail to elevate the spirits
to their proper standard, you must call in
the active services of imagination—make
a saddle of moonbeams—throw it on the
tail of a comet—mount astride, and whisk
away through the ethereal expanse. Don't
forget to pay a military salutation to that
old soldier, General Mars, as you pass
him. Bow your head with reverence to
Jupiter; give a knowing wink at the Plei-
ades as you pass onward; and point your
index finger at the North Star. Then
dash away through unknown space, and
see what sort of people inhabit the unseen
stars, and learn what is going on there.—
Nothing better for the low spirited than
such an excursion. All physiologists re-
commend such unfortunate persons to ride
on horseback. Now if riding on the back
of a horse is good, riding on a comet will
be much better, inasmuch as the latter is
not only a great deal bigger than the for-
mer, but travels a tremendous sight faster.
Besides, the comet travels through pure,
fresh air, unadulterated by any deleterious
mixture of noxious gases; while a horse
merely trudges along on the surface of
this big ball of mud and water, which we,
in our vanity, call a world. As soon as
you have got fairly started on a comet,
the whole corporal's guard of evil spirits, in
their blue uniforms, will be left far in the
distance, when you can look back at them,
place your thumb against your nose, and

perform such gyrations with your fingers
as you think best. In addition to the
abundance of pure fresh air that you will
inhale in your lofty excursion, you will
find bathing very essential as a help-along.
All doctors recommend bathing for low
spirits; so you had better take along a
bathing dress, and take a few baths in the
surf of the Aurora Borealis while you are
out. If all this should fail in effecting a
cure, you must add the finishing stroke to
the above prescription, which never did nor
never can fail. Get a good heavy maul
and wedges, and go into a forest, and go
to chopping and splitting logs; or if you
are a lady, go to spinning yarn on a big
wheel.—**City Item.**

Fugitive Poetry.
Your paper contained not long since a
gem of song by Mrs. Osgood, introduced
as an illustration of the fact that much of
the best poetry written in our day at least,
is cast upon the waters of ephemeral pub-
lications, and floats away to oblivion. In
the Lewisburg Chronicle, original poetry
has appeared, superior to some that will
be much longer preserved because im-
printed in magazines, annuals, and books.
About fifteen years ago, the Utica Baptist
Register first published an article, which I
herewith submit for publication. I know
nothing of the writer, but heartily admire
the sentiment and language embodied.
Here we hope that must fade,
And flowers that must wither,
And smiles that will fly
That must wane for ever.
But there is a clime where flowers never fade,
And the everlasting flow of the fountain is laid,
Where hopes never flout on the breath of decay,
And where visions of bliss never fade away,
Where prospects shall brighten the way-worn to bliss,
Unshaken, unaltered, and as bright as day.

The Fate of England.
We are told, on high authority, that
there is nothing new under the sun—that
what has been may be again—that all
things revolve in an old appointed circle
—that for empires as well as for individuals
there is a period of growth and a period
of decay—and that neither the mighty
nor the humble can escape the operation
of the invariable law which fixes a
penalty for every transgression, and pun-
ishes with the same severity the high and
the lowly. A modern writer, struck with
the power of these old truths, and tracing
in the past and present history of Great
Britain the operation of causes which must
in the fulness of time produce its fall, has
drawn a vivid picture of a New Zealander,
sitting upon a ruined arch of London-
bridge, and moralizing upon the fate
of the once mighty empire, become as much
a thing of the past as Rome, Greece, and
Assyria. But when we read the eloquent
page, we smile at the writer's prediction.
