The Jeffersonian Democrat.

J. O. CONVERSE, Proprietor. A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Dissemination of Republican Principles, Education, Temperance, Literature, Agriculture, and the News of the Day. TERMS---$1,50 per Annum.

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TERMS:

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☞All kinds of merchantable produce taken in payment, at the market price.

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☞All Business entrusted to them attended to with promptness.☜
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Office over store of W. T. Rexford, jr.
D. W. CANFIELD, J. FRENCH. 508:f

E. V. CANFIELD,
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L. A. HAMILTON,
Physician and Surgeon,
CHARDON, GEAUGA COUNTY, OHIO
Office at his residence, a few doors south of the Public Square.
April 29, 1859. 485y1

FORRIST & SMITH,
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CHARDON, GEAUGA COUNTY, OHIO.
W. O. Forrist practises in the U. S. Courts for the N. District of O. | H. K. Smith is Notary Public and Prosecuting Atty. for Geauga.
Office, 2d door South of Bank.
May 6, 1859. 486-tf

PHELPS AND THRASHER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
OFFICE—ON MAIN STREET, Opposite Chase's Hotel.
CHARDON, OHIO.
Jan 28, 1859. 472-tf

WILLIAM ROBERTS'
Boot and Shoe Shop,
OVER C. KNOWLES' HARNESS SHOP.
Chardon, Feb. 11, 1859. 474-tf

DR. R. THWING,
Uripathic and Botanic Physician,
MUNSON, OHIO.
Who prognosticates Disease on the Magnetic Principle.
505-w3

WILKINS & KELLEY,
General dealers in Groceries, Hardware, Dye-Stuffs, Flour, Fish, Yankee Notions, &c.
Store Union Block, Chardon, Ohio.

L. PATCH,
DENTIST,
Will be in Chardon on the first Tuesday of each month. Room at Chase's Hotel.

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DESIGNERS & LITHOGRAPHERS.
ENGRAVING ON WOOD,
Book Illustrations, Buildings, Horses and other Stock, Ornamental Borders, Letters, Vignettes, Agricultural and Commercial Cuts in tints, Seals, Stamps, and Machinery, in every variety of Style. 502tf

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We are prepared to transact business of every description, relating to Inventions, Drawings, Caveats, Specifications, Patents, Infringements and the Patent Laws.
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CHEMICALS, &c.
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Horace Prior, Henry Holcombe, Wm. B. Chamberlin, } NEW-YORK.
503tf

C. H. HAMILTON. | W. COMSTOCK
HAMILTON & COMSTOCK,
General Produce, Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
No. 57 NORTH LEVEE and 8 COMMERCIAL STREET,
Bet. Washington Avenue and Vine,
ST. LOUIS, MO.,
Consignments of Butter and Cheese solicited.
May 6, 1859. 486-1y

R. & N. DART & CO.,
Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods,
98 *WARREN STREET, N.Y.*
A Large Assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tweeds, Dress Trimmings, Ribbons, White Goods, Hosiery, Yankee Notions, &c.
March 11, 1859. 478-tf

'TIS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

O! 'tis sweet to be remembered
In the merry days of youth,
While the world seems full of brightness,
And the soul retains its truth;
When our hopes are like the morning beams
That flash along the sea,
And every dream we know of life
Is one of purity;
'Tis sweet to be remembered
As the spring remembers earth,
Spreading roses in our pathway,
Filling all our hearts with mirth.

Oh! 'tis sweet to be remembered
In the summer time of life,
Ere we reach the burning summit,
With our weight of woe and strife,
To look backward thro' the shadows
Where our journey first begun,
And the golden flowers of mem'ry
Turn their faces to the sun;
'Tis sweet to be remembered
As the breeze remembers day—
Floating upward from the valley,
O'er the pilgrim's weary way.

