PORTLAND INQUIRER.

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

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Do Your Best.

BY MRS. E. S. KAMES.

Yes! do your best in every resume
For living good deeds;
Strive with a strong and earnest hope
To commit your kind.
Try every gain and honest plan,
Perhaps you may succeed
And find that winning follows work
Sufficient for your need.

Do your best—try yet again
With brave inspiring heart;
Among life's moral squadrons,
Though the rout, do your part.
Secure the road you mean to take,
Then part you mean to play,
And firmly be an honest one;
Work steadfast on your way.

Oh! do your best! from morn till noon,
From youth till age's night;
Life have its triumphs and its cares,
Its human wrongs to right.
And things you may not do at once
All that you must desire,
You've toil'd to long to lose your gains;
Be patient—do not fire.

But do your best! fear not, nor fail,
Your outward path is plain;
And time you know can wonders work,
The white your's green.
Then where there's labor for your hand;
Shrink not, but stand the test;
A full success shall crown the work
For which you've done the best.

(From Arthur's Home Gazette.

MOTHER'S RULE.

BY COUSIN ALICE.

"Why, Lily—my dear child, what is the matter with you? I should think you were anticipating some punishment instead of a pleasant afternoon's visit from an old friend."

"Indeed, mamma," said the little girl, "I had as soon be punished. I don't like Katy Leland, and I wish her visit was over."

Mrs Rice looked at her daughter in some surprise. She was dressed to receive the expected visitor, who was to come with her mamma for a quiet, social afternoon. Her neat mousseline frock and black silk apron would have made her look very nicely, had not the pouting brown that contracted her forehead. She had her largest doll in her arms—a beautiful child it seemed like almost as large as her little mistress. The doll was a christmas present, and only brought out on great occasions. But Lily did not seem to enjoy it all.

"How can you say you do not like Katy Leland?" Mrs Rice asked, after a little pause. "I thought you were very good friends when you visited them in Rockdale, summer before last; you played under the trees, and walked in the woods, and had as much ten-set—don't you recollect? I thought you would like very much to meet her again, and urged Mrs. Leland to bring her."

"Why, we quarrelled a great deal—didn't you know that, mamma? Katy wanted to have my baby her own way, and I liked my own plans. Mrs. Leland said it was because we were both only children, and had never been obliged to give up. I'm glad I'm not an only child now;" and Lily, who was really a sweet little girl, looked affectionately towards the cradle in which her baby brother was sleeping.

"Then perhaps it was as much your fault as Katy's that you did not agree. You may both of you been selfish. I remember some of those disputes, and that was quite of them—and I'm not mistaken, they were always about some trifle.

"But it made us not like each other, mamma: and so I'm sorry she's coming. I know I used to be selfish, my mother said, I am now, but I do try very hard not to be. I'm sure she hates me, and then we shall never be friends."

"Hush! What a word for a little girl to use? I think you must have forgotten the text your father gave you this morning at prayers:—*Love one another as I have loved you; hereby shall all men know that ye are my disciples.* Do not in your heart hate any one, I hope; and you should be run in to bed, if not for good of saying such words. You don't quite mean. *Exaggerating* we call it. But, as for your little visitor, it may be she has improved as well as you, in two years; though she has no little brother given to her; and I hope she will be pleased with the little girl, who had left the window and came to her mother's side. "If you make up your mind not to like Katy, however, I have no doubt but the visit will be as uncomfortable as you please; we can usually do what we determine on, I think."

"But how can I help it, mamma?—the feelings is here"—

"Then I would send it away as quickly as possible," interrupted Mrs. Rice. "My rule is *always to treat every one as if they loved me*, and you may be very sure that is the best way to get them to do so. Besides, I do not have the uncomfortable feeling in my own heart of dislike and suspicion, which always makes matters worse. Now I should advise you to meet Miss Katy as if you expected and hoped she would like you, and if she is at all a pleasant child, you will soon forget your past disagreements."

"You would not have me deceitful, mother and pretend to like her when I do not."

"No—I would have you give up the dislike altogether. If you find she has disagreeable ways, it can be easily arranged that you shall not often meet. But if as I suspect—she is a very nice little girl—you may have gained a very pleasant friend by her mother's removal to Philadelphia."

Lily sat very quietly for a very few minutes thinking over what her mother had said. She knew it must be right, for it was a very hard rule to lay upon, where she and mode up her mind not to like the expected visitor. Such prejudices do very often end in serious disagreements, when it is begun in much older and wiser people than Lily Rice.

Presently, her mother, who was writing to Lily's absent papa, sent the little girl on a message about the teacakes, to the cook. I so happened that Mrs. Leland's trap had left at that time, and Katy came alone into the hall. The little girls kept upon the stairs. Katy, who was a plain child, and very timid, grasped her mamma's hand more tightly as Mrs. Leland stepped in the lady, and ask if her little brother was quite well.

The children looked at each other for a moment, and then Lily conquering the coldness she felt rising, frankly extended her hand, and said, "Come, Katy, mamma is waiting nursery with me, and take off your bonnet I mamma has been looking for you a long time."

She felt already rewarded for this self-conquest when Mrs. Leland smiled approvingly, as she saw them enter the room hand in hand.

The two ladies were very glad to see each other. Mrs. Leland, who was young and pretty, wept a little and looked at baby time at Lily's little brother. She thought she was very large to be only eight months old, and that he was going to look like Lily. This pleased Lily, for she was very fond of Harry and when the ladies sat down to their sewing, Mrs. Rice, seeing the little girls still shy and silent, said—"You can take Katy to the playroom, Lily; and Margaret will give you some bread and milk. I have no doubt, if you would like to make her a visit in your little set."

Mrs. Rice knew very well they would get along better alone.

The tea set proved to be very pretty. Katy thought it much more pretty than the moms. Then they both laughed, to recollect what a trouble they had to make the mornas stand up straight; and Katy began to tell Lily of a dinner set her uncle had given her. It had as many pieces as her mamma. A tureen, and ladles and gravy boats, and covered vegetable dishes—all doll's sizes, and a fruit dish for deserts.

"Mamma says fruit is always the nicest dessert for children," Lily said—"how I should like to set to your dinner set Katy."

"You must come very soon, and play with it, Mamma told me to ask you," was Katy's response; and then the little girls went to the large family of dolls that occupied the lower shelf of her play-house. There was the large doll Katy had in her arms now; Gertrude was its name, and its dresses came off, and were just like Lily's own. Lily had made several of them herself with her mother's assistance. Mrs. Rice thought it a nice way to teach her to sew, and fitupons and capes. There were still some little Grandmas down to the old hand doll Lily had first had, who was now in "ill-health," her mistress said, and was not expected to do anything but lie in the large arm chair all day.

They were very happy in their game, having invited the invalid and the fine Miss Gertrude out to walk and drink tea.

When their own tea was ready, the children made their appearance with their arms round each other, and the girls other walk. They were in great glee, and Lily seemed to have quite forgotten that she had ever dreaded the visit.

She told her mother after Katy had gone, that she had enjoyed the afternoon very much. Katy could play the piano better than she, Lily had discovered, for she had more patience to practice. "She has read ever so much to mamma, and I am so glad she has come to live here, I do say."

We shall see the success of mother's rule still more plainly in Katy's chat with her mother as they walked home.

"You don't know how I dreaded to go, mamma, for Lily used to be so pleasant, and I only remember how we quarrelled. If she hadn't smiled and kissed me when I went in, I should have just said by you, and not played at all. She's a sweet little girl now—isn't she, mamma? that made me feel friends with her at once, and I hope Mrs. Rice will let her come to see me very soon."

We are happy to say that the friendship between Lily and Katy still continues, and Lily is never tempted to dislike any one or resent a little slight, that she does not remember her mother's rule, which she still finds a most excellent one.

SINGULAR RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS.

There are now in London two very singular human beings, of a race which has hitherto been very little known to Europe, and which is called Bushmen, in South Africa, where they are called Earthmen. They are totally distinct from all other known African races—as much so as if they had dropped upon this earth from another planet.—They are mere pigmies, even with the art of building huts They shelter themselves in caves and crevices of the earth, when these are wanting they make a hole in the ground on the surface, which they line with leaves and cover with branches. The Hottentots and Boshmen are the avowed enemies of the Earthmen, and when they meet them will shoot them down like vermin. The poor little, defenceless Earthmen have no refuge but in holes, trees or thickets, on any tribe is fast verging to extinction. They are a poor, weak people—one of Nature's freaks—and feel their inferiority to other tribes. Few colonists have seen them; and, what it is known that a few still linger in the mountains, they are rapidly dying away, and will soon become a tradition of an elfish little race of old.