We can not believe that "Babylon, that
mighty city, who glorified herself and lived
deliciously," who said in her heart, "I sit
as a queen and shall see no sorrow," shall
ever fall from her estate. We think of the
wealth, the enterprise, the indomitable
courage, the intelligence, the zeal, and the
patriotism of her sons—we see her wondrous
progress in arts that Greek and Roman
never knew—the triumphs of her science,
and the blessings of a civilization superior
to any ever enjoyed by the earlier ages of
the world, and we fancy that in all these
things there are germs of stability and pro-
gress which shall grow up and flourish
after time, bearing the name and fame, the
power and glory of Great Britain to the
remotest generations. It is well, however,
that we should sometimes view the other
side of the picture, and ask ourselves more
calmly whether our empire is indeed so
firmly rooted—so endeared to the world
by its justice, humility, and beneficence—

so supported by its own integrity—so
much removed from all possibility of rival-
ry, as to defy the agencies of decay
and ruin, and stand to the most distant
times the Queen and the model of Nations.
The picture is not quite so brilliant when
it is thus considered. The golden image
is found to have feet of clay. The fair
peach of prosperity is seen to have a worm
within it, and the mighty empire to be me-
naced with perils from within and from
without. We see that we have no exclu-
sive claim to the possession of the virtues
which have raised us to the high position
that we hold; that what we have, we
share; that men of our own blood and
language have permeated with our intelli-
gence, our industry, and our enterprise,
the remotest ends of the earth; that our
sons have founded new empires, at present
as brilliant, and promising to be more
brilliant, than our own. If we calculate the
growth of population, we shall find that,
in fifteen or twenty years hence, or even
earlier, Great Britain will no longer be the
principal seat of the vigorous race of the
Anglo-Saxons; and that, although that
race may continue to rule the world, it
may not be from the banks of the Thames,
or from any part of the old country that
gave them birth. An empire twenty, thirty,
or fifty times as extensive, and as rich
as ours, has already arisen on the other
side of the Atlantic, to enter into its
bosom the best blood which remains to us.
The young, the hardy, the persevering
of our country, and of all the countries
of Europe, that groan under the weight of
debt, of difficulty, and of a surplus popula-
tion, and that can not say to their sons, as
the New World does, that every man is a
man, welcome, for the sake of his man-
hood, to the great feast of nature, where
there is enough and to spare for the mean-
est, are daily invited to leave the shores
of effete Europe, and settle in more vigorous
America. The growth of the United
States is, in reality, the downfall of Great
Britain. All the unhappy circumstances
that are of prejudice to us, are of benefit
to them. With us, the mouths that clamor
to be fed are causes of decay. With
them, every additional mouth is an addi-
tional pair of hands, and every additional
pair of hands is an increase of wealth,
power, and influence. Let us pour our
millions into the great valley of the Missis-
sippi, and it will hold and feed them all,
were their number quadrupled. Such is
our great rival in the West. In the South
there is another rival almost equally formi-
dable, equally splendid, fed in the same
manner from our entrails, and rising daily
upon our fall. Who shall fix the bounds
of the future prosperity of the great Aus-
tralian continent? While in this old
country the pauper vegetates or dies, ac-
cursed of the land that produced him, in
that new country the pauper becomes a
laborer; he no longer vegetates, but lives;
and if he lives long enough, he may be-
come a patriarch, sitting under the shade
of his own fig-tree, and counting by thou-
sands and tens of thousands his flocks and
herds—a new Job in a land of plenty.
Fertile soil, delicious climate, elbow room,
and freedom from taxation—these are the
blessings of the Australian. The English-
man enjoys the first two in an imperfect
manner; the last are aliens—he knows
them not, and will never know them while
England holds her place among the nations.
Nor are these the only dangers which men-
ace us. Although our empire stretches
to the East and to the West, to the North
and to the South—though we have our
hands in Asia, our feet in Africa, our arms
in America and in the South Pacific Ocean,
our own peculiar territory is but a small
spot in a remote corner of Europe. We
have only held that corner by the enormous
sacrifices we have made. It was our am-
bition to become a ruling power—giving
the law to the world—and we became so;
but it was at a cost of a debt of £900,000,
that paralyzes our population, and
lies like a perpetual and killing weight
upon the energy of all classes. In addition
to this stupendous evil, we share the effec-
tiveness of all Europe. There is but one em-
pire within European boundaries that is
not worn out and paralyzed by debt and
extravagance; that empire is Russia; and
she is the enemy of all the rest, and desires
to rise upon their ruins. Destiny seems
to have traced her path as it has traced
ours. Fertile soil, delicious climate, elbow
room, and freedom from taxation—these are
the blessings of the Slavonian race. The
Anglo-Saxon race must be contented to be
the lords of the larger and more splendid
inheritance of America and Australia. In
this case, what becomes of the Empire of
Great Britain? It falls to the ground, and
exists only—like other powers and potestates
of the world—in the bones and sinews of its
sons and successors, transferred to a new

soil, and enjoying privileges, blessings, and
opportunities from which their forefathers
were excluded. Let those who dream of
a perpetual Britain think upon these things.