Oh! 'tis sweet to be remembered
When our life has lost its bloom,
And every morning sun we meet
May leave us at the tomb;
When our youth is half forgotten,
And we gaze with yearnings fond,
From a world where all are dying,
To the deathless world beyond;—
'Tis sweet to be remembered
As the stars remember night,
Shining downward thro' the darkness,
With a pure and holy light.

THE AUTUMN SUN.

"Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun;
One mellow smile through the soft, vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the park rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower that in the breeze
Nods lonely, of its beauteous race the last.

Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in the ray:
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and wind, and darkened air. *Bryant.*

For the Jeffersonian Democrat.

Wayside Thoughts.

"Desultory as our way
Ranged unconfined, from grave to gay."
Scott.

PHILOSOPHY OF HUMBUG.

Originally this seems to have consisted rather in acting than in telling a falsehood; and rather for the purpose of raising simple wonder, instead of making money. A wonder being in great demand, it was quietly supplied, and eagerly accepted.

As an instance take the example of William Henry Ireland.

Having noticed that his father and his associates were great enthusiasts in the search for Shakspeare memorials, he placed in their way a rude portrait, accompanied by a letter, purporting to be addressed to Shakspere's friend, *Maitre Richard Cowley*. As this was taken with avidity, he followed it with antiquated manuscripts of plays, which were taken as genuine and hitherto undiscovered plays of the great dramatist; and we can readily sympathize with, though we disapprove of, his enjoyment of the eagerness with which his dupes took the imposition.

After this much dispute arose among literary men, respecting the genuineness of Shakspeare portraits, and many spurious ones were sold for large sums of money.

I recollect reading an account of experiments made with bottles to ascertain the currents of the ocean by setting a bottle adrift, containing a paper stating the latitude, longitude, and date of the commencement of the bottles voyage, and then noticing the same data, when it was picked up. In connection with these accounts, a story was told, as if incidentally, of some mariners picking up what appeared to be a mass of shellfish cemented together. In the center of the cluster they found the identical cask committed to the sea by Columbus, containing an acount of his discovery of America, while on his homeward voyage, and when in danger of foundering at sea.

Large serpents, and meteoric rocks, in Western New York, will recur to the minds of newspaper readers.

The wit arising from raising wonder, comes from the fact that the one who excites it, in that particular has some information unknown to his dupes; and is childish and vulgar, Nobility of character would scorn to seek amusement from the ignorance of its fellows, but rather seek to remove it. A person might be amused, who should throw stones at monkeys in a tree, and see them, in their imitative rage, send back cocoa nuts in return; because in their anger they would unwittingly facilitate his nut-gathering; but who would be willing to thus dupe a friend or companion?

Modern ingenuity perpetuates the double imposition of creating a demand, and then supplying a spurious article for gain; and so bargain hunters are plied with glowing accounts of money to be made on Western city lots, or claims in gold regions, decoying the unwary to part with their hard earned treasure.

All amusement or gain arising from the practice of humbug, must be considered as unworthy the character of a gentleman or a good citizen. Let every man speak truth with his neighbor.

How prettily does Whittier give the antidotes to those evils of society—skepticism, and bigotry—as being founded on intelligence and religion:

"Nor fears the skeptic's puny hands,
While, near the school, the church spire stands.
Nor dreads the bigot's iron rule,
While near the church spire stands the school."

A Rift in the Cloud.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from the shop where he had worked all day, tired, and out of spirits; came home to his wife, who was also tired, and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife, and cheerful home—what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down, with knitted brows, and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself, and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inward man, if there had only been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellant, that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence, the twain sat together until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose, and commenced clearing off the table.

"This is purgatory!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust desperately away down into his trousers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes, and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out, and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long, deep, breath as she did so, paused in his walk stood still for some moments, and then drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"I should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on.

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "oh, yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eyes fell again to the paper.

