Meigs County Telegraph.

$2 per annum. A WEEKLY JOURNAL--DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS. $1.50 in advance.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor. "Independent in all things--Neutral in nothing." T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

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All business of the firm transacted by

A. E. M'LAUGHLIN,

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, O. Office in the Court House.

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THOMAS CARLETON, Attorney and Counselor at law. Office, Main street, east side, two doors above T. J. Smith's Shoe Store, opposite the Remington House. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. 1-34.

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KNOWLES & GROSVENOR, Attorneys at law, Athens, Athens County, Ohio, will attend the several Courts of Meigs County, on the 1st day of each term. Office at the "Gibson House." 46-1y.

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ISAAC FALLER, Clothier, Grocer and Dry Goods dealer, first Store above Donnally & Jennings' shop, Front street, Rolling-Mill, Pomeroy, O.—Country Merchants are respectfully requested to call and examine my stock of Groceries, as I am confident that I cannot be undersold. 1-23

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POMEROY ROLLING MILL CO. keep constantly on hand and manufacture to order, all kinds and sizes of flat, round and square iron of superior quality, which they offer, wholesale and retail, at current rates. Also, American and Swede nail rods, steel and iron springs, cast and shear steel, wagon boxes. Scrap-iron and kidney ore taken in exchange. L. A. ONTROM, Supt.

DAW JONES, Proprietor Middleport Sash Factory and Planing Mill, will fill all orders in his line of business punctually, and at low rates, by addressing or applying to him at Middleport. 1-7

STEAM SAW MILL, Front street, Pomeroy, near Kerr's Run. Niel R. Nye, Proprietor, is under sawed to order on short notice. Plastering hair constantly on hand, for sale. 1-1

NEWGERVILLE Steam Grist Mill—N. Stewart, Proprietor—has been recently rebuilt, and is now prepared to do good work promptly. 1-1

JOHN S. DAVIS, has his Planing Machine, on Sugar Run, Pomeroy, in good order, and in constant operation. Flooring, weather-boarding, &c., kept constantly on hand, to fill orders. 1-16

JEWELRY.

PETER LAMBRECHT, Watchmaker & Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles, Court street, below the new Banking House, Pomeroy. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on short notice. 1-1

W. A. AICHER, Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front-st., above the Remington House, Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in my line. 1-1

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T. WHITESIDE, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Front Street, three doors above Stone bridge. The best of work, for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order. 1-1

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SUGAR-RUN Salt Company. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. 1-1 C. GRANT, Agent.

POMEROY Salt Company. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. 1-1

DANNEY Salt Company, Coalport. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel for country trade. 1-1 G. W. COOPER, Secretary.

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his new building, back of the Bank building, Pomeroy. Job Work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch. 1-1

PAINTERS—GLAZIERS.

F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, back room of P. Lambrecht's Jewelry Store, west side Court street, Pomeroy, O. 1-1

SADDLERY.

JOHN EISELSTIN, Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer, Front Street, three doors below Court, Pomeroy, will execute all work entrusted to his care with neatness and dispatch. Saddles gotten up in the neatest style. 1-22

JAMES WRIGHT, Saddle and Harness Maker. Shop over Black and Rathburn's store, Rutland, O. 1-1

WAGON MAKING.

CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKING by A. Blazyer, Front Street, first corner below the Rolling-Mill, Pomeroy, O. All articles in his line of business manufactured at reasonable rates, and they are especially recommended for durability. 2-5-1y.

PETER CROSBIE, Wagon Maker, Mulberry street, west side, three doors Back street, Pomeroy, Ohio. Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies, Carriages, &c. All orders filled on short notice. 1-1

DENTISTRY.

G. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist, Bingham's Building 2nd Story, Rutland street, Middleport, O. All operations pertaining to the profession promptly performed. Ladies waited upon at their residence, if desired. 1-1

Poetry.

NOW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The v[illegible] Past—is past.
'Tis [illegible] shines not in the ray;
'Twas good, no doubt—'t is gone at last—
There dawns another day.
Why should we sit where ivies creep,
And shroud ourselves in charnels deep;
Or the world's yesterdays deplore,
Mid crumbling ruins mossy hoar?
Why should we see with dimmed men's eyes,
Looking at Was fro[illegible] morn to night,
When the bountious Now, the divine To Be,
Woo with their warm and living sights?
Why should we hear but echoes dull
When the world of sound so beautiful,
With glorious tones of the now,
Why in the darkness should we grope
When the sun in heaven's resplendent cope,
Shines as bright as ever it shone?