The signs of decay are around us on every
side. In our fall we shall have few friends.
In prosperity we have not comforted our-
selves so humbly, as to be justified in the
expectation of sympathy or aid from any
quarter. Our very excellence has made us
loose, and our violence and cupidity have
estranged the nations. We may have
peopled the earth; we may have spread
far and wide our arts and our arms, our
commerce and our civilization, but we have
not had standing room for our own preten-
sions. Events are more powerful than we
are. We must, sooner or later, yield our
place to the more prudent, the less embar-
rassed, and the more vigorous offshoots
of our race, and consent to occupy the easi-
est chair of our senility. Nor is there any-
thing to regret in this. What is there in
our corner of the globe that it should for-
ever expect to give the law to all others?
The civilization that is removed is not de-
stroyed; and the genius of our people can
exert itself as well on the banks of the
Ohio, or the Mississippi, as on the banks
of the Thames; and rule the world from
the White House at Washington, with as
much propriety as from the palace of St.
James. We live, indeed, in a remarkable
period of the world's history—a period in
which new empires take the place of old
ones, with wonderful rapidity, and in which
old empires are paying the penalty of trans-
gression against the laws of morality and
social well-being committed by them during
generations. Europe has enjoyed power
and has abused it, and the sceptre of the
world's dominion is passing from her grasp.
Civilization, as of old, is following the
course of the sun, and the destinies of hu-
manity will work themselves out in a new
field and on a larger scale. The world is,
as it were, starting afresh, and from a more
favorable starting-point. The lover of hu-
manity can but hope that the new civiliza-
tion which may arise will take warning
from the errors of the old; and that, in
the decay and fall of empires, humanity
itself will emerge from each change in
brighter lustre, wiser and juster, more
peaceable and more religious, and doing
as much as man can do to aid the coming
of the prophesied time when "the people shall
beat their swords into ploughshares, and
their spears into pruning hooks; when na-
tion shall not lift up the sword against na-
tion, nor learn war any more."—**Illustrated
London News.**

Grumbling Against Editors.
It is amusing to hear the contradictory
complaints which are sometimes made
against a newspaper. A prefers a quarto
sheet—B declares he could never get the
"hang" of one. C admires the elegance
and neatness of fine type—and old Mr. D
abhors a paper that requires a microscope.
E wonders you insert so few sentimental
ghost stories—F detests your abominable
lies and cock-and-bull-stories. G would
like to see an exact and minute account of
Congressional and Legislative proceedings—
H curses the journal that contains the
endless, hodge-podge doings and undoings
of selfish partisans and demagogues. I
won't subscribe because your news de-
partment is so contracted—J takes the
"city" papers, and has read your stale
items a week ago. K has a mortal anti-
pathy to a paper crowded with riots, hor-
rible accidents, frightful robberies, and
other demoralizing statements—L is mad
as a hare because his miserable paper
contained no account of that bloody mur-
der last week. M detests your stereo-
typed advertisements—and all N wants of
the paper is to see what's for sale. O
threatens to discontinue because your edi-
torials lack ginger, and don't lash private
vices—P, a leader-head, points you to
—'s paper, and wonders you never mor-
talize like him. Q hates the rascally abo-
litionists—R holds in perfect contempt the
dastard editor who is too cowardly to
avow his abhorrence of Slavery. S de-
mands long and solid articles; T wants
the close-packed essence, and not the thin,
diluted mixture. U extols a journal that
reaches him "a week before it is printed,"
and V tells you he is not yet quite green
enough to be gulled by such despicable
humbuggery. W is astonished that you
never print sermons—and all that X cares
for is fun. Y is on fire because you will
not deduct more for advance pay—and Z
is amazed at the impudence of a publisher
who duns him for three years' subscription
and yet objects to being paid in cider and
apples.—**Yankee Blade.**

The world estimates men by their suc-
cess in life; and by general consent suc-
cess is evidence of superiority.