The two individuals above mentioned were carried to England from the Cape of Good Hope two or three years ago, and have now become domesticated in an English family. The Morning Chronicle from which we take these particulars, describes these little Earthmen as a boy and a girl—the former fourteen and the latter sixteen years of age—and, "complete little fairies" in appearance. The boy is three feet three and a half inches in height, the girl a trifle taller. Their skin is of the brightest and most transparent bronze, and as smooth and polished as marble. In form the little creatures are perfect—their delicate limbs standing out in the most graceful symmetry, and every motion instinct with the untaught ease of nature. Their faces, although decidedly African, are full of sweetness and good humor, with an expression of archness and intelligence.

They are named Martinia and Flora. In their savage state they are fed on locusts, ant-eggs, and such small game as they could take. Until they were carried to England, they had no idea of God or any supreme power. At present they have been taught some of the customs of civilized life, and are able to speak some English words, to sing little popular airs, and—the first of Europeans—they have learned to pray. Such propensities do very often end in serious disagreements, when indulged in much older and wiser people than Lily Rice.

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One Happy Heart.

Have you made one happy heart to-day? Envied privilege. How calmly you can seek your pillow, how sweetly sleep! In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sun ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn; there is no moment that tears are not shed, and sighs uttered. Yet how many of those tears, those sighs, are unbidden by sorrow or wretchedness! How many a daughter wrings the very soul of a found mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude? How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts? How many wives, by angry recriminations, estrange and embitter loving hearts? How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other, making wounds that no human heart can heal? All if each one exerted upon this maxim day by day—"strive to make some heart happy"—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate, with their kindred evil associates would forever leave the earth. Our minds would be so occupied in the contemplation of adding to the pleasures of others, that there would be no room for the ugly fiends of discord. Try it, ye discontented, forever grumbling devotees of sorrow, self-caused; it will make that little part of the world, in which you move as fair as Eden.

Politeness between Brothers and Sisters.

By endeavoring to acquire a habit of politeness, it will soon become familiar, and sit on you with ease, if not with elegance. Let it never be forgotten that the home politeness is a great foster of family love; it always accidental irritation, by preventing harsh retorts and rude contradictions; it softens the boisterous, stimulates the indolent, suppresses selfishness, by forming a habit of consideration for others, harmonizes the whole. Politeness begets politeness, and brothers may easily be won by it to leave off the rude ways they bring home from school or college. Sisters might earn the receive any little attention without thanking them for it, never to ask a favor of them but in contrite terms, never to reply to their questions in monosyllables, and they will soon be astonished to see such things themselves. Both precept and example ought to be laid under contribution, to convince them that no one can have really good manners abroad who is not habitually polite at home.

Languages of India.

A work on the Geographical Distribution of the principal language of India, and the feasibility of introducing English as a common language, by the Hon. Sir Erskine Perry, late President of the Supreme Court at Bombay, who has returned to England, after a sojourn in India, of twelve years, has been lately issued in London. He is a profound Orientalist and a European scholar, and has visited the various nations he describes; his views, moreover, are those of a statesman. India, though its whole extent, as now measured by geographers, contains in its compact population of a hundred and forty millions, and speaks as many languages and nationalities as Europe. According to Sir Erskine there are two great classes, the nothern and southern; the first consists of seven tongues and ten dialects; and the second of six languages without any dialects. The origin of each is curious and historically instructive. But the most remarkable portion of the essay is the inquiry, whether the common medium of intercourse amongst the educated minds of India, cannot be accomplished—and the English be rendered that medium. The author argues in the affirmative, with full knowledge and confidence, and the time may yet arrive when the English will be the common language of all America, Australia, the Isles of the Pacific, and the whole East Indies.

A Delighted Mother.

A mother, who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done to make others happy, found her young daughters silent. One spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed in silence. The youngest was called on for her report.

"I can remember nothing good all this day, dear mother only one of my schoolmates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class, and I was so glad I did not try to kiss her, so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother."

The other spoke still more timidly: "A little girl who sat with me on the bench at the school, had lost a little ring, and I saw that while she sought her lesson she hid her face in her book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted; and then we walked arm and neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

Can Insects Talk!

A striking instance of the possession of a capability of spreading intelligence, and that of a somewhat abstruse character, is furnished by experiments that have been made by Huber and others upon bees. Every one is aware that the queen-bee is an object of the greatest solicitude and attention to all the workers of the hive, and yet, among so many thousands all busily employed in different and distinct parts of the colony, it would appear impossible for them to ascertain, at least before the lapse of a considerable time, whether she was absent from among them or not. In order to see whether bees had any power of conveying news of this kind, the queen-bee has been stealthily and quietly abstracted from the hive; but here as elsewhere, ill-news was found to fly apace. For some half-hour or so, the loss seemed not to have been ascertained, but the progressively increasing buzz of agitation gradually announced the growing alarm, until shortly the whole hive was in an uproar, and all the busy occupants were seen pouring forth their legions in search of their lost monarch, or eager to avenge with their stings the fault offered to their sovereign. On restoring the captured queen to her subjects, with equal secrecy, the tumult speedily subsided, and the ordinary business of the community was resumed, as before the occurrence. That in such cases as these above narrated, information and that of rather a complex character, was transmitted by one insect to another, cannot be doubted—but by what means? All that has been ascertained upon this point is, that the nuts and the bees crave their sustenance in a peculiar manner with the nurseries of the others that they encounter, and this action being repeated again and again seems to be a mode of communicating intelligence common amongst these insect races.—*Rymer Jone's Natural History of Animals.*

"The Old Woman."

It was years, a few days since, we heard a stripling of sixteen designate the mother into bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard wives so called occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is more often used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the sense. An "old woman" should be an object of reverence above and beyond almost all other phases of humanity. Her very age should be her surest passport to courteous consideration. The aged mother of a grown up family needs no other certificate of worth. She is a monument of excellence, approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully "the good fight," and come off conqueror. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills of life have been here; trials untold and known only to her God and herself, she has borne unmurmuring; and now, in her old age—her duty done! patiently awaiting her appointed time—she stands, more truly beautiful than even in youth! more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands, or stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory.

Young man! speak kindly to your mother, and even courteously—tenderly of her! But a little time, and ye shall see her no more forever! Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her locks are silver or grey-world! Others may love you when she has passed away—kind hearted sisters, perhaps, or she whom of all the world you choose for a partner—she may love you warmly, passionately!—others may love you fondly—but never again, never! while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

In agony she bore you,—through purling, helpless infancy, her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward totchy boyhood she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, and nursed you softly through your fevers and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened the parched lip; her eye that lighted up the darkness of wasting nightly vigils, watching fondly to see you fitful sleepless by your side, as none but her could watch. Oh! speak not her name lightly! for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth she is your comfort and solace! Up to a bright manhood she guides your improvident step, nor even then forsakes or forgets! Speak gently, then, and reverently, of your mother; and when you see that she is old, and bow some frame, lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins!—to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to "old women."—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

THE GENTLEMAN.