"She has made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake, tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "praise her for what?" and he felt it also as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came to busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convicting him of injustice toward his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as hands could make it, and had he offered the light return of commendation? Had he ever told her of the satisfaction he had known, or the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and sitting down, without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which she was stitching neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife." The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unforgiving. The expression of his wife's face he interpreted to mean ill nature, and with ill nature he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him, and he read the sentence:

"A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rift in a cloud that lets the sunshine through"

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill nature had to be conquered first; his moody accusing spirit had to be subdued. But he was coming right, and at last got right as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning toward her, and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness.

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle had ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter than those of any other men in our shop," said Lee encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little towards him. He had broken the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered, softly: "and I've heard it said more than once, what a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face towards her husband. There was a light in it, and light in her eye. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked, quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going around to the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you!" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly spoken answer, and he stooped down and kissed her. "How strange that you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only could only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good. And Mrs. Lee arose, and leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept.

What a strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until the doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirit.

"You are good and true, Mary. My own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise," said Mrs. Lee smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work for Andrew Lee. He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon of his home, and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

CHOICE VARIETY.

PRECEPTS may lead, but examples draw.

SAFE is he who serves a good conscience.

DESERVE success and you shall command it.

THOSE who never admire others are rarely admired themselves.

IN your worst estate, hope; in the best, fear; in all, be circumspect.

EACH day is new life; regard it therefore as an epitome of the whole.

To succeed you must keep moving; to grow rich, you must keep saving.

LIFE appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosities or registering wrongs.

PASSION has its foundation in nature, virtue is acquired by the improvement of our reason.

THE obtrusive claims of empty ostentation, played off like the ring on the finger, fluttering and sparkling in our sight, relieve us from the irksome task of seeking out obscure merit.

IN the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with the fruits of well spent life, and surrounded by his well trained, obedient children she rocks him away softly to the grave to which he is followed by blessings.

THOSE who have resources within themselves can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best known how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues as disease is far more contagious than health.

THE inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of men; insomuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures, as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds; insomuch, as Busbequis reporteth, a Christian boy in Conslantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging, in waggishness, a long-billed fowl.—*Lord Bacon.*

The End of Great Men.

Happening to cast my eye upon some miniature portraits, I perceived that the four personages who occupied the most conspicuous places were Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the sensation arise in my bosom, as my friend hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets, dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down a conquered world, and wept that there was not another world to conquer—set a city on fire and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps—after having put to flight the armies of this "mistress of the world," and strpped three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights and made her very foundation quake; was hated by those who exultingly united his name to that of their God, and called him "Hanni Baal," and died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented and unwept in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assasinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and at the very place, the attainment of which had been the greatest aim of his ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandates kings and priests obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, and after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving o'er the deep, but which would not or could not bring him aid.

Thus these four men who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits seemed to stand as representatives of all those whom the world calls "great"—these four who severally made the earth tremble to its centre, severally died—one by intoxication, the second by suicide, the third by assasination, and the last in lonely exile!

"How are the mighty fallen!"

LORD PALMERSTON'S ISLAND.—Innismurray is an island in the Western Ocean, about five miles west from the most northern part of the county of Sligo, and about 6 miles west of Donegal Bay. This island is said to be occupied by persons all related to each other, and all of one name, in 1830 about 87 in number, who submitted their disputes to the oldest man, who is the head accorping to age. It belongs to Lord Palmerston, and no English or Irish landlord besides can boast of such a primitive possession and tenantry.

A TRILLION.—Few people have any idea of the vastness of a trillion. Not a trillion of seconds has elapsed since the creation of Adam, nor will that number elapse until February 1, A. D. 25,825 In a trillion of seconds are 34,910,537 years, 31 days, 1 hour 46 minutes and 40 seconds.

FUN ITEMS.

A WAG tells a story of a boardinghouse keeper, whose tea was so weak that it couldn't get up the spout of the tea-pot.

"Do you know who built this bridge," said a person to Hook. "No," replied the wit; "but if you go over you'll be tolled!"