When the Constitution was in birth,
these things were in the seed. Yet, even
then, the repetitions were such that a com-
mon Constitution was adopted only by
compromise. We believe that the com-
promises of the Constitution looked to the
destruction of Slavery and not to its estab-
lishment.
The event justified the judgment. Al-
though incidental causes conspired to give
slavery a new growth, while our country
was swelling and coming into manhood,
yet it soon became apparent that both
systems could not long co-exist.
There are good and easy souls, not per-
turbed by over deep meditations, who
think that men make all this national up-
roar. They are guiltless of supposing that
our institutions are the aquators, that our
civil polity is the fanatic whose firebrands
inflame the Union. This movement of the
spirit of the age has made the men, not the
men it. We are its children. While the
North and the South inveigh against each
other, and fanatics are loud-mouthed against
fanatics, calmer and deeper men see that
both North and South are drifting, and
fighting as they drift, in a current whose
secret springs lie deeper than men's volun-
tions; whose force God both ordained
and will augment, until all things are passed
away, and he whose right it is shall reign.
Why then should we stop the contest? It
must come to an issue, which spirit shall
animate our Constitution. The spirit of
Bondage and the spirit of Liberty, when
both are living spirits, can not dwell to-
gether. Moses' rod must smite the en-
chanter's, or the magician's rod must smite
the prophet's. The South have found
out that slavery can not live and stand still.
Liberty grows the fastest; has the best
roots; cuts out the other; and if slavery is
stationary it will be speedily overrun and
smothered by the rampant vine of freedom.
It must thrust out its roots; it must borrow
vigor from fresh soil. Southern men are
perfectly consistent in rejecting a compro-
mise which only confirms old rights, but
positively grants no extension.
The South now demands room and right
for extension. She asks the North to be
a partner. For every Free State she
demands one State for Slavery. One dark
orb must swing into its orbit to grant
and travel in pain, for every new orb of
liberty over which the morning stars shall
sing for joy.
On that question we hold there can be
no compromise. Every year's delay will
aggravate the difficulties, and the earlier day
had been better than this; but this is bet-
ter than any future day. It is time for
good men and true to gird up their loins
and stand forth for God and for Humanity.
No compromises can help us which dodge
the question; certainly none which settle
it for Slavery. We are told that the ques-
tion is momentous and best with the most
serious difficulties. Neither in the affairs
of individuals nor of nations is there any
difficulty when men are willing to do right.
Our Southern brethren often complain
that we don't understand their condition or
sympathize with their real difficulties.
Even so, too, we complain that they do
not understand our situation and sympa-
thize with our difficulties. There are hun-
dreds of thousands of men to whom con-
science is a law—a law notwithstanding
the sneers of those who float at the idea of
conscience. There is a stern and growing
feeling in the Free States, not yet expressed
by any distinctive organization, that the
time has come for a stand against any fur-
ther national inhumanity.
By as much as Liberty is dearer to us
than Slavery, by so much should we be
more active in its behalf than its adver-
saries are in behalf of Slavery. If they
can toil night and day, dig deep trenches,
bear burdens cheerfully to sink the rocky
foundations for the towers of Oppression,
shall we hate no bulwarks and no towers
for Liberty? Whenever and wherever a
blow is struck for Slavery, then and there
must be a double stroke for Liberty!
We will compromise any measures tend-
ing to prevent the extension of Slavery.
