



BY T. A. GOODWIN.

BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1854.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 8.

Professional Cards.

Dr. J. W. KEELY, Surgeon Dentist. J. B. DAVIS, M. D., Physician & Surgeon. W. MORROW, Attorney and Counsellor. D. JONES, Attorney and Counsellor. W. C. BROOKSHANK, Attorney and Counsellor. J. B. SECURE, Attorney at Law. J. H. SEITZ, Attorney at Law. A. L. WARD, Attorney & Counsellor at Law. MOSES J. KELLEY, Attorney at Law and Notary Public. EVAN OWENS, Notary Public. N. R. MORRIS, M. D., Physician & Surgeon.

At the next session of Congress, the controversy was renewed with increased violence. It was terminated at length, by a compromise. Missouri was allowed to come into the Union with slavery, but a section was inserted in the act authorizing her admission, excluding slavery, forever, from all the Territory acquired from France, not included in the new State, lying north of 36 deg. 30 min.

We quote the prohibitory section: "Sec. 3. Be it further enacted, That in all that Territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana which lies north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes of north latitude, not included within the limits of the State contemplated by this act, Slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than as the punishment of crimes, shall be and is hereby FOREVER PROHIBITED."

The question of the constitutionality of this prohibition was submitted by President Monroe to his Cabinet.—John Quincy Adams was then Secretary of State; John C. Calhoun was Secretary of War; Wm. H. Crawford was Secretary of the Treasury; and Wm. Wirt was Attorney General.—Each of these eminent men, three of them being from State States, gave a written opinion, affirming its constitutionality, and thereupon the act received the sanction of the President, himself, also from a Slave State.

For more than thirty years—during more than half the period of our present existence under our present Constitution—this compact has been universally regarded and acted upon as an inviolable American Law. In conformity with it, Iowa was admitted as a Free State, and Minnesota has been organized as a Free Territory.

It is a strange and ominous fact, well calculated to awaken the most apprehensions, and the most fearful forebodings of future calamities, that it is now deliberately proposed to repeal this prohibition, by implication or directly—the latter, certainly, the manner way—and thus to subvert this compact, and allow slavery in all the yet unorganized territory.

It is said that the Territory of Nebraska sustains the same relations to slavery as did the territory acquired from Mexico prior to 1850, and that the pro-slavery clauses of the Bill are necessary to carry into effect the Compromise of that year.

No assertion could be more groundless. Three acquisitions of territory have been made by treaty. The first was from France. Out of this territory have been created the three slave States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, and the single free State of Iowa. The controversy, which arose in relation to the then unorganized portion of this territory, was closed in 1820, by the Missouri act, containing the slavery prohibition, as has been already stated. This controversy related only to territory acquired from France. The act, by which it was terminated, was contained, by its own express terms, to the same territory, and had no relation to any other.

The second acquisition was from Spain. Florida, the territory thus acquired, was yielded to slavery without a struggle, and almost without a murmur. The third was from Mexico. The controversy which arose from this acquisition is fresh in the remembrance of the American people. Out of it sprung the acts of Congress, commonly known as the Compromise measures of 1850, by one of which California was admitted as a Free State; while two others, organizing the Territories of New Mexico and Utah, exposed all the residue of the recently acquired Territory to the invasion of slavery.

The statesmen, whose powerful support carried the Utah and New Mexico acts, never dreamed that their provisions would ever be applied to Nebraska. Even at the last session of Congress, Mr. Atchison, of Missouri, the former Nebraska bill, on the morning of the 4th of March, 1853, said: "It is evident that the Missouri Compromise cannot be repealed. So far as that question is concerned, we might as well agree to the admission of this territory now, as next year, or five or ten years hence." These words could not have fallen from this watchful guardian of slavery, had he supposed that this Territory was embraced by the pro-slavery provisions of the compromise acts. This pretension had not then been set up. It is a palpable artifice.

out of the State of Texas, or otherwise. The pretences, therefore, that the Territory, covered by the positive prohibition of 1820, sustained a similar relation to slavery with that acquired from Mexico, covered by no prohibition except that of disputed Constitutional or Mexican Law, and that the Compromise of 1850 require the incorporation of the pro-slavery clauses of the Utah and New Mexico Bill in the Nebraska Act, are mere inventions, designed to cover up from public reprobation meditated bad faith. Were he living now, no one would be more forward, more eloquent, or more indignant, in his denunciation of that bad faith, than HENRY CLAY, the foremost champion of the Free States.

