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Selected Miscellany.

DON'T STOP MY PAPER, PRINTER.

Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And dollars hard to get;
But tug a little harder,
To what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and for you.

I can't afford to drop it;
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
However others may.

I hate to ask my neighbors
To give theirs on a loan;
They don't just say, but mean it,
Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we miss it,
If it, by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or comes a little late;
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry,
And, printer, if you are married,
You know the reason why.

I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try,
For other people take it,
And, printer, so must I.

I, too, must keep me posted,
And know what's going on,
Or feel, and be accounted,
A foggy simpleton.

Then, take it kindly, printer,
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few, you know.

But I must have my paper,
Cost what it may to me,
I rather dock my sugar,
And do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want my frown,
For here's a year's subscription,
And credit it right down.

And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring us weekly
Its welcomed benison.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ROAD.

AN EX-DRUMMER'S STORY.

It was in the autumn of 1871 that I enlisted in the noble army of drummers and started out to make my fortune in the employ of Harte, Coleman & Co., manufacturers, New York city.

I was seven years younger than I am now, and seven years in a man's life between twenty and thirty means a great deal. I was rather good looking, a trifle conceited, and almost quixotic in my admiration of the gentler sex; and this is what befell me before I had been engaged a month in my new business.

It was on the cars between Detroit and Chicago that I first saw the dark eyes which were destined to do me so much mischief. I had been reading newspapers until I was tired, and so, laying them aside, I turned my seat, and began to amuse myself by staring at my fellow-travelers; only began, however, for in the further end of the car a pair of eyes met mine which made it impossible for me to look at or think of any of the other occupants of the car save their fair owner.

And she was fair! A complexion of lily-like whiteness, lips like red-rose-leaves, hair like yellow floss silk, and eyes—large, dark, mournful, beseeching, fascinating, utterly bewitching eyes, such as I never saw before or since in all my life, and—dear reader, imagine my sensations, if you can—she was looking straight at me!

She was dressed elegantly but plainly, in a gray traveling suit—very plainly indeed, for I noticed with professional instinct and not a little surprise, that she wore not one single ornament of any kind; neither earrings, pin nor chain relieved her Quaker-like costume, and even the white, unglazed hand, upon which her fair cheek rested, was utterly destitute of rings.

"I wonder who she is?" I thought, shifting a little uneasily under the steady gaze of her earnest eyes, and as I did so a gentleman came sauntering in from the smoking car and took his seat beside her, and instantly her eyes fell, a faint tinge of color came to her pale face, and with an involuntary gesture of aversion (it seemed to me) she turned her back on the new-comer and looked out at the window, making no reply to the few careless words he spoke to her as he took his seat.

A moment later and I caught a covert side glance under her long lashes, and became conscious that she was once again regarding me steadily; once, indeed, I fancied that her lips moved as though forming words, but what words, it was impossible for me to determine.

Meanwhile my mind was filled with the wildest imaginings—who was she?—what did she want? for that she wanted assistance of some kind I was firmly convinced by her singular

demeanor—who was her companion? But before I had done more than entangle myself in a maze of speculation, the shrill whistle announced that we were nearing our destination, and a few minutes later we were in Chicago.

There was the usual bustle and rush of disembarkation, and I was busily gathering together my belongings when a faint odor of violets came to my nostrils, a soft gray dress brushed by me, and turning around sharply, I saw that my mysterious beauty had gone.

Gone—but on my portmanteau lay a tiny pearl-colored card, placed there, evidently by her hand. I snatched it up eagerly. It bore no name, but traced with a lead pencil in a delicate, unsteady hand, were these words:

"Will you help me? I am friendless and almost homeless. Be cautious. We will go the Sherman House, where I will try to accommodate you further."

And that was all.

Fifteen minutes later, and I was inscribing my name in the Sherman House register, directly underneath an entry written in a cramped, crabbed hand:

"Preston Douglass,
"Rose Douglass,
"New York."

"Rose Douglass! What a lovely name! I rushed to my room, made a hasty toilet, and hastened to the ladies' parlor, only to be disappointed, for she was not there; but as I turned away, I heard a soft voice behind me, and met my two traveling companions face to face.