"SALLY," said a young gent, preparing to take a snooze, "if any one calls tell them I'm gone,"—"Gone where, sir?"—"Gone to sleep."

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "Yes," he replied "but you dont know how dificult that is."

A PHILOSOPHER, who married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife Brown Sugar, because, he said, she was sweet but unrefined.

IT is said that a Yankee baker has invented a new kind of yeast, which makes bread so light that a pound of it only weighs eight ounces.

A NEGRO boy was driving a mule, when the animal suddenly stopped, and refused to budge. "Feel grand, do you? I suppose you forgot your father was a jackass!"

A HOG raiser in Indiana has written us an impudent letter. We advise him to stop writing. The only pen he has that's of any account is his pig-pen.—*Louisville Journal.*

SMITH, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, and admiring and wondering at the structure of that despised animal, made a very *maladroit* quotation.—"Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

A METHODIST and Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose, the Quaker observed—"Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

"More Copy."

Those who have read Poe's Raven, will, upon reading the following in prose form, recognize a most beautiful parody of it—a parody that is a rival of its prototype in expression and in the completeness of the metrical line. We find it in the last number of the *Printer:*

Once in August, wet and dreary, sat this writer, weak and weary, pondering o'er a memorandum book of items used before—book of scrawling head-notes, rather; items, taking days to gather them in hot and sultry weather, using up much time and leather, pondered we these items o'er. While we conned them, slowly rocking, (through our mind queer ideas flocking) come a quick and nervous knocking—knocking at the sanctum door. "Sure that must be Jinks," we muttered—"Jinks that's knocking at our door; Jinks, the overlasting bore."

Ah, well do we remind us, in the walls which then confined us, the "exchanges" lay behind us, and before us, and around us all scattered o'er the floor. Thought we "Jinks wants to borrow some newspapers till to-morrow, and 'twill be a relief from sorrow, to get rid of Jinks, the bore, by opening wide the door." Still the visitor kept knocking—knocking louder than before.

And the scattered piles of papers cut some rather curious capers, being lifted by the breezes coming through another door;—and we wished (the wish was evil, for one deemed always civil) that Jinks was at the d——l, to stay there evermore; there to find his level—Jinks, the nerve-unstringing bore!

Bracing upon our patience firmer, then without another murmur,————"Mr. Jinks," said we, "your pardon, your forgiveness we implore. But the fact is, we were reading of some curious proceeding, and so it was, unheeding your loud knocking there before—." Here we opened wide the door. But, phancy now, our pheelinks; for it was'nt Jinks, the bore—Jinks, nameless evermore!

But the form that stood before us, caused a trembling to come o'er us, and memory quickly bore us back again to days of yore; days when "items" were in plenty, and where'er this writer went he picked up interesting items by the score. Thus the form of our "devil," in [illegible] ido uncivil;—and he thrust his head [illegible] the open door, with "The foreman's *out* [illegible] *py!*" Yes, as Alexander, wanted "more!"

No, this "local" had already walked about till nearly dead—he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—walked through the street called Dauphin, and the by-ways running off into the portions of the city, both public and obscure; had examined store and cellar, and had questioned every "feller" whom he met, from door to door, if anything was stirring—any accident occurring—not published heretore; and had met with no success; he would rather kinder guess he felt a little wicked at the ugly little bore, with his message from the foreman, that he wanted "something more."

"Now, it's time you were departing, you scamp!" cried we, upstarting; "get you back into the office—office where you were before; or the words that you have spoken will get your bones all broken," (and we seized a cudgel, oaken, that was lying on the floor) "take your hands out of your pockets, and leave the sanctum door; tell the foreman there's no copy, you ugly little bore." Said our devil, "send him more."

And our devil, never sitting, still is flitting, still is flitting back and forth upon the landing just outside our sanctum door. Tears adown his cheeks are streaming—strange light from his eyes is beaming—and his voice is heard still screaming, "Sir, the foreman wants some more." And our soul, pierced with that screaming, is awakened from its dreaming, and has lost the peaceful feeling had before; for the funny will come o'er us, that each reader's face before us, bears the horrid words—"we want a little more!" Words, on their foreheads glaring, "your 'funny' column needs a little more."