At table he is never in a hurry; he waits till a servant addresses him. In calling for anything he never addresses a servant abruptly or sternly. Instead of saying, *Bre d! Water!* Bring me *this!* or *that!* as the case may be, he says, in a mild and civil tone, "I will thank you for the bread." "Will you bring me some water?" "Will you take a cup of coffee if you please." "Will you be good enough to hand me the sugar?" And whenever anything is brought, he always addresses the servants, especially women, in a mild, civil tone, as if asking a favor, and not demanding a right; and he never rings his chamber bell unless for something that he cannot conveniently forgo. Clerks and servants at hotels are often harrassed by fidgety people, especially by women, who are called for *lady*, and show *consequence*, by being imperious and exacting. At table, the gentleman never talks loud, nor stares at the other guests, and especially never imitates those who are, so common in Englishmen, staring at women. He never makes remarks upon any one present, never looks up and around when eating or drinking, like a dog over a bone, and never talks with his mouth full, nor fills his mouth till a cheek is distended like that of a greedy squirrel gathering his winter store. He never spits at table, or blows his nose in the tablecloth, nor picks or looks about stealthily or boastingly, as if afraid or anxious to be gazed at, but sits quiet and self-possessed, taking for granted that the rest of the company have their own business to mind, and are not likely to be busy about himself. In a parlor, especially among women, he never stretches on a sofa, puts his feet in or on a chair, or a table or window-sill, or sticks them out at full length, to the danger of shins, or stretches out, and his hands on his head, as if holding it on. He never makes general declarations of parties or sects, in presence of strangers who use opinions he knows not, or in presence of acquaintances whose opinions are adverse. He defends his opinions when called upon, or omits it at his discretion, but never aggressively assails those of others in the social circle, or among strangers, or in any place where controversy is not expected. At table, when partaking of things designed for common stock, as salt, bread, water, castors, placed in the middle of the table for all, as she or gentleman are, he never leaves them beside his plate, but restores them to their proper place, for the use of others. He never utters profane or indelicate language, or makes allusions, especially in presence of women.

If a woman or an old man drops anything, he stoops to recover it, and if successful, presents it civilly; and always politely acknowledges such courtesy to himself. He abstains from all those customs upon good manners, and the rights of others, practical jokes. He never joins in ridicule of any person present who is selected for a *butt*. If any should combine to make one of a company drunk, he joins the intended victim against the guilty. He never laughs at a fall or other dangerous or mortifying accident, but always offers assistance. If a woman meets with any provoking mishap, as dropping a set of curls, or having her dress accidentally opened, he never laughs, but picks it up and presents or arranges, as if he did not see, and endeavors to aid in concealing the calamity. If the accident happens in public, he sends his own wife or daughter to render it, or informs the sufferer's husband, if present. He never ridicules the unfortunate, or exults over misfortune, or alludes to those lost to departed friends. In short, he treats all things, great and small, to do as he would be done by, and never sacrifices to his own selfishness, the rights, feelings, or comfort of others. Such is the real gentleman. He is confined to no country, no clime, no age, consisting of men upon benevolent and enlightened consideration of others, and not upon arbitrary distinctions of human creation.—*Phila. Ledger.*

Who is the Brave.

BY LUCY LARCOM

Who is the brave?
He who would ever the war banner wave?
Who leaps at the sound of the battle ground,
Where carnage rides rampant, and death groans resound,
Who presses through blood, to the charge with the foe,
Nor falters till crushed by the last mortal blow.
Then, triumphing, sinks in the crimson'd grave—
Him call ye brave?

Brave he may be;
Yet with the brutes are there brave men as he.
Brave is the lion when roused from his lair;
Shielding her cubs, bravely struggles the bear;
Brave is the dog when he fights for a bone;
Nor yields my high spirit till the contest is won.
Rivals like these must the warrior have.
Are they not brave?

Brave is he,
Whose strife is for duty, whatever it be;
Who, having determined his glorious aim,
Faints it, through poverty, scorning and shame;
Who fearlessly speaks the truth error and wrong;
When equity sleeps, and the wicked are strong,
Low may his roof lie, unnoticed his grave,
Yet he is brave.

He too is brave,
Who conquers his passions when madly they rave;
Who scorns in the silken embrailment to stay;
That passion or slush on his spirit would lay;
Who tramples his pride in the dust, and walks on
In the pathway that leads where a Savior has gone.
His plaudits shall sound o'er eternity's wave;
Heaven calls him brave.

From the New York Tribune.

Letter From a Fugitive Slave.

Slave Sold under Peculiar Circumstances.

[We publish the subjoined communication exactly as written by the author, with the exception of corrections in punctuation and spelling, and the omission of one or two passage.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: Having carefully read your paper for some months, I became very much interested in some of the articles and comments written on Mrs. Tyler's Reply to the Ladies of England.

Being a slave myself, I could not have felt otherwise. Would that I could write an article worthy of notice in your columns. As I never enjoyed the advantage of an education, therefore I could not study the arts of reading and writing, yet poor as it may be, I had rather give it from my own hands, than have it said that I employed others to do it for me. I speak the truth and never be told so well through the second and third person as from myself. But I am straying from the question. In that Reply to the Ladies of England, Mrs. Tyler said that slaves were never sold under peculiar circumstances As Mrs. Tyler and her friend Bhains were so far used up, that he could not explain what those peculiar circumstances were, let one whose peculiar sufferings justifies her in explaining it tell Mrs. Tyler.

I was born a slave, reared in the Southern hut-bed until I was the mother of two children, sold at the early age of two and four years old. I have been hunted through all the Northern States,—have no, I will not tell you of my own sufferings—no, it would harrow up my soul, and defeat the object that I wish to pursue. Enough—the dregs of that bitter cup have been my bounty for many years.

And as this is the first time that I ever took my pen in hand to make such an attempt, you will not say that it is fiction, for had I the inclination I have neither the time nor talent to write it. But to this peculiar circumstance under which slaves are sold.

My mother was held as property by a mulatto lady; when she married, my younger sister was left in her possession for a year, and then took into the family. She was gentle as she was beautiful, innocent and guileless child, the light of our desolate heart! But oh, my heart bleeds to tell you of the misery and degradation that she underwent, as a slave. The monster who owned her had no humanity in his soul. The most sincere affection that his heart was capable of, could not make him faithful to his beautiful and wealthy bride for the space of three months, but every stratagem was used to seduce my sister. Mortified and tormented beyond endurance, this child came and threw herself on her mother's bosom, for only place where she could find rest. Her mistress was furious; and yet she could not protect her child that she bore into the world. On that bosom with *bitter tears* she told her troubles, and entreated her mother to save her. And oh, Christian mothers! if you have the tender hearts of your own, can you think of your sable sister without offering a prayer to that God who created all in their behalf! My poor mother, naturally high-spirited, enduring under what she considered as the wrongs, and outrages which her child had to bear, sought her master, entreating him to spare her child.

Nothing could exceed his rage at this what he called impertinence. My mother was dragged to jail, there remained twenty-five days, with negro traders to come in as they liked to examine her, as she was offered for sale. My sister was told that she must yield or never expect to see her mother again. There were three younger children; on no other condition could she be restored to them without the sacrifice of one. That child gave herself up to her master's bidding, to save one that was dearer to her than life itself. And can you, Christian, find it in your heart to despise her? Ah, no,! not even Mrs. Tyler; for though we believe that the vanity of a name would lead her to bestow her hand where her heart could never go with it, yet, with all her faults and follies, she is nothing more than a *woman*. For if her domestic health is surrounded with slaves, ere long before this she has opened her eyes to the evils of slavery, and that the mistress as well as the slave must submit to the indignities and vices imposed on them by her lords or body and soul. But to one of those peculiar circumstances.

At fifteen, my sister held to her bosom an innocent offspring of her guilt and misery. In this way she dragged a miserable existence of two years, between the fires of her mistress' jealousy and her master's brutal passion. At seventeen, she gave birth to a helpless infant, it is to all the evils of slavery. This fair and its sufferings was meted out to her until her twenty-first year. Sorrow and suffering had made its impress upon her—she was less the object pitied by the fiend who had crushed her whole earthly and as her children grew, they bore too strong a resemblance to him who desired to give them no other inheritance save claims and handcuffs, and in the dead hour of the night when this young, deserted mother lay with her little ones clinging around her, fiends dreaming of the dark and inhuman plot that would be carried into execution before noon-tide day, was sold to the slave pen on God's beautiful earth, that broken-hearted mother was far on her way to the capital of Virginia. That day should have refused her light in so disgraceful and inhuman an act to your honored country of Liberty. Yet, reader, it is true, those two helpless children were the *sons* of one of your sainted Members in Congress; that agonized mother, his victim and slave. And where slumbered God only knows, but there is a record on high of all that she has suffered on earth.

