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POETRY.

Men of Earth, Arise!

BY E. E. ALFORD.

Men of Earth, who bow, submissive,
To 'neath oppression's iron rod,
Rise! assert your native freedom,
And preserve the gift of God!
Up! no longer sit inactive,
And in vain delusion rest—
Justice calleth you to battle
For the injured and oppressed!

What though pliant slaves of falsehood,
Sings of justice, loud and long!
Know ye not, it is a mockery
To feel ye not—the tyrants' throng?
Yes! the stains on Freedom's vestments,
And the cries of servile woe,
In the name of Truth, will tell ye—
There is yet a work to do.

Earth is groaning 'neath the burden
Of accumulated wrong,
And upon the breeze of Heaven,
Misery's plaint is borne along—
Man's thickest rights are trampled
In the reckless rush for power,
And the clouds of dark oppression,
O'er Earth's fairest regions lower!

Yet, your chains are not so mighty,
Nor so strong the tyrannic power,
But that Truth's bright sword may cleave them,
And your fettered rights set free:
Then arise! in strength of spirit—
Break Oppression's cob-web chain—
And, with hands released from bondage,
From your glory wipe the stain!

Rally! from the plain and mountain—
From the valley and the glen—
Rally! from the land and ocean,
In the name and strength of Men!
Like—the rushing of the torrent,
Like—the wild waves of the sea,
Like—the sweeping of the whirlwind,
Let your mighty gathering be!

With Redemption's beaming banner
O'er you, waving free and bright—
Strike! for liberty—your birthright,
And for future ages—fight!
Then, Oppression's thrones shall totter,
And their towering pride come down—
Then, the humblest folk shall trample
In the dust—her jeweled crown!

From each scene of dark corruption
Truth will wrest the iron sceptre
From the grasp of Tyranny!
And regenerate millions
Will the pealing anthem swell—
"Now, shall free-born man, no longer
At the beck of tyrants, kneel!"
O'er the sun-burnt brow of labor
Till the Morn shall be the monarch,
And the glorious "right divine!"
Walls, Pa., 1847.

MISCELLANY.

The Man that Killed his Neighbors.

Founded on Fact.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

It is curious to observe how a man's spiritual state reflects itself in the people and animals around him; nay, in the very garments, trees and stones.

Reuben Black was an infestation in the neighborhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to the Hindoo magical tone, called Raug, which is said to bring on clouds, storms and earthquakes. His wife seemed lean, sharp and uncomfortable. The heads of his boys had a bristling aspect, as if each individual hair stood on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally, as soon as he opened the barn-yard gate. The dogs dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, to see what humor he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved toward her. Fanny Kenble's expressive description of the Pennsylvania stage-horses exactly suited to Reuben's poor old nag. "His hide resembled an old hair trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him such a stoic, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, and no chirruping could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language said, as plain as a horse could say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a gaunted and knotted appearance. The bark wept little sickly tears of gum, and the branches grew away, as if they felt the continual discord, and made sorry faces at each other behind their owner's back. His fields were red with sorrel, or run over with mullen. Every thing seemed as hard and arid as his own visage. Every day, he cursed the town and the neighborhood, because they poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual law-suits involved him in so much expense that he had neither

time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor laborer in the neighborhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighborhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for libel, and recovered twenty-five cents. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his big dog upon him, screaming furiously. "Call me an old swindler again, will you?" An evil spirit it is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, and bored the Joe's ears, and kicked the cat; and not one of them knew what it was all for. A fortnight after, Reuben's big dog was found dead by poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of dog-murder, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb, belonging to Mrs. Smith. Thus the bad game went on, with mutual torment and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the grog-shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried and said it was all owing to Reuben Black; for a better hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and mullen from the neighboring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, blessed by nature with a healthy organization and a general temperance; and a wise and kind education had aided nature in the perfection of her goodly work. His provident industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River-wood, autumn-leaves, old shoes and old bones, were all put in requisition to assist in one production of use and beauty. The trees, with branches pruned, and bark scraped free from moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had riveted. Persian lilacs bowed gracefully over the simple gateway. Michigan roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock, which formed the door-step, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in glory, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near him, as if to say, "The world is all the pleasure for having you in it, Simeon Green!" The old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with a serious friendly face, asking for the slice of sugar-bread he was wont to give her. Chanticleer strutted about, with his troop of plump hens and downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but bopped his glossy wings and crowed a welcome in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward, the boys threw up their caps and ran out shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary went toddling up to him, with a dandelion blossom to place in his button-hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbors, with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Every body loves my husband that knows him. They can't help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a law-suit in his life; but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbor was determined to quarrel with people, whether they would or not; that he was like John Lilburne, of whom Judge Jenkins said, "If the world was emptied of every person but himself, Lilburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne." "Is that his character?" said Simeon. "If he exercises it upon me I will soon kill him!" In every neighborhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life, like a contest between dogs or game-cocks. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbor. "Kill me!" will be his explanation. He said no more, but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression that his dog dodged him as he would the track of a tiger. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the high-way, in hopes he would commit some depravity on neighbor Green's premises. But Joe Smith, seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own corn-field, and the poor beast walked in, feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a law-suit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next exploit was to shoot Mr. Green's handsome clanticleer, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, two inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry-yard, with a good high fence, that his hens might not annoy his neighbors; and now he was admonished to make haste and do it. He would buy them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and cats, and room to promenade back and forth, and crow and cackle to their heart's content; then they could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear tree in his garden very improperly stretched over a friendly arm into Simeon Green's premises. Whether the sunny state of things there had a cheering effect on the tree's I know not; but it happened that this overhanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue than the other boughs. One day, little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up

