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All Men are Created Equal.--Declaration of Independence.

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The Blind Boy.

It was a blessed summer day:
The flowers (people said, they say, was said,
The child first spoke) had put their life by,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath life's sunny stream, by life's shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had hither strayed.

Just at an aged oak tree's foot,
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—
A tree concealed me from their view—
But all they said I well could hear.
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid;
"I see the bird on yonder tree"
The poor boy sighed, and gently said—
"Sister, I wish that I could see.

The flowers, you say are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees;
And pretty birds are singing there:
How beautiful for one who sees!

Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God hath made.

So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! he has not given,
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward—there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, I'd to know this long,
I thought I'd like to look at God?"

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh, never weep for me:
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says I could all see!

And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you;
You know I never saw you here."

He spake no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in heaven.

For the National Era.

ANNIE MORRIS.

A STORY.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

Counsel. "Dost thou not believe in dreams
A voice warning or prophetic to us?"
Wallenstein. "There is no doubt that there exists such a voice.
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the wave,
Ere it is risen, sometimes casts its image
In the atmosphere, so do the shadows of
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

Who that has ever thought, loved, and suffered, in this cross-grained world, has not, sometime in his life, felt the truth of the poet's words. Doubtless many, and no age has been more expert in the practice of it than this; yet Supernaturalism still exists, and *must*. So long as man walks "the unsteady rope of life," with vision limited by sense, they will come, from the unfathomable abysses above and below him, prophetic intimations, mysterious whispers, strange sounds, like that of "the going in the tops of the mulberry trees," heard by the poet-king of Israel in the valley of Rephaim, until fear came upon him, and he stands awed before the mysteries of his own being. Science and philosophy have done much towards explaining the phenomena of the natural and physical world, but they cannot *gauge* spirit; and whenever the enthusiastic theorist pauses and turns his torch upon his own heart, he is startled to find lurking *there* the very shadows which he fancied had fled from earth before its light.

"Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate."

There is one place in our neighborhood which always calls up, in my mind, reflections similar to the above. It is the site of an old farm-house, for nothing is now left of the building but a portion of the huge chimney, including the wide fire-places, in which the swallow and the wren build their nests and rear their young.

But, because we speak of ruin and decay, our tale is not necessarily one of horror—of ghosts and goblins dammed," of "moving tapestry," "sliding panels," and "haunted chambers, 'for no such evil and "haunted chambers, 'for no such evil and "haunted chambers, 'for no such evil The reputation hovers over the spot. The old house was built in the infancy of the settlement, by Dea. Ezra G——, whose gray tombstone is visible from the window where I write, and inscribed upon it, in quaint, old letters, stand these words: "I shall behold the face of my forgiving God, and stand complete in righteousness, washed in my Saviour's blood"—and was tenanted for nearly a century by his descendants, who have all been laid by his side in the same glorious hope. Moreover, the cow-boy, as he passes with his lowing herd, loves to linger there at nightfall, to watch the sun set of the Sugar-loaf peak; and little sun-bonneted school-girls come there of a summer noontide, to gather the wild roses or ripe gooseberries from the straggling bushes that will mark the site of the old garden; and occasional lingers not without where dwelt the maiden of the grey gable. Perchance there is not another person in the village, save myself, in whom the sight of the old pile raises any other feeling save that of passing regret that the G——— family should become extinct among us, and the old place go to decay.

The last of that race died in my early childhood, devising the bulk of his somewhat dilapidated estate to the Essex-street Sec'ety. So the old house became a kind of caravanserie for all the migratory families in that region; sometimes it would stand unoccupied for some months, and then, perchance, some mechanic from the neighboring factory village would move in, and there would be new curtains up at the windows, and new faces at the morning house; but these were also birds of passage, vanishing at the first change in the manufacturing sky. Thus the years slipped by, leaving the brown lines of the old clapboards, and thickening the green mosses on the roof, until, at last, the "Society's Committee" received a letter respecting the old house, which suddenly made it an object of interest and importance to every one in the village.—The letter was from a lady—a Mrs. Mary Morris—inquiring into the condition of the farm-house, and expressing a desire to rent it for an indefinite period, if it was in a habitable condition, as she wished to take up her abode in the country.

Save the name, the post-mark—which was that of a distant city—and the incidental remark that she was a distant relative of the G——'s and had once visited the old house, the letter contained no clew to her history or condition. The curiosity of our gossips was at fault.—The G——'s had been a patriarchal family, and their collateral branches were scattered widely over the country; therefore, while the carpenters and masons were engaged in repairing the house, the *ancients* of the village were quite as zealously employed in settling the question as to which branch of the family the expected could belong.

Aunt Sally Dean was certain that she was the *identical* lady who had spent some weeks in Farmington the morning twenty years before and "completely bewitched all the boys, especially the old minister's son, who was then home from college, with her great dark eyes and dashing horsemanship;" and Deacon Martin's wife was equally positive that it was "the blue-eyed, browned-haired girl from York State, who once visited old Miss Huldah G——, and passed her house regularly every time the mail came in or went out, with a letter in her hand"—said letters having been set down as "love letters" at once, for the good people found it impossible to believe that any one but a sweetheart could write a letter so often as once a week. Both these good dames were very tenacious of their opinions; and, as they had plenty of adherents, the dispute between them sometimes grew very warm, and threatened to break out in an open quarrel; but, fortunately, before it reached a culminating point, a young gentleman appeared in the village, who announced himself as the relative and agent of Mrs. Morris, and showed the Committee letters from her, authorizing him to inspect the condition of the old house, and order such additions and alterations as he thought proper; and, in reply to many queries put to him, he assured them that the lady was neither the black-eyed beauty nor the blue-eyed letter-writer, but a daughter of quite another branch of the family, who had, in her early girlhood, spent one winter in the old farm-house, with her parents; a reuver, that she was the widow of a naval officer, with one child, a girl of seventeen. As to her reasons or her reasons for moving into [illegible]-of-the-way place—two topics [illegible] interest with the gossips—they [illegible] wiser then before: for, though "the young man was a sensible, civil-spoken body enough," to use Mrs. Martin's expression, "he was close as a steel-trap on such matters."

At last, the workmen left the house, and well-to Grout had scarcely got through with her contract to whitewash the walls and scrub the floors, when two loads of furniture arrived from New-Haven, under the charge of an elderly woman, who announced herself as Mrs. Morris's housekeeper. "Her mistress would follow in a few days," she said, to such as called upon her with offers of assistance; and the most inquisitive among them were surprised to find that all their information amounted to this. The truth was, that Ellis, Mrs. Morris's woman, knew the world well, and had a quiet way of baffling their curiosity, without their ever suspecting it.

The advent of the Morris family in our village was an era in my life. I was at that time a shy girl of fifteen, living in a world of my own, which I peopled with all sorts of romantic heroes and heroines, for which I was chiefly indebted to some tattered copies of "The Scottish Chiefs," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the "Children of the Abbey," which I had found in the book-cupboard of one of our neighbors. Few strangers visited our village; but such as did, were at once identified with my favorite heroes. I made a Wallace of Colonel Merks, whom I saw once, on his way to a general muster of militia; the beautiful Harper walked the earth under the form of an old, white-haired, half-blind tinker, who mended my mother's milk pans; and Lady Mar was the Doctor's new wife, who was said to be a stern mother to her predecessor's children.—My Helens and Amandas it was more difficult to identify; for I saw less whom I thought worthy to possess all their transcendent qualities. Once or twice, however, I did see, and was terribly mortified at the result. Two somewhat showily-dressed girls were left at our village tavern one day, by the stage, and I, catching a glimpse of their flowing ringlets and rosy cheeks, endowed them at once with all the beauty and misfortunes of my heroines, and confidently expected that some redoubted hero, with "their like the river's plumage" and "eyes like night," would appear, to bear them off. But, alas! their deliverer appeared in the shape of Farmer B——, of N——, a short-legged, bald-headed old man, in a straw hat, and tow-cloth trousers of that undefinable shade known among the house-wives as "walnut-bark color," who greeted them as "Bets and Sal," and bore them home with him to the paternal mansion.

Of course, Mrs. Morris and her daughter became prominent objects in this world of mine. I watched for their coming days, and dreamed of them nights, with a longing impatience, that can be known only by a child whose life has been as secluded and monotonous as was mine.

"They'll be here Saturday night!" was the report in the village; so, on Saturday afternoon, I stole out to a ledge of rocks which overhung the roadside, from the summit of which I could overlook the country for miles around, and sat watching the winding road until the trees and rocks began to dance and assume wild fantastic shapes in the gathering twilight.

Farmer Gilbert passed with his ox-cart; two or three droves of cows loitering along stretching their long neck over the fences to catch a mouthful of tempting grass, or playfully pushing at one another with their white horns, while their truant drivers, with bare feet, and trousers rolled up above their knees, explored the brook-course, after fresh shoots of young cattails. Files of gabbling geese passed, followed by little girls, who counted them over and over to see that none had fallen a sacrifice to the prejudices against their race, but—no carriage.

What was my surprise and delight, then, next morning, as I passed the old house on my way to church, to catch a glimpse of two strange faces at the window. I saw them but a second; and yet that brief glimpse was sufficient to realize all my dreams; and long afterward, when constant intercourse had made me familiar with their faces, I was never able to decide which was the most beautiful—the mother or the daughter.

Coleridge says that in "every human face there is either a history or a prophecy, which should have power to soften or sadden the heart of the beholder." In Mrs. Morris you read both; she was a queenly-looking woman, over whose rare beauty hung the shadow of a deep melancholy.

Not long since, I had the pleasure of seeing a copy of the "Sybil," by Dominique, and was struck by her resemblance to it, especially when she looked upon her daughter; but there was this difference, the Sybil's look was one of rapt expectation; Mrs. Morris's that of hopeless, inevitable fate—just such a look as Jephtha might have cast upon his child, as she went forth, with her companions, to the hills.

If the mother reminded you of "night crowned with stars," or, better still, of a dark moon-lain lake, over whose motionless depths our thoughts linger in wonder, Annie, sweet Annie Morris, the daughter, was like the lily that springs by its margin, all the fairer for the shadows; and yet, as colors laid at the roots of bulbous plants are said to transmit their hues to the flowers, so their shadows had not been without their influence on her gay, glad spirit; and she had words of grave thoughtfulness strange in one so young.

Mrs. Morris's quiet, reserved manners were not calculated to render her very popular among the visiting portion of our community. They sat her down as a "queer body," and "hoped there might be no good reason for her keeping such a close tongue about her family affairs;" but the neighbors, when they came to know her, felt for her a sincere love and respect. Some favors which my mother was enabled to show them, as sick-nurses, laid the foundation of a warm friendship between our families, and in a few months Annie and I became inseparable companions.

As I became almost an inmate in the family, I *felt*, so to speak, more and more definitely, the strange gloom that overhung them, and caught, more than ever, the glance of Mrs. Morris fixed upon her daughter, with that strange expression of hopeless anguish, as if she foresaw some evil against which neither prayer nor faith could prevail.

At first, the jest or the song would die on my lips on these occasions; but as I saw this annoyed Annie, I gradually learned to command myself. As she never alluded to the subject, I did not like to question her; but once I ventured to seek a solution of the matter from Ellis, with whom I chanced to be quite a favorite. For a moment, a shade of displeasure clouded her good natured face, and I confidently expected a sharp reproof for my answer; but it passed off, and she said, in a thoughtful tone, as if more in answer to her own thoughts than my question—

"Sorrow! yes, there has been sorrow enough, and God knows when it will end!" Then seeing my eager look, she added, "Don't trouble your head about other people's sorrows now, little Mattee.—What is to be will be, and you will have enough of your own by and by, or you are no true woman!"

But thus much did I learn—that Annie's father had entered the service in direct opposition to the wishes, even *commands*, of his mother; that he had followed his profession until his marriage with the beautiful Mary Woodward, when he remained at home for some years, bound by the double tie of wife and child. But, finally, the old longing for the sea returned, and, taking the place of an old comrade and friend who had suddenly been disabled on board the ill-fated Hornet, made one of that noble band of strong hands and brave hearts whose fate is known to God alone. Annie told me this as we sat in the old porch in the summer twilight, while her mother paced the garden aisles with slow and thoughtful steps.

"I was about ten years old at the time," she continued, in a low tone, stealing ever and anon a glance at her mother; "and I remember, as if it had been to-day, how ill mamma was when the first rumor of the loss of the ship reached us. It was a dreadful time, and they said she would never be like herself again; but at last she grew better, so that she knew me and Ellis again.

"We were staying with papa's mother then, and I have often thought," continued my young friend, after a pause, "that it would have been better for us all if we had been in a different place, and with more cheerful people. Grandmamma saw no company; she had suffered a great deal, and I don't know, perhaps she was right in believing that we were a doomed race."

"*Doomed!*" I whispered, instinctively, drawing my arm closer around her neck, as if my love could shield her from any evil; "doomed, Annie!"

"Yes; I seldom speak of it now, because it troubles mamma, but there is a tradition in the family that water is fatal to us, and as quite a number of the race have met their deaths by drowning, and grandmamma herself had already lost two little boys that way, it was very natural, you know, for her to believe the old saying."

"Yes, but what was the cause of the tradition?"

"The averice and ambition of one of our ancestors. My father's family are of Welsh descent, and, some generations back (Ellis will tell you just how many, for she has been in the family ever since her birth, and is a firm believer in all these things,") she said with a smile, "the family consisted of a widow and two boys. They were but half-brothers, for the mother of the eldest had died at his birth—Edwin is said to have been a weak, feeble child from his birth; but Hepburn, the son of the second wife, was as strong and beautiful as a young tiger, and quite as fierce and ungovernable. They say that Hepburn's mother was a proud, hard-hearted woman; that she never loved poor Edwin, and after his father's death liked him still less, because most of the property devolved upon him, and that Hepburn shared in all her feelings. They flattered themselves he would not live to be a man; but he *did* live, and perhaps it was owing to the very unkindness that drove him to spend the most of his time in the open air, that when he was about sixteen years old his health began to mend and his eye to grow brighter, and his cheek ruddy like his brother's. Not far from the house was a rock-bound lake, upon which Edwin was wont to spend most of his hours in his boat. One day, Hepburn appeared on the bank with his gun, for he was a great hunter, and called to his brother to come and take him across the lake. Edwin put about at once, and taking his brother in, they crossed the opposite shore together. This was the last that was ever seen of poor Edwin.—An old wood-cutter who was at work in the forest on that side of the lake had heard a terrible cry as of some one in agony, and, running to the cliffs, had seen nothing but the boat of the poor boy half-filled with water near the rock where he must have landed his brother.

"When Hepburn returned at nightfall, pale and moody, and heard the old man's tale he grew terribly angry, and said it must have been the cry of a bittern that the old dotard had heard, for he had heard nothing, and he could not, at that time, have been many rods distant.