"Beg pardon, could you direct me to the ladies' parlor?" said the gentleman, a question at which I wondered, since those words appeared in large gilt letters not four feet from him; and then, as I directed him, he, with many thanks and apologies for his short-sightedness, entered but not before I had caught another appealing glance from the bewildering eyes of his companion.

"Now, Rose," he said, sharply, "you sit down here quietly for a minute while I go and see about the luggage. Confound that idiot of a hackman! Mind, now, you don't stir," and then, catching my surprised expression, he changed color a little and drew me aside, "My only sister, poor thing!" he explained, in a rapid whisper. "Insane, but harmless, unless rudely excited. Oblige me by keeping an eye on her for a moment, Mr. M—"

"Gildersleeve," I said, a little stiffly, for I disliked the man's manners extremely, and then he pioneered me to his sister's seat.

Fortune was surely favoring the poor girl, I thought, if she really wished to speak to me in private, but she looked with an expression of surprised hauteur on her face as her brother presented me.

"Mr. Gildersleeve, Rose—an old acquaintance; he will talk with you while I am gone."

An almost imperceptible inclination of her beautiful head was her only acknowledgment of my bow, and then we were alone together.

The instant that her brother was out of sight, however, her manner underwent a surprising change, and voice, face and gesture expressed an intense eagerness and appeal as she told me her story.

"You are kind," she said, "I knew that I could trust your face. I am not insane. He is my brother. I have inherited a large fortune, while he has lost even what our father left him. He is my next heir and he is going to bury me alive in a private lunatic asylum. Help me, for heaven's sake, for I am powerless in his hands!"

I sprang to my feet.

"I will go to the chief of police," I said. "I will—but she checked me with a gesture."

"He has certificates," she said; bought with money which he obtained from me to pay some old debts. He can laugh in your face and take me in spite of every one. To-morrow I shall be entombed for life unless—there is just one way of escape."

"And that is—?" I queried, anxiously, for by this time I was enlisted in her service, heart and soul, you may be sure.

"Flight!" she answered. "The up-train leaves to-night at half-past one. I heard some one at the depot say so. If I can but make my escape and take that train, before morning I should be beyond his reach. I have good friends in New York who would never give me up could I once reach them"—and then she mentioned the names of some of the most aristocratic families in the city—"if it were only possible, but—"

"Is it not?" I was all excitement by this time. "Meet me here at a quarter-past one. I will see that a carriage is in readiness, and—"

"You are kind, but—"

"She blushed and hesitated; and then, as I asked what the obstacle

was, she told me with pitiable confusion, that she was penniless.

"I have even no jewelry left me," she said, "He took it away, fearing that I would attempt something of this kind, and—"

I reflected hastily. I had fifty dollars of my own money with me, besides a little of the firm's funds. That would take her to friends and safety. For one moment only I hesitated, and then I said:

"That need not trouble you. I will see that you have sufficient to take you where you wish to go, and then—"

She wrote an address on a card, and slipped it into my hand.

"Some day I shall have an opportunity to thank you," she said. "If I escape, you will find me there; if not, I rely upon you to go there and tell my story."

And then a cat-like step came along the hall, and her brother joined us.

"Thanks," he said, a trifle curtly, as he drew his sister's hand through his arm. "Now, Rose, you need rest, for we start early to-morrow. I will see you to your room at once, where your supper has been already sent," and so they left me.

That evening young Douglass made himself my inseparable companion. He was in high spirits—invited me to his room, and ordered oysters, cigars and wine in lavish style; but despite all his cordiality there was evidently an undercurrent of distrust and suspicion in his mind concerning me.

He talked much of his unfortunate sister, and tried to trap me into telling him what she had said to me; but I, by an appearance of innocent candor, tried to convince him that I had no suspicions of the real state of the case.

His distrust, however, was not easily allayed, and when, on stooping down for a moment, I detected him pouring a few drops from a vial into my wine-glass, I began to look upon him as a very ugly customer, indeed.