a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it he felt something on the back of his neck like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black's whip, followed by a storm of angry words that the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror. But this experiment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear tree again; and there the matter ended.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest; but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it. He disliked Simeon Green more than all the rest of the town put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It was annoying to see every thing in his neighbor's domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his own. When their wagons passed each other on the road, it seemed as if Simeon's horses tossed his head higher, and flung out his mane, as if he knew he was going by Reuben Black's old nag. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose to shame his bare walls. But he didn't care—not he! He wasn't going to be fool enough to rosy his boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The rose smiled, the horse neighed, and the calf capered; but none of them had the least idea they were insulting Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, though he did one night chase home his geese, and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master, the next day, he swore he would bring an action against him if he didn't keep that dog at home, and Simeon answered very quietly that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch was kept, in hopes Towzer would worry the geese again; but they paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary howl furnished excuse for a law-suit.

The new neighbors not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances towards a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine cherries. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, "Tell your mother it was very kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her." Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney-corner, listened to this message once without any manifestation of impatience, except whiffing the smoke through his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the friendly words were again repeated, he exclaimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself! Peg; they want to give us a hint to send a basket of pears; that's the upshot of the business. You may send 'em a basket, when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth-tongued folks!" Poor Peggy, whose arid life had been for the moment refreshed with a little dew of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and the halo that radiated round the ripe glowing cherries departed.

Not long after this advance toward good neighborhood, some laborers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team stuck fast in a bog occasioned by long continued rain. The poor oxen were entirely unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his wretched neighbor, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly, "I've got enough to do to attend to my own business." The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few moments being answered in the same surly tone, Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbor.

The men, who were left waiting with the patient suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill-nature, and said they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined, "If he does, we will do our duty and help him out." There is such a thing as being too good-natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

"Oh, wait a while," replied Mr. Green, smiling. "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I don't kill him!" It chanced, soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon observed it from a neighboring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and said it was good enough for the old hornet. They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as their employer had requested. "You are in a bad situation, neighbor," said Simeon, as he came along side of the foundered team. "But my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben; "I don't want any of your help." In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that, for evening is coming on, and you have very little time to lose. It is a bad job any time, but it will be still worse in the dark." "Light or dark, I don't ask your help," said Reuben, emphatically. "I wouldn't help you out of the bog, the other day, when you asked me."

The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to sympathize with others in the same situation," answered Simeon. "Don't let your waste words about it, neighbor. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on." The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually silent and thoughtful. After sampling a while, in deep contemplation; he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green has killed me!" "What do you mean?" said his wife,

dropping her knitting, with a look of surprise. "You know when he first came into the neighborhood, he said he'd kill me," replied Reuben, "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help draw his team out of the bog, and I tend to my own business. To day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt sort of ashamed to have him lend a hand, so I told him I didn't want any of his help; but he answered just as if nothing contrary had ever happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me there in the mud."

"It was very good of him," replied Peggy. "He is a pleasant spoken man, and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighborly body, too." Reuben made no answer; but after meditating a while, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? you may as well carry it over there in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where 'over there' was.

But when the morning came Reuben walked back and forth all round and round, with that sort of aimless activity, often manifested by hens, and fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and don't know what to run after. At length, the cause of his uncertain movements was explained, by his saying, in the form of a question, "I guess I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen?" In my fury down there in the marsh, I didn't think to say I was obliged to him."

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip, and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he would really carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quick, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the usual impulse into action if he stopped to consider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent you, and we reckon it's a ripe one. Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes said, "May be Mr. Green ain't in, this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right to Reuben, and said, "I am glad to see you, neighbor. Take a chair."

"Thank you, I can't stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort, "The fact is, Mr. Green, I didn't behave right about the oxen."

"Never mind, never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again some of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon."