"But Hepburn was seized with a dreadful fever that night, and said such dreadful things—now raving about his brother, fancying he stood on the rocks, and poor Edwin was stretching out his arms to him, and crying for aid; now springing up and crying vehemently, that he did not push him in; he only tripped the boat in fun as he sprung out; and muttering that folks who could not swim should not go in boats—that his mother turned all the people out of the room, and would allow no one to go in but herself and a favorite servant. But the impression got abroad that Hepburn knew more about his brother's death than he chose to tell; and when he recovered, the people all looked coldly upon him, and did not hesitate to say that if Edwin had not been the heir, he would not have died. So, when Hepburn and his youngest boy were drowned in that very lake many years afterward, they looked upon it as a judgment, and thence arose the tradition that water is our doom."

"And do you believe this?" I asked.

"No——at least not always. But grandmamma believed it, and so does Ellis. But pa used to laugh at it, and call it an old woman's yarn; and when grandmamma counted up how many of our family had met their death by water, he answered that they were most of them sailors, and died when sailors ought to die, and as gravely pointed out how many of her own family, who were merchants, had died in their beds. But since his death," she added, sadly, "I have thought more of it: and mamma, who was wont to laugh at it, she too has even come to believe it more firmly than grandmamma did. And in consequence of this, and some dream which she had about the time of grandmamma's death, she left the sea-shore, and came here to live, for she cannot abide the sight of water."

"And does she really believe that you will be drowned?" I asked, with a wondering glance to where Mrs. Morris stood, with her great, dark eyes fixed upon the rising moon.

"I fancy so, but you need not look so grave," she added, more gay, "for I don't know very well how it can be, seeing there is no water about here save yonder brook, which you call a river, and that is hardly deep enough to drown a kitten; unless, indeed, I should sometime have a lover, and, fainting away at some scratch of a needle, should be drowned in his tears, as was that unfortunate heroine of whom we read in Blackwood the other day."

"Gerald Rivers does not strike me as one of the weeping sort," I answered, with a mischievous smile.

A deep blush, visible even by the moonlight, witnessed the correctness of my aim, and rising hastily, she said—

"Nonsense! come, let us go in, and Ellis will give us some strawberries and milk, which will be much better than these horrible old tales."

Gerald Rivers was the young gentleman who had acted as Mrs. Morris's agent in arranging matters about the house. He was a noble, manly-looking fellow, a law student in the neighboring city, and he soon made his distant cousinship a pretext for quite frequent visits at the old farm-house. It was not long before I divined the real object of his visits, and, pleased that my favorite should have such a stately lover, busied myself in making all sorts of "air-drawn pictures" of their future.—Mr. Morris was less acute. Buried in her own sorrowful thoughts and memories, she did not seem to notice the frequency of Gerald's visits, nor the attachment to which every day deepened between him and Annie, until the young man's earnest and noble avowal of their love, and request that she would sanction it by her approval, opened her eyes.

He met with a firm, almost stern, refusal. She assured him of her respect, of her love even, but said there were insuperable objections to him as her daughter's husband. But no entreaties could induce her to divulge these reasons, or change her decision; and they at last desisted, for the very mentioning of the subject seemed torture to her, and all this while that strange, mournful look darkened her face, until it became her habitual expression.

Thus I, who had hitherto lived in a world of dreams, found a romance acting out under my own eyes, in which I was some unconscious participant; for when Gerald returned to his studies, and this dark cloud shut down over Annie's young life, I had promised him to do all I could to lighten it for her, and afterwards became the bearer of more than one message, breathing of courage, tenderness, and hope, from him to her—for Gerald Rivers was not one to be easily turned aside from his object.

Cheered by his words, Annie struggled on for a while; but at last she came to me one day, and, leaning her face on my shoulder, told me, between her sobs, that they must "hope no more."

Touched by her daughter's silent misery, the mother had at last brought herself to tell the reason of her strange opposition to Gerald. I can do no better than set down the tale as I heard it from the weeping girl, in the gathering twilight.

Referring to what she had once told me of the family history, she went on to say—

"Mamma his never been the same as she was before that terrible illness; and about that time, it seems, she had a dream—*vision* she calls it—which she related to me, and is the cause of all this sorrow.

"She saw me brought into the house in the arms of a stranger, a *corpse*, my dress and hair still dripping with the water in which I had been drowned. Two or three times the vision was repeated; but the person's face was always turned from her, so that she could not see his features.—She has never seen a stranger since we came here, until the night before Gerald told her of our love. Then it was repeated even more distinctly than before; for this time the face was turned toward her, and she says," continued the terrified girl, nervously clutching my arm, "Oh! Mattee, she says the face was that of Gerald Rivers! She firmly believes it a warning from Heaven, and that in separating me from Gerald, she is saving me from death!"

"Why, it's a dream, or an optical illusion: nothing more or less!" I cried.

"So I think," she replied, sadly; "but it is none the less hard that all our hopes must be sacrificed to a dream. For who can convince mamma?,'

"I can," I replied, proud of my recently gained knowledge on these subjects, (for I had been reading Brewster's Natural Magic,) "I can;" then remembering the awe in which I had always stood of Mrs. Morris, I added, "or if I cannot, old Parson Smith can, and she will hear to him."

"Yes, if to any one; for he is the only one who possesses much influence over her since she has taken such a dislike to Gerald," said Annie, looking up, and catching hope from my tones rather than my words. "Poor mamma!" she added, after a pause, "she thinks she acts for the best; and were there no one but me concerned, I would try to bear it—but—Gerald—to think his whole life should be darkened by a *dream!*

Old Dr. Smith was not the minister of the parish at the time of which I write, though he had been for more than forty years; for quite a number of our people had become strongly imbued with the modern notion, that wisdom and usefulness, especially among clergymen, are to be found only with the young, and the old man had vacated his pulpit in favor of Mr. Z. But I had been brought up with all manner of old-fashioned notions: so to him I went with my troubles. He heard me in silence, until I mentioned the fact of my bearing messages from Gerald to Annie, when he slowly raised his index finger, as was his custom when about to utter words of rebuke or censure; but as I kept bravely on with my story, it began to droop, and when I ceased, he laid his hand on my head, and commended me for coming to him, saying that such matters were altogether too serious for such young heads as mine to manage: that Mrs. Morris was doubtless laboring under some disease, which ought to be looked to; and, moreover, that he liked Gerald Rivers much, and would see what could be done.

It was the last of October, the next two weeks were as rainy and dreary as mid-autumn weeks could be. As I was necessarily confined at home, I saw nothing of Annie until, towards the last of the second week; when, as the rain had ceased, she unexpectedly made her appearance at our door, and asked if I could accompany her to the west side of the town, on an errand for her mother.—I was soon ready, and we took our way along a rather unfrequented road, fringed with wet, black, draggled stalks of what had been late autumn flowers, and overhung by forest trees, whose rusty brown leaves flapped idly down, and carpeted our path, sticking to our clothes and shoes, as if anxious to wrap us in a mantle of decay. It was a dreary time, and our conversation unconsciously took the same tone. We reached our destination, however, performed our errand, and were more than half way home, when Annie remembered that she had failed to leave at the house of the farmer some money which her mother owed to a poor woman who lived some way further on, and who expected to find it at Mr. Green's.

Knowing her mother's exact business habits, she decided to go back. "I am confident mamma would rather! should do so, than disappoint Mrs. Mead, who doubtless needs the money even if we do not get home till after dark," she said, with a glance at the declining sun.

So we turned to retrace our steps, but had not gone far before she stopped and proposed taking a footpath through the fields, saying that we might have saved nearly half the distance if we had gone that way before; that she had been that way with Ellis once, but did not think of it when we went out.

I knew the path well, but I knew, also, that in going that way we should be obliged to cross that mountain stream, which Annie had once referred to as not being deep enough to drown a kitten. It was, to be sure, shallow enough the greater part of the year; but at that time it was swollen by the heavy rains, and though I had no fear for myself somehow, the strange tale which she had told me of her race haunted my imagination, and I did not like to venture with her. I mentioned this, but she replied, with a laugh, which had something of the cheerful tone of old—"Why, we have crossed the old pole a dozen times, at least, this summer. Besides," she added, while an expression of pain contracted her beautiful mouth, "there is no danger, now that they have parted me from Gerald!"

I made no further objections, but climbed the fence, and led the way along the narrow path to where a pole spanned the stream, and gave access to the other side. Though the volume of water was much increased, its depth was not over two feet in any place; but the channel was narrower here than above, and the current very rapid and strong.

"Go on!" cried Annie, seeing me pause at the end of the pole, "it will be dark before we get home, if we do not hurry, and they will rouse the neighborhood to look for us!"

I crossed with a steady step, and, springing to the ground, turned to watch her progress—turned just in time to see her waver and pitch headlong into the middle of the stream. For one second I stood stupefied; then, with a loud cry for help, rushed into the water, but the strong current almost lifted me from my feet, and as I grasped an alder to save my own life, the body of my poor friend swept past, just beyond my grasp, and onward some rods toward a place called the Deep Hole, where her dress caught in some projecting snag, and held her fast.

Before I could reach her, a young man, the son of a farmer in the neighborhood, who happened to be in the fields, heard my cry, and came to my aid. He plunged in, and drew the poor girl to the shore. Without heeding my frantic cries, as I hung over her, he pointed to a dark bruise on her temple, and said, with a face almost as white as her own, as he took her in his strong arms—

"See, she must have struck a stone as she fell. We are as near her mother's house as any, if we take the cross road; and perhaps we had best carry her there, for what is done must be done soon. You go on, Mattee, and kinder break to 'em what's coming."

Like one who walks in some horrible dream, I crossed the fields until I came in sight of the old farm-house, where Ellis stood leaning over the gate, watching for our return. Something in my face and manner must have warned them of evil; for, before I reached the gate, Mrs. Morris had joined her, and to the question, "Where is Annie?" I pointed to where, at a turning of the road, John Payne appeared, bearing her body.

"Dead! drowned, drowned!" said Mrs. Morris, in a tone scarcely above a whisper, yet which, it seemed to me, might have been heard for miles, so terribly distinct was every syllable; and turning upon me a face which I shall never, never forget, so intense and rigid with agony was every line and feature. "It cannot be! *that* is not Gerald Rivers!"

* * * * * *

In a few moments the physician and my mother had arrived, and, assisted by the faithful Ellis, were using every means for the resuscitation of the unfortunate girl, but in vain, while old Dr. Smith sat by the miserable mother, silently praying for one who never wept nor prayed for herself again; for, within four weeks, she was an inmate of the Retreat for the Insane in H——.

Gerald Rivers and I met over the dead body of her we both loved so well. Together we followed her as chief mourners to her grave amid the hills, and then, with a few earnest, broken words, which gave me a deeper insight into the nobleness of his nature and the depth of his love than I had ever had before, we parted—he to learn the great lessons of life in the busy fields of action, in the great arena of political strife, when a ready hand, a true heart, and an earnest soul, are so much needed, and alas! are so seldom lost, and I to con the same lessons amid the little nameless duties of household life.

Our paths lie far apart. Yet once or twice it has been my fortune to look upon him in his high station; and although we speak little of the past, I know that, amid all the trials and temptations that have and do beset his path, the memory of her who "passed on" before us has been with him, like the soft, tremulous radiance which the rising moon casts upon the waters, to give strength and hope: for it is not until we have left the misty vale of sorrow, that we

"Can see the helpers God has sent
And by life's rugged mountain side
Is waite with many an angel tent."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

We have been favored, says the New York Commercial *Advertiser*, with the perusal of a letter, written by Mr. Webster to an intimate friend in that city dated Franklin, May 3, 1846, from which we make the extract below, and which we are sure will be read at this time with unusual interest.

"I have made satisfactory arrangements respecting my house here, the best of which is that I can leave it where it is, and yet be comfortable, notwithstanding the railroad.

This house faces due North. Its front windows look toward the river Merrimac. But then the river soon turns to the South, so that the Eastern windows look toward the river also. But the river has so deepened its channel in this stretch of it, within the last fifty years, that we cannot see its waters, without approaching it, or going back to the higher lands behind us. The history of this change is of considerable importance in the philosophy of streams. I have observed it practically, and know something of the theory of the phenomenon; but I doubt whether the world will ever be benefited, either by my learning or my observation in this respect.

Looking out of the east windows, at this moment, (2 P. M.,) with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eye sweeps a rich and level field of 100 acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble grave stones, designating the places where repose my father, my brother Joseph, and my sisters Mehitable, Abigail and Sarah; good Scripture names, inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

My father! Ebenezer Webster!—born at Salisbury, the lower part of the State, in 1739—the hand-somest man I ever saw, except my brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I had eyes on. I saw him in a coffin—a white forehead—a tinged cheek—a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But where am I straying?

The grave has closed upon him, as it has upon all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy—and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

This fair field is before me—I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never moved it. Somehow, I could never learn to hang a scythe! I had not wit enough. My brother Joe used to say that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of the children!

Of a hot day in July—it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administration—I was making hay, with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle of the afternoon. The Hon. Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the field, and went on his way.

When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm, on a hay cock. He said, "My son, that is a wealthy man; he is a member of Congress: he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here.—It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in his place. I came near it as it was;

but I missed it, and now I must work here." "My dear father," said I, "you shall not work; brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest"—and I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection. "My child," said he, "it is of no importance to me; I now live but for my children; I could not give your elder brother the advantage of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself—improve your opportunities—*learn—learn*—and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

The next May he took me to Exeter, to the Phillips Exeter Academy—placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, still living.

My father died in April, 1806. I neither left him, nor forsook him. My opening an office at Boscawen was that I might be near him. I closed his eyes in this very house. He died at sixty seven years of age—after a life of exertion, toil and exposure—a private soldier, an officer, a legislator, a judge—everything that a man could be, to whom learning never had disclosed her "ample page."

My first speech at the bar was made when he was on the bench—he never heard me a second time.

He had in him what I recollect to have been the character of some of the old Puritans. He was deeply religious, but not sour—on the contrary, good humored, facetious—showing even in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth, all as white as alabaster—gentle, soft, playful—and yet having a heart in him that he seemed to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown; a frown it was, but cheerfulness, good humor and smiles composed his most usual aspect. Every truly, your friend,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

MAKAWAO MILL, Sandwich Islands, July 7, 1852.

