

# O. K. OLL FOR KLEVELAND.

NO

## IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

In 1837, when the democrats were in power in this State, they passed a bill abolishing imprisonment for debt. The next year the whigs gained the ascendancy, and one of their first acts was to restore that odious law. ROGER S. BALDWIN, the present whig candidate for Governor, was then in our State Senate—*He drew the bill restoring Imprisonment for Debt, and it was passed mainly by his exertions.*  
SEE HERE—THE EFFECTS OF WHIG LEGISLATION.



"I recommend the total and unconditional repeal of all laws authorizing imprisonment for debt. That there should remain at this enlightened period, a law upon our statute book so inconsistent with the spirit of republican institutions, and so directly at war with the dictates of humanity itself, is a subject of the deepest surprise."—*Gov. Cleveland's Message, May Session, 1842.*

In accordance with this recommendation the democratic legislature of that year, again passed a bill entirely abolishing imprisonment for debt, *almost every whig member voting against it!* Who then are the friends of the poor?

### THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Look on him through his dungeon grate,  
Feebly and cold the morning light  
Comes stealing round him dim and late,  
As if it loathed the sight.

Reclining on his low straw bed,  
His hand upholds his drooping head—  
His bloodless cheek is seam'd and hard  
Unshorn his grey, neglected beard;  
And o'er his bony fingers flow  
His long disheveled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows—  
And yet the Winter's breath is chill,  
And o'er his half-clad person goes  
The frequent ague thrill.

Silent—save ever and anon,  
A sound, half murmur and half groan,  
Forces apart the painful grip  
Of the old sufferers' bearded lip:  
O! sad and crushing is the fate  
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?

A murderer shares his prison's bed,  
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,  
Gleam on him fierce and red;  
And the rude oath and heartless jeer  
Fall ever on his loathing ear,  
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,  
Nerve, flesh, and fibre, thrill and creep,  
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,  
Crimson'd with murder, touches him!

What has the grey hair'd prisoner done?

Has murder stain'd his hand with gore?

Not so; his crime's a fouler one:

God made the old man poor!

For this he shares a felon's cell—

The fittest earthly type of hell!

For this—the boon for which he pour'd

His young blood on the invader's sword;

And counted light the fearful cost—

His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And thou for such a place of rest,

Old prisoner pour'd thy blood as rain  
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,  
And Saratoga's plain!

Look forth, thou man of many scars,  
Through the dim dungeon's iron bars:  
It must be joy, in sooth, to see  
Yon mornment\* upreared to thee;  
Piled granite and a prison cell;  
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,  
And fling the starry banner out,  
Shout "Freedom!" till your lispings ones  
Give back their cradled shout.

Let boasted eloquence declaim  
Of honor, liberty and fame;  
Still let the poet's strain be heard,  
With "glory" for each second word,  
And every thing with breath agree  
To praise "our glorious liberty."

And when the patriot cannon jars  
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,  
And through its grates the stripes and stars

Rise on the wind, and fall—

Think ye that prisoner's aged ear  
Rejoices in the general cheer?  
Think ye his dim and failing eye  
Is kindled at your pageantry?  
Sorrowing of soul, and chain'd of limb,  
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!

Unworthy freemen, let it find  
No refuge from the withering curse  
Of God and human kind.

Open the prisoner's living tomb,  
And usher from its brooding gloom  
The victims of your savage code,  
To the free sun and air of God!

No longer dare as crime to brand  
The chastening of the Almighty's hand!

\*Bunker Hill Monument.

**GREAT DEMOCRATIC MEETING**  
At the TOWN HALL Thursday evening, Feb.  
8, at 7 o'clock.

**COME OUT! COME OUT!!**

Cleveland the poor man's friend, must be re-  
elected by the popular vote.

**COME TO THE RESCUE!!!!**