NEW FORM OF OATH FOR ATTORNEYS.—In the Senate, this forenoon, the oath administered to legal gentlemen, when admitted to the bar, was modified, so as to read as follows:

"You solemnly swear that you will do no falsehood, nor consent to the doing of any in court; you will not wittingly or willingly promote or sue any false, groundless or unlawful suit, nor give your aid or consent to the same; you will delay no man for lucre or malice; but you will conduct yourself in the office of an attorney within the courts, according to the best of your knowledge and discretion, and with all good fidelity as well to the courts as to your clients. So help you God."

The old form of oath was rejected—13 to 3—and the foregoing oath will stand, if not eliminated from the statutes in the subsequent stages of their passage in the Senate or House.—*Boston Transcript, Oct, 29.*

Speech of Hon Joshua R. Giddings.

Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, spoke in Philadelphia, Friday evening last, on the Harper's Ferry insurrection, to a large audience. He alluded to the excitement occasoned by Brown and his confederates, and the Federal and State efforts to crush it, and said:

"Such scenes have long been foretold there; seventy years since Mr. Jefferson pointed his countrymen to the time when this condition of things must take place, and solemnly warned them that in such a contest God had not an attribute that would enable him to take sides with the slaveholder. Nearly twenty years since, Mr. Adams, with prophetic assurrance, said the day of the deliverance of the slave *must* come. Whether in peace or in blood, he said, *let it come.*

"The sympathy of the Christain world is with the slaves. For their liberation our ministers and Christains pray, our statesmen labor, and their freedom is the object of desire with all candid, intelligent men—while all feel unwilling to see their freedom stained with blood. Men of age, of experience, look coolly upon these facts; they should not be moved, nor permit themselves to become excited. I deplore the loss of human life as deeply as any man. I never witness human woe, nor can I look upon human suffering unmoved. And yet, I would not ask for the slave, nor the master—for Brown, nor for his fellow prisoners—anything more, nor anything less than justice.

"This interesting incident in our country's history stands connected with some well defined cause. The subject which excited the invaders to action is unmistakably set forth in all the accounts we have received. The institution of Slavery was the moving cause. Whether Brown and his men are as guilty as they are represented or not, their object seems to have been the liberation of the slaves of that region. Pennsylvania had slaves; she emancipated them, and now enjoys the quiet and prosperity consequent upon her justice. Virginia retains her slaves, and is consequently subjected to annoyance. Thus, cause and effect are always connected."

As to the relation of the Federal Government to Slavery Mr. Giddings expressed the following views:

"At the formation of the Federal Government a new doctrine was adopted. The Declaration of Independance was the bond of the Union, and by that it was agreed that the new Government should be *free*, each State holding its slavery subject to the will of its own people, without reference to the Federal organization. At the adoption of the constitution of the States each retained their entire and supreme power over the institution within its own territory, having the right to abolish it at pleasure, and to consecrate its soil and institutions to freedom. I do not intend to argue this point. I merely lay them down as incontrovertible principles. I therefore assert that each State may at pleasure establish liberty within its limits, and that no other power has any right to interfere. That Pennsylvania has the undoubted right to be free, while Virginia has the power and privilege to maintain her Slavery.

"Another proposition I lay down as incontrovertible—that attempt of the Federal Government to involve the people of Pennsylvania or other Free States in the expense, the crime, or the disgrace of Slavery, constitute an overstepping of its legitimate, its constitutional powers.