Now let me tell you of some things which I see among you, for in these days one can see a long distance if he will keep his eyes open—which greatly distress me. I am greatly distressed to hear that the Rev. John S. C. Abbot has gone, or is going to Paris for the purpose of procuring means, facts, &c., for embellishing his memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte. I cannot easily tell you how the intelligence affected me. I hope it may not be true; but it is certainly true that he has furnished a memoir of that bloody man for Harper's Magazine. How could so good a man as Mr. Abbott, employ his time and talents in writing of such a miserable butcher of his fellow men? God says the "name of the wicked shall rot." And was Napoleon Bonaparte any thing less or more than a wicked man?—"No murderer hath eternal life." Was he not a murderer and a whole sale one too, causing thousands in a single day to go to the Judgment all unwashed from their sins, and sinking as we have every reason to believe, to a dreadful hell? Was he not false, treacherous, bloody, the slave of ambition and lust? Was not his soul on fire of hell, and can there be any doubt that in hell, he lifts up his eyes being in torment, and sees around him an innumerable throng of wretched souls whom he sent thither, and who may be supposed to taunt him as did the slaughtered troops of Babylon their fallen chief, when "hell from beneath was moved for him to meet him at his coming," saying, "Art thou also become weak as we? art thou also become like unto us?" And yet here is a talented minister of the Lord Jesus Christ—one capable of using his pen in the cause of his Master, capable of pleading for the oppressed, of speaking in behalf of missions, of writing for the Temperance cause, the cause of Purity, the Bible and Tract cause; in a word, intrusted with talents which would enable him to speak and write forcibly on any subject, yet devoting his time and prostituting his talents to the business of preparing memoirs of one of the bloodiest butcher that ever cursed the earth! And at a time too when the cause of Christ and the state of the world call for the highest talent in the church! God says, I repeat, that, "the name of the wicked shall rot." Does Mr. Abbot believe this declaration to be true? If so, and there can be no doubt of it, what does he expect will become of his memoirs of the wretched Frenchman? I should as soon think of writing the memoirs of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin, or of old Ahab, the cursed of heaven and the eaten of dogs! Do not think, Mr. Abbot that your memoirs of Bonaparte will secure you the approbation of God or the approval of posterity?—When the name of the liers of your book shall rot, the embellishments which you have thrown around this name will share the same righteous fate, *will rot*. For this I earnestly pray, for, I fear, the influence of such memoirs is evil and only evil and that continually. Does any one say Napoleon had many excellent traits of character? Doubtless he had, and had not Jereboam and Ahab and Manasseh? No wicked man is utterly destitute of such traits; but lacking holiness and loving sin, God cursed them and has made their name a by-word and an execration to the earth. And yet in this memoir of Bonaparte how much that is attractive is thrown out and the science of human butchery! Instead of leaving the Bible impression of the vanity of honor and the baseness of sin, and thus holding him up as a warning to ardent and thoughtless youth; or to use the forcible figure of Macaulay, instead of "gibbeting" the French carrion on the highest eminence of infamy so that it could not be easily taken down, I grieve that he has attempted to enshrine it. The influence of such attempts cannot but be evil.—They throw a glory around the military hero. They dazzle the eyes of susceptible but unprincipled youth. I pray God that no one may be ruined by reading these memoirs of Bonaparte. Could I speak in the ear of one I have all along expected, how earnestly would I beseech him to turn away from the bloody infidel city of Paris, or engage while there in labors more Christian than seeking embellishments for the carrion butcher, which but for these labors would soon rot—and which as God is true, despite these labors, will soon rot, and be an abhorrence!

Another thing I see which distresses me even more than the doings of J. S. C. Abbott, and that is the opposition to the Maine Law, by no less a man than Rev. J. C. Lovejoy. This took me all aback. I could not have thought it possible that such a champion of Freedom should oppose what facts show indubitably is breaking more chains than any agency has done since the settlement of our country. I am happy to see that justice is likely to be done to Mr. Lovejoy's my deep, deep regret. How will the enemy of all righteousness exult to see the ministers of Christ, and the once wise champions of reform thus laboring to overthrow what they have long labored to build. But such cases I see are becoming but too common, and from them we must learn not to trust in man. "The Lord knoweth them that are his." Paul, you know said, "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you let him be accursed." He here supposes it possible, clearly as he loved the gospel of Christ, that he might apostasize from the truth, and be accursed. "Lord what is man!" May he keep us in the path of holiness and guide us into all truth, for His Son's sake. Yours, truly,

J. S. GREEN.

Portland Inquirer.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1852.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1856,

JOHN P. HALE.

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Liberty Club.

Meeting for discussion and business *every Wednesday evening at the Rooms No. 16 Market Square.* Time of opening 7 o'clock.—Liberty men gene ally are cordially invited to attend.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND OF THE PRESS ASSAILED IN MAINE!

It has been supposed that the natural and constitutional Rights of Free Discussion and of a Free Press were securely enjoyed in this State. The Constitution of the Commonwealth declares:

"Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on any subject, being responsible for the abuse of this liberty."

The people have supposed that, however it might be in France, Austria, and the South, here in Maine no penalty hung over the unabused exercise of these bottom rights of man. But events have recently transpired which absolutely prove the fact to be otherwise. True, the citizen's property may not be confiscated, nor an inquisitorial prison await him, nor death stand in his path, for want of legal power thus to punish. But Character is immortal. It is more precious than property or life. What are Speech and Press worth if their legitimate exercise must be purchased by Moral Outrage, Public Contempt, and the Murder of every christian and honorable Sensibility? "He that steals my purse steals trash;" the assassin's steel reaches not the Man; but when *Character* is murdered, *nothing is left.* If Moral Torture is the condition of a Free Press, better go to Rome and take the physical.

This subject has come to be one of serious reality. It vitally concerns every press in the State, for the rights of none can be assailed without violence to the rights of all. We respectfully urge the Press of Maine to consider this subject and speak their minds. It is time—high time if free speech and a free press are to be anything more than a tantalizing delusion. We ask it with no reference to special nor party objects, but to *universal rights*, and therefore to universal interests.

Two questions are involved. 1st. Is the fair investigation of the character of candidates presented for public offices, especially the highest, within the legitimate province of the press?—2d. Have we abused that right in the case of Franklin Pierce?

Certainly the first question must be instantly answered in the affirmative. The right is fundamental: it is the safe-guard of the State, essential to the discharge of moral obligation, and never to be yielded, till, as in the last days of Rome, we are prepared to dispose of civil offices to the highest bidder. When the press surrenders this stern right, then the flood-gates of corruption are opened, public morality and honor, peace, security and liberty are at an end, and anarchy is near. It is mad desperation to question this right or the duty to exercise it.—With it the danger is great enough, but what would it be without it! The enemy of this right is an enemy to society. He is worse than an Austrian;—he is more than a Dantou.

Have we violated and abused this great right in the case of Mr. Pierce? So far as the point now considered is concerned it matters not whether the view we took was just or not.—Did we make proper effort to learn the truth?—and had we such evidence as might reasonably lead an honest man to believe as we did? If so the charge of "infamy" cannot lie against us, nor personal vituperation assail us without violating the clearest rights of justice, of discussion, and of the press. Our positions were *proved*—fully, fairly *proved*, in the estimation of all impartial men; and even intelligent bitter opponents in this city confessed the fact. But had it been otherwise; did we exceed the legitimate province of the Press in fairly and without malice stating our sincere convictions, and the evidence on which they were based? Had we possessed equal reasons to fear the diffusion of cholera or counterfeit money among us, would it have been deemed ignominious to give them to society and warn them to be on their guard? Certainly not.—Then why are we thus ruthlessly assailed in the case before us?

As it now stands, the great right of the Press referred to is placed under terror. No man is to scrutinize the personal character of candidates for office except at his peril. The Press is placed under menace, and whoever dares thus to use it is to be pursued with outrage and insult, his character traduced and held up to infamy.—We appeal to the intelligent Press of Maine to rebuke this attempt to crush a great and invaluable right. If it falls in us it falls in them.—Their rights as well as ours we plead. The morel welfare of society we maintain.

As for ourselves, the rights of the Press and of Speech will be exercised according to our convictions of duty to the fullest extent, to the fullest extent, at whatever cost, at whatever consequences. But are we alone under obligations to defend these rights,—to see the spirit of our constitution and laws maintained, and the spirit of a free people respected? If we err reprove us, but defend the right. It is certainly time that the personal violence and outrage which have so long debased our elective activities,—indeed, society itself, were prohibited by the stern command of a right public opinion.

☞ The *White Slave* is having a large sale in England as it well deserves to have every where. The tenth thousand of the principal edition in London has been issued, and there are, besides

THE ELECTION IN THIS STATE.

The returns are yet imperfect, but they already indicate a most creditable result. We infer that our vote will be not far from 8000, being a decided advance on the vote of 1850.—It is reasonable to suppose we lost 1000 by the storm, which appears to have reached all over the State and lasted all day. Then, the condition of the party. Scarcely had it been organized for four years; last year we had no election; this year the temperance question absorbed nearly every thought and effort, and the partial organization effected for State elections was almost entirely broken up; party unity impaired; its spirit depressed; its energies wearied; the circulation of its paper not extended; intercourse and mutual courage by Conventions, impossible; no speakers to instruct and rouse to action; everything hurried; the slavery parties pressing fiercely upon our ranks at every point, aided by the secret services of a few of our former friends. In such a state of affairs, for the party to rally as by instinct and cast so manly, so strong a vote for freedom, *was noble.* It was worthy of Cromwell's "Roundheads." We are proud of such co-laborers. There is in them not only a principle but a HOW. Kossuth is in them. "*Duty is enough for an honest man. There is no impossible to him that wills.*" This is what wins in the end.

But all were not faithful While the native will rejoice, the deep blushes of heartless stupidity will be seen in so we quarters, accompanied, we cannot doubt, with a firm resolve to wipe out the dishonor hereafter.

In many towns the contest was nobly carried on, and the returns will reward their labor.—The cause has been conducted through all the difficulties of the year, and the Party of Freedom now stands before the States a united, invincible phalanx, instinct with moral life and noble purpose. Honor to the Free Democracy of Maine!

THE INFAMOUS CONSPIRACY.

When the *Argus* clique found that we could not be diverted from our duty to society as an honest, independent editor, a conclave was held to determine what should be done. It was evident that we understood Pierce's intemperate babits and could not be coaxed to let the people be deceived, and in mad desperation this was resolved—and a more infamous, cruel, infernal purpose never was conceived by papal vengeance—*to murder our Character!* A systematic assault was planned, orders transmitted to other parts of the State, the *Argus* was to give the signal and a general onslaught be made as the only method of resisting the truth we were telling. Runners were employed and a general howl of hungry wolves rang over the State! *Liar! Scoundrel! Hypocrite! Bribed! Infamous! Sold to the Whigs!* LIAR—LIAR—LIAR!!

The Paris *Democrat* responded with alacrity; the *Age* bawled; the Bath *Times* (edided by T. W. Newman, late editor of the Hallowell *Cultivator* and an antislavery voter for 10 years,) was fierce as the fiercest. John Appleton, Lot Morril, George F. Shepley, as we understaud, flew over the State like Peter the Hermit or John Gilpin, repeating their instructions like Town Criers, with saddle-bags probably full of *certificates* which not a paper in New Hampshire, except the bought-up Crusader, dared to endorse! We heard of them at Lewiston, at Bath, Limerick, &c., and from what we learn they fulfilled their mission of shame as zealously as ever savages wielded the tomahawk. The democratic State Committee ought to pay them well. Base as it was, it was no less laughable. They reminded us of a witless puppy beguiled into a hornet's nest, as we used to see in boyhood days.

But it is time for honorable men to see where such atrocious, barbarous conduct leads. The first object of it is to overawe and dog down the freedom of the press in respect to whatever lies in the path of party success. That desperate work is already nearly accomplished. Every man too free to bow to the behests of political desperadoes is to be morally assassinated. Indeed, we say deliberately that had it been necessary and safe to take our life to secure Pierce's election, we would not have risked it in the hands of that *Argus* concern an hour after they left the communion table. If our having puncured that corruption and shown its character is of any advantage to society we shall not regret it. For ourself we have seen such things before and found them very harmless. They attempted morally, but no less criminally the business of Alton. We pity while we loathe and defy.

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ESCAPING.

There has within a short time been an unusual number of escapes from oppression to Canada, where no scoundrel act can reach.—We think there were six embarked at Sandusky.

A family of *fifteen* lately passed up the Erie railroad, took boat at Dunkirk, and while passing up Detroit river the Captain took occasion to wood up at Malden, on the Canada side where the parents, children and grand children all concluded to stop and not visit Detroit. The account says:

"Language cannot express their feelings when their feet trod upon the *free soil* of Canada."

A party of six recently passed through Buffalo and crossed over at Black Rock.

Another remarkable number of 33 a short time ago fled from Kentucky and crossed the Ohio at Ripley. They were pursued by biped hounds, who prowled around several days in Ripley, and were permitted to search several houses where they were *not.* The inhabitants laughed at their bowie-knives, pistols, rifles, etc, and at every defeat in their search would raise a grand *Hurrah for John P. Hale!* Two or three only of the whole company were by some strategy carried back, the rest escaped. The slaves took the occasion of a great Scott meeting to seek their liberty.

Here were in all nearly *sixty* successful escapes from the tyrant's grasp by means of the Underground Railroad. While it has cursed the north, what good has the fugitive act really done the slaveholders? None at all, but enable them to humble the north at their feet and make its people know their places. It was intended only as an extension of plantation discipline over the north. There was getting to be a little insubordination here, and we must be trained! Since the above we see a statement from a Cincinnati paper of the crossing the river a little below there and successful escape of *six* more, making 65 within a few weeks.

☞ See Mr. Bartlett's Card. He is an authorized agent for this paper at Bangor, and we commend him and his new Book Store to public patronage.

THE MORAL OF THE RESULT.

The late election is fruitful of important lessons, which must not be overlooked. Why was the whig party annihilated? The answer is plain. They abandoned their old professions of freedom in 1848 to become "national;" now they are *nothing.* They have tried the southern market, and now probably understand its Price Current. They have learned that *compensation* is no part of slave-holding economy or ethics. Gov. Kent said in 1848 that the party must get rid of its anti-slavery odium and aspect, and it did so. What is left? The design they covered from the people then, and succeeded. The people read it in the administration, and the leaders now have an instructive lesson or two to read in the ballot-box of Nov. 2 in return. Taylor's silence in '48 left a *possibility* of hope for freedom, and he was elected. The dark treachery and apostacy of the whig administration, followed by the platform and Scott's position, left no such hope, and where are they? "Here endeth the first lesson."

The democrats in 1848 abandoned freedom definitively, and the people prostrated them.—They did the same in 1852. But *the people working no change nor of doing anything any way*, sustained them. "Shifting from side to side by turns," though keeping the "pain," might be a "poor relief." It is already confessed by leading democrats, that had the whigs stood fully on the ground of free principles, nothing could have held anti-slavery democrats where they were. The party would have swept the north. "Here endeth the second lesson," but the country is still reading.

It is a gratifying fact that the election determines nothing—expresses nothing in favor of the slave compromises nor against free principles, for *they were not in issue* as between the old parties. Slavery then has no cause to triumph at the mere election of Pierce over Scott. It gets nothing.

While, then, we are to have a most servile administration, and unscrupulous, the cause and prospects of freedom were never half so bright. The highway is thrown wide open; the track is clear. One rampart of the slave power is laid even with the dust, and no skill can reconstruct it. Its engineers are dead. The elements of freedom and slavery will now tend towards their proper organizations, and 1856 will see but two parties in the field,—the parties of freedom and of slavery.