The present needs us. Every age
Bequeaths the next for heritage
No lazy luxury or delight—
But strenuous labor for the right;
For Now, the child and Sire of Time,
Demands the deeds of earnest men
To make it better than the past,
And stretch the circle of its ken.

Now is a fact that men deplore,
Though it might bless them evermore,
Would they but fashion it aright;
'Tis ever now. It is ever bright.
Time, nor Eternity hath seen
A repetition of delight
In all its phases; ne'er hath been
For them or Angels that which is:
And that which is hath ceased to be
Ere we have breathed it, and its place
Is lost in the Eternity.
But Now is ever good and fair,
Or she inhabite the heir,
And we of it. So let us live
That from the Past we may receive
Light for the Now—from Now a joy
That Fate nor Time shall ever destroy.

LOST AND FOUND.

"TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.—Lost on the evening of January 5, in Broadway or Fifth Avenue, a large cape of Russian Sable. The above reward will be paid to any one who will return it to the office of the "Journal of Commerce."

This to Miss Julia Lane was the most interesting paragraph in the newspaper.—She read it over and over again. Was she obliged to believe that it referred to the beautiful cape which her father had found in Clinton Place? Very likely the advertisement meant another. People were losing things continually. Then how strange to have it returned to the office of the "Journal of Commerce." It looked very much as if some one was making capital of lost capes, presuming on the probability of at least one cape being lost in the length of Broadway and Fifth Avenue from the numerous parties in open sleighs. The omission of the connecting "Clinton Place" confirmed this supposition. No; she was not all sure this was the one. She doubted more the more she thought about it.

Julia had been positively unhappy for weeks from the want of a fur cape. So many of the other girls; in fact almost everybody had them. She wondered how they could afford it; but they had them, and she hardly felt respectable without one. Her father had told her that he could not for a moment think of making such a purchase. He had not recovered from his heavy losses of last winter, and his profession gave him a bare support.—Devoted to his professional pursuits, and enjoying, too, with keen relish, the society of the cultivated and literary circle in which he moved, he could not sympathize with his daughter's cravings for fur capes. So the subject had been dismissed from their conversation, though not from the mind of the young lady. She, too, had higher tastes, but for the time they were obscured. She really felt ashamed to go out wearing her old, narrow, faded mink victorine. Why could she not dress as well as other people?

And now the way seemed to be opened. A fur cape, handsomer than her utmost ambition aspired to was brought to her door. It was asking too much for her to relinquish it to such an indefinite demand as that advertisement. Besides, reasoned our consistent young lady, people who wear such capes can or ought to afford to lose them. The loss to the owner was probably but a slight inconvenience, while the finding of it was to her the gratification of her strongest and otherwise unattainable desire.

Still lower down in the strata of her thoughts was this, Anna Willard has just returned from Europe a rich heiress.—George Willard has been quite attentive to Julia this winter, and especially requested that she would call upon his sister who was on a visit to her uncle. She did not like to go and call upon those stylish people in that old victorine. The cape was exactly the thing to make her feel comfortable, and as good as anybody. If she could only think it right to keep it!

She pondered the matter all day. She had no mother, poor girl, or perhaps a fur cape would not have seemed of so much importance. Several of her young friends came in during the day, almost all of them the happy possessors of capes, sable, rank, or squirrel; but not one of them, thought Julia, with self-congratulation, not one of them so handsome as—*mine*.

"We have to go down to Gunther's," said Miss Bidwell. "His furs are so cheap that mamma said she could not resist the temptation, and bought one for Kitty. You have not got yours yet, have you, Julia?"

Julia had comforted herself by imagining that, in some possible contingency, she might have a cape in the course of the winter; and it had seemed one step toward realizing her hopes to confide them to her friend Miss Bidwell. How delighted she was to reply,

"I think I shall have one soon. I was talking to father about it this morning."

"To think of that school girl, Kitty Bidwell, having a mink cape! That makes four fur capes in that family. I am sure that father could afford it as well as Mr. Bidwell. I wish that father felt a little more pride about my looks. If I had a mother to care for me!" And Julia burst into a passion of tears, which she imagined were tears of filial devotion and regret. Before she came out of it she felt almost as if Providence had taken her case in hand, and had gratified in a mysterious way the wish denied by her unsympathizing father.