We will compromise as to the particulars
of its death, laying out, and burial. But
every compromise must include the advan-
tage of Liberty and the disadvantage of
Slavery. Compromises dictated by wily
politicians, made to serve a pinch in party
policy; compromises issuing from men
whose ideas of patriotism are summed up
in giving their adversaries a grip and
downfall, to whom spoils are virtue; and
offices religion; or those better-inten-
ded compromises, which seek for peace, rather
than for humanity; from such compromi-
ses, guileless though they seem, and gilded
till they shine like heaven, evermore may
we be delivered!—**Henry Ward Beecher.**
All our acts take hold on eternity.

The Issue.
The struggle going on is a struggle
whose depths lie in the organization of so-
ciety, in the North and South respectively;
whose causes were planted in the Consti-
tution. There are two incompatible and
mutually destructive principles wrought
together in the government of this land.
Hitherto, like Esau and Jacob, they have
striven together in the womb. Now they
are born, and that feud has begun which
shall drive the one or the other to the wil-
derness. These opponent elements, Sla-
very and Liberty, inherent in our political
system, animating our Constitution, check-
ing our public policy, breeding in states-
men opposite principles of government,
and making our whole wisdom of public
legislation on many of the great ques-
tions crossed and contradictory, elements
are these seeking each other's life. One
or the other must die.
We are in the midst of a collision not of
men, but of principles and political institu-
tions. The inevitable course of affairs has
been developing the results for which pro-
vision was made, first in the organization
of society, and then in the structure of the
Constitution. No harvest ever answered
more closely to the husbandman's seed,
than do our difficulties to the original sow-
ing.

The North, adopting the theory of de-
mocracy, organized all her civil and in-
dustrial institutions upon that basis. Ev-
ery man, the lowest, the least, the highest
and best, had one common platform of
rights. The South, adopting the theory
of aristocracy, made two platforms—the
one for the governed, and the other for
the governors. The one and the other
began at once to exhibit their results. In
the North, labor was voluntary, honorable
and universal; in the South it was com-
pulsory, and made despicable by being
fastened upon an abject class. Of course
the laborer had different values. In the
North, he was a citizen, capable of any
honor, framing his own laws, making his
own rulers, and so an integral element
of the State. In the South, he neither voted
nor determined; he had no rights; he
was a slave. Labor and Laborers are the
foundation of a community. The
strength, the virtue, the civilization of a
community must be measured by the con-
dition of its laborers, and not by the polish
of its surface.
The North put honor upon its laborers;
they were trained in common schools;
they became reading and reflecting men;
shrewdness, penetration, forecast, personal
independence, fertile resource, marked the
educated and the wealthy might, the
distance between them and the laborer
constantly diminished. There never was
a time when the bottom of society was so
near the top as now.
The South, making labor a disgraceful
necessity, denying it education, compelling
it not by those motives which are ordained
heavenly to develop the man, but by the
overseer's eye and lash, and educating
only her wealthy sons; has steadily in-
creased the distance between the top and bot-
tom of society. Nothing can be more dis-
similar than the tone and sentiment of so-
cieties so diversely formed. Liberty is a
universal right—it belongs to men, on the
one side; it is a privilege, and belongs to a
class, on the other side. The North binds
society together, identifies its interests,
equalizes and kneads it, causing it to grow
like throughout, and makes it strong by
the strength of its individuals, and gives
to individuals the advantage of common-
wealth. There can not be a commonwealth
of Slavery. It is class-weak and class-
wealth. The South hopelessly divides so-
ciety; puts her honors on one side of the
clef, her menial offices on the other.
The North compacts and the South stratifies.
To educate the laborer is to do the
whole State a benefit, in the North; to
educate the laborer is to strike at the founda-
tions of society in the South. We send
educators to the Governor's chair and to
Congress. They of the South send them
to the penitentiary and the gibbet.
That the North and South have many
wants and many sympathies in common,
is as true as that all men, the most oppo-
site, oppressor and oppressed, deceiver and
duped, have great wants in common. But
in their foundation-ideas, their political
doctrines, their State politics, their concep-
tions of public measures, they are not only
different, but, for the most part, opposite
and opponent. States, so essentially dif-
ferent, would find harmony rather in a sepa-
rate existence, than in federation. Yet
our Union is composed of these oppositions.