A moment later a careless movement of mine sent a half-dozen cigars to the floor, and we both stooped to gather them up, I with many apologies. Ten minutes later my host was sleeping heavily in the chair, thanks to the drug that he had intended for me, the clock outside was striking one, and I was hurrying to the ladies' parlor.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and she did not come; my heart sank; but a sudden thought came to me at the last moment. I flew up stairs to young Douglass' room, and on his bureau found a key. There was a faint rattle in the next room—his sister's. I put the key in the lock, turned it, and she was free.

A carriage was at the door; we reached the depot just as the train was moving slowly out; her ticket was bought, the little roll of bills tucked in her hand, and she was gone.

I went back to the hotel shivering in the chill morning air, almost penniless, not knowing whether I had done right or wrong. I then went to Preston Douglass' room, laid the key back on the bureau, and sat down by my peacefully unconscious host; and toward daylight dropped into an uneasy slumber, from which I was awakened by such a storm of profanity as I had never heard before, to see in the bright sunlight the face of Preston Douglass distorted with passion and impotent rage.

Singularly enough, through the circumstance that he found me asleep in his room, he did not suspect my share in his discomfiture. Indeed, so well did I play my part that he entrusted to me the business of telegraphing after the fugitive to all northern points, while he searched the city and environs; but, very strange to say, our united efforts were in vain, no traces of the girl were found, and at last we parted company.

Four weeks later I stepped on the platform of the Forty-second street depot, New York, and that evening, arrayed in purple and fine linen, I called at the stately mansion to which the lovely Rose Douglass had directed me, and—

"Found you had been humbugged out of your sympathy and your money, and that your lovely Rose was simply a clever adventuress!"

Ah, gentle reader, such is the crimson fate of mortals. Such, alas! has been the fate of many good-looking, conceited and quixotic young men before me, but—

"Allow me to present you my wife, also to little Rose-bud, and also sturdy Archie, just turned five."

"And her brother?"

Killed in a railroad accident on West three months after my adventure on the road.

We would inform our friends that the *Capitolian* Job Office is now and complete in every particular, and we turn out job printing at the shortest notice, and in the most approved style. It matters not what kind of jobs you have, bring them on. We print them from the size of a full sheet poster to a visiting card.

ADDRESS

—BY—

SILAS T. GRISAMORE,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ODD FELLOWSHIP IN BATON ROUGE.

APRIL 29, 1879.

Ladies, Gentlemen and Brothers:

From time immemorial it has been customary in all nations to celebrate certain days designating important periods in the past, and of commemorating others on which organizations have been formed for the purpose of promoting the happiness and welfare of the members thereof, and which may exercise a beneficial influence in the communities in which they are established.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows has numerically grown with such wonderful rapidity and has distributed its work so generally throughout society, and has become so powerful a brotherhood, that in obedience to hallowed custom the twenty-sixth of April has been set apart and dedicated as a memorial day in which the members and their friends may assemble for mutual congratulations and unite their voices in songs of thanksgiving, in honor of the institution of their order, in the city of Baltimore, on this day sixty years ago.

Upon an occasion like this, an inquiring mind will naturally demand: What is Odd Fellowship?

What are its intentions? In what manner does it accomplish its purposes?

Do the wants of society require a similar organization?

The order of Odd Fellowship is a benevolent institution, organized for the mutual relief of its members and those who are dependent on them, and has its foundation based upon that eternal principle, which recognizes man as a recipient of one universal brotherhood teaches him that as he came from the hands of a common parent he is bound to protect and cherish his fellow man.

Upon this platform, upon which all mankind may unite in offices of human beneficence, under whose comprehensive influences they may concentrate all their energies for the good of the common race, the wise and practical man whose genius conceived this order, uniting in an effort to improve the moral condition of man; to imbue him with a proper conception of his capabilities for doing good; to enlighten his mind; to enlarge the sphere of his affections; to lead him to the cultivation of the true fraternal relation designed by the Great Author of his being, have wisely placed the superstructure of Odd Fellowship.

The imperative command to the Odd-Fellow is to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, protect the widow and educate the orphan, and in the fulfillment of this injunction perpetual warfare is declared against vice in all its forms.