"Any advertisement of that cape?" asked her father at the dinner table.

"None that answers to this one. I sent for the other papers. The same advertisement is in them all, but it does not mention Clinton Place."

"Where are the papers? Let me see them?"

They were up stairs in Julia's room.—She had almost persuaded herself, but she was somewhat fearful that her father would not be so easily satisfied. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and did not for a moment imagine that his daughter would not be as desirous as himself to restore the property to its owner. He did not know the power of a passion for fur capes.

"I think I will advertise it," he said.

"I should think that the owner would do that," replied Julia.

It was advertised (though through a mistake not till two days afterward), and not called for, except by a showily dressed woman who could not describe it aright, probably another victim to the fur cape mania.

They were going to a lecture a few evenings afterward.

"Suppose I wear that cape, father," said Julia.

"Put it on, dear, and let me see it."

Julia ran up stairs, and soon came down with the rich fur cape over her shoulders.

"Is it a handsome one?" asked the unsophisticated scholar.

"Oh, very."

"Is it not *too* handsome for you to wear? You know, Julia, that I am not rich. You do know that I am in debt, and it therefore would not be proper for you to wear an expensive article."

"People will think that it is a present."

"Even that I should not like. We should dress according to our circumstances."

"A great many people, no richer than we are, wear fur capes."

"I know that there are many foolish people who are conscious of having no higher claim to respectability. I should be sorry to have my daughter fall back upon that ground. I am very sure, Julia, that no one whose good opinion is of any value would think better of you for dressing expensively. This striving to imitate others is not consistent with true dignity and self-respect."

"But what are we to do with it, if I do not wear it? It will save buying a cloak for several winters. See, father, does it not look well? It fits me exactly. Some good fairy sent it to me, I have no doubt."

"Yes, it is very pretty, but I am very sorry that we have not found the owner. You are sure that it is a suitable one for you to wear?"

Suitable! It suited her wishes exactly—her *highest* wishes. It was handsomer than any of the other girls'. Now she would not be ashamed to call on Anna Willard. But she did not say this.

"Oh yes, father, it is exactly what I want," she said.

If you could have seen her the next day! But you have seen hundreds with just that self-satisfied air, begging admiration of all the passers by. "Look at me, I am dressed as well as anybody."

She could hardly walk far enough, so desirous was she to gratify everybody with the sight of so much elegance. She scrutinized all the furs in the street with intense interest. She had the satisfaction of hearing one lady say to another, "*That's* a handsom cape!" She met Sophia Burley, and her cape, which last week was an object of envy, now looked so shabby.—She saw two or three handsomer than her own, and began to murmur at Fortune for not sending her the best while she was about it.

She met Catherine Perry who exclaimed, "What a plendid cape! That to be sure is worth waiting for. But where are your cuffs and muff? Nobody wears a cape alone."

Julia had thought of that, for her hands and arms felt the loss of their usual protectors, which were not deemed worthy companions of the new magnificence.

On her way home she went into a shop and it seemed to her that she was treated with more attention than usual. After making most of her purchases she passed to another part of the establishment and sat down, waiting with an air of patient condescension, while a young woman behind the counter received and returned the cordial greeting of a plainly dressed lady in deep mourning. This haughty air was not natural to Julia. At another time it would have given her real pleasure to witness such a meeting. But to-day she was the slave of the cape, and here were two persons who did not acknowledge its pre-eminent claims. She rose disdainfully to leave the shop.

"Pardon me," said the shop-woman, "I will attend to you at once."

"No matter," said Julia coldly. "I am in haste and will not interrupt you."

This was said in an air of superiority she thought eminently suited the wearer of a sable cape.

She returned home feeling a good deal exalted in the scale of being.

The next day she put on her handsomest dress and the beloved cape which kept both body and spirit so comfortable, and paid her visit to Miss Willard. She was shown into a parlor, whose costly elegance she painfully contrasted with her own simple and more tasteful home. "It is well that I have this cape!" she thought.—"How should I have felt to have come here in my old victorine."

Presently a lady in black entered and approached her. To her great surprise she recognized in Miss Willard the lady whom she had met in the shop on the previous day. Miss Willard also recognized Julia.

"I owe you an ap[illegible]," she said, "for so interfering with y[illegible] shopping yesterday."