In 1820, the slave States said to the Free States, "Admit Missouri with slavery and refrain from positive exclusion south of 36 deg. 30 min. and we will join you in perpetual prohibition north of that line." The Free States consented. In 1854, the Slave States say to the Free States, "Missouri is admitted; no prohibition of slavery south of 36 deg. 30 min. has been attempted; we have received the full consideration of our agreement; no more is to be gained by adherence to it on our part; we, therefore, propose to cancel the compact." If this be not a bad faith what is? Not without the deepest dishonor and crime can the Free States acquiesce in this demand.

Whatever apologies may be offered for the toleration of slavery in the State, none can be urged for its extension into Territories where it does not exist and where that extension involves the repeal of ancient law, and the violation of solemn compact. Let all protest, earnestly and emphatically, by correspondence through the press, by memorial, by resolutions of public meetings and Legislative bodies, and whatever other mode may seem expedient against this enormous crime.

For ourselves, we shall resist by speech and vote, and with all the abilities which God has given us. Even if we shall not submit. We shall go over to our constituents and erect anew the standard of Freedom, and call on the People to come to the rescue of the country from the domination of slavery. We will not despair, for the cause of Human Freedom is the cause of God.

Original Poetry.

THE WATCHER. BY AMANDA A. JERKINS. Gently o'er the joyful mountain, Over sparkling fountains, Where the sunbeams play and throw And closed is every blushing flower, That blooms in forest, vale, or bower, The silence of the midnight hour Is falling all things to repose.

And yet you ponder not where twine The tendrils of the wreathing vine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Or do his glances brightly shine Where sparkling ope of ruby wine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Original Poetry.

THE WATCHER. BY AMANDA A. JERKINS. Gently o'er the joyful mountain, Over sparkling fountains, Where the sunbeams play and throw And closed is every blushing flower, That blooms in forest, vale, or bower, The silence of the midnight hour Is falling all things to repose.

And yet you ponder not where twine The tendrils of the wreathing vine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Or do his glances brightly shine Where sparkling ope of ruby wine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Original Poetry.

THE WATCHER. BY AMANDA A. JERKINS. Gently o'er the joyful mountain, Over sparkling fountains, Where the sunbeams play and throw And closed is every blushing flower, That blooms in forest, vale, or bower, The silence of the midnight hour Is falling all things to repose.

And yet you ponder not where twine The tendrils of the wreathing vine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Or do his glances brightly shine Where sparkling ope of ruby wine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Original Poetry.

THE WATCHER. BY AMANDA A. JERKINS. Gently o'er the joyful mountain, Over sparkling fountains, Where the sunbeams play and throw And closed is every blushing flower, That blooms in forest, vale, or bower, The silence of the midnight hour Is falling all things to repose.

And yet you ponder not where twine The tendrils of the wreathing vine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Or do his glances brightly shine Where sparkling ope of ruby wine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Original Poetry.

THE WATCHER. BY AMANDA A. JERKINS. Gently o'er the joyful mountain, Over sparkling fountains, Where the sunbeams play and throw And closed is every blushing flower, That blooms in forest, vale, or bower, The silence of the midnight hour Is falling all things to repose.

And yet you ponder not where twine The tendrils of the wreathing vine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Or do his glances brightly shine Where sparkling ope of ruby wine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Original Poetry.

THE WATCHER. BY AMANDA A. JERKINS. Gently o'er the joyful mountain, Over sparkling fountains, Where the sunbeams play and throw And closed is every blushing flower, That blooms in forest, vale, or bower, The silence of the midnight hour Is falling all things to repose.

And yet you ponder not where twine The tendrils of the wreathing vine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Or do his glances brightly shine Where sparkling ope of ruby wine, That gleams a lovely light, Why look the paper bars that shine, In there some things of import great To be discussed in "high debate," With eloquence and might?

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.

Know then, whether watchful eyes, To ope the portals of pain, And smooth the pillow of sorrow, Or smile the forehead of joy, To all the parched lips "behold" the glass, And gently taste the cooling draught, Affection there doth reign.

The stars are winking in the sky, Yet still thy gentle form is nigh To cheer thy night-tedious hours, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain, And soothe thy pillow of pain.