But—but—but—one thing must be deeply impressed on the mind of every free man. It must be driven into his very soul. It is this: There is WORK TO BE DONE. If we would then avoid compromises, pretensions, shams, half-way measures, and perhaps essential defeat; if we would carry our principles fairly, fully into the contest and make the victory decisive, we must make these four years the most active, self-denying and resolute we have ever had. The people must be prepared. Our organization must be maintained with firmness by *every free soil man*, without flinching, parlying or compromising, with JOHN P. HALE at its head. Let us go forward four years boldly in this way, and we shall be able to influence *the issues and the men* for that Great Battle with Gog and Magog. Eighteen hundred fifty-five is to be the Yorktown of this Revolution.—Burgoyne then surrenders!

"There's a good time coming boys,
Wait (*and work*) a little longer."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We have no fears of the ultimate verdict of society respecting what we have said of Pierce's intemperance. The circulation of intelligence between these two adjoining States is too free to permit fraudulent certificates and bribed missionaries long to deceive society. The notoriety which such papers as the *Argus* has given to the subject will inevitably draw after it the truth. Facts are continually coming to light in support of our position. Within two weeks we have learned of several personal witnesses of his intemperance, and in places of general concourse such facts are frequently met.

But we intended now only to refer to the press in New Hampshire. We have already quoted from the Ind. *Democrat* and *Statesman*, the two most respectable papers in Concord, to the same general point of our statements, and also from the *Tribune*. We have also quoted the Nashua *Telegraph*, the most reliable paper there to the same effect; indeed that paper goes far beyond us and states particulars of *hard drunken scenes there on the spot*, and dares in vain any opponent to deny it! The Manchester *American* has corroborated the same view and adds with great justness:

"Thus corruption treads upon the heel of corruption. Clergymen are bought up, honest men are compelled to make lying affidavits, presses are subsidized, and all for the promotion of one of the purest and best of the sons of God!" The frauds and corruptions of this campaign stagger belief."

We are personally acquainted with many of the best editors in the State, and all assure us that our statements fall short of the truth and would never be questioned there. Here is the direct testimony of the Manchester *Democrat*, which for careful integrity and respectability is not exceeded by any other paper in the State. It says:

"The Portland *Inquirer* and *Argus*.—We have lately noticed a somewhat bitter contest between the two journals in regard to the habits, and personal influence of Franklin Pierce as a citizen. Having carefully noticed the statements of the Inquirer on this subject, we can but say that not a single position has been taken by Mr. Willey which cannot be sustained by a host of eye witnesses in this State, and which no man here denies."

On the other hand we have called on the *Patriot*, the "peculiar organ of Gen. Pierce," as the Belfast Journal called it, as well as on other democratic editors of the State, to say whether our statments were true or not, AND NOT ONE REPLIED! We even charged drunkenness *in open Court in Concord at the last two terms*, and the Patriot could not deny that!—We are quite willing the *Argus* should keep up investigation of this subject by reiterating *its* pious characteristic stuff—"*you lie—you lie.*" "Willey will lie." Our integrity to principle and the public welfare in this matter is yet to be as creditable as it was difficult.

MR. WEBSTER ON GEN. SCOTT.—John Brodhead of Philadelphia, reports a conversation between Peter Harvey, Esq., of Boston, and the late Mr. Webster, as follows:

"Mr. Webster asked me a short time previous to his death, whether Rufus Choate intended going for Scott? I answered I did not know, but thought not. 'Well,' said Mr. Webster, 'tell him he has youth, talents, and a bright future before him, and I hope he won't mar all by supporting Scott. *And tell him as my dying message to him, that after the 2d day of November next, the Whig party as a National party, will exist only in history.*"

OVERWHELMING!!—MORE CERTIFICATES!

The *Argus* has another batch of certificates to prove the "Inquirer's Villany." And what is it? Why, two Methodist ministers in Concord say they never saw Pierce drunk. That is tremendous! Then one "R. B. Harvey" says Wood of the Journal says *he* never say him drunk, and that Dr. Bouton says Pierce's "reputation is above all reproach." Perhaps it is. Wood's stories are not worth repeating. Pierce's family physician *don't* aver that the charges against him are false. He only says he has no personal knowledge of his drinking. But what is all this round-about stuff worth against those who have again and again *seen* him drunk?—Nothing at all, except to show the necessities of the *Argus*. Why not get a certificate from the Patriot? What ails that paper?

MR. GREEN'S LETTER.

This will be found pretty sharp, but it is essentially just. Even if Bonaparte was really better than he supposes, we should then view Mr. Abbott's course much as Mr G. does—Better moral lessons would become him.

As for our old friend Lovejoy, we deeply regret his course, and so do nearly all good men. He is now making speeches against the Massachusetts law! We don't believe he will make the Franklin Conference rescind its resolution. It had too much truth in it, even if not worded in the best manner. Has not a christian body a right to testify against whoever, and whatever in its view is "exalting itself against God" publicly and through the press? The *conference* would have been well enough had it not interfered with the freedom of the press. Bro. L. you are wrong.

THROWING AWAY VOTES.

Who threw away their votes last week?—The whigs were exceedingly anxious that no votes should be thrown away, what because of theirs? Some information on that matter would be interesting. And we have some right to know what has become of a good many seduced from free soil men. Where are they?

And we would ask those who were thus seduced what they got by it. Your principles you sacrificed and sold yourselves for nought. Befooled and humbugged, what have you to say? We told you the certain result. And Scott had been elected you would not have got anything by it, but as it is,—look in the glass and vow to that man there to cheat yourself again *never.*

NINE CHEERS FOR GERRIT SMITH!

We learn that Gerrit Smith, the noble champion of genuine Democracy, is elected to Congress by

1000 PLURALITY!

Madison County (his own) gives him 1250: Oswego went against him by only 200. All honor to old Madison, the hot-bed of agitation! What an answer to the "finality!"

We feared this was too good to be true, but it is everywhere conceded. It is glorious indeed! The people nominated him irrespective of party, and against intense hostility they have triumphantly elected him. They love and honor him. It would be worth a journey to Washington to see him take his seat.

THE STATE ELECTION in Massachusetts took place last Monday. There is no election of Governor—half the Representatives are defeated—Appleton in the 1st, and Walley in the 6th district, (Hunkers) are elected to Congress—all others probably defeated. Constitutional Convention is carried.

OHIO STATE VOTE.—F. Dem. 22,167; Dem. 146,795; Whig, 128,560. Mr. Hale's vote will be larger than the State Vote.

FREEDOM CLUBS.

Let these be kept alive and active where they exist, and be organized where they do not.—Every town should have such a Club till 1856, like the Temperance Clubs, and be kept in action especially through the fall and winter.—Don't fail of this.

Our Club in this city is to meet once a week regularly for discussion and action. So let it be elsewhere.

SPEECHES, SPEECHES!

We would urge the friends of Freedom in every town to circulate those great speeches.—They will do more good now than before the election. We printed them in pamphlet form for this very purpose. Where they have been distributed see that they are not laid aside, but kept in circulation. Never give away, but lend till worn out. We have a few of Sumner's, and Giddings's, on hand. Set them at work.

GENERAL RESULT.

Franklin Pierce is elected President by large majorities in nearly every State in the Union. Scott has nothing sure but Massachusetts and Vermont, to which Tennessee and Kentucky may *possibly* be added, though we doubt it.

The Whig party is annihilated forever, and the Democratic party is now in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessor for the block in 1856.

The party of Freedom stands like a *rock* in the tempest, but its statistics are not yet known. The highway of Freedom is opened.

☞ The Argus says Mr. Hale's vote in Massachusetts is 20,008. The truth is 28,839.

It says his vote in Connecticut is 2662. The truth is 2854. See N. Y. Tribune.

HIGHLY APPROPRIATE.—Democratic papers in the State are gracing their triumph by a large cut of a crowing cock. We believe the victor crows in all cock-fights.

☞ The Presidential vote of Massachusetts stand thus: Hale, 28899; Scott 5454; Pierce, 40931; Scattering, 1844. Scott's plurality 7123.

☞ Hon. Myron Lawrence of Massachusetts, is dead.

THE COMMON COUNCIL OF NEW YORK passed the following preamble and resolution. It affords an unexpected recognition of the anti-slavery sentiment of the country, and of Mr. Hale's popularity.

Whereas, It is understood that Hon. John P. Hale, a distinguished Senator of the United States, who is a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people, is expected to visit the city on or about the 20th inst.; therefore,

Resolved, If the Board of Assistant Aldermen concur, that the Mayor be requested to tender to Hon. John P. Hale the use of the Governor's Room in the City Hall, for the reception of his friends, at such time after his arrival as he may designate.

☞ The strongest argument in favor of the doctrine of "total depravity" may be found in the passage, and clerical advocacy of the fugitive slave law. If Hell were resolved into a legislative body, and any of its members should have the hardihood to introduce a bill of a character so infamous, it would be unceremoniously expelled amid the hiss and universal execration of Devildom.

ELECTION CORRESPONDENCE.

HARTLAND, Nov. 2, 1852.

MR. Willey, Sir:—This has been a very one sided and unfavorable day for our Presidential election, it being a very rainy day. I was requested by our Free Soil friends to wait until the vote was declared and inform you of the result. As our vote was so small it might be called scattering, or not be mentioned. Pierce had 74, Scott 35, and our noble Hale 0. We should have had some four or five more, who live at a distance, had it not been for the inclemency of the weather. There are some who feel themselves under the necessity of choosing the least of two evils.

My father who is now in his 77th year, has always vote l the Federal and Whig ticket He has been compelled, for conscience sake, to come into our ranks, and go with us at our Fall election. It may be said by some he is old and weak-minded. You may judge. He commenced using tobacco at the age of ten and used it sixty-three years, and left it off three years last July, at the age of seventy three years and three days, and has never enjoyed so good health before. Let the stronger minds beat this.

Respectfully Yours,

J. H. MARSH, JR.

We'll vouch for the clear head of this aged man, or of any other who leaves off the use of tobacco. Our own father chewed 40 years, then from self-respect and respect to his family abandoned it. His age was renewed like the eagle, distrees of the stomach and head left him, appetite returned as in youth, and from 60 to 70 was the most healthful period of life.—ED.

FRANKFORT, Nov. 3d, 1852.

MR. WILLEY:—Dear Sir:—Although our expected *Hale* storm proved to be rain, yet the very elements proved friendly to their noble namesake, in preventing many of the old parties from attending the polls. We polled one hundred and forty three votes, nearly equaling the Democrats in numbers, and beating the bragging admirers of Scott, into nothing. With such seed as Giddings's Mann's and Sumner's speeches, propagated by the healthy influence of Free Soil, have we received such an increase, on former elections. One vein of "Bleeding Waldo" is stopped, and before another Presidential election, such a surgical operation shall be performed upon her, as shall astonish the servile eaters of southern dirt. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Old men on the verge of the grave, formerly Whigs and Democrats, tottered to the polls, declaring that they would cast one vote for freedom before they died.—"Agitation," was the general order of the day, and truly beneficial results, resulted from it.—Nor do we intend stopping agitation. After the votes were counted, we again began, not to stop until John P. Hale sits in the Presidential chair.

Yours, for Freedom,

CARROLL.

HALLOWELL, Nov. 4, 1852.

A. WILLEY, Dear Sir:—We held our own pretty well in this place; also in Augusta and Kennebec. In Chelsea and Farmingdale, the rain lessened our vote. In West Gardiner they did nobly. Our friend R. G. Lincoln spoke here on Saturday eve., and at Gardiner on Monday evening, for the whigs. Rev. C. C. Cone wrote a letter to S. E. Wells of this city, urging him to vote for Scott. It was received on the morning of the election; it did not move Wells. Peleg Wadsworth also wrote letters round in favor of Scott. They have gone to the whigs. Our meeting did us much good. The speeches of Gen. A. and yourself were well received by most persons of all parties. Our friends were confirmed, and others weakened. Probably earlier and more general effort here would have increased our vote to 75 or more. It remains now to *hold on.*

VASSALBORO' Nov. 4, 1852.

BRO WILLEY.—Election day was a rainy one in Kennebec section. There has been but little excitement here this fall, on the election of President. Each man had his preferences, and for the most part, voted accordingly. That old fire and long since exploded argument, of the least evil, has been reiterated occasionally in these parts. The soil of Vassalboro', is rather poor for Free Soil, for the want of the cultivation of true Free Soil principles. The Whigs pretend to be the only Free Soil party; forgetting (I presume) the features of their late Nation l Platform, the Fugitive Slave Law, &c.—They forget that a Whig Senate, and a President of their own electing, annexed Texas. Our vote here stood as follows: Whigs 337; Democrats 96; Free Soil 53. Now is the time to commence our fifth campaign.

E. H. LIBBY.

AUGUSTA, Nov. 5, 1852.

DEAR SIR:—The great political struggle is over, and the Whigs are most essentially routed. They will be obliged to come to us—there is no alternative as a party. We increased the Liberty vote of Augusta, from 20 to 40. We should have done better but for the defection of Mr. Lincoln, and the daily, and hourly assertion that the Free Soil party were mostly going for Scott.

Yours, truly,

D. FARNSWORTH.

For the Portland [illegible]

NORTH APPLETON, [illegible] 1852.

MR. WILLEY:—I take th[illegible] opportunity to give you the Electoral Vote of our town, which is as follows: Democratic 118, Free Soil 42, Whig 39. You will notice we have beat the Whigs and gained largely on the Democrats. News comes that Searsmont cast 20 Free Soil votes. Since I wrote the above I have heard the full returns from Searsmont which is as follows: Democrats 114, Whigs 50, Free Soil 20. Yours, truly,

JOHN M. FULLER.

NORTH CHESTERVILLE, Nov. 4, 1852.

GENT:—The vote in Chesterville, at the late Presidential election, as I took it from the Town Clerk's office, stands as follows, viz:

Hale ticket,	78
Scott "	69
Pierce "	68

Yours in haste, OLIVER SEWALL.

A letter from Bath, says:

"Mr. Wadsworth has no sympathy here for his course of proceedings, and when he undertakes to advise the friends abroad to go out of their way, he does it without consulting with any friends here, I am very sure.

When he says "*we too*" are favoring Scott, he must mean himself and son, (under age) unless he means himself and the whig party. I have yet to learn that any Free Soilers agree with him.

I am well convinced that very little progress will be made in the strength of the party until we are willing to set aside our old party preferences and go for the regular nominations."

THE WAY TO DO IT.

NORTH NORWAY, Nov. 2, 1852.

BROTHER WILLEY:—After walking two miles out and [illegible] through the rain and mud to deposite my vote, I sat down to give you and the friends of Liberty a brief sketch of our doings in this town. About five weeks ago, we met and organized a club, and chose a town committee for the year ensuing, consisting of the following persons, viz:

REV. D. PAINE,
J. HALL,
F. WHITMORE,
E. BROWN.