Julia begged her [illegible] mention it.

"I had heard the [illegible] old friend, Miss Sawtelle was there, [illegible] went to see her. We were both af[illegible] at seeing each other. It was hard[illegible] the place for our first meeting af[illegible] long separation, which had brou[illegible] many changes to us both. It was not [illegible] that she forgot her duties."

Julia replied th[illegible] if she could have imagined anything of this kind she would not have interrupted them for a moment.

"I know it. I am sure you would not willingly have given pain. She is a noble girl, and I admire her independence in taking a situation where she is constantly exposed to insult from the heartless among her old acquaintances. Her uncle wished to adopt her after her father's reverses; but she said it was better for herself to be independent, as she wished, if possible, to encourage others by her example. I always thought her one of the most cultivated and lovely girls that I know, but I did not give her credit for so much dignity of character."

"It is a great and rare pleasure," continued Miss Willard, to find a person acting out her own convictions, and living according to her ideal. There is so little individuality among us Americans. We dress, and furnish our houses, and live, in a certain way, because our neighbors do, without consulting our own circumstances or even our own tastes. The English, with whom I have lived the last year, err perhaps on the other extreme; but in so doing, they show at least a self-respect which Americans in general cannot boast of."

"Yet," said Julia, "one does not like to be entirely different from other people.—We all judge of others by these outward things."

"I confess," replied Miss Willard, "that my pride would take that direction. When I see all those vulgar people striving to be fashionable—looking as if they carried all their possessions on their backs—having no higher aim than to have their silks, and furs, and laces as expensive as their neighbors—I feel like dressing in serge and hair cloth. My soul is sick of this vain ambition, this paltry vanity, this self-indulgence and self-assertion. How little they know of the true value of money—of the true meaning of life."

Julia made a feeble assent, rather bewildered by this new view of things. She was entering into a sphere in which fur capes were not in the ascendant.

"I am afraid that you will think me very severe," continued Miss Willard, with a sweet smile; but I feel very deeply on this subject. On coming home and looking at things in the light of a great sorrow, I long to be a preacher of faith."

"Of faith," echoed Julia.

"Yes; of faith in something nobler and more satisfying than self and this outward world; of faith in a heavenly Father who gives to each his peculiar lot and his peculiar duties. Why not take cheerfully what He gives us, without grasping at what he gives to others? Why not be satisfied with His choices for them and for ourselves? We are spoiling the beauty and variety of His plan by thus rubbing down of our individual life, and shaping ourselves by others."

And this is the visit for which a sable cape was so necessary!

We will not say that Julia's feelings were not to be envied; for the first awaking of the soul to its own degradation, its own wants, to the consciousness of being so far off from what is most desirable—surely this is infinitely better than self-complacent blindness!

Here was a lady, young and gifted with all the means of self-enjoyment and self-agrandizement, one who could turn upon herself the admiring and envying eyes of all the throng of fashion, yet spurning fashion and luxury beneath her feet. Sorrow had added new weight to the injunctions of her dying father, that she should spend the wealth he left her not for herself but for others. Her pure and simple tastes were gratified at little expense. She shrank from everything which attracted attention to herself. Her free and loving spirit gave itself forth to cheer, to comfort, and to help others. And when she met this young girl, in whom she knew that her brother felt a deep interest, and saw with pain that the spoiler had entered her soul and was eating up its treasures, her heart warmed with pity and sorrow. Her brother had spoken of Julia as modest and unpretending; unlike most girls in her simple naturalness. Little did Julia know the mischief that the cape and the *desire* for the cape had done. Little did she think the first time she wore it, when she entered the lecture room, Mr. Willard's companion whispered to him as she passed, "If I had seen that cape yesterday, perhaps I should not have been so lenient to Mr. Lane when he came to beg a further extension of our firm. I am really so sry; I thought he had more principle, and that she had more sense."

After this George Willard avoided Julia; and for this even the fur cape was not sufficient consolation.

But the good work was begun. The cape had failed of its great object—the gaining the good opinion of Miss Willard. Disappointed vanity had taught a hard but useful lesson. In the mortification, the self-dissatisfaction, the almost hopeless longing, Julia was entering the narrow gate of a nobler life. Miss Willard was quick to see it; and not by reproaches or contempt, but by opening new sources of enjoyment, new spheres of action—by leading her to feel what is true and noble in books and in life—she led her young friend, step by step, out of the bondage into the freedom of a life forgetting self, and aspiring to what is highest.