To protect man from the dangers by which he is menaced, through an innate propensity to pursue the fleeting phantoms that folly perpetually waves before her votaries; to divert his attention from the pursuit of illusory visions prone to degrade his dignity and debase his manhood; to guide him into the secure and pleasant paths of virtue, and to mitigate the affections to which he is subject, is, by fraternal intercourse, and friendly sympathy in each other's welfare, the great object for which the system of American Odd Fellowship is designed.

To consummate its numerous intentions it summons to its assistance the benign and purifying principles of philanthropy and sound morality.

By the cultivation of benevolence man feels for the woes of his race and cheerfully administers the balm of consolation to the unfortunate—charity softens the heart, incites to good actions and rescues the distressed from impending misery and restores them to peace and contentment; by a covenant of mutual aid this order uses its influence to extend a sentiment of brotherhood and by this means remove the obstacles that interpose between the hearts of men; by practicing friendship—self-sacrificing friendship, in periods of adversity, we are enabled to abandon ease, and even risk our lives for those with whom we are bound by fraternal ties; in cherishing the great sentiment of universal love—that goes behind the distinctions of sect, party and nation—all men are recognized as brothers, and the divine injunction is obeyed, that bids us to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, and the principle of truth following close after love crowns the fabric. Truth is the imperial virtue and the treasure for which the candid mind ever seeks; sanctioning every appeal that is made for the good and the right, it condemns the wrongs, the sins and the falsehoods of the world, and stands a solid landmark amid the

waves of faction and the conflicts of error.

With these sentiments imprinted upon its banners the order of Odd Fellowship proposes to increase harmony and brotherly love, not only amongst its own members, but with all mankind. Quietly and unobtrusively it dedicates its halls and institutes its lodges where education, morality and liberal ideas prevail.

It moves forward, molesting none, studiously avoiding contests with the laws of the land, or conflict with religious organizations, whilst in the fulfillment of its obligations, it becomes a powerful support to good order, peace and tranquility.

Closing its doors upon the vicious it thus condemns vice, refusing admission to the corrupt it places the stamp of infamy upon corruption; denying entrance to the drunkard it antagonizes the sin of intemperance.

Proclaiming "peace on earth, good will towards man," it labors with a giant's strength to disseminate in the dark places of the world the principles of benevolence and charity.

The association of labor and the concentration of power for the development of purposes from which important results can be obtained through this tendency is, to enhance the prosperity and promote happiness of the masses of mankind is co-existent with time, and has been utilized since the shepherds of the ante-diluvial world watched their flocks while they grazed together on the hills of Palestine.

To unfold and penetrate the arena of nature, scientists unite their studies; mechanics combine their skill for the perfection of machinery that simplifies and renders easy the labor by which man earns his daily food.

The knowledge and experience gained by years of danger upon the stormy seas navigators digest to trace the currents of the ocean and foretell the direction of the winds that drive their vessel from port to port.

Through skillful combinations of means this earth has been girdled by telegraphic wires; magnificent steamers that cross oceans and navigate rivers have been built; barren deserts have been transformed into gardens of flowers; railroads connecting nations have been constructed; and in every species of industry this great principle of unity in action is almost universally adopted.

Therefore, to more thoroughly develop and to more effectually fulfill the benevolent intentions of Odd Fellowship, the principle of association was widely adopted by the earnest practical men whose genius originated and quickened into active life the order whose anniversary is this day celebrated by its members in various lands.

The chain that unites into one bond of union 6000 subordinate lodges, each working separately in this great cause, forms one harmonious body, guided by one common law and subject to one common head.

To enable a candid and reflecting mind to comprehend the magnitude of the work accomplished by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, let a few facts be submitted:

In the year ending December 31st, 1877, (that being the latest date to which statistics have been compiled) there were, in working condition, 6877 subordinate lodges, with a membership of 447,186.

During that year there was paid for relief the amount of \$1,705,266.71, and the revenues from all sources reached the sum of \$4,423,651.85.