We then went to work, and held our meetings in different parts of the town, and circulating documents. Our meetings were small but interesting. We deposited the leven and it worked well. We had some squibs fired at us from the enemy, but they did not frighten us. It is true we had some hard arguments thrown at us, from some of the spouting hunkers, such as, "what is this little party going to do?" "Why I thought the Free Soil party dead." "You can't do any thing, you may as well goes up where you are as not. The time was when the Free Soil party cast twelve thousand votes in this State, and this fall they cast only fifteen hundred, and only *four* in this town, and any one can see that the party is down."

These are some of the arguments, with many others of the like. Now these arguments were so powerful that we did not attempt to meet them, so we kept on our work But to the result. The battle is over and a glorious victory is won. Where we had but four votes in Sept. we now have FIFTY SEVEN, the largest that has ever been cast by the Free Soil party in this town with one exception. Our men were not all out on account of the rain, and the old parties got a few of the weak ones, but our gain is glory enough for one day. We feel amply paid for all our labor, and if the rest of the State has done as well, I think that this little party can be seen with hunker eyes, and in four years they will not only see but feel, and feeling tremble, and trembling fall, and fail to rise no more.

We felt sorry that our excellent State organ is sold out to the Whigs, but then if we can have *Austin Willey* to stand at the head of it we will be satisfied. So we shall have no fears about that.

Yours, P.

PREMIUMS.

Let every subscriber now furnish himself with UNCLE TOM'S CABIN or the portrait of JOHN P. HALE.

To every one who will obtain us one new subscriber with the pay in advance, we will send free of expense, a beautiful portrait of JOHN P. HALE or NEAL DOW and THE LIQUOR LAW.

For TWO, we will send, at his expense, a sett of UNCLE TOM, bound in paper.

For THREE, a sett of UNCLE TOM, bound in cloth.

For FOUR, a sett of UNCLE TOM, bound in full gilt.

400,000 copies of this work have already been published in England, besides what have been sold in this country.

POOR AND IGNORANT, RICH AND EDUCATED.—*Two Lectures on Intemperance*, by Horace Mann. The first Lecture was published several years ago, the second was delivered last winter, and both are now united in a cheap volume. Richer and more attractive matter cannot be found on the subject. A great mind and warm heart are both brought to bear with their intense energy on his theme, which is presented with such rare literary force as the Author alone can command. Every young man ought to read it. It would make a good Sabbath School book. W. J. Reynolds & Co., Boston.

PORTLAND LOCOMOTIVES.—A noble locomotive, built at the Portland Company's Works, for the Panama Railroad, was shipped for Aspinwal, (the eastern terminus of the road,) by the schooner H. Lewis Orcut, last week. Two others have just been finished by the Company, and will be shipped in a few days. They are called respectively Nueva Grenda, Bogola and Panama.

It speaks well for the reputation of the Company's manufactures, when the larger establishments of New York, Boston, &c., are passed by to give preference to our Portland Works.—*Advertiser.*

"YOU CAN'T ELECT."

This unprincipled, specious objection to voting for right principles while in a minority, has ever been the great obstacle to the cause of freedom and the artifice by which the people have been made to vote for wrong. It throws them perfectly into the hands of politicians, who *use* them as a hammer or a shovel. But it is never valid except against Liberty! Hear the *Boston Courier* answer it when the boot is on the other leg. If a few humbugged anti-slavery men, who never learned how to vote for a Principle, blush at a rebuke from such a quarter may it do them good. It says:

"Let the friends of Daniel Webster—those who stood by him during his life, and by his principles now that he is gone Let them go onward without faltering or turning to the right hand or to the left. The course is still open, the object distinct, the purpose clear, the motives urgent, the duty manifest. Let them go to the polls and support their ticket of independent electors. These electors are men of sound political principles; men, whom we can safely support and safely trust Let no one be disheartened or kept from action by the question: What good can we do by voting? so sit to be asked by men who can understand nothing but 'regular nominations.' *Do your duty—stick firmly to your principles*, and you will have no occasion to blush for your conduct hereafter—for it is true, alas! that our hopes of exalting Daniel Webster to that rank and honor which he so well deserved, have been cut off by a merciless visitation of Providence; but we can vindicate his memory and labor for the establishment of the principles which the Great Statesman and Patriot has bequeathed to his countrymen."

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.—The Madrid correspondent of the Kölnische Zeitung writer under the date of October 3, that he knows from a good source that the American Ambassador at that court has lately renewed the offer of $150,000,000 made under Mr. Polk's administration, for the island of Cuba. The Minister, after having made the matter a subject of special deliberation, replied that Spain no longer thought of parting with the island, but would employ her utmost energies to keep it. As for the attempts of the filibusters to which the Ambassador had alluded in making his proposal, he had no longer feared these, but was ready to suppress them as he they should be made. The army in the island was strong, loyal and trustworthy, and the civil officers would prove faithful to the last. The reply concluded by requesting the Ambassador not to renew the proposal. The general belief at Madrid, says the writer, is that the filibustering reports are got up by the American Government in order to induce Spain to sell the Island. Accordingly, this reply of the Minister's gives general satisfaction to the public of that city.—*New York Tribune.*

Col Benton, in a late speech at St Louis, said that one hundred millions of dollars have been expended, mostly since [illegible] to make American Government in order to induce Spain

NATIONAL ELECTION.

We insert the following counties but defer those in which returns are very incomplete.

	YORK COUNTY. Gubernatorial. 1850. Whigs.	Democrats.	Tallmadge.	Presidential. 1852. Whigs.	Democrats.	Tallmadge.
Acton,	91	73	6	108	100	1
Alfred,	49	42	21	67	72	14
Berwick,	102	112	11	131	134	20
Buckfield,	148	98	21	174	141	29
Buxton,	154	154	1	182	174	1
Limerick,	77	70	10	94	84	9
Lyman,	48	28	3	57	41	3
Newfield,	47	70	1	60	74	1
Parsonsfield,	125	125	1	151	145	1
Saco,	152	152	3	175	175	3
Sanford,	176	132	1	187	145	1
Shapleigh,	90	90	1	107	107	1
Waterboro,	90	90	1	107	107	1
Wells,	90	90	1	107	107	1
York,	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000	0000
	CUMBERLAND COUNTY.					
Andover,	234	95		181	75	
Bethel,	91	87		91	87	
Brunswick,	214	146		214	146	
Bridgton,	34	34		34	34	
Cape Elizabeth,	48	44		48	44	
Casco,	0	0		0	0	
Cumberland,	0	0		0	0	
Danville,	0	0		0	0	
Falmouth,	0	0		0	0	
Falmouth,	0	0		0	0	
Freeport,	0	0		0	0	
Gorham,	0	0		0	0	
Harpswell,	0	0		0	0	
Harrison,	0	0		0	0	
Hiram,	0	0		0	0	
Naples,	0	0		0	0	
New Gloucester,	0	0		0	0	
N. Yarmouth,	0	0		0	0	
Otisfield,	0	0		0	0	
Portland,	0	0		0	0	
Portland,	0	0		0	0	
Pownal,	0	0		0	0	
Raymond,	0	0		0	0	
Scarborough,	0	0		0	0	
Standish,	0	0		0	0	
Windham,	0	0		0	0	
Yarmouth,	0	0		0	0	
	OXFORD COUNTY.					
Albany,	11	4	5	38	102	5
Andover,	23	5	4	42	25	
Bethel,	182	205	43	44	220	40
Brownfield,	24	143	21	25	144	20
Buckfield,	18	205	2	40	205	2
Byron,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Canton,	70	127	28	64	128	12
Denmark,	70	161	1	59	131	
Dixfield,	0	152		59	152	
Fryeburg,	52	152	14	92	152	3
Gilead,	18	21	4	0	0	
Grafton,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Greenwood,	24	44	17	22	88	20
Hartford,	14	81	65	37	90	38
Hebron,	35	59	19	90	94	1
Hiram,	149	102	14	94	102	18
Livermore,	123	75	55	42	85	48
Lovell,	31	44	2			
Mason,		13		3	66	
Mexico,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Newry,	13	9	2			
Norway,	175	148	64	116	170	57
Oxford,	94	144	20	114	144	20
Paris,	67	256	60	86	258	38
Peru,	11	113	35	57	113	5
Porter,	35	105	3	39	108	
Roxbury,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Rumford,	91	179	2	96	127	1
Stow,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sumner,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sumner,	31	143	25	26	144	22
Sweden,	28	64	1	34	64	1
Turner,	178	232	9	138	193	20
Waterford,	53	143	47	48	143	47
Weld,	43	135	15	5	100	8
Andover N. Surp.,	2	0				
Lotter's Gr.	12	17				
Franklin plant.,	8	11				
Freeborn Ad'n,	9	5				
Hamlin's Grant,		17				
Milton,	13	11				
No. 5, R. 1 & 2,	9	5				
Riley,	5	6	3			
	1731	4214	597			
	SOMERSET COUNTY.					
Anson,	114	35	1	38	102	
Athens,	114	35	1			
Bingham,	30	41	1			
Blanchard,	20	20	22	163	22	25
Brighton,	39	39				
Cannan,	65	173	13	70	144	18
Cambridge,	60	63	2			
Concord,	43	37	2			
Cornville,	43	37	2	48	41	21
Detroit	23	17	16			
Embden,	78	143	3			
Fairfield,	202	173	21	191	135	8
Harmony,	47	38	16			
Hartland,	77	68	1	55	74	9
Lexington,	28	58	1			
Madison,	126	164	47	142	56	40
Mayfield,	21	7				
Moscow,	47	29	29	102	35	18
Moscow,	00	43				
New Portland,	50	110	64			
Norridgewock,	103	92	42	175	7	25
North Anson,	114	80	12	108	79	22
Palmyra,	96	110	52	112	95	18
Pittsfield,	78	150	49	90	110	22
Ripley,	18	30	1			
Solon,	116	75	23	68	67	32
St. Albans,	117	102	56	172	95	26
Starks,	103	52	78	120	62	39
Skowhegan,	163	132	31	181	91	26
Smithfield,	50	31	11	83	42	2
No. 1, R. 2, West						
of Kenn. river,	9	17	2			
No. 1, R. 3, East						
of Kenn. river,	26	9				
No. 1, R. 4 on						
Forks,	18	12	2			
No. 2, R. 2, W,	5	6				
	2664	2280	668			

SPIRIT OF THE FREE PRESS.

We shall give our readers what our brethren of the Free Press have to say about Liberty in the future. The Brandon (Vt.) *Post* thus sounds the true note of freedom:

"As it *has* been, so will it *always* be. Here, champions though they may be for a time, will in the end, become the leaders of a victorious host. And now is the hour for the dismayed soldiers of liberty to close again their ranks, to lift high their banner, to shout aloud the war cry of freedom and to swear once more on the altar of this country undying hostility to oppression in this and all other lands, now and forever."

It places the name of JOHN P. HALE at its head for 1856. The *Independent Democrat*, N. H., thus speaks the true word:

"Never stood our cause so strongly as to-day. Never did the field banks of slavery tremble for its safety as now. In this their hour of apparent victory. They know and feel that the American people are *now* ripe for the issue whose approach is as unescapable as the fate of Roman Empire. Every true man feels it in his soul. There is no dodging it, no avoiding it.

Have heart, friends of Freedom, and be ready for the battle and the victory, that is near at our doors. Well, labor, pray and not faint.—Joy not off your armor for a moment. Your candidates and your principles have passed through the smoke of the battle and come out pure as the fire upon them. Be true as out the smell of fire upon them. Be true as they are true, and another four years shall not bear its record up to the throne of Eternal Justice, without recording a nobler victory for Humanity than marks any age since His who came to preach deliverance to them that are bound, and to let the oppressed go free." God help you."

LOOK OUT!—Rev. George Trask asserts that sleeping with a tobacco consumer actually affects the health of a person who does not use the article. The *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* so far endorses his opinion as to say, "This has not before occurred to us, but on examination of the facts, there appears some reason in the statement."

THE REV DR. PENNINGTON, pastor of a congregation of colored persons in this city, (says Smith's Weekly Post,) states that his parishioners are 2000 strong, and that his congregation reaches the N. Y Post,) states that his parishioners are 2000 strong, and that his congregation reaches the N. Y Post,) states that 65th street; and from from No. 1 Pearl street to 65th street; and from Hoboken to Brooklyn and Williamsburgh; so that in the discharge of his pastoral duties, he is constantly called to the offices of some, indeed, in one extremity to the other of this immense field. And yet (in consequence of his complete) and yet (in consequence of his complete) and yet (in consequence of his complete) he is found avail himself the use of any person in or out of omnibus, or any one of the multiplying lines of railways.

Mr Levi S. Herrick, Me., while driving a team on Saturday, 30th, fell from the wagon and was run over and so severely injured that he died in a short time.

SMOOTH SAILING

"D" of the Lewiston Journal, tom half an hour's observation of Franklin Pierce in Aug., announced his graveyard in that the will make a very good President." This of course set Scott all aside. Now he has set his helm for smooth sailing on the Cushing question thus:

"A covetous eye has long and anxiously been fixed on that beautiful Hawaiian archipelago. Those who have watched the course of political events very curiously indeed not to have seen what Cushing would be. The present Democratic leadership, which is not only based on the issue. Had it not been so, as overwhelming as its victory is triumphant, the result *already* would have been the same. To use the phrase of Cushing, it is the "manifest destiny." We do not justify, we care to we condemn the project. We speak of one one which we believe is sure to be consummated. Doubtless it will be opposed, in the beginning, but it will be the cheapest in the end. Yes, if Secretary Cushing's way forward offers, then other means will make warning.

Probably not—perhaps some of these "prophets," after some serious reservations which Naboth's vineyard was secured. Naboth returns promptly away"—it was "manifest destiny," so they would "neither justify nor condemn the project."

SOUTHERN TESTIMONY.—While a few northern services are denouncing Uncle Tom's Cabin, candid southerners often testify to its justness. The Georgetown (Ky.) Herald says:

It is at a great impartial statement as the case as regards Slavery, and a great number of the human feelings and passions, growing with heavy force, and influence and power when nature and truth impel.

GEN. Pierce will reside in Portsmouth, N. H., this winter. The reason for this step is understood to be, that the health of his wife is benefitted by the sea air.

We are glad to see this effort to escape the old hands and homesickness, and sincerely hope he may succeed. But what can he do at Washington?