"But you are out to-day without your fur cape. Are you not imprudent, dear Julia?"

The question was asked by Miss Willard one morning, when Julia came for her to visit a poor family, wearing the old mink victorine.

"Can you wait a few minutes, Anna?"

"Certainly. For what?"

"While I tell you about that cape."—Julia gave its history, extenuating naught. "Now, Anna, do you wonder that I do not wish to wear it again."

Miss Willard listened with deep interest. "I am glad to hear this Julia—more glad than you can imagine," she said.—"I thought the cape was not suitable for you."

"And to think that my strongest reason for desiring it was that I might gain your favor. What a rebuke your simple dress was to me."

"I like to see people well dressed," replied Miss Willard smiling; "but I have resolved for myself that there shall be nothing in my appearance to remind any one of the poor stuff which sometimes separates friends. Oh! Julia was not the way in which I acquired it enough to teach me how little it is worth? In inheriting it I inherited orphanage and sorrow! Death gave it to me—a death which showed me more than anything else has ever done, how worthless are the vanities of this life—how great and real are the things which lie beyond it."

"I am ashamed to tell you of one feeling I had, but I will. I thought she can afford not to dress well."

"And so I can," said Miss Willard smiling; "and so can anybody who has anything in herself which makes her indifferent to the opinions of others. For my part, I consider great thoughts and great objects, a great joy, a great hope, a great sorrow quite as ennobling as a great fortune."

"But my dear Julia," she continued "there is no harm in your wearing the cape since you have done worshiping it. Indeed it is imprudent to leave it off; and it had best do good to somebody."

"No, I shal never wear it again. It has given me only pain and mortification since the first day I saw you. Discontent and pride and envy are written all over it. The poor have seemed to reproach me for wearing it, and the rich to ridicle me, and my own heart has condemned me. If I could only find the owner how thankfully I would restore it."

Anna kissed her tenderly and said, after a pause, "I have something to tell *you*, Julia. That was *my* cape."

"Yours."

"Yes. I recognized it at once, when you came to see me, by its peculiar shape and fastenings."

"Oh! Anna, what an angel you have been!" And Julia hid her weeping face on her friend's shoulder. "But I am so glad to find the owner! And it will be well for me to see you wear it, to be reminded of my—"

"No, Julia, I shall never wear it again. I never liked to wear it. It was the gift of my uncle, and I wore it only for that reason."

"How could you let me come into your presence? How you must have despised me!"

"You might have despised me, Julia, if you knew my heart. What can any of us do in this life but repent, and strive, and look upward to One who knows all, and yet does not cast us off?"

"I do repent—I do strive—I do look upward as my only hope," said Julia solemnly.

"Do you not think," said Anna, "that we have the sins of which we repent more than those which are comparative strangers to us? That low back-door of penitence leads us into the safest places."

"But to return to our cape," she continued. "I gave it to you long ago. You can wear it or not as you please. Do what you like with it. It has caused you a great deal of pain; perhaps in some way it may give you pleasure. Its loss has been a great gain to me. I have received far more than its value in exchange. Now I shall not relax; I am firm."

"If you will insist upon making me a thief, I shall exchange my stolen property into something less liable to be detected."

"Very well, just as you please."

"And I shall wear this horrid old, shabby victorine for the rest of the winter, causing thereby great scandal."

"And your father?" asked Anna—"Will he consent? Does he know about it?"

"I told him all last night."

"What did he say?"

"Everything that was kind. It seems as if you both loved me better than ever."

"I am sure we do," said Anna, kissing her.

The next morning Julia came down stairs with the cape done up in paper; and handed it to her father. Not if she had she stood before him in queenly attire would he have felt such pride in her as now, on seeing this triumph over self and vanity.

"Now I feel like myself, dear father; like your own Julia."

He kissed her tenderly. "You have fully decided to give it up?"

"I desire never to see it again. I shall breathe more freely without it. It has been only a burden. Now rather will you do the best you can with it and let me have a little satisfaction out of it at last."

We must not tell her secrets, but we have no doubt that others, too, received some comfort from it, who did not know how much more blessed was the giver.

"Do you believe that Julia Lane is wearing that old victorine again. What do you suppose it means? I cannot understand it," said Miss Bidwell.