And, you would exclaim, could not the master have been more merciful to his children? God is merciful to all of his children, but it is seldom he interposes in behalf of his unmerciful to his slave child. And you will believe it when I tell you that mother and her children were sold to make room for another sister, who was now the age of that mother when she entered the family. And this sailing appeased the mistress's wrath, and satisfied her desire for revenge, and made the path more smooth for her young rival at first. For there is a strong rivalry between a humiliated, ignorant, and jealous and *faded* mistress, and her large lord sadly neglects those little attentions for a while that once made her happy. For the master will either neglect his wife or double his attentions, to save him from being suspected by his wife. Would you not think that Southern Women had cause to despise that Slavery which forces them to bear so much deception practiced by their husbands? Yet all this is true, for a slaveholder seldom takes a white mistress, for she is an expensive commodity, not submissive as he would like to have her, but more apt to be tyrannical; and when his passion seeks another object, he must leave her in undisturbed possession of all the gewgaws that she has sold herself for. But not so with his poor *slave victim*, that he has robbed of everything that can make life desirable; she must be sold from his sight, that he is left to forget her, and finding, yet weapons in their hands, tell them to return to their own country to slay every foe mail they break the accursed yoke from off their necks, not buying and selling; this they never do and never will, while slavery lasts. But while Americans do all this, they forget the millions of slaves they have at home, bought and sold under very peculiar circumstances.

And because one friend of the slave has dared to tell of their wrongs you would anathematize her. But in Uncle Tom's Cabin she has not told the half. Would that I had one spark from her store house of genius and talent I would tell you of my own sufferings—I would tell you of the wrongs that humanity has never inflicted, nor England ever dreamed of in this free country where all nations fly for liberty, equal rights and protection under your stripes and stars. It should be stripes and scars for they go along with Mrs. Tyler's peculiar circumstances, of which I have told you.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE.

Speech of Hon. J. G. Palfrey.

Extract from his brilliant speech at the Grand Rally of 10,000 at Medina, N. Y., on the 4th of July.

"There are two great aspects in which this question slavery presents itself. In one it is a question of humanity and philanthropy. In another of politics and statesmanship. They are usually distinct, but sometimes blend with each other. We are mis-represented when it is said of us that we aspire and aim to abolish slavery in the States by political action. We can write and speak where we cannot legislate. We can plead with our own conscience and the conscience of the slaveholder. They tell us we shan't do this—they tell us we shan't agitate.

Fellow citizens, I don't you better vote that you will stop this wind that is now moving the trees above our heads? that you will stop the waves on the ocean? When you have done that you can vote that the question of slavery shall not be agitated.—[Enthusiastic applause.] You remember what my friend [turning to Mr. Giddings] said on the floor of Congress:—"You have determined we shall not agitate. I'e can to agitate. What do you mean to do about it?" *We* mean to agitate. It looks very much to me to-day as if the agitation in Western New York has not yet subsided. (Cheers.) We mean thus to reach the reason and conscience of the slaveholder; and because we mean to do do this, we intend to stand by the freedom of the press. All rights are threatened by this institution of slavery. We mean to maintain the freedom of speech, and believe time will come when we can speak what we think to Georgia and New Orleans. Give us a press—give us an education, and throw this system, and we will overcome where slavery exists, and we will prevent its spread where it is not. Man's laws shall not go between us and God-given impulses. [Hear, hear.]

The repeal of this despicable law we cannot at present effect; but that law has no terrors for the man who is true to himself. Its fines and imprisonments, we can endure them. For myself, if I ever turn a wanderer from my door, may God punish me and mine in a degree tenfold greater than that enactment proposed for sheltering the fugitive. We will not have immunity changed in our persons. We will spend our fortunes, write the truth, and trust to God's providence to help us bear the consequences. [Deep sensation.]

But this is also a political question. The slave power governs us. We live under an aristocracy as gaunt, and bare, and iron as aristocracy ever existed. The question is not at all whether we shall abolish slavery—it is whether slavery shall abolish us. The slaveholders are an American aristocracy. They exert their immense power by halting the property, the land, and by monopolizing education. Common schools can not exist there. I doubt whether even the negro of the South is in so sad a condition as the laboring white man. The slaveholders in Congress and out of Congress, hang together with a community and concert and plan, which we find it impossible for us at the North to do. They appoint 20,000 postmasters, every man of them a bailiff of the slave power, a sickster to the power that gives him office. What means the two-third rule adopted in the nominating conventions? It means that the slave States may be able to defeat the wishes of the majority of them. Thus the government is constituted. The person who aspires to go on a foreign mission looks South; for politicians have a great deal of that gratitude which is a lively sense of favors expected. Thus the slave power rules us. There is not a man of us who has not some one near his door, tied by a golden chain to Washington. How many editors in this country can afford to circulate their papers when frowned upon by this power? What papers get the contracts and the advertising? This power is formed by the long contriving hand, and not by the long arm.

The Emperor of Russia rules by influence, not by force. Just as truly as there is reason and conscience in man, and justice in God above, just so truly will the principles of freedom triumph. What is man made for? It cannot but succeed? He is made to do his duty. Suppose we knew we should not succeed, is our duty the less? Some of us have children;—we will not leave them the disgrace of being obliged to say of us, as they point over our ashes, "Here lies an upholder of slavery." But rather let them have a feeling of humble pride in saying, "My father was a friend of liberty, in the face of the scoffs of the Gallio and ignoramus, in the face of the coldness of friends he stood true to justice and died a Free Soiler and an honest man." God knows how to spin flax by machinery, there's an end to slavery. God in his wisdom will bring to pass, but he will do it through our agency.

Rum and Crime in Boston.

The Grand Jury of Suffolk County (Boston) Mass, have made a report on their doings for the last six months. They have been in session 49 days, have examined 479 cases, and found 403 bills having 1,466 witnesses Of the causes of the fearfully abundant crime into which they have been required to examine, they say:

"Of the proximate and obvious causes of crime, they will mention but one. Grand Juries in this Commonwealth and elsewhere have repeatedly declared their conviction that three-fourths of the crime of the community might be attributed, directly or indirectly, to the intemperate use of strong drinks. The present Grand Jury have come to the same conclusion. And though it does not belong especially to the function of the Grand Jury to investigate this matter, it does eminently belong to them to mention its pernicious influence. The cause of crime will be continued faster than the community can build them. The means of indulgence are abundantly furnished by numerous shops for the illegal sale of ardent spirits and intoxicating drinks—from the fashionable drinking saloon down to the "hole in the wall" and the filthy cellar where the air reeks with stench and blasphemy—the resort of the vicious, the thoughtless, the profligate, the ruffian and the harlot. The most pal authorities can remove this nuisance, or at least abate it, whenever they will it as much in their power as the offal in the sewers or the dirt in the streets."

REPUTATION.

One's reputation or character is worth vastly more to him than any mere property possession. Reputation is gained slowly; it is built up like a pyramid, stone by stone, course by course. Popularity may come and go, much as the moon may wax and wane; but real reputation, true character, is constructed by littles. Hence care must be taken at every step, not to unbuild or tottle down what is already gained.

Real merit may go a long time outrewarded; so has it been with Milton, Bacon, and other industrious among men. Shakspeare has been three hundred years growing popular. Milton, Dante, Homer, Virgil, were not prized in their day as they are estemed now.

Toil on, ye noble hearts and true, if men know not your worth now, they

Portland Inquirer.

(THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1853.

FOR PRESIDENT IN 1856,

JOHN P. HALE

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FOR GOVERNOR,

EZEKIEL HOLMES.

☞ Our Agent, Mr. Dodge, expects to visit the eastern part of Penobscot and Aroostook Counties during July and the first of August, on a collecting tour. We hope our subscribers on whom he may call, will not let him call in vain for the "*needful*," but do by him as they would be done by.

Campaign Opened!

The political campaign of the year is now opened, and with high promise for Free Democracy. The temperance question will awaken much excitement, but it need not consume the time and money of the friends of freedom.—This course now suffers for both. Much action will be required—are we ready for our responsibilities? Begin early.

See the Notice for Penobscot, and make that a noble rally. It is long since the friends in that county generally met—now determine on such a meeting as you down easters know how to get up. We hope to be able to comply with the invitation to be there

If Piscataquis will hold its meeting in close connection we will try to be there. And take Somerset on our way back if so arranged.

☞ Send the notices for all your meetings early—next week without fail. Give the people time to be informed and get together. Lay out for strong meetings this year all over the State. Now is our time!

Duty to Read.