HAYTI.—Rev. W. L. Judd, who has spent several years in Hayti, in a letter to *The Boston Traveller* states that the condition of the people, and the security for life and property among them,

"I hesitate not to say that I believe there has been for the past six years less murder, less robbery, and less insubordination, at Port-au-Prince, than in any city of the same size, and during the same period, in the United States.—During this whole period, and even longer, there has been but one fire in that city of thirty thousand inhabitants! Where can a parallel case be found in the United States? I have traveled in the country at all hours of the day and night, over mountains heights and in valleys low," in lonely forests and small cultivated fields, and always with perfect safety. I have met by the coarsest peasant or the rudest mountaineer. In these journeys I have never been refused a night's lodging at the poorest cabin where I stopped for the purpose of those I stop. And when I called for the bill of fare I am almost universally answered by the expression, "Just what you choose to give."—(*Ce que vous voulez ou ce que vous voulez mon.*)—And, although it is the land of the old buccaneers and where the example of foreigners has exhibited the worst characteristics of Spanish gentlemen and honesty, still from Jacmel to Cape Haytien, I know not of a single cove where a ship may not enter, nor a ship's mouth is fastened, nor a traveler may not pass with safety from robbers.

NEW ORLEANS, 4th.—*From Mexico.*—Dates from the city of Mexico announce that the extra session of Congress commenced 15th of October, and that on the next day it was resolved to impeach the Minister of Justice and Commerce, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs.—Also, that Congress had cleared Gen. the War Department. The city of Mexico is in a state of ferment, and the Government in great fear. Several bitter opposition papers have been started, the law against the press having been repealed.

Two days before Congress met the Minister of War and State authorities and authorized the arrest of all military persons without passports, especially on suspicion of favoring the insurgents. Rebaldo, whose insurrection was still existing, had proclaimed the liberation of Guadalajara and the Vera Cruz, and sent to confer with the Supreme Government concerning the recent insurrection.

A bill was introduced into Congress granting an amnesty to the Vera Cruz insurgents.

Another insurrection was reported at Michoacan. Balbasen is re-appointed Governor of Yucatan.

Gordon Cardenas took his seat as Governor of Tamaulipas on the 1st of October. He will probably find very strong opposition.

A new Treaty has been concluded between the city of Vera Cruz and the Pacific coast, late $115. The line will soon be extended to San Blas.

PHILADELPHIANS.—The New York *Courier* learns from an undoubted source that another Cuban expedition is in a forward state of preparation, and it is represented that the utmost vigilance is required, lest it be taken that the neutrality laws of the United States shall not be violated. All arms and ammunition required have been provided, and are now deposited beyond the bounds of the United States, in depots, known only to a few leading spirits. No arms have been procured in the United States. The men are to leave the Country as immigrants, unarmed, and will sail from Philadelphia.

It is estimated that forty thousand persons, and sixty thousand cattle, have crossed the plains, going to California, this year, and it is said that parts of the route are strewed with human bones.

The great railroad, which was built by American engineers, between St. Petersburg and Moscow, is to be opened in November in double track the whole length. It is substantially built, and the trains run at the rate of 30 miles per hour.

The South Carolina Legislature, previously to dissolving, cast the vote of the State for Pierce and King, and adopted resolutions declaring that in no event will the State go against any approval of, or acquiescence in, the measures known as the "Compromise measures."

LARGE SALE OF HUMAN CATTLE.—The Richmond Examiner of the 24th, says, on Wednesday, the gentleman from Fredericksburgh sold to an Alabama planter one hundred negroes for $45,000.

RUNAWAY NEGROES.—Fifteen negroes belonging to Elias Cheny Esq., of Funkstown, and one to Alexander Mitchell, Esq., living near Hagerstown, ran away to Pennsylvania on Friday night last. A reward of one thousand dollars has been offered for their apprehension.

QUEBEC, Nov. 3, 1852.—The Grand Trunk Railway was finally carried yesterday, the opposition of the Montreal Co. having been withdrawn.

No Cholera cases have occurred during the past 48 hours.

RESIGNATION OF PRESIDENT SPARKS.—We learn from the Boston Post, that President Sparks has resigned the office of President of Harvard University, and that the resignation is to take effect at the close of the present Academic term.

CHOLERA.—The Hamilton (Canada) Gazette on Monday, says that the cholera still prevails in that city. There were three cases on Saturday last in one hour.

Mr. Webster died on Sunday morning, and the news of his death reached Boston at half past 6 o'clock. Hon. Rufus Choate came down the New Orleans *Picayune* issued an "extra," containing over a thousand words, received by telegraph, announcing the sad intelligence.

The Democrats have gained in Massachusetts, about 3000 votes over their vote last year, 2000 of which were given to Mr. Gerry, Charlestown and Cambridge. Out of the cities, the Democrats did not increase their votes.

This increase is Boston and vicinity, was in the Hunker Whigs.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN GERMANY.—A German editor says:

"We must at last part with Mrs. Stowe and her book. We confess that in the whole modern romance literature of Germany, England and France, we know of no novel to be called equal to this. Its succession with this glowing eloquence, that never fails of its purpose, this wonderful truth to nature, the largeness of these ideas, and the artistic faultlessness of the delineation, in this book George Sand, with her *Spiridion* and *Claudie*, appears to us untrue and artificial; Dickens, with his but too faithful pictures from the poorer lifts of England's city; Thackeray, with his sad conscious. It is like a signal warning from the New World to the Old. Its circulation in America and in Europe is immense; in the poorer classes of Germany it has already been dramatized. In recent times a great deal has been said about an intervention of the youthful American Republic in the affairs of Europe. In Germany, the sympathies of such an intellectual intervention are already perceptible."

THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE.—The *Scientific American* has published an engraving of the New York Crystal Palace, accompanied by a description of the same. It is to be built exactly of glass and iron, with the exception of the floor, and is to be in the form of a Greek Cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection, 100 feet in diameter, and rising the height of 14 feet in the centre. The length and breadth of the building, measuring by each diameter of the cross, will be 365 feet, and the walls of each arm of the cross 100 feet. The extent of the building will be 111,000 square feet, and of the galleries 62,000 feet making a total of 273,000 feet in floor area. The entire work is to be completed in season for the opening of the exhibition on the 24 of May, 1853.

The Cayuga Chief says:

"Dreams are governed by circumstances and, oh unpoetic thought—by what a man eats! We can dream of editorial paradise and grumpt (sayin' pattern or of cabinet offices, sheriffs and devils. There are certain rules for having night mares, never known to fail. Also! that the stomach should interfere with the strange vagaries of dream land—Eat cold boiled suppers and hard-cheese, should germinate into legions of wild and fearful goblins to torment. Not long since we came home wish an appetite completely sharpened by a ride, and partaken of a regular attack upon a full platter of cold corned beef and cabbage—and conquered. We then made a foray upon a mince pie until it begged for quarter. But we did not yield. We swam oceans and traveled mountains filled with fearful chasms, with an anchor and chain cable in our stomach, or the next moment that he re a mountain range of pickled oxen, of whole myriads of devils were squirting pepper sauce and tossing cabbage at us with pitch forks. As an old sea horse came towards us with a huge pickled brandy, and a wooden tipped devil attempted to force down our throat a loated beer drinker fried in brimstone, we awoke with a shaver to find ourself with the clothes off, and the bed which said we had slept in, we mistaken, beware of mince pies and cold cabbage. So mote it be."

A DISCOURSE TO AMERICANS.—The Baltimore *Sun* says it is stated that James L. Hodge, Esq., the U. S. Consul at Havana, who figured in conspicuously in the reception of Kossuth in that city, took occasion, on the recent arrival of Louis Napoleon there, to offer him special in course. The New York *Tribune* says "it caused a body of American sailors to be arranged beside the Prince's path, and to greet him with hurrahs; in hung the portraits of Washington and Napoleon together in the Consul's house, and finally he illuminated the windows of his residence in honor of the happy occasion."—Cuba is a country where a traveler may not pass with safety from robbers.

INTERESTING RELICS.—The pulpit in which George Whitfield preached in England, was brought to this country a few days ago, and is now in possession of Mr. Hall, of Cincinnati, in the room of the City Tract Society. It is about six feet high, nearly square at the top, and is a light framework of hard wood, so as to be easily removed from place to place, and then erected in the open air. It is easily put in a compact form by the operation of hinges, and held together by iron hooks.

Mrs. Webster, it is said will remove to New York and take up her residence with her relations.

Four thousand nine hundred dollars was paid by the Commonwealth for slaves executed during the year 1851. As to all but two, the crimes for which they suffered were committed while under the influence of strong drink. The whole route suffers by the foul wrongs committed by Rum.—*N. Y. Era.*

☞ At the recent surrenders Convention at New Jersey, there was such convincing proof against the traffic in the countenances and ragged appearance of many of the audience, that the silent testimonies against the business was overwhelming.

☞ The Grand Division of Eastern New York has just held its annual session in New York City, and has promptly and boldly decided in favor of the Maine Law, as the great desideratum.

☞ Matthew Hale Smith of the rum organ of Boston, says that "great men who turn short corners are very likely to upset in a carriage." No man has more frequently upset in the politics of the slaveholding Cass Mat Hale. We must see him in the dodge of these sudden summersets, if Matthew is to be relied on. Well, if Smith will be only upset in a short corner, who can?—*Watchman.*

Eight murders in New York in one week! We commend the fact to the friends of the rum traffic without comment.

MARRIAGES.

In Boston, 30th ult, by Elder Daniel Mad'ix, Mr. Benjamin F. Hodsdon of Saco, to Miss Harriet A. Davis of Boston.

In this city, 4th inst, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Thomas S. Bishop of Portsmouth, N. H., to Miss Martha Ann of Portland.

In Saco, 31st inst, by Rev. G. C. Strickland, Mr. Lew Tyler to Miss Lydia Ann Lewis, both of Saco.

In Great Falls, Mr. Jacob Smith to Miss Betsey F. Pitch, both of Somersworth.

In Minot, Mr. David S. Whitehouse to Miss Clara M., daughter of Hon. Ira Berry, all of Minot.

In Dover, N. H., 4th ult., by Rev. John H. Jackson, Mr. Charles H. L. Pierce to Lucretia H. Brackett, both of Dover.

In this city, 2nd inst., by Rev. J. S. Eaton, Mr. John Dunn to Miss Ann Maria Wilson.

In this city, 4th inst, by Rev. Mr. Pratt, Mr. Thomas Charles Pike to Miss Ann Elizabeth Sawtelle, both of Portland.

In Gorham, 4th inst., by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Henry L. Joy to Miss Mary Joy, both of Gorham.

In Saco, 1st inst, by Rev. Mr. Slattery Mr Liberty Benson of Biddeford to Miss Mary Ann Bickford of Saco.

In Kennebunk, 30th ult, by Rev. L. H. Wilson, Mr. John Curtis, Jr., of Kennebunkport, to Miss Charlotte Seavey of Kennebunk.

In Lowell, Mass., by Rev. Mr. Barry, Mr Joseph Bush to Miss Abigail Ann Pike.

In Salem, Mass., Mr. Wm. McClellan of Trenton, Me. to Miss Ellen Graham of S.

DEATHS.

In this city, 4th inst, John H., son of Mr. William Steele, aged 10 years.

In this city, 4th inst., Martha Elizabeth, daughter of George H. and Mary M. Shirley, aged 6 years and 9 mons.

In Gorham, 3rd inst., Mrs. Betsey, widow of Samuel Elder, aged 19 months.

In Gorham, 2nd inst., Eliza A., daughter of Elden Warren, aged 11 years and 10 months.

In Gorham, 4th inst., Mr. Josiah Shaw, aged 72.

In Pittsfield, 5th ult., Mr. Ebenezer Hawker, aged 73 years.

In Yarmouth Sept. 26th, Maj. Josiah Libby, formerly of Wales, aged 76 years and 6 mons.

In Wells, 2nd inst., Mrs. Betsey H., wife of Abel H. Jellison, aged 30 years.

In South Berwick, 26th ult., Eben Hussey, a member of the Society of Friends, aged 84.

In Kittery, Colony, son of the late Capt. Solomon Williams, aged 19 years.

In East Boston, 1st inst., Mrs. Pamelia D., wife of Mr A. B. Converse, aged 31.

In Orrs, 2nd inst., of consumption, Mr. Nathaniel Perley, aged 41 years.

In South Berwick, 2nd inst., Louisa G., wife of Elder W. D. Johnson.

In wakefield, N. H., Miss Eunice Chick, in the 73 year of her age.

In Kirkland, 2d ult., Mrs. Mary Mann, widow of Amos Mann, aged 70 years.

In Hartford, 18th ult., Mr. Joseph Moore, aged 31 years.

In Sagadewhic, 15th ult., Mrs Hannah Walker, aged 67 years.

Consumption can be Cured!

LET WHO WILL SAY TO THE CONTRARY.

PORTLAND, Sept. 4th, 1851

DR. SCOVILLE—Sir:—I have always heard that when profuse NIGHT SWEATS come on, and the flesh of the legs begin to puff up, that the case of the CONSUMPTIVE is HOPELESS. But it is not so. Such was my condition when I began taking your SYRUP OF LIVERWORT, TAR AND CANDRAKE, in April last, after having been confined to my bed for two months! My Physician had said he could do nothing for me, and I had no hopes, and my own were very faint. But in two days there was a marked change. In less than two weeks my Cough became quite loose; my Lungs seemed as if a mountain had been removed from them, and I could sleep without being propped up with pillows as before. Soon my appetite began to come back to me, and with it strength. I need not here trace the cure through all its stages. It is sufficient to say that it has proved a CURE complete, thorough and permanent. I have had no return of the disease, with proper care, anticipate none. You are at liberty to publish this letter. In haste, yours, &c., JOB LIBBEY.

For sale, wholesale and retail by A. L. SCOVILL & CO., at their Medical Depot, GOTHIC HALL, No. 216 Broadway, New York to whom all orders for the medicine, and inquiries relative to agencies, should be addressed, post paid.

Also, for sale in PORTLAND by H. H. HAY, 11 Market Square; SAMUEL THURSTON, 598 Congress St.; Greene St., and by

JOSEPH HALL, LYNDON, Androscoggin Co., Me.

1 PILL is large bottles, $1; or six bottles for $5.

New York, Dec. 15, 1851.

Ladies, Read this!

WEAKNESS OF THE LIMBS AND GENERAL DEBILITY CURED BY USING THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

BOSTON, February 13, 1850.

MESSRS. SWEETSER & REED,

During the winter of 1848-9, Mrs. Pillsbury suffered much from palpitation of the heart, weakness in the limbs and general debility. She consulted many physicians in the city, without obtaining relief. On return of summer, she left home to visit her friend, with the hope of recovering her health; but neither the change of air, nor the minutest advice she obtained while absent, gave her relief, and she returned almost as absence of three months without relief, and almost without hope. At this period, she was advised to use the Oxygenated Bitters, and obtained a bottle from you. Before using it, she could walk a few minutes without fainting and palpitation. After using the Bitters a week, she walked from the Chelsea Ferry to Henry Pelles' store, on Washington Street, and back again, without inconvenience. She has used three bottles, and has no hesitation in saying it is the only medicine that has afforded her relief.

Respectfully, JOHN STILES,
5 Brattle Street.

REED, AUSTIN & CO., Wholesale Druggists No. 28, Merchants' Row, Boston, General Agents.