"In saying this, I am certainly aware that Virginia and all the Slave States deny this proposition, and insist that, although we had a right to abolish slavery in our own States, we are nevertheless bound to aid them to uphold it in Virginia. I am aware that this now constitutes the great issue between our political parties. But, I repeat, it is no part of my present purpose to argue these points. It is sufficient for my present purpose to say that nearly all of our people of the free states maintain and believe the doctrine as I have laid it down—that our obligation to defend the slave states against invasion or domestic violence has no more reference to slavery than to her imprisoned offenders."

Mr. Giddings did not think this a fitting time to speak of Brown and his associates; he did not wish to excite feeling unnecessarily. Said he:

"Most of Brown's companions are dead; at least the most fortunate among them have departed. The others will probably soon follow. Their sad fate will occupy a brief page in the history of our nation. Those who yet survive seem to have anticipated the result, and are now waiting its consummation. I recollect an instance of somewhat similar character. When the Africans of Algiers seized and enslaved Americans, we sent an army and a navy to butcher them declaring them, unworthy of existence. While our fleet lay off the port of Algiers, a large ship was in sight lying under the protection of the guns of that immense fortress. The American commander proposed to send a boat for the purpose of blowing up the ship. The plans were laid, arrangements were perfected, and at the silent hour of twelve at night about twenty men solemnly and silently shook hands with their companions, entered the boat, and struck out boldly to capture an immense ship, in order to liberate their fellow men from bondage. *They died*—NOT ONE RETURNED. Their plan was ill-conceived—it failed, but their motives were sublime, and we honor their memories.

"Right and wrong are immutable. If Slavery were wrong then, it is now. If it were wrong for Africans to enslave Americans, it is no less wrong for Americans to enslave Africans. In all our words, and thoughts, and actions, we should ever keep in view those attributes of Deity—*truth and justice.* I never look upon human woe without emotion. I as deeply deplore the loss of life as any person can, and yet I would not ask for Brown nor his associates aught but *justice*, nor would I withhold justice from the slave nor from his master."

Mr. Giddings proceeded to trace the causes which had resulted in the present state of feeling. He referred to the ground taken by John Quincy Adams in Congress, on the slavery question, to the actions of Miner of Pennsylvania, and to his own opinions in Congress, which secured his expulsion from his seat in the House. He also referred to the Mexican war, and said that those who fell there were murdered to secure the extension of slavery. This, he said, our Free State people do not like any more than they like to support the slave trade. He also referred with bitterness to the operations of the Fugitive Slave Law, among the mountains of his native Sommerset (Penn.) and in Ohio; in the latter state one murderer who shot a fugitive yet remains unhung. He spoke of the case of the Oberlin Rescuers, and said that the Western Reserve stands boldly up against the Fugitive Slave Law, and despises the coward, who, knowing his rights *dare* not maintain them. The attempts of the Executive to force slavery on Kansas made John Brown what he was; he was persecuted and his sons slain, and in his desperation he has struck a blow that has thrilled the nation. An "irrepressible conflict" *has* arisen, (applause,) and he that does not look it in the face does not do his duty. Now, as to Brown, I presume he has told the truth when he says he only went to Virginia to free the slaves. In doing this he only agreed with nine-tenths of the people of the Free States. I know he has never come up to my opinion on this point, and my notions are said to be too strong for a Philadelphia audience. (Laughter.) I have said and believe that it is morally wrong for a man to remain in slavery, if he can get free. I would strike down a slave-catcher at my own door. For years I have given fugitives money and arms, and taught them their use. I am opposed to taking life, except in defense of life or liberty. So, too, think the people of Northern Ohio.

In relation to his connection with Brown, Mr. Giddings said he invited him to Jefferson in Ohio, where he delivered a lecture one Sunday, after church, telling his trials in Kansas. After the lecture, Mr. Giddings prompted the audience to contribute relief to Brown. Afterward Brown took tea at his residence, where they had a conversation. Though Brown never said he intended to visit the slave states to free slaves, Mr. Giddings inferred he would if opportunity offered, mainly from his having done so in Missouri. These were the only times Mr. Giddings saw Brown, and he asserts that neither in his lecture, nor in conversation, did Brown say he had assistants, or associates. No mention was made of a Harper's Ferry or Virginia organization, or a Provisional Government. He acknowledges contributing three dollars to Brown's son toward the necessities of his father, after the rescue of Doy from the kidnappers, a matter in which Mr. Giddings acknowledged taking strong interest. In bestowing this gratuity he had little idea that it was to be used in fitting out an expedition to capture Harper's Ferry, to effect the conquest of the Old Dominion, to strike terror to the Executive, or imperil the Government.