"Why you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon. "You know the good book says so. I have learned by experience that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighborhood round, in time. Who knows?—Let us try, Mr. Black, let us try. But come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some scions from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and a friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen door, in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away in the barn. From that day, henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with either the dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Fowler on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow!"

Simeon Green was far too magnanimous to repeat to any one that his quarrelsome neighbor had confessed himself to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, "I thought we should kill him after a while."

Joe Smith did not believe in such doctrine. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said, "Simeon Green's a fool. When he first came here he talked very big about killing folks if they didn't mind their Ps and Qs. But he don't appear to have as much spirit as a worm; for a worm will turn when it's trod upon."

Poor Joe had grown more intemperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the water melon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr. Green. He did not mention the circumstances to any one but his wife; and they both had reason to suspect that Joe was the thief. The next week, the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the new paper of the county: "Whoever steals a lot of hides on Friday night, the 5th of the present month, is informed that the owner has since wished to be false friend. If poverty has tempted him to false steps, the owner will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him to peace of mind."

This singular advertisement of course excited a good deal of remark. There was much debate whether or not the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a greenhorn if he did; for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who committed the dishonest deed, alone knew whence the benevolent offer came; and he

knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow creatures.

A few nights afterwards a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door just as the family were retiring to rest. When the door was opened, Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without raising his eyes, he said in a low humble tone, "I have brought these back, Mr. Green. Where shall I put them?"

"Wait a moment till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied. "Then you will come in and tell me how it happened. We will see what can be done for you."

Mrs. Green knew that Joe often went hungry, and had become accustomed to the stimulus of rum. She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet some cold meat and a pie.

When they returned from the barn she said, "I thought you might feel the better for a little warm supper, neighbor Smith." Joe turned his back towards her and did not speak. He leaned his head against the chimney, and after a moment's silence, he said in a choked voice, "It was the first time I ever stole anything; and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I didn't think once I should ever come to be what I am. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kicking. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble and my children starve. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you; and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first good chance I could get. But I tell you the truth: Mr. Green, it is the first time I ever deserved the name of a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," said Simeon, pressing his hand kindly. "The secret shall be between ourselves, you are young and can make up for lost time. Come, now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you to-morrow, at good wages. Mary will go to see your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But eat a bit now and drink some hot coffee. It will keep you from wanting to drink anything stronger to-night. You will find it hard to abstain at first, Joseph; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary, and she will always give it to you."

Joe tried to drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual attempt to compose himself, he laid his head on the table and wept like a child.

After a while, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate and drank with a good appetite. When he went away, the kind-hearted host said, "Try to do well, Joseph, and you will always find a friend in me."

The poor fellow pressed his hand, and replied, "I understand now how it is you kill bad neighbors."

Nantucket Whalers.

A most striking picture of the privations and sacrifices of this hardy and peculiar race of men is given by Mr. Abbott:

A man was speaking a few days ago of the emotions with which he was overwhelmed when he bade adieu to his family on his last voyage. The ship in which he was to sail was at Edgarton, on Martha's Vineyard. The packet was at the wharf which was to convey him from Nantucket to the ship. He went down in the morning and saw all his private sea stores stowed away in the sloop, and then returned to his home to take leave of his wife and children. His wife was sitting at the fireside, struggling in vain to restrain her tears.

She had an infant a few months old in her arms, and with her foot was rocking the cradle in which lay another little daughter about three years of age with her cheeks flushed with a burning fever. No pen can describe the anguish of such a parting. It is almost like the bitterness of death. The departing father imparted a kiss upon the cheek of his child. Four years will pass away ere he will take that child in his arms. Leaving his wife sobbing in anguish, he closed the door of his house behind him. Four years must elapse ere he can cross that threshold again. One sea captain upon this Island has passed seven years, out of forty-one upon the land.

A lady said to me, a few evenings ago, "I have been married seven years, and counting all the days my husband has been at home since our marriage, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days." He is now absent, having been gone fifteen months, and two years more must undoubtedly elapse before his wife can see his face again, and when he shall return it will be merely a visit to his family for a few months, when he will again bid them adieu for another four years' absence.

I asked the lady the other day how many letters she wrote to her husband during his last voyage. "One hundred," was the answer. "And how many did he receive?" "Six." The invariable rule is to write by every ship that leaves this port or New Bedford, or any other port that may be heard of for the Pacific ocean. And yet the chances are very small that any two ships will meet on this boundless expanse. It sometimes happens that a ship returns, when those on board have not heard one word from their families during the whole period of their absence.