☞ Pulmonic Wafers, for Coughs, Colds, &c., are prepared here all it at $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.

INQUIRER MARINE LIST.

PORT OF PORTLAND.

TUESDAY, NOV. 2.

ARRIVED.

Sch J R Jewett, Baker, New York.
Sch Brainard, Sawyer, Bceriffer Boston.

CLEARED.

Barque Emma F. Chase, Chase, Mobile, by Yexton & Hale—Brig Mary, Sawyer, Boston; Elida, Lane, Philadelphia.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 3.

ARRIVED.

Barque Maria Hersey, Davis, Bonaire
Brig Marblehead, Chandler, New York
Brig Ann, Nickerson, from Prince Edward's Island.

CLEARED.

Schs H Louis Orne, Orne, Apalachicola, NG, by Jas C Churchill; Mariner, (Br) Sanford, Walton.

THURSDAY, Nov. 4.

ARRIVED.

Br sch Vine, Clements, Inagua Bahama Islands.
Sch Lodiskin, Hutchinson, Baltimore.
Sch Chipman, Poor, Norfolk.
Sch Citizen, Wallace, Boston.
Sch John, Little, Kennebunk, for Nicklas.
Ard, barque Manpolo, Haskell, (not the Maria Hersey, Davis) Bonaire, (Br) Stanley.

CLEARED.

Schs Susan, Graffam, New York; Alice, Hallet, Boston.

FRIDAY, Nov. 5.

ARRIVED.

Barque Octavia, Wheeler, Matanzas, 22d ult.
Sch Henry Franklin, South, New York.
Sch E B Herrick, Hamilton, New York.
Sch Eilen Dyer, Kelley, Boston.

SATURDAY, Nov. 6.

ARRIVED.

Barque Chilton, Pennell, Mariel, 18th ult.
Brig Cora Stewart, Bishop, Philadelphia.
Brig Ohio, Jordan, Boston.
Br sch Seaman, Ayer, Comber and, NS, grindstones.

Schs Jane, (Br) Smith, Manada, NS; Hope, Hutchinson, Boston.

MONDAY, Nov. 8.

ARRIVED.

Brig Frances Ellen, Illsley, Sierra Morena via Havana, 20th ult.
Brig Susan Soule, Haven, Cardenas, 19th ult.
Brig Lucetia, Higgins, Havana 22d ult.
Br sch Neptune, Moore, Maitland
Br sch Rival, Dowson, Windsor, plaster.
Sch Ann Eliza Scotia, Coffin, Cornwallis, wood & potatoes.
Sch Increase, Arey, New York.
Sch Manola, Mitchell, Pembroke for Salem.
Sch Conway, Crosby, Bangor for Marblehead.

CLEARED.

Ships Abby Blanchard, (new) of Yarmouth, 708 42 95tns
Jno. Bircard Harding, New Orleans, by Mitchell, Blanchard & Co.
Barque Ann Elizabeth, Dow, Boston, do; L & W S Bunker.
China, (new) of Portland, 725 76-95tns tons) Andrew Cole.
Barques Rosamond, David Kennedy, Cardenas; Columbia, Randall, Matanzas, William W. Wendell.—Schs Ann Eliza, Crowell, Cienfuegos Esther Foster, Jos Saville; Vine, Br) Cancela, Yumouth, NS; Betty, Little, Boston; Eliza Stimpson, Ayer, do.
SAILED, wind N W, ships China, Abby Blanchard, Wilkins.

DISASTERS.

Brig Alcanes, formerly of Hampwell, at New York leaky now lies from Fort Lavaca.
Brig Pennsylvania, from Pensacola for Boston, before reported dismasted in Gulf Mex, was fallen in with dismasted in lat 31, 86. She requires new masts and sheet and cordage throughout.
Sch Ida, from Bangor, of Bath, which was stranded near Sugarloaf river and was abandoned, has been got off, and arrived at Newport, New Orleans, by Mr Washington for Boston underwriters. She will put in dock for repairs and is expected to proceed on her voyage in a few days.
Bt in Chelsea, from New Orleans for Liverpool put back 25th ult, leaky and dismasted.
Ship Trenton, of Boston Rich, which sld from Genoa, abandoned, and was fallen in with by Brig Lucretia 18th, in distress, and was sent to repair.
Brig Lothrop, Bentley, from Boston, and Sept 15, for Boston, at Cienfuegos, 29 ult, reports that Sept 9 off Cape Cod Commodore and will be a 2-mast lose, and reached Bermuda, 18th, in distress, and was sent to Boston.
Brig Arcline, Stetson, of and for Boston, ready for sea, at Cienfuegos 29 ult, reports that on the night of Sept 9 off Cape Cod, storm of 27th ult, was run down by steamer Kossuth, bows of the Cutting Wm Lawrence, Capt Jos Jones Lind.; The Cutting was towed to Boston by the steamer Kossuth, and lost her cabin, stern and quarter stove, and would have to discharge to repair.
Brig Ann Eliza, Crowell, from Cienfuegos for Sourin, PEI, reports that schs Three Sisters, of Castine, and Edward, of Portland, were ashore on Sable Island, Sept 9, the latter had sold for $500, and Sproul, of Portland, sold for $200.
A telegraphic despatch from Cherrydale received in this city yesterday morning, states that Br sch Defiance, Dickson, from New Orleans, was ashore at Boston, and place and given crew saved.
Brig Chilmark, which was ashore about ten miles outside the harbor Cienfuegos days broke adrift in the gale of 9th ult, and went ashore on Shoals Key, from where she is beyond the reach of any probable assistance. Her cargo has been in Cedar Keys in lighters. Vessel and cargo unins jured.
Brig Joseph, at Galveston from Rockland, took the gale of Sept 30, in lat 30 1-3, but boat, bed bulwarks stove rails split, &c.

NEW BOOKSTORE.

WM. BARTLETT JR.,
No. 2 Harlow's Block, East Market Sq're,
BANGOR.
Bookseller, Stationer,
AND
AGENTS FOR PERIODICALS & NEWSPAPERS.

☞ Any article on hand will be immediately ordered and promptly furnished. Nov. 10—tf.

LECTURES ON MAN.

O. S. FOWLER,
Of New York, commences a course of Lectures on
Phrenology and Physiology
And their application to Health, Self-protection, Intellectual Culture, Splendid Children Temperance, Religion, Matrimony, Human Improvements, &c., at the
City Hall, Friday Eve., Nov. 5th,
At 7 o'clock, and continues fifteen successive evenings. First two free. Tickets 12 1-2 cents; for the course 75 cents. Men and Women, Boys and Girls, Ministers and Students every one should hear. Tickets very cheap.
Professional Delineations of character with charts and full written opinions, daily, at the United States Hotel.

AGENTS WANTED.

TO CIRCULATE
In every Town and County in the U. States,
A Complete History of
Napoleon Bonaparte,
FROM HIS BIRTH
ON THE ISLAND OF CORSICA,
TO HIS DEATH AT SAINT HELENA.

EDITED BY R. H. HORNE.

CONTAINING 900 ROYAL OCTAVO PAGES,
AND ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER
THREE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS,
FROM DESIGNS BY
RAFFET AND HORACE VERNET.

The publishers confidently believe that this work presents a full and impartial History of Napoleon, which will be found superior to all others. Such a book seems to be called for at this present time particularly as so many inquiries have been made for a work based on recently issued, which if they may be based on evidence, speech is made, and consequently it is stated that it is to render it unsafe to credit their accounts as matters of history.

A copy of the above work will be forwarded to any part of the United States, free of charge, on the receipt of Three Dollars.

A. C. GOODMAN & CO.,
BOOK PUBLISHERS
AND COMMISSION PAPER MERCHANTS,
117 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

MR. J. JAYSON of the above firm will be at the Bookstore of Messrs. Sanborn & Carter, Portland, on Tuesday and Wednesday the 9th and 10th inst. to receive applications for agencies.

Nov. 4. 6w

THE GLOBE:
The Official Paper of Congress.

Congress has available the Globe as the organ of Communication with the Country. It gives the proceedings and debates of Congress, the Messages of the Executive and Annual Reports, with complete the proceedings of Congress received by Express, and transmitted by the Mail, at the unusually low rate of postage. At the late session of Congress the following Land Bounties were passed:

LAND BOUNTIES FOR LABOR.

The Laws of Congress and the Decisions of the Land Office, which are published in the Globe, are the only authentic publication of the laws of Congress and the decisions emanating to the Department of the Interior. The Globe is the medium between the representative and constituent bodies:

It is a complete, fair, and impartial record of Congressional Debates. A *Digest of Congressional Debates*, that is one and after the Congress and Appendix, which contain the laws and the debates therein, will be published through the session, without cost to the delivery, all of the business of the Congress, and the results of the times for its discussion, and accession thereto with a view to the interest of the people, and generally the whole month, which, without cost to the delivery, all that is said and done by the members of Congress, and the results of the session, and the results of the session, and the people.

The Globe, with the Appendix, will be published during the ensuing session, and will be sent to the subscribers, and to the people. Every one who will subscribe, pay in advance, and send the money, will be entitled to receive the Globe and Appendix, and will receive the Globe and Appendix, and will receive the Globe and Appendix, and will

The Farmer.

From the Farmer and Artizan.

A New Method of Raising Corn.

Mr. Editor: A neighbor of mine having a piece of great ground, (mostly bound out, as we farmers say, of about six acres, low, wettish heavy land, he took his team last spring and commenced plowing; for the purpose of raising corn—began upon the North end and made his first furrow, he then drove back upon the opposite side of the furrow, turning another, so that the edges of the two were six inches apart; he then went off, continued through his piece, plowing after the same fashion, as he informed me, about three acres in a day. Before plowing, he spread on the usual quantity of long manure which was mostly turned under with the sod. As fast as he made his rows with the plow, another "gang" follows and places about one half of a shovelful of old manure in the space between the furrows on the unbroken surface of the hills, the seed is dropped and the dirt from the bottom and top of the furrows drawn over it. The corn sprang up immediately and grew fast, its roots extending under the turf upon the grass—and when the drought this season came on with the exception of about ten days, when it appeared to come to a stand still, but soon recruited.—The present month he harvested as he judged about two hundred and fifty bushels of good merchantable corn, which is a crop of pumpkings from the six acres. Now is this not the best method and cheapest, for those who have such land, to adopt? The ground requires but once hoeing to free it from weeds. I think this method of raising of trash, low land will seldom produce corn planted in the usual way. The rows of corn when growing being so much more elevated than usual look finely and will not fail to attract the attention of the passeby. This system struck me so favorably that I deemed a description of it worthy a space in your columns. J. M.

Winthrop, Oct. 18th, 1852.

From the Farmer and Artizan.

NEW VARIETY OF PEAS.

The Editor of the Gospel Banner speaks in high terms of a variety of Peas that he obtained in England during his visit at the world's fair. From his description, we are not able to resist the conviction that they are the same kind that has been raised in this vicinity for several years past. Messrs. Sawyers of Cape Elizabeth obtained about a peck of these peas last spring from a friend in Roxbury Mass. From the product of this peck of seed, they sold in this market over thirty barrels of green peas, and on the same ground where these peas grew they raised over three tons of pumpkins, and the quantity and quality of garden vegetables raised by several of the market gardeners around this city that will exceed anything that has heretofore been seen in Maine.—There are several persons in this city recently commenced the cultivation of market gardens and have furnished our citizens with large quantities of vegetables of superior quality to any that has been brought here from Boston. The prices paid for these articles were such as to afford an ample remuneration for the labor and expense of their cultivation.—The indications now are, that in a very few years this city will be fully supplied with vegetables and fruits from its gardens in this vicinity, and be enabled to sever another of the cords that bind us to the "Bay State."

From the Farmer and Artizan

PRUNING AND PROTECTING GRAPEVINES.

The first and principle pruning of grapevines should be done in the fall after vegetation ceases, and not until the second year of their growth. Two shoots should be selected for bearing and generally those lowest down are most favorable for that purpose. These shoots should be shortened to the fifth or sixth eye from the root, and all others entirely removed. As soon as the buds have started the next spring, if there should be any, if suffered to grow that would interfere with the bearing branches, they should be rubbed off. All suckers that may start up should be carefully removed. "The third year bearing should be the result of careful examination of the vine, and the wall or trellice you intend to have it cover. If these be just in proportion to each other, your vine will only need to have dead or diseased branches removed. As to the protection of vines in the winter Dr. Holmes in the Maine Farmer says "cover them with a box made of boards," while some correspondents of that paper think that this mode of covering will injure them, by excluding the air. We have several prolific vines which we train against the side of the house, and the only protection we have given them is to keep them covered as deep as we can with snow until it is all gone in the spring. This is the natural covering that *Providence* designed for the protection of the roots of plants in this climate. It may not, however, answer in all cases; and where it is not sufficient we have found it a cheap and easy to, fastening a mat around the stock and covering the roots a foot or more with well rotted manure is as convenient and effectual as any way we know of.

To Preserve Fresh.—A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser says:

"We have had the luxury of having fresh grapes all through the winter; and have found them very useful and refreshing to the sick, especially to consumptive people. We pick ones to appear on the table as long as we can and save them from the frost; gathering them when they are perfectly dry, say in the middle of a sunny day. We take a dry box—a common candle box is very convenient for the purpose—and put enough the bottom with cotton batting. We then put down a layer of grapes, one cluster after another, as closely as they can lie. Care should be taken that no broken or green ones are in the clusters. If there are, they will cause others to mould and decay. We then put down another layer of cotton batting, and then another layer of grapes, until the box is full. The box should be placed in the dryest and coolest place you have in the house."

Winter Protection of Plants.

Br. Drew of the Gospel Banner says:

"The best thing that we have ever found for winter protection of shrubs and plants, is hemlock, cedar, fir or spruce boughs, laid down them. There is a sort of spirit in them that tempers the severity of the cold: hence rabbits, &c. always get under them in the woods, for warm sleeping-places."

We were once of the same opinion and protected some plants from the severity of a cold winter by them covering them. In the spring, when the covering was removed, we found that we had constructed some fine warm houses for field mice, and they had not failed to occupy them; and as is very well known they are, like some other *animals* in this world, destitute of conscience or gratitude and repaid our kindness by making an incision into the tender bark of many plants and shrubs that were the highest priority. Since then we have been very cautious and whenever we have used evergreen boughs for covering plants, have shoveled on dirt enough to prevent the mice from getting under them.

No honest pursuit, however humble

From the Farmer and Artizan.

Liquid Manures.