"Nor I, either," said Miss Perry. Probably not.

Perhaps George Willard understood it, for he spent that whole evening with her, and left her with a decided feeling that she, too, "could afford not to dress well."

Communicated.

For the Meigs County Telegraph.

Does the Constitution of the United States Sustain the Democratic Party, in its Attempts to force the People of the Free States to aid in Catching Fugitive Slaves, or to pay for them if they Escape!

RAVENS, May, 1859.

EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH:—If we are not greatly mistaken, matters of the most transcendent importance to the people of Free States in the American Union, are involved in the answer which shall finally be given to the question asked in the heading of this article. For if it is true—which I hope to be able to prove it is not—that the fundamental law of the land obligates the freemen of the North to sustain the hideous and revolting crimes connected, necessarily, with the abominable system of Negro Slavery, either by acting in the capacity of blood-hounds to chase down the panting fugitive who, acting from that noblest impulse of the human heart, a love of liberty, is fleeing from a land of chains and slavery, or by paying the slave market price for his soul and body his blood and bones—to some pretended *owner* of the same, it is high time that they be informed of the fact, in order that they whose hatred of slavery is only commensurate with their love of freedom, may have "time and opportunity" to prepare for the unutterable self-degradation involved in sustaining a system absolutely at war with every moral, social, religious and political principle which they believe or profess. On the other hand, however, if the slave hunting doctrines of the slave-holding Democracy are *not* the doctrines of that Constitution which itself asserts that it was "ordained" to "establish justice" and secure the "blessings of liberty" to the people of the United States, then *this* fact should be known, and well known to the people, that they may set the seal of condemnation upon a party which has thus attempted to subvert the national organic law, and prostitute the powers of our National Government to the support of the nefarious institution of slavery. One or the other of the positions indicated must be taken in regard to this question, by the people of this country; and recent events seem to show that the time is not far distant, when the freemen of the nation must vindicate the Constitution from the false and despotic assumptions of the pro-slavery Democracy, or basely permit it to crumble and fall, surrounded with the ruins of a once boasted American freedom. Thanks to an unwavering "faith in the people," we believe they will yet vindicate their capacity for self-government, by hurling from power the pro-slavery time-serving leaders of the sham Democracy, and substituting in their place men with the Jeffersonian qualifications of "honesty" and "capacity!"

We assume, in the heading of our article, that the Democratic party is attempting to force the people of the free States to turn out as slave-catchers, *or* to pay for the escaped slave, out of the hard earnings of their noble system of free labor. We do not wish to leave this to rest upon assumption merely, and shall, therefore, proceed to prove it.

The Fugitive Slave Act of September 18th, 1850. Sec. 5th, when explaining the powers and duties of the "Commissioners" which it constitutes, says that they shall have power "to summon and call to their aid the *bystanders, or posse comitatus* of the proper county, when necessary to ensure a faithful observance of the clause of the Constitution referred to, in *conformity* with the *provisions of this act*, and ALL GOOD CITIZENS are hereby COMMANDED to *aid and assist* in the prompt and efficient execution of this law, *whenever their services may be required*, as aforesaid, for that purpose."

How any person is to observe the Constitution of the United States in "conformity" with the Fugitive Slave Act, will probably be best explained by the person, whoever he may be, who finally succeeds in the worship of *both* "God and Mammon." But from this section it will be seen that "all *good* citizens" are to turn out as public slave-hunters, "whenever," so says the law, "their services *may be required*," to "ensure a faithful observance of the provisions of this act;" that is, whenever some vagabond scoundrel sees fit to seize a citizen of Ohio as his slave—*then* and *there* it is that the free people of the North must forswear their manhood or be stigmatized by this precious enactment as not being "good citizens!" There you have it, fellow citizens of Meigs—there is the evidence, *from the law itself*, that you must become "nigger-hunters." Now for the proof that you must pay for them, if through your negligence they finally escape.

Sec. seventh of this act says: that "any person" who "shall aid, abet or assist such person so owing service or labor as aforesaid, *directly* OR INDIRECTLY, to escape from such claimant, his agent or attorney, * * * shall be subject to a fine not *exceeding* one thousand dollars, and imprisonment not *exceeding* six months, * * * and shall moreover forfeit and pay, by way of *civil damages* to the party injured by such *illegal* conduct, the sum of *one thousand dollars* for EACH FUGITIVE so lost as aforesaid, to be recovered by an action of debt," &c.