When the Constitution was in birth,
these things were in the seed. Yet, even
then, the repetitions were such that a com-
mon Constitution was adopted only by
compromise. We believe that the com-
promises of the Constitution looked to the
destruction of Slavery and not to its estab-
lishment.
The event justified the judgment. Al-
though incidental causes conspired to give
slavery a new growth, while our country
was swelling and coming into manhood,
yet it soon became apparent that both
systems could not long co-exist.
There are good and easy souls, not per-
turbed by over deep meditations, who
think that men make all this national up-
roar. They are guiltless of supposing that
our institutions are the aquators, that our
civil polity is the fanatic whose firebrands
inflame the Union. This movement of the
spirit of the age has made the men, not the
men it. We are its children. While the
North and the South inveigh against each
other, and fanatics are loud-mouthed against
fanatics, calmer and deeper men see that
both North and South are drifting, and
fighting as they drift, in a current whose
secret springs lie deeper than men's volun-
tions; whose force God both ordained
and will augment, until all things are passed
away, and he whose right it is shall reign.
Why then should we stop the contest? It
must come to an issue, which spirit shall
animate our Constitution. The spirit of
Bondage and the spirit of Liberty, when
both are living spirits, can not dwell to-
gether. Moses' rod must smite the en-
chanter's, or the magician's rod must smite
the prophet's. The South have found
out that slavery can not live and stand still.
Liberty grows the fastest; has the best
roots; cuts out the other; and if slavery is
stationary it will be speedily overrun and
smothered by the rampant vine of freedom.
It must thrust out its roots; it must borrow
vigor from fresh soil. Southern men are
perfectly consistent in rejecting a compro-
mise which only confirms old rights, but
positively grants no extension.
The South now demands room and right
for extension. She asks the North to be
a partner. For every Free State she
demands one State for Slavery. One dark
orb must swing into its orbit to grant
and travel in pain, for every new orb of
liberty over which the morning stars shall
sing for joy.
On that question we hold there can be
no compromise. Every year's delay will
aggravate the difficulties, and the earlier day
had been better than this; but this is bet-
ter than any future day. It is time for
good men and true to gird up their loins
and stand forth for God and for Humanity.
No compromises can help us which dodge
the question; certainly none which settle
it for Slavery. We are told that the ques-
tion is momentous and best with the most
serious difficulties. Neither in the affairs
of individuals nor of nations is there any
difficulty when men are willing to do right.
Our Southern brethren often complain
that we don't understand their condition or
sympathize with their real difficulties.
Even so, too, we complain that they do
not understand our situation and sympa-
thize with our difficulties. There are hun-
dreds of thousands of men to whom con-
science is a law—a law notwithstanding
the sneers of those who float at the idea of
conscience. There is a stern and growing
feeling in the Free States, not yet expressed
by any distinctive organization, that the
time has come for a stand against any fur-
ther national inhumanity.
By as much as Liberty is dearer to us
than Slavery, by so much should we be
more active in its behalf than its adver-
saries are in behalf of Slavery. If they
can toil night and day, dig deep trenches,
bear burdens cheerfully to sink the rocky
foundations for the towers of Oppression,
shall we hate no bulwarks and no towers
for Liberty? Whenever and wherever a
blow is struck for Slavery, then and there
must be a double stroke for Liberty!
We will compromise any measures tend-
ing to prevent the extension of Slavery.
We will compromise as to the particulars
of its death, laying out, and burial. But
every compromise must include the advan-
tage of Liberty and the disadvantage of
Slavery. Compromises dictated by wily
politicians, made to serve a pinch in party
policy; compromises issuing from men
whose ideas of patriotism are summed up
in giving their adversaries a grip and
downfall, to whom spoils are virtue; and
offices religion; or those better-inten-
ded compromises, which seek for peace, rather
than for humanity; from such compromi-
ses, guileless though they seem, and gilded
till they shine like heaven, evermore may
we be delivered!—**Henry Ward Beecher.**
All our acts take hold on eternity.