Mr. Seavey:—It cannot be for the farmer's interest to expend very large sums of money for manures and other manures must be taken to save those liquid portions of his barn yard manures, which are too often left to escape unnetized. All the fertilizers that may be found on the premises should be collected and appropriated to use before we think of buying guano, patent manures, or any other highly recommended mineral substances to be found in almost every market. I would by no means undervalue the above named manures, for they are doubtless possessed of many highly fertilizing properties, which should gain for them the good will of every farmer: but as I intimated above, no farmer can well afford to purchase them while he neglects to save the mine of his own. It is no worse for the farmer to loose money from his pocket, than to loose any portion of the manure which he makes on his farm. Wherever we apply fertilizers, or any of manure to our lands, we find ourselves amply compensated by abundant harvests for a succession of years. When we come to gather our grass crop, we like to have, as old farmer Dimon used to say, "a plenty lot of pitching to do"—in fact we want to cut two tons of hay per acre, and as much more as our land will produce. But how long will it take to bring our farms to a fit condition to produce these excedingly heavy crops of grass, regardless of our best interests, as to permit all our liquid manures to be wasted? It is, perhaps, evident to all, that the richer any substance is in manure, the sooner it will begin to rheumatize and lose its strength. Fire will, in the summer, if placed in a favorable situation, be in a high state of fermentation in thirty-six hours. This fact alone proves it to be a very valuable fertilizer. It has been said by good authority, that the fourteen load of other good make six loads of solid manure, the liquid would saturate seven loads of loam, rendering it equal in value. This fact should stimulate every farmer to save all the liquid manures that his stock makes. A. FARMER.

From the Farmer and Artizan.

Potatoes.

Mr. Editor:—In the season of 1850, we planted our potatoes on a piece of rich stubble ground, and the result was, we received a recompense for our toil a very generous yield of sound rotten potatoes. In the season of '51, we planted on a piece of rather poor green-sward, broken up the fall before and as we expected, obtained rather a small crop of perfectly sound potatoes. Last spring we measured one acre of grass ground, on which we spread thirteen loads (about nine cords,) of old barn-yard manure, and immediately ploughed it in. We planted our potatoes about the 10th of May. After hoeing we dropped upon each hilla liberal quantity of plaster. These potatoes were harvested the third week in September, and we had a good crop. They were of good size, and of excellent quality.

For the Farmer and Artizan

POOR YOKES.—Have we no more regard for the comfort and health of the patient ox, then to subject him to the inconvenience of performing labor while his neck is completely bound with that narrow contracted yoke, and that ill-contrived yoke? If we are able to own oxen, we are also able to furnish them with suitable gear to work it. Many valuable young cattle are spoiled wholly because the yoke is too narrow for comfort or neglect, to procure a good yoke. Every one does not understand the art of yoke-making; but, one dollar will buy one, so we have no excuse for using poor ones. * *

Minerals, Plants.

Two family incidents show great results from little causes. Baron Cuvier, when a very little boy, was encouraged by his mother in collecting and delineating objects of nature—the study of minerals, plants, &c., aided by drawing. Two shows these researches and discoveries made by this great man, he often referred to this material incident, as one of the happiest circumstances of his life, furnishing good reason to believe that the vast services rendered to mankind by the world by this great naturalist and good man, are to be traced to the judicious treatment of one mother to a little son.

About twenty years since a little boy, in Western New York, entered with great energy into the collection of mineral and other objects of nature. His parents soon coming to the conclusion that it was not safe to repress his spirit and his efforts, allotted to him a room, and shelves for storing and arranging his collections. Subsequent events encouraged this young explorer of nature's riches. His ardor and his intelligence pointed him out at the age of sixteen, for an assistant engineer on an important railroad route. His ardor, his energy, and his ability the work assigned him, in this responsible undertaking, he was, in a short time, selected as the principal for surveying one branch of the general route. At the age of seventeen he was employed as an assistant geologist for the State of New York. When that great work was completed, he was elected to a professor's chair in a very extensive female Seminary in Albany.

After holding a chair for several years, he resigned it for a visit to Germany, where he spent two years with Liebig, renowned for his researches and discoveries in animal and vegetable Chemistry. On his return from Europe he was appointed to a professor's chair in the Lawrence School of Science, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He now holds, at the age of thirty-two, this important place in an institution designed to advance, in scientific investigation, the graduates of colleges and universities. He is Professor Horsford, son of Hon. Jeremiah Horsford, now of the New York delegation in Congress. It adds to the credit of this young and promising Professor, that during his whole course, his support came from his own efforts.—*Ex. Paper.*

Coach Body Varnish.

Pale gum copal 8 lbs., clarified oil 2 gallons, dried sugar of lead 1-2 lb.; boil gently for four hours and a half, or till quite stringy; cool a little, then add oil of turpentine 3 1-2 gallons, and one half ounce of litharge; then put down another layer of cotton batting, and then another layer of grapes, until the box is full. The box should be placed in the dryest and coolest place you have in the house."

Winter Protection of Plants.

Br. Drew of the Gospel Banner says:

"The best thing that we have ever found for winter protection of shrubs and plants, is hemlock, cedar, fir or spruce boughs, laid down them. There is a sort of spirit in them that tempers the severity of the cold: hence rabbits, &c. always get under them in the woods, for warm sleeping-places."

We were once of the same opinion and protected some plants from the severity of a cold winter by them covering them. In the spring, when the covering was removed, we found that we had constructed some fine warm houses for field mice, and they had not failed to occupy them; and as is very well known they are, like some other *animals* in this world, destitute of conscience or gratitude and repaid our kindness by making an incision into the tender bark of many plants and shrubs that were the highest priority. Since then we have been very cautious and whenever we have used evergreen boughs for covering plants, have shoveled on dirt enough to prevent the mice from getting under them.

No honest pursuit, however humble

THE CLAIMS OF UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

It is not uncommon for those who have never reflected upon the subject to consider it unjust, under any circumstances, to tax the property of one man to educate the children of others, which are ever ready to inquire, "What interest is it to me whether the children of others are educated or not?" True, the whole subject has been thoroughly discussed, and its bearings clearly shown pro and against; yet there are still found, in almost every community, some whose minds remain unenlightened. To such it is therefore necessary to present new and popular arguments which have led thousands of others who once thought as they now do, to believe that a liberal provision for free education is the cheapest and best insurance which can be effected upon property and the surest guaranty for the safety of property, reputation and life. Among these are the following:

The statistics of *crime* informs us that nineteen of all the criminals confined in jails and penitentiaries are totally ignorant as well in regard to science and knowledge in general, as in respect to morals and religion. Had they been properly educated in childhood and youth, instead of preying upon its best interests, they might have contributed to the improvement of society, or honored its highest stations.

If proper inquiry be made, a large proportion of the *paupers* throughout all the expense, will be found to belong to the pauper class, and to have been brought to their present condition by their want of the intelligence necessary to enable any one to manage business for himself. A good common school education would have saved them from becoming burdens upon society, and enabled them, beside maintaining themselves respectably, to bear their share of those burdens which are unavoidable by human foresight or sagacity.

Could the statistics of *intemperance* be fully ascertained, it would be found that the great majority of those who have ruined themselves and begged their bread, have been intemperate drinking men, by the neglect of the culture of their minds, been rendered unable to enjoy any other than sensual pleasures. Does not every observing person know that those who frequent the grog-shop are not generally the intelligent?

It can be shown that more than one half *the sickness* in our country is the result of ignorance, of a want of that acquaintance with the laws of health which might easily be obtained, and that, consequently more than one half of the expense occasioned by illness, and the loss of time, labor, etc., attendant upon it, might be saved if the whole community were properly educated.

It is well known that a large proportion of the *litigation* in this country arises from the inability (or the indisposition occasioned by a want of facility in doing it properly) to keep a proper record of business transactions. Let every young person be made familiar with arithmetic and the elements of book-keeping, and taught to keep an accurate account of his dealings with others, and one-half or two-thirds of all the petty law-suits which are constantly disturbing the peace of neighborhoods would never arise.

It can be demonstrated that those who are respectably educated can *earn* for themselves, or others, from twenty-five to fifty or one hundred per cent more than those without education; and it is equally demonstrable that where physical labor and manual skill are mainly concerned; to say nothing of other occupations, where mental culture and a profound acquaintance with science are required. Every thinking man knows that it is far cheaper to employ an intelligent, than to employ an ignorant, stupid one, who needs an overseer to prevent him from slighting his work or destroying the material on which he operates. It costs no more to board a good workman than a poor one.

It can be proved by the best of testimony that without that intelligence and virtue which it is the aim of the friends of universal education to secure, we are as human agency is concerned, to every youth in the land, a *Republican government* and our free institutions can not be perpetuated.

It can be shown with equal clearness, that without general intelligence and virtue, despotism will prevail; since, without it, religion is ever in danger of degenerating into superstition or fanaticism.

The facts establishing these conclusions may not be familiar to all, but they have been frequently published in the reports of school officers and those in charge of alms houses, prisons, and other public institutions; and both the truths and the facts which sustain them are familiar, to all who have sought for such information, as household words.—*Ohio Journal of Education.*

FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.

The following story told of Franklin's mode of treating the animal called in those days "the lounger," we introduce, not without occasionally, even in this age and generation:—

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stopped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, &c., and finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shop boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounger, "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed: one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounger asked,—

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

The shop boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin, that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, where the lounger, with book in hand addressed him thus:—

"Mr. Franklin what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked only a dollar.

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then, than to have been taken up from my office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley he of his own making said,—

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then than a dollar and half now!"

The lounger paid down the price, and went about his business,—if he had any,—and Franklin returned into the printing office.

An immense pendulum, hung within Bunker Hill Monument, has led to the knowledge of a variety of interesting facts. Among them is one which we see given on the authority of Professor Pierce of Harvard College, that at the Monument swings backwards and forwards like a pendulum, every day!—By an apparatus, which it is unnecessary to describe, it has been ascertained that there is a very slight but perceptible movement in the swinging to the westward, at noon in the morning, and in the evening to the east. It is caused by the unequal expansion of the sides of the Monument by the heat of the sun. When the sun shines it is but a shower and gradually cooling one side, also produces a movement.

When we see a man coming out of a drunk-

The Congregational Convention on the Maine Law.

The following most interesting, and we may say *cheering* letter, was written for the Maine Law Advocate.

ALBANY, Oct. 7, 1852.

MR. EDITOR.—Many of your readers are aware that a general Convention of Congregational Ministers, and of delegates from their churches, is in session in this city, during the present week. Both in point of number and character, this is one of the most imposing ecclesiastical assemblies ever convened in this country. That portion of this influential body of Christians which belongs to New England, is very fully represented, while its one thousand churches out of New England have sent their delegates from each of the Middle States, from each of the Western States, and even from Canada and Oregon. A very large portion of older and more conservative, as well as of the most distinguished and influential men in the denomination are here. It is an assembly whose discussions will necessarily have great weight with the community, and almost the authority of law with the churches it represents.

A little incident has occurred in the Convention, which has a special interest for temperance men. Just at the close of a protracted and very fatiguing session, the Rev. Dr. Marsh, of the American Temperance Union, rose, and offered a preamble and resolution, strongly approving the Maine Law, and earnestly requesting all Congregational ministers and churches to "stand forth prominently in favor of this legislation."—According to a rule which had been adopted by the Convention, all resolutions were to be referred to the Business Committee, and accordingly Dr. Marsh moved that it be so referred. Meanwhile, however, during the reading of the resolution, the entire appearance of the assembly had changed. The weary looks of fatigue, which had been on almost every countenance, were all gone, and the dullest of the dull, from fifty voices. "It cannot be done," said the Chairman; "the rules require the reference to the Committee." "Move the rules be suspended, and the resolution be acted upon at once." Will you suspend the rules?" "Aye," came like a thunder-clap from the great assembly.—"Those opposed, say 'No.'" No one replied, and for a minute you could hear the drop of the "Question is now on the adoption of the resolution; those in favor of its adoption, will say Aye." Mr. Editor—I wish you could have heard that "Aye." It seemed like the voice of doom. It was the deep, strong, determined utterance of men, deeply in earnest. That "Aye" was swelled up by the voice of every member of that truly august body. There was no privilege of the minority, no "Mr. Speaker, I rise to ask the indulgence of the House." Every man was in the full vigor of their prime, vied with each other in throwing into that response, all the energy, the determination, the fire of their souls. The building fairly shook with it, and it the intense feeling elicited could be fully found in expression; I believe we should have cried with one voice, "May God bless and prosper the Maine Law."

I have said that this glorious "Aye" sounded on the ears of many, like the voice of doom—like those of the still, the bar, and the dram-shop. It did so literally; not especially on account of the influence which these particular men, or the body of Christians they represent, may very, even very considerably, add to or take on indication of the strong hold which the Maine Law has gained upon the confidence of the leading minds in the community.—Here were two large masses of men, not of calm and even phlegmatic temperament; men who pride themselves on their conservatism; men, indeed, who are conservative even to a fault; men from all parts of the North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, representing all shades of opinion among Christian men. The Law is hardly two years of age; is an entire innovation upon all previous legislation on that subject; is a whole century in advance of any thing which had been dreamt when Neal Dow first turned up the furrows to light. And yet, so reasonable are its principles, so just are its provisions, so perfect its practical operation, that the strongest, the coolest, the noblest minds in the community, are fully prepared to stand up in its defence and to be most enthusiastically engaged in its support.

* * * * * * *

"Assembled, as we are, from various and distant portions of our great Republic, and deeply interested in whatever promotes the morality, the order, the peace and prosperity of our country,

"We, the members of this Convention, feel it a privilege and a duty to unite in the following resolution.

"*Resolved*, That the recent adoption by three states of our territory, and in one the favorable action of a law which suppresses and roots out the traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage, called the Maine Law, is, in our opinion, an event in the good providence of God, which calls for the gratitude of all who love their country and their race; and that all Congregational ministers and churches be earnestly called on to stand forth prominently in favor of this legislation in their respective states and territories, and continually to make supplication to Almighty God, that the good work of redemption, from one of the most destructive and desolating evils with which we are afflicted, so happily commenced, may speedily be perfected throughout our country, and throughout the world." PUTNAM.

☞ A man named Thomas Jefferson White, a resident of Mechanicsburgh, in this county, died on Saturday last evening in this city. He was about thirty-five years of age, and a tailor by trade.—*Journal.*

Another victim of the accursed Liquor traffic. We understand that this man had been intoxicated all day, and when found had in his possession a bottle of whiskey, furnished very freely to aid some of the very many whiskey candidates who were running for office on the day of the election. When are such scenes to have an end? When Whigs and Democrats shall more of the welfare and lives of their fellow men than of the triumph of their party, and not before.—We saw more men intoxicated on election day than we have seen before in twelve months, whiskey was free that day.—*Indiana Temperance Chart.*

☞ Neither the *time*, nor the *place* of the birth of the late Duke of Wellington, the hero of Waterloo, is known. Some say he was born in *May*, others that he was baptised, according to records, in *April*. He celebrated his birth day on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, in June. There is no probability in the presumption that both events occurred on the same day of the month.

To succeed a man, especially a young one, should have inward firmness, steadiness, and integrity, with exterior modesty and seeming diffidence. He must modesty but resolutely assert his own rights and privileges. He should have an apparent frankness and openness, but within question and

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