Since the year 1830, a period of thirty-seven years, relief has been furnished to 816,155 brothers; 108,903 widowed families, and 74,209 members have been buried at an expense of \$25,704,855.98, whilst the total revenues were \$62,142,209.86, showing an average annual sum of \$700,000 paid for the legitimate support of afflicted members of the order, and those who are dependent upon them.

In the jurisdiction of Louisiana, with a membership of only 1051, there was paid in the year ending December 31st, 1878, for the relief of brothers, \$27,282.20; for the support of widowed families, \$831.30; for the education of orphans, \$78.00, and for burying the dead, \$1599.45, making an aggregate of \$29,931.15. This does not include the sum of \$12,102.13 sent to our assistance, by the large-hearted brethren in other jurisdictions, during the prevalence of the epidemic last summer.

This exposition of statistics indicates clearly and distinctly that Odd Fellowship has a great work to accomplish, that it has important duties to perform, and that the injunction to nurse the sick, relieve the distressed, protect the widow, bury the dead and educate the orphan, is not an idle expression, but one that is obeyed by the devoted members of this brotherhood. Notwithstanding such vast sums are judiciously expended, year after year, in the ordinary work of

the order, they form but a tithe of what Odd Fellowship does for its adherents.

The cup of cool water given to the thirsty; the gift of bread to the hungry; the friendly admonition to the unwary; the warning of approaching danger; the soft words of sympathy to the mourner; the vigils by the bedside of the sufferer; the closing of the eyes of him whose days have been numbered; the watchful supervision that guards the orphan from the snares that beset his pathway—these cannot be computed in dollars, nor could the gold of California pay their intrinsic value.

Neither do these statistics include the bounteous offerings of this fraternity in times of great distress. Let it be the destroying element, such as transformed the magnificent palaces of Chicago into a smouldering mass of ruins; let it be some vast flood, such as inundated the alluvial lands of Louisiana; let it be an army of grasshoppers, such as changed the prolific fields of the West into a barren waste; or, let it be some strange plague, casting its dark shadows over the earth, such as visited our Southern land a few months ago, bowing the heads of the people with sorrow and lamentation, the great heart of Odd Fellowship ever responsive to the wall of agony or the cry of distress, opens the treasuries of 6000 lodges and unclasp the pocket-books of 450,000 brethren, and refuses to shut them until the suffering of the afflicted is alleviated, and the gaunt spectre of starvation that ever follows in the wake of great calamities is banished from view.

History has yet to record one single instance in which the signal of distress given by an Odd Fellow has failed to receive a prompt response; history has yet to record a single instance in which funds so generously donated have been squandered or misappropriated.

These facts will indicate the charitable intentions of this order, and prove how successfully a combination of small means, managed by one prominent idea, can accomplish great purposes, in the mitigation of the manifold and uncertain struggles to which the human race is at all times liable to become a victim.

Although our laws are imperative that every member, be he rich or poor, shall be paid those benefits to which he may be entitled, yet he who looks simply to the pecuniary aid he may receive as a record for his services in the order, is possessed of none of the attributes that constitute a true Odd Fellow.

Were this the only recompense the earnest, faithful, devoted brother could anticipate for the time and labor he may devote to the work which Odd Fellowship enjoys, it would lower the standard of the noblest benevolent institution of this century to the level of an ordinary speculative company.

Odd Fellowship stands upon a higher plane, and repays its subjects with a reward that cannot be computed at a specified value. The faithful Odd Fellow finds his recompense in the consciousness of being a laborer in the cause of humanity, in fulfilling the requirements of the Golden Rule, in the enjoyment obtained at the weekly lodge meetings whence strife and discord are banished, where Friendship and Love bear the sceptre of dominion, where sentiments are inculcated which generate a cheerful spirit, and create and crystallize an interest in the welfare of his fellow-men.

The door of every lodge room opens at his demand, within kindly greetings welcome him; fraternal confidence kindles a warm sympathy that purifies the heart and expels selfishness and egotism therefrom; protected by the impregnable armor of Friendship, Love and Truth, against which malice, hatred and prejudice may cast their poisoned arrows in vain, and armed in the panoply of justice and sound morality the true Odd Fellow fears no evil, and thus realizes the recompense due him for his devotion and labor in the fulfillment of his obligations voluntarily taken in the interest of his race.