Imagine, then, the feelings of a husband and father who returns to the harbor of Nantucket after the separation of forty-eight months, during which time he has heard no tidings whatsoever from his home. He sees the boat pushing off from the wharves which is to bring his tidings of well or woe. He stands pale and trembling, peering the decks with anxious eyes, in vain endeavoring to conceal a friend in the boat greets him with a smile and

says, "Captain, your family are all well." Or perhaps he says, "Captain, I have heavy news for you, your wife died two and a half years ago."

A young man left this island last summer, leaving in his quiet home a young and beautiful wife and an infant child. The wife and child are now both in the grave. But the husband knows not, and probably will not know for some months to come. He perhaps falls asleep every night, thinking of the loved ones left at his bedside, his imagination, that they are both cold in death.

On a bright summer afternoon, the telegraph announces that a Cape Horn ship has appeared in the horizon, and immediately the stars and stripes of our national banner are unfurled from our flag-staff, sending a wave of emotion thro' the town. Many families are hoping that it is the ship in which their friends' are to return, and all are hoping for tidings from the absent.

Soon the name of the ship is announced—and then there is eager attention with the boys to be the first learner of the joyful tidings to the wife of the captain, for which service a silver dollar is the invariable fee.

And who can describe the feelings which must then agitate the bosom of the wife? Perhaps she has heard of no tidings from the ship for more than a year. Trembling with excitement she dresses herself to meet her husband. "Is he alive," she says to herself, "or am I a widow and the poor children orphans?" She walks about the room unable to compose herself sufficiently to sit down. Eagerly she is looking out of the window and down the street—she sees a man with hurried step turn the corner, a little boy hold of his hand.

Yes, it is he; and her little son has gone down to the boat and found his father. Or perhaps, instead of this, she sees two of her neighbors returning slowly and sadly, and directing their steps to her door. The blood flows back upon her heart. They rap at the door. It is the knell of her husband's death; and she falls senseless to the floor as they tell her that her husband has long since been interred in the fatigues of ocean.

This is not fiction. These are not extreme cases which the imagination creates. They are facts of continued occurrence—facts which awaken emotions to which no pen can do justice.

A few weeks ago a ship returned to this island bringing news of another ship that was nearly filled with oil; that all on board were well, and that she might be expected in a neighboring port in such a month. The wife of the Captain resided in Nantucket, and early in the month, with a heart throbbing with affection and hope, she went to greet her husband on his return.

At length the ship appeared, dropped her anchor in the harbor, and the friends of the lady went to the ship to escort the husband to the wife from whom she had been so long separated. Soon they sadly returned with the tidings that her husband had been seized with the coast fever upon the island of Madagascar, and when about a week out, on his return home, he died and was committed to his ocean burial. A few days after, I called upon the weeping widow and little daughter in their destined home of bereavement and anguish.

Irvin and the Elective Franchise.

Free suffrage has ever been obnoxious to Federalism. It hates the sentiment as much as it dreads its practical operation. Hence it is that in the temporary triumph of that party, every effort is made to abridge the elective franchise by confining it to those, and those alone, who happen to possess the broad acres, or can juggle the almighty dollar. It is true, they will not avow the sentiment before the people, but no sooner do they meet with an unexpected triumph, than, in the guileless created by their good luck, they lose sight of their prudential policy, and by a bold stroke endeavor to secure this daily object of their greed.

In 1840 Federalism obtained, by means and appliances worthy of the party, a large triumph. A President of their own, and a large majority in Congress, they deemed themselves strong enough to attack the citadel of freedom, by robbing the bone and sinew of a sacred and inalienable right; and thus to confine the sources of government within the limited circle of the well bred and well born. The fact that a large majority of the laboring poor in this country supported the Democratic policy, was cause sufficient with the Federal majority to adopt some plan by which they might be deprived of any influence in the selection of their rulers. But who would have supposed that the gentleman whose name heads this article, is one of that majority in sentiment and practice? In no State in the Union is there more deep seated opposition to this aristocratic principle than in Pennsylvania. Our people regard the freedom of the franchise as the very pillar of our political edifice, and would not under any circumstances, support any man who even doubted the policy, much less actively engaged in destroying its practical effect. They will doubtless be surprised when they learn that the Federal candidate for Governor is guilty of this political sin. Gen. Irvin, when in Congress, voted against the extension of free suffrage, not indeed in a direct vote, but in a manner equally efficacious, and much less honorable, as in doing so he evaded the responsibility of a direct vote. The bold perpetrator of a political outrage may sometimes receive credit for his courage, but the man who wishes to inflict a wrong, and does it successfully, deserves as much censure for his cowardice as for his political heterodoxy.

But to the record. During the 27th Congress a bill was before that body to amend the charter of the town of Alexandria. This bill proposed to extend the right of suffrage, which had been denied, and still is, to 21 solid male citizens who are of the age of 21 and shall have resided one year within said town. The bill was considered and ordered to be engrossed for a third reading; and on motion, shall the bill pass? a motion was made