There is danger that the friends of freedom will neglect their duty, especially in the more busy seasons, in respect to reading. Business will press, other reading demand attention, and anti-slavery matters may pass with little or no consideration. In this way their own interest will diminish, they will grow cold, indifferent and inactive. They may adhere to the principles, but will essentially fail of their duty to the slaves. When they cease to be "booked up" respecting the cause they cease to feel much—then to talk—then to act—then to give; they become unfaithful, their social influence is diverted, and if they continue to vote right, which is doubtful, the great Cause is robbed of all other aid from them.

Anti-slavery men and women should bear in mind that a great portion of the intelligence of society on this subject must come through them. Aversion to this knowledge and the difficulty of elsewhere obtaining it, has kept the great body of society worse than uninformed. The only channel then is through its friends. This makes it their special duty to gather up knowledge and transmit it to their families and neighbors by conversation and otherwise. They must seize upon its leading facts and arguments as it progresses, and see that they are diffused all around them. The time and manner of doing this must always be selected with good taste and judgment, or more harm than good may arise. Attention also to this subject should not become exclusive—by no means, for then the mind will be likely to lose its balance and the judgment err.

Still, without neglecting any other duty, every man may understand this cause as it goes on, keep up his interest in it, and faithfully discharge his duty to it. When such men are found in a town, there the cause is strong, if not already in the ascendant. If all would be thus faithful its strength would double in a day. Every man must do his duty, and every woman. But no one will do it who does not regularly read about it. No one will know what it is.

This subject has been overlooked. Its importance is fundamental. If you would advance the cause, increase the number of its well informed, reading men and women. Read, read, read.

State Convention.

The Convention of the slave Democracy of Maine not only in two days nominated Albert Pillsbury for Gov., but adopted without discussion certain resolutions of vague fossil generalities, which remind one of a sermon we once heard a good old minister preach. Rising with extraordinary gravity, and adjusting his spectacles and pantaloons, he slowly opened—"Man is a rational critter!"

So this convention resolve, 1st, "that in this country all legitimate political power emanates from the people." This is news,—except as it proclaimed the nullity of their own doings, the convention being almost entirely the work of officials and political wild cats—the "people" having little or nothing to do with it 2d, they offer an oblation to the "time honored principles" of the party, probably referring to gravitation, accoustics, the deluge, &c. 3d, the party always had great wisdom, especially in "its enlightened territorial policy," by which it has acquired large regions lawlessly, or by war, plunder and rapine, then given up every rod of it to slavery so far as in their power. That is "*enlightened*" democracy! 4th, they are for the Union,—and it is well they told of it—Then comes the gist—the germinating substance—the vital point of "democracy." We must quote now.

"*Resolved*, That we sincerely rejoice in the late Congressional adjustment of the slavery controversy, which so recently disturbed the harmony and divided the democratic party, and regard all past differences growing out of that agitation, as merged in the terms of reconciliation mutually agreed upon by the delegates to the late Baltimore Convention and proclaimed in the resolutions of that body, which affirms the compromise measures as a final settlement of that unprofitable and distressing controversy, and discountenance any and all further attempts to revive it.

Resolved, That the principles enunciated by the President in his inaugural address, meet our distinct and unqualified approval."

Here we have it distinctly explained and no one should mistake again. The Jeffersonian Democracy of Territorial Freedom had become "distressing"—why? The doctrines and duties of slavery had become "*distressing*"—really "DISTRESSING! But was distressed them so—to her souls? What led the party to surrender the established principles of the government, trample on its vows, give up the country to tyranny and become its volunteer bloodhounds? The old cry about "disolution" had become ridiculous, and now the truth comes out—"THE FEDERAL UNION, SLAVERY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY!" Here we have the Devil, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Although lustingly contested in State Convention, All these infamous signatures were *joyfully* and *eagerly* to save the "PARTY!!" Yet this to the deceived people.

They were made to give up the FREE SOIL of their country by millions to slavery—for the "PARTY!" They were taxed millions for tribute to Texas—to save the "PARTY!!"—They were to hunt slaves and find themselves—for the "PARTY!!!" And now those New England "*democrats*" get together and rejoice over the "adjustment"—the "party" is safe, and their *distress* is all over!

Before the election last year the Proviso democrats were told that the platform was nothing—"spit on it," and vote for Pierce Now they are all brought up to the altar and made to swear *fealty* to the scoundrel act and all, as genuine democracy. And worse than this,—they steal the whig platform whole and vow to that! They "discountenance." We pity the whigs, but hope their sorrow will not be inconsolable.

And then Pierce's message is endorsed, in which slavery is embraced as a National Institution, resting on the same basis "*as any other admitted rights*" and to its interests the administration pledged all its powers and resources. That system of paganism is now a part of the life blood of the Republic, and these *democrats* shall it with exulting satisfaction, for the *party* is now harmonious.

Well, we like to see the reins drawn tight, especially as the *Aye* says "the democracy of Maine takes no backward steps!" It is inconvenient to "step" on all fours. They may crawl. The people are learning.

The Democratic Rum Plot.

The people of Maine should understand the plot carefully concocted by the rum power under the cover of "democracy." It is this:—By every possible art or trick *to secure the nomination of rum candidates*, then tell the people the *liquor question is not in issue*, and slide them in. This succeeded entirely at Bangor, and the design is to carry it out so far as possible in all other elections. We warn the people to the extent of our power to beware of this trap.

Last year the law was "*in issue*" because the candidate for governor was a law man, and Chandler must be nominated. Now they have a man after their own hearts, and all at once the law is *not in issue!* Will the people be thus swindled out of their votes, and covertly made the instruments of serving the rum power?

The Rum *Expositor* of this city, the special organ of the rum power, said before the nomination:

"The people want no 'side issue' made of this matter, but a main, direct issue upon it, at the polls, and this in the election of the next year's law makers, and law executors. And they demand, and will insist on having candidates whose course shall not be a concealed, nor a doubtful one. The people want no more to be cheated, nor delayed in this matter; and as sure as their sentiment of those leaders of the party, who twirl their thumb and fingers significantly and scornfully about their noses, and cry 'no side issues'—'keep still'—'keep dark'—'let us be united'—shall prevail in the convention at Bangor, and a *dumb democracy is made to be represented in the candidate selected*, then it will be the duty, the interest, the policy, and *the necessity* of the liberal democracy of the State, and of all liberal men and minds, once more to rally upon their own responsibility, and in defence of their own cause and rights, and drive these trafficking politicians from the halls of legislation, and of the executive department of government. This they CAN do, and this we believe THEY WILL DO."

But since the nomination that "democratic" paper has been mute—"dumb"—not a word is heard against the nomination; it is as quiet as a toper at the tap. Why? BECAUSE IT HAS OBTAINED ALL IT REMANDED, and now the *not-in-issue* story must be allowed to take effect among the people in order covertly to secure the result.

Was there ever such cool imposition! The party meet in State convention, where drinking was at such a rate as to make business nearly impossible,—a drinking candidate is selected;—he himself keeps an *open bar* and *treats* on a large scale—"as free as water" they themselves say; the candidate hostile to the law, and the rum organ perfectly satisfied with the state of affairs; —all this, at this time of day, and the liquor question not "in issue!"

Surely, if men in that party can be imposed upon by such stuff from the democratic press of the State, it must be conceded that common sense is utterly extinct in such quarters. But it is *not* extinct, and September will show the leaders that there is a limit to political cheating and fraud which must not be passed, and that the moral sentiment of the State cannot be outraged with impunity.

Favorable Indications.

The Congregational Convention of Vermont,

Resolved That this Convention regards with high satisfaction the proceedings of the late Congregational Convention held at Albany, and recognizes with devout thankfulness the providence of God in the assembling of that body, in the Christian spirit which marked its deliberations, the wisdom and extraordinary harmony exhibited in the unanimous adoption of the important measures on which it was called to act, and especially on the subject of Home Missions and slavery.

This "high satisfaction" is very well, but something stronger will be required in order to effect anything. The Home Mission Society refuse to carry out the most essential principle adopted at Albany, viz to treat slavery as a disciplinary offence in the church. The Committee talk all round—adroitly—smoothly, but reject the very gist of the matter and say they shall adhere to their former position entirely. And so we expected. Hunkerism rules, and only an effort stronger we fear than will be made will place the society in other hands. Submission is the general policy. In this state there was not courage enough to name the subject, so far as we learn.