The poet was inspired by the spirit of Odd Fellowship when he wrote:

"Aben Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in his room he said,
What writest thou? The vision raised its head,
And with a look of sweet accord,
Answered, the names of those who love the Lord;
And its mine one, said Aben. Nay, not so,
Replied the angel; Aben spoke more low,
But cheerily said, I pray thee then
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a names, awakening high,
And showed the names what loved of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name above all
The rest."

The beautiful conception of the poet that love of man must precede and co-exist with love of God was only the exposition of that sublime sentiment, "love thy neighbor as thyself," spoken nineteen centuries ago by one who spoke as never man spoke.

The Independent order of Odd Fellowship is one of the established facts, and holds a position among the realities of the nineteenth century. With six thousand working lodges, and nearly three hundred thousand members, it is capable of wielding an immense influence in society. Its halls in almost every town, and its temples in every city, dedicated to the propagation of its teachings, attest the progress and stability of the Order.

The purifying truths taught by it in the Ritual, and exemplified in the practice of the behests of this Order, do not confine their influence to those alone who have passed its threshold.

As a small, but sweet flower disseminates its delicious odor through the surrounding atmosphere, so do they permeate the body of society and undermine the cold selfishness that impedes its progress as the falling waters eventually wear away the stone that has withstood the friction of centuries. The power of the underlying sentiment of Friendship peculiar to this fraternity is perceptible in every vicinity in which is working a subordinate lodge.

Quietly a thousand little springs burst from the sides of the mountains, and forming rivulets, rush to the valley beneath, then uniting and re-uniting a mighty river is formed whose progress no power can impede. So these little sources of benevolence and good will welling up from our lodge rooms, uniting together, spread over the earth a broad wave of philanthropy and brotherly love—a powerful argument against strife and discord, an influential arbiter in favor of peace on earth, good will towards men.

In 1861 the Southern States seceded from the union of States, which act caused a separation of the Links uniting the various jurisdictions of Odd Fellowship. For the time being the separation was as complete as the one between the political sections. The members of the order in both sections joined in the war with as much fervor and determination as did their fellow-citizens.

In the Autumn of 1865 two Legislative bodies met. One was the Congress of the United States, assembled in Washington City, the other was the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, assembled in the city of Baltimore.

When Congress met the representatives of the lately seceded States, elected according to law and usage, were refused admittance. When the Grand Lodge met the representatives from all the States were admitted to their positions, the severed links reunited, the covenant of affection renewed, and peace, harmony and kindly interest in each other's welfare resumed their ancient domain.

In Congress hatred and jealousy reigned in the consciousness of a tyrant's strength; despotism and malice glared in the exhibition of oppression; by his angry passions and vindictive spirit man strove to degrade his fellow man, and lower him to the dust; every effort to close the dark chasm, occasioned by years of carnage and blood was spurned with contempt and scorn; and a spirit of persecution interposed between the hearts of men, which forbade the renewal of those bonds of sympathy that should unite the people of one common country, and that spirit is still abroad, creating violence, fostering prejudices and crushing down those holy aspirations that should find an abiding home in the heart of a human being.

In the Grand Lodge of the Order of Odd Fellows, Friendship and Love resumed their mild dominion; a feeling of fraternity and forgiveness interposed their soothing influences; by kindly intercourse, and genuine sympathy, man labored to elevate the moral character of his brother, charity cast an impenetrable veil over the sorrowful part. A spirit of harmony and concord prevailed; re-uniting broken links in the chain that held together 400,000 brothers, tempered, purified and strengthened by the unnatural separation to which it had been subjected, and that spirit of philanthropy is abroad in this land scattering flowers, bright immortelles, upon the tomb of the dead past, pointing to a glorious future, when the chains of human bondage shall be broken, and the tears and woes of this world submerged in the healing tide that will flow from the fountains of benevolence and peace.

Who can doubt that if the adjustment of the differences then existing between the two previously hostile sections had been referred to that body convened in Baltimore, actuated as its representatives were, by those sublime principles so grandly illus-