There again we have it, in all the audacious atrocity of slavery itself. No man of common sense can claim that where a man refuses to obey the requirements of the fifth section, and the fugitive thereby escapes, that he has not "*indirectly*" aided in that escape—and hence becomes liable to the imprisonment, fine and payment of *one thousand dollars* for each fugitive—the penalties of the seventh section. In the Connelly case at Cincinnati, the doctrine was distinctly avowed by the Court, that feeding, clothing or watering fugitives was "indirectly" aiding or abetting their escape, and hence a sufficient violation of the act in question, to subject a man to its penalties. Any man, therefore, who will not assist in catching "niggers," when called upon by the proper officer, or who sees fit to give the naked, starved, and panting fugitive a crust of bread, a few old clothes, and a drink of cold water, must pay one thousand dollars to his master for the privilege, besides his time and imprisonment!

Such is the Fugitve Slave Act, so far as it relates to the action of the people of the free States. We stop not at this time to show its villainous requirements of injustice in reference to the poor and friendless creatures that it seeks to return to a horrible system of untold and unutterable wrongs and oppressions. Neither on this point do we exhibit its violation of the rights of the States. These shall be shown in another place. Now we shall show the position of the Democratic party, in regard to the inhuman violations which this act contains, of our constitutional and natural rights.

In the Democratic National Conventions, held, respectively, in Baltimore in 1852, and in Cincinnati in 1856, the party resolved that they "would abide by and adhere to a faithful execution of the acts known as the compromise measures, settled by the Congress of 1850, '*the act for reclaiming fugitives from labor or service included;*' which act being designed to carry out an express provision of the Constitution, *cannot*, WITH FIDELITY THERETO, BE REPEALED, or so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency."

Such is the position of the Democratic party in regard to this wicked and unconstitutional law. Never before was it avowed that any law which Congress could make, could not be *unmade* by the same power. Never before did any party charge it as a breach of the Constitution, not to believe in the eternal necessity of any particular act of our national legislature. For upward of sixty years we had been making and unmaking laws of all kinds. The people had become accustomed to think themselves competent to enact and repeal laws as policy or principle might dictate. They had supposed themselves capable of progress and improvement, and had been in the habit of changing and adapting their laws to suit their ever-varying circumstances. But lo and behold! In the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty, the Democratic party, by usurped power, succeeded in fastening upon an unwilling people, under various false pretenses, an odious and unconstitutional law, which disgraces us in the eyes of all civilized nations, and which we *cannot repeal* with "fidelity" to the "Constitution of the United States!" This position, be it remembered, is deliberately taken in two national conventions, and is now the platform doctrine of the party. Will the people sustain it, or will they indignantly sweep from power the slave-holding, dough-faces who maintain it? We believe they will do the latter. "My faith is in the people"—in their love of truth and right. S.

NOTE.—The philosophy of all this is very simple, and quite easily understood. The slave power has taken possession of the Democratic party organization, and dictating its policy, has used it as a too-willing tool for advancing the interests of slavery propagandism in their most odious and obnoxious forms. The Democratic party, once the pride and glory of our nation, is now degraded to the mere registering of the edicts of slavery. Of these, the Fugitive Slave Act is one of the most disgraceful, yet it is the only plank in the Democratic platform which is absolutely unchangeble. But, is the servant greater than his master?" Slavery commanded—Democracy *had to obey!*

HOW DOES HE LIVE?—I don't care what the man professes—*how does he live?*—There is a volume in the question. Men should be measured by their actions.—Deeds are more eloquent than words. "I feel five dollars for the man; how much rest feel?" was the practically expressed sympathy of the kind-hearted Frenchman, when a neighbor was in trouble. That's the test. How *much* do we feel when we *talk?* Talking is easy. Words cost nothing, and furnish the warp and woof of some most glorious friendships! Such friendships are like some men's libraries, beautiful in gilt, and to be admired, but not for use.

☞ "A good wife—a good occupation—young man, if you have these, you are free. Yes, free, by the power of love, from vice and the expenses of vanity, able to laugh at all the poor millionaires around you; you will despise the crowd which prostrates itself before chance and circumstance. You will say, "Let them spend their life in running after a treasure—I have found mine—I love."

☞ "When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to admiration. So, if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

☞ No punishment is so terrible as prosperous guilt.