





The greatest event of election week was the discussion of the North, or, as it was called, the day following, between Hon. John F. Hale and the Chairman of the Democratic...

Mr. Pierce rose to reply to such over-throwing and expression of feeling, that for awhile his speech resembled more the incoherent rant of a madman...

"As expected, what I have said has been denounced by all abolitionists, and to have my name cast out as evil, to be traduced and misrepresented...

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THE BUSTLE. THE REFORMATORY. THE LIBERATOR. VOL. XXV. NO. XXV.

Use the money, also the BUTLER!
A man that stands for a house!
Prepares his table for a banquet!

For my money, indeed I may be spiteful!
The Bustle only grew a single hair!
With her hair she is proud of her shears

As its enlargement was from new supplies
Of wigs wound round it—(Oh it now appears)
The Bustle was seen by slow degrees to rise

To increase in length, and to become more spacious;
In short—more mercifully adorned;
Here Cupid sits enthron'd as an pillow,

And holds his court in modest array;
Which reach their shocks across the million,

And though his arms are bent and his knees
Between:
Yet do all his wigs and valent with love's flame,

For ever they rise above their place;
New wigs, for a moment by aside
The Bustle is put in a state of repose;

For a little while your milk of pride,
And in your natural innocence appear;
But do not, as if before Heaven's eye

Tell me all your springs of vanity;
Tell me all your springs of vanity;
Tell me all your springs of vanity;

Give you put on and worn that roll of rags,
Which gives you such a monstrous hum behind,
And makes you look so much like broth!

To make yourself the look of ribald wags;
New, in God's name, when you speak out bold!
It is to be by you, and not by me!

And make it not—Wagner, say you—
Nor is it to improve, in any way,
Your comfort, nor to make your heart more true;

To visit, nor to lead man to the skies;
When he is in a state of reverend awe;
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

As God shall judge the world! Is done name—
And, know ye not, yet to your shame,
When he is in a state of reverend awe;

To do so, or to please, with instinctive aim
To please the males as males, and to excite
In them a rampant ardent appetite;

EP For what do you see your dear Health?
Do you reply that it is to be made,
And that, to weave a single form detectable?

From fashion's fat, would tempt your wail?
That which every virtuous mind may feel?
The pleasing consciousness of being right,

If not in truth, at least in others' sight;
Will, grant that that still I ask, to what end?
Savvy you cannot say I ask,

As means of good, such Eve-like asks as these;
You do not mean to be a virtuous slave;
To make men such as the Apollonians

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