Mr. Giddings concluded his remarks as follows:

These despotic acts have aroused the spirit of the people, and there is, in serious truth, an "irrepressible conflict" now in progress. It is that irrepressible conflict between Freedom and Slavery, which has been in progress for centuries. It is one of those revolutions which never go backward. Our statesmen have misapprehended the philosophy of Free Governments. They have attempted to rule a free people by brute force instead of a just administration of legitimate powers. They have preferred the crime of Slavery to the God-given rights of liberty. They have trampled upon the rights of our Free States to obtain political favor with the slave power.

They have stained the soil of our Free States with innocent blood. Men are captured in our Northern villages, their limbs manacled, and they are carried to slavery, as though our territory lay upon the African coast, subject to the pollution of slave-dealing pirates, while the stars and stripes—those emblems of Liberty—are prostituted to the protection of an execrable commerce in human flesh!

The indignation of our people is awakened. In some localities it is intense. Let no man mistake or belittle that feeling. It has long been foreseen. All reflecting men know it must come. In fifteen years I have constantly pointed it out to Southern men and Northern men. Recent events will increase and strengthen it. Let those in power understand that it cannot be trifled with. Let timid men keep silent. Let demagogues no longer sneer nor threaten.

The time for intimidation is gone by.—All must see that if the cause of the excitement continues, the excitement will not cease. But of the future I will no longer speak. It is written upon the tablet of Heaven. It is read in every circumstance around us. All must see that the men now in power are incompetent to the duties of their stations. If they continue to guide the ship of State all must be lost. Let them retire. Let the past policy of the Government be abandoned. Let the despotic acts alluded to be repealed. Let the Free States be placed upon an equality with the Slave States.

Let our Territory be consecrated to Freedom. Let us cease to maintain a piratical commerce on the bodies of men and women. Let our Federal Government be purified from the contagion of Slavery. Let us leave that institution where the Constitution left it, "with the States," in which it exists.

I repeat, the people of the Free States will not support it. They will not be involved in its crimes or its disgrace. Our emancipation from the Slave Power must come; and in the words of my illustrious and lamented friend John Quincy Adams, let me say, "it will come—whether in peace or in blood I know not—but whether in peace or in blood, let it come."

Remarkable Memory.

John Franklin was a native of Cannan, Litchfield county, Connecticut. An instance of his remarkable memory, when a lad of seventeen, will show that he was no ordinary boy.

Having accompanied the family to the place of worship, the meeting house being only closed but neither ceiled or plastered, the beams and rafters were all exposed to view.

John saw that his austere father sat through the sermon with great uneasiness, but could not divine the cause.

On returning home, 'John,' said his father, 'it is my duty to give you a severe thrashing (common in old times) and you shall have it presently so prepare yourself.'

"But you won't whip me, father, without telling me what for?"

'No, certainly—your conduct at the meeting sir, is the cause. Instead of attending to the sermon, you were all the time gaping about, as if you were counting the beams and rafters of the meeting house.'

"Well, father, can you repeat the sermon?"

"Sermon? no I had as much as I could do to watch your inattention."

"If I tell you all the minister said you won't whip me?"

"No, John, no; but that is impossible."

Young Franklin immediately named the text, and taking up the discourse, went through every word of it with surprising accuracy.

"Upon my word," said the *delighted* parent, "I should not have thought it."

"And now, father," said John, "I can tell you exactly how many beams and rafters there are in the meeting-house."