But the General Association of Mass. has taken a step in the right direction, and we most earnestly hope it will be followed up respecting "Publishing Societies."

Resolved. That in continuing our correspondence with Southern ecclesiastical bodies, this Association so far from expressing any satisfaction with the practice of slaveholding, desire it to be understood, that in connection with other objects, it is for the purpose of bearing their continued testimony, as heretofore against slaveholding and exerting their appropriate influence in favor of its speedy removal.

Resolved, That while the General Association of Massachusetts entertains a profound regard for our large Publishing Societies, and rejoice in the great good they are accomplishing, they would express an earnest desire that these Societies wouldn't make the subject of slavery unnecessarily offensive to rid the world of all iniquity, by diffusing throughout it an evangelical literature; but would act forth in their publications the sentiments of our common Christianity on the subject of slavery with the same freedom and faithfulness with which they would bear and rebuke all other sins.

The servile policy of these societies is as destructive to self-and manhood as it is to christian integrity. We rejoice to see it rebuked by so influential a body Why will not every Conference in Maine follow up this protest of Massachusetts?

At the recent "General Conference" of all the Congregational Conferences of Churches of Ohio, the Slavery question attracted considerable attention, and after a full discussion the following resolutions were adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That we regard slaveholding as a sin against God, and a crime against man.

2. That we regard the Fugitive Slave Law as directly in conflict with the law of God, and we deem it the duty of every Christian citizen to use his influence in all proper ways to procure its repeal.

3. That, as fellowship with slaveholders sanctions, in the estimation of many, the practice of slavery;—the existence of the relation should be taken as prima facie evidence of unworthiness of Christian fellowship; and if there be exceptions, those exceptions, should be made manifest by the individual, who may be implicated.

The Democratic Nominee.

One who is well acquainted with Pillsbury, suggests that a description of him as an *habitual drinker* may be a little too strong, but that he is a *good drinker* he does not question. We mean to do him no injustice, but the truth shall be told. The Bangor *Mercury* says:

He is a pleasant man to talk with, drinks good brandy when he has a mind to, and don't care who knows it. He is opposed to the Maine Liquor Law from personal sympathies and political connections. On the slavery question, he is in favor of such arrangements as will enable the masters to trouble the party leaders the least. He has few or no sympathies with the people—thinks the world is returning too fast now—progress, in any other direction than plunder and mammon worship, he thinks to be one of the humbugs of the day In fact, he is an advocate of "the good old times" that we hear of, when New England rum and ignorance were "equally plenty."

This is very near the truth; but what an insult to the people to nominate him for the governor of Maine!

If it be deemed necessary by temperance democrats to nominate another party candidate the more certainly to defeat Pillsbury, that will not at all effect the duty of free soil, or of any other temperance voters. As the only object will be *to defeat an election at the polls*, a vote for Holmes will contribute *just as much* to that end as if given forany other man.

No Fibbing.

The Belfast Journal says we charged Franklin Pierce with being a "gutter drunkard."—That is false. We said that he was *not* a common drunkard, but occasionally had his "drinking spree." And this we *proved* too, by facts in this State, in N. H., and by the testimony of several respectable papers in that State, while they were denied there by none. All we said was literally and strictly true, and the Journal knows it. Politicians and hundreds of others in this State know it.

We take this occasion to say, and with sincere gratification, that since his nomination he appears to have adhered to his promise to his friends to break off, and avoided all those occasions which might lead him to violate his purpose. It was stated in the papers that from the time of his nomination his health and appearance began to improve, and we hope the responsibilities of his position and other influences, will be sufficient to remove finally the well founded fears respecting him.

The Fourth of July.

It is gratifying to see the progress in the patriotic work of redeeming this national passover to its true and proper purposes. It belongs to Liberty, and slavery has quite enough without it. We can't spare the Old Fourth!—We want. Let plans be immediately laid for one grand celebration in each county in Maine next year. Besides the immense rally of 10, 000 at Medina, N. Y. the *True Democrat* thus says of one in Ohio:

Our Medina friends had a glorious celebration on the fourth. Thousands were in attendance The oration of Prof. Thome was a brilliant and masterly effort, replete with the purest patriotism. It was enthusiastically received.

The vigor and prosperity of a country may be very much determined by the reception it gives to earnest and hardy workmen—by the work it assigns them, and the rewards it holds out to them. Free and effective countries have few places of usefulness for the toiling many—They turn them into useless soldiers or boorish serfs All enterprise is dead. * * *

Happy is that country where the laborer is the one that is sought out and solicited to work—where work lies all around him, calling him to come and do it.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Then how absurd, how pernicious and wicked the doctrine that the laborers in one half the country—and the only laborers who they say can work there, must be driven to another continent! That the nation itself must set about the miserable work of dwarfing one half its physical industry, and letting hopeless contempt rest upon millions of its laborers, chained or unchained, to gratify a mean senseless prejudice which has been inherited from slavery!—And men are not ashamed to be seen going about society and even pionely, begging from some pulpits the means of carrying on this back-track slave trade! If its own futility did not prevent, this colonization scheme would beggar the land. "Happy is that country where the laborer is *sought*" and honored, not turned into a "boorish serf," then expelled from the country "because the sun has looked upon him."

"From the disunion, or abolition party, Mr. Pillsbury will be assailed with all the slime that Austin Willey is capable of emitting from his filthy mouth, and even from straight-line whigs; he is too firm a democrat to escape their sinkspot abolitionism. The work has already commenced in the Portland Inquirer, (abolition) and from a correspondent in the Calais Advertiser. Go it blackguards."—*Calais Journal*.

Keep cool, man, keep cool. You will fail to frighten any body in this way. It would no doubt be very agreeable if rum-soaked politicians could be allowed to drag their selections before the people for their support, and treat all exposure as "slime" and "blackguard," but it cannot be permitted. The people have tolerated too much of that already, and they are finding it out. The personal character of candidates *must* be examined, and so far as we can do it, *shall* be. From us at least the people shall know when a brandy drinker is before them for office.

☞ We understand Mr. Albert Pillsbury is now traversing the State putting the wires in working order. His obscurity is peculiarly convenient in this case, for he will be unknown.

We predict the temperance committee will get no answer from him. "Not at home."

It justly surprised many that the Jeffersonian and Skowhegan Clarion endorsed the nomination of Albert Pillsbury

Caught Completely!

While the N. H. House of Representatives were adopting resolutions in favor of slavery and the administration, Mr. Tappan, of Bradford, offered the following extract from the Governor's Message! This raised a storm, and it was *voted down*, 145 to 68. Read and see what "democracy" is and does when its hypocrisy is trapped:

Resolved, In the language of His Excellency, the Governor, that those principles of liberty which have been confided to our keeping, by which we are governed, and whose sway under God we alone acknowledge, forbid the further spread of despotism upon our continent; and justice to ourselves, our posterity, the oppressed millions of other lands, and the memory of our illustrious Revolutionary fathers, require at our hands that an unyielding barrier should be presented to it.

Meeting in Auburn.

A meeting of our Division was notified at the Town house on Friday, the 24th of June, at 2 o'clock P. M. The meeting was not large but as large as could be expected at so busy a season of year among Farmers. The resisting and deprecating parties keep many from hearing the truth.

The meeting was addressed by the following gentlemen after an appropriate Prayer by Elder Burgess of Lewiston. Dr. Farr was called for who responded to the call—and was followed by Mr. John Marshall, who was formerly a slave,—Elder Burgess of Lewiston, Col. Merrill and Dr. Killborn of Auburn. It was one of the most interesting meetings we have had in Auburn. THOMAS HERSEY, Sec.

Auburn, July 2d, 1853.

Penobscot County Convention.

The Free Democracy of Penobscot County will meet in convention at the City, Hall Bangor, on Thursday, the eleventh day of August next at 10 o'clock A. M, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the county offices, and for transacting such other business as may come before them.

It is desirable that a more efficient organization should be made in this County: and with this view every Town and Plantation should be fully represented It is expected that several speakers from abroad will be here, and we trust the convention will be one of great interest.

J. N. Downs,
W. K. Merrill,
James Allen,
J. C. Mitchell,
} Coun. Committee.

Bangor, July 14, 1853

Very Untrue.

A writer in the Oxford Democrat says the Chandler rum party of last year was composed of democrats, whigs and free soil men. We do not believe a free soil man in the State voted for Chandler,—certainly not in such numbers as to justify the classification. Will that paper correct.

Hard to Please.—We quote the testimony of eminent democrats respecting Pillsbury, and that is denounced as a "scandalous assault." We quote a democratic paper, and that is infamous. We publish the statements of reliable men on the ground at the Bangor convention, and that is falsehood. Rather hard to please, gentlemen; and we see no better way to make the evidence satisfactory than to publish more of it.

Campaign Paper.

We shall issue no campaign paper this year, but will send the Inquirer 3, 6 or 12 months at advertised rates. 2000 new names will give 4000 new votes. Roll up the list.

☞ See the notice for the Temperance Convention at Bangor. How many Pillsbury democrats will be there?

☞ Send orders for documents, and tracts.

Atlantic & Montreal Road Done!

This great work is now completed, and last Monday the first train passed over it as I reached this city at 7 P. M. A large concourse of people met the party on its arrival with sturdy hurrahs, music by the Band, a welcome from the Mayor, and remarks were made by J. A. Poor, Esq. Cannon were fired from Mt. Joy, and the British and American flags were displayed by all the shipping, and throughout the city. A grand celebration will probable come off at another time.

The completion of this international Railroad is of much importance not only to commerce, but to civilization and the world's progress.

Resolutions

Adopted at the York County Free Democratic Convention, held at Alfred, June 30th, 1853.

1st. *Resolved*, That we deeply regret, that a portion of our fellowmen who are engaged in the anti-slavery cause, are also engaged in depriving us of one of the richest of Heaven's blessings by denying the claims of the Bible as being given us by the inspiration of God.

And that we deeply regret that a large portion of those who profess to know the sacred volume not as the Word of Men, but as it is in truth the Word of God, should disregard the requirement to love our neighbor as ourselves, by not pleading the Cause of the oppressed, and not opening their mouth for the Dumb; but on the contrary, manifesting fellowship with the oppressor, and by sustaining laws which are a disgrace to the Statute Books of an enlightened nation.

2d. *Resolved*, That the Fugitive Slave Law requiring freemen to become blood hounds or slave catchers, and exposing them to enormous fines and imprisonment on their affording the least aid to the panting Fugitive, and putting a bribe of five dollars into the hand of the Judge or Commissioner (to make him pervert judgment,) merita the contempt and indignation of every true patriot, philanthropist and christian, and should by them be trampled under their feet.

3d. *Resolved*, That we the Free Democracy of York County, undismayed by the slave power, and its servile agents, will speak of the subject of slavery whenever, wherever, and however we please.

4th. *Resolved*, That we have full confidence in Hon. Ezekiel Holmes, our Candidate for Governor, and also the candidates this day selected as County officers, and will sustain them at the coming election.

5th. *Resolved*, That we of York County rally together to the great work of making our country what our fathers designed it to be, *A Christian Republic*. To accomplish which we believe we have an important duty to perform at the Ballot Box, and on all occasions to endeavor to elect righteous rulers that right and just laws may be enacted and sustained where they exist. *York County* needs every man to do his duty.

THE 4TH AT EAST NEW PORTLAND

In accordance with a previous notice, the the friends of Temperance and Liberty, together with those who were *unfriendly* to both met in this place, to celebrate our nation's birthday—to *agitate*; and the way those subjects *were* agitated was a terror to evil doers, and a solemn warning to new rum and three-cent politicians.

The assembled mass was addressed by Mr. Willey of Portland, Dr. Parsons of Windham, Rev. Mr. Lord of Industry, and Hon. Wm. R. Flint of North Anson.

The forenoon was devoted to temperance; and the speakers discussed the evils of intemperance in relation to its social, physiological, moral, religious and political bearings, and it is but repeating what so many have repeated since the 4th—that the speakers did honor to themselves and the causes they advocated. Indeed it is loudly whispered by Bro. Willey's friends—that he *exceeded himself*. The largest assembly by far that was ever seen in that town or vicinity, came together at 10 o'clock A. M., and listened till 4, P. M., and something pretty good was *required for food* to keep them quiet both intellectually and physically.

The order of exercises were 1st, Voluntary by the Kingfield Brass Band. 2d, Prayer by Rev. Mr. Lord. 3d, Singing by the choir. 4th, Addresses 5th Singing by the choir. 6th, Procession, as follows:

Brass Band.

The Ladies with the Banner.

Ladies' Temperance Band of New Portland, followed by the Ladies *en masse*.

Orators of the day.

Watchmen Club, No. 205, joined by other Clubs from North Anson, Solon, Skowhegan, Lexington, New Portland and New Vineyard, followed by citizens generally.

The procession thus formed, under Col. Plummer, Marshal of the day—marched to a suitable field, where a beautiful Banner was presented to the Cascade T. W. Club, No. 205 — Mrs. Caroline A. Elder for the ladies then made the following Address.

Temperance Watchmen:—We, the Ladies of East New Portland and vicinity, have prepared our honorable Banner for you, the *Cascade Club*, No. 205, and your Associates, as a token of our interest, and a reward for your labors in the glorious cause of Temperance. We believe you exert a good influence in our community, arising from your principles of Temperance, Humanity and Progress.

Although much good has been effected by your society, there yet remains much to be done.

Remember the warfare in which you are engaged is one of extermination. Upon your firm shoulders we rely with implicit confidence. And upon your arm alone will we lean as our only hope of sustaining the Maine Law.

Remember that to-day *you* are doubly responsible for your duty;—for while all former temperance societies have plead for justice upon the principle of moral suasion, you are held responsible, both Morally and Politically. *Armed* then as you are, go forth—and in the language of inspiration, destroy the destroyer that has spread a gloom over the beauties of our land, and stamped his dark impress upon the hearts of his voteries.

Fear not—your cause is gaining ground.—The Maine Law is doing much towards the downfall of the evil that is cursing our country. Heed therefore the tears of the inebriate as he weeps over his ruined hopes, and go to him with feelings of Humanity, and point him to the fountain of living water that is free for all. And as it is ever flowing onward, so may you Progress in the cause of Temperance.

(*Presents the Banner.*)

Be ever true to your principles—Temperance, Humanity and Progress.

The Banner was received by Warren Hutchins who replied substantially as follows:

Ladies of East New Portland and vicinity:—I will say in behalf of *Cascade Temperance Watchmen Club*, No. 205, that for this beautiful Banner you have here presented us, as a token of the interest you feel in our success, and as a reward for our labors in the cause of Temperance, we feel truly grateful; and while we offer you in return our heartfelt thanks, be assured that we are more firmly resolved to protect our homes, wives, daughters, fathers, sons and mothers, than we have ever been before.—Armed as we are this day with the blessings of High Heaven and the Maine Law, we will go forth David-like, trusting in the God of Israel to do battle against all the rum Goliahs who defy the Maine Law and the armies of the living God. Honored as we are this day with your presence, and this presentation, and the approbation of our Heavenly Father, we should show ourselves recreant to the plainest duty if we did not pledge ourselves anew for the conflict with the common foe—the Destroyer of our race—to a war of utter extermination.

We will stand by the Law We further solicit your aid;—give us your approving smiles, your sympathies, your prayers—then by the blessings of God will our cause prosper and triumph gloriously, while we perform our mission of Humanity by pointing the unfortunate to the "waters of life" and to our Cascade, spiritual and natural. We will not be content with knowing that the glorious stripes and stars of our Nation's flag are unfurled across the Atlantic and Pacific, but we elevate the Temperance Banner and show them the blessings of an enlightened Republican Government—the Maine Law, Temperance, Humanity and Progress.

The procession now moved to a *beautiful* grove, where there were provisions enough *and to spare*, prepared and arranged upon the tables in the *ladies' best style*. Rev. A. Moore of North Anson was called to invoke the blessing of Heaven, after which the multitude was fed to their entire satisfaction. Toasts and sentiments were offered by several gentlemen, but only a few could be procured for publication.

Toasts by A. A. Knowles Esq.

The Maine Law—While it seeks to protect the wife and children of the inebriate, it also provides a steady home for the rumseller.

By Dr. Parsons.

The "Liberals"—alias the Rum party of Maine,—Opposed alike to Temperance and Freedom—but unlike the American eagle has a peaked bill and a long tail. After the conservative whigs have docked the bill, and the hunker democrats have plucked the tail, the Temperance men will "take the bird."

Mr. Willey remarked that it had been said the Ballot-box and Cartridge-box ruled the world: But the Ladies by their beautiful Banner, by the excellence of their address, their beautiful collation, and invaluable efforts in the temperance cause, demanded a grateful acknowledgement He would gladly exchange the Cartridge-box for the Pocket-book and give—

The Band—Brass and Cornet—Harmonious and everlasting security of the Maine Law.

Bro. Moore having been called on several times for a speech, Col. Bell gave the following:

The Orators of the Day—Although a *Willey*, *Parsons* and *Lord*, do not flag in the good cause, still we have called *Moore* to their aid—they will all set their faces as a *Flint* for temperance.

By J. M. Dennis.

The Kingfield Brass Band—Like Orpheus—may their music render the most savage wild beasts *tame*, even the *Bears* and *Wild Cats*. By the same:

The Wheels of Temperance—Always in running order when surrounded by a *Band*. (The Ladies' Temperance.)

About 2 o'clock P. M., the procession was on the march to the Meeting House and adjoining grounds, where Free Democracy and the evils of slavery were fully and *fully* discussed; and we hope that great good will be the result. Altogether we had a *good time*. R.

It was more than good—it was a glorious time. Some 2,000 persons were supposed to be present, while good order and smiling faces were every where seen. Such another specimen of ladies can't be beat. The men and women of New Portland who got up that occasion deserve the warmest thanks. We believe New Portland boys and girls have some little local pride of doing such things a little better than most others.

Senator Flint, a gentleman of character and influence in that county, declared his unequivocal position against the but sound Maine Law candidates for office. He remarked that we were told this was a "side issue." If so he would like to be informed what a *direct* one would be. He would say to all—Give us sound Law men and we stand by them. If not—we forsake them. We say it now, and in September we will say it with tremendous effect. If men will get together and say in effect there must be no more temperance, it is time for the people to answer them so that they will understand (Great applause.)

The Banner was presented and received in the finest manner Mrs. Elder delivered her neat Address in a style so naturally modest, yet distinct and clear, as to be heard by the great mass, whose hearts throbbed responsive to her appeals.

The claims of the old principles of '76 met as hearty a response in the afternoon as those of the Maine Law did in the forenoon. We never met in Maine a larger and nobler body of men and women than on that occasion, and we hope its influences for good will not be lost. Some other town in that county must follow next year.

Votes of thanks were passed to the choir, to the Kingfield Brass Band, and to the people for their liberality, when adjournment took place.

If any man doubts whether the Declaration of Independence yet lives in the hearts of the people, let him mingle in such a gathering as that at New Portland and his doubts will soon be gone.—Ed

For the Portland Inquirer.

The Mind Free.

"He was imprisoned for the too free expression of opinions."

Bid Etna's raging flood be still,
Bind Ocean's billows at thy will,
Subdue the wind, turn back old time,
If mindful these, then bind the mind.

Though dungeons keep thee from within,
Though bolts and bars should intervene,
Think you the thinking mind will stay?
Will bars or bolts have any sway?

Think though you load the body down,
Use whips and chains and angry frowns;
Think you to conquer thus, to bind,
To chain, to burden thus the mind?

Prisons are chains, nor dungeons deep,
Were never made that could it keep,
Extent, nor height, nor depth profound,
Impedes, 'tis free, it knows no bound.

ELIZABETH.

South Gardiner, 1853.

Dr. Parsons.—This gentleman gave us a lecture upon slavery. The Dr. has spent some time at the south and examined with peculiar care the working of the peculiar institution—The south are alarmed at the inroads which slavery is making on the moral, social and religious character of the people. They see that the twin races cannot long stand together in their present relation. Idleness and dissipation will break down the Anglo Saxon, while the African, subjected to servile labor, is growing stronger and stronger. I would commend to the friends of slavery the history of the children of Israel in Egypt, as furnishing important facts for consideration.

The Dr. has seen slavery as it is and presents it in a familiar way, "catching the manners living as they rise." NORRIDGEWOCK.

Bangor Convention.

The State Committee have appointed Wednesday and Thursday 27th and 28th inst., as the time for holding the next State Temperance Convention in Bangor. It will commence on Wednesday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock. LET IT BE A GRAND RALLY. We shall try to make arrangements with the Boats to carry passengers at reduced fare.

Per Order,

BENJ. D. PECK, *Chairman*.

PORTLAND, July 14th, 1853.

The Candidates before the Democratic Convention.—A New York Judge who is here on a visit, was taken by our democratic friends on a visit to the well head quarters of the various candidates for governor whose names were prominent in the democratic convention held for the past two days in this city. On completing his tour, he was asked how he liked them "O, I found it all right," said he, "There was a demijohn of brandy in each room, and a pack of cards on the table, and if you bet one of ten a dollar, he would you seven and a half better."—*Bangor Mercury*

Enforcement of the Slave Law.—The Nashville (Ill.) Monitor gives an instance of the practical enforcement of the Slave Law in Washington county. A colored man, after a confinement of six weeks in the county jail, was, on the 20th, sold to Marcus G. Faulkner, of Grand Point, for the sum of $4.75, for one month. At the expiration of that time, unless he leaves the State, he is again to be arrested, and sold to the highest bidder, which may be for a month, or a year, or a dozen years, or for life.

"The man who has not read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is a Congregational minister of this State, and made the confession publicly at the General Association, on Cape Cod, a few days ago

Why did not he do as many others have done—glance through it just enough to pretend they have read it, but so slightly as to escape its force? That is the way for such people to read both the Cabin and the Key

Mr Dow in Canada.

The Toronto North American gives an account of the reception of Neal Dow in Toronto, from which we take the following:

"Having ascertained by telegraph that the Hon. Neal Dow intended to leave Hamilton on Friday morning for Toronto, by the steamer "Queen of the West," the representatives of the Temperance organizations met in the afternoon in a body to the wharf, to welcome the distinguished stranger to the city. Seven carriage drew up in front of the office, and the steamer heaving in sight, the party succeeded to the wharf, to await its arrival. A mutual congratulation soon followed; and having reached the head of the wharf, the party seated themselves in the carriage and proceeded to make the round of the city, that the Hon. gentleman might form some idea of its extent. Mr. Mink's large crimson carriage, drawn by four excellent grays, led the way, and in it were seated the reception committee, and the Hon. Neal Dow. The man was the handsome private carriage of Fred. C. Capreol, Esq., with his beautiful grays which had been put at the service of the Secretary of the League for the occasion. The other five carriages followed in order."

In the evening Mr. Dow gave a lecture, and the next day was entertained with a select public breakfast," at which public speeches were made and sentiments offered by several gentlemen.

Trouble South.—The Union Democrats of Alabama have concluded not to submit in silent acquiescence to the triumph of the secessionists at the recent State Convention. It will be remembered that they placed in nomination Col. John A. Winton, a leading State Rights, Secession, Anti-Compromise Democrat. The Union wing of the democracy have placed in nomination Col. Alvin G. Nicks of Talladega.

☞ Messrs. May & Marble advertise a new Daily and Weekly paper in this city to be called "The State of Maine." Its leading object we infer is to be commercial, politics "are to be regarded more in reference to the interests of business than in their partizan character." Too low ground this.

☞ The Oxford Democrat has been sold to Noah Prince, Esq., of Buckfield, a thorough temperance man. Dr. Thomas remains editor, and is ably resisting the nomination of Pillsbury as a public fraud. The Argus "regrets" it, and the Age thinks it ominous for the party. Very likely. See the Call for a new Convention.

☞ Rev. A Robbins declines the unanimous invitation of the Baptist Church and Society in Biddeford, to continue his labors with them another year.

Clarke & Beeton, English publishers, deny that they meant to be classed with literary pirates. They say that they have paid £750 to the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and that they considered it right so to B. *Stowe* it!

THE SLAVE CODE

Is for sale at this office for 75 cents each.—For 90 cents we send it to any part of the land. Every man should have it.

The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin has come and is for sale at this office for fifty cents, or for sixty-five cents sent free of postage to any place.

For Two Dollars, we will send a copy of the Key post paid and a copy of the Portland Inquirer for one year to any new subscriber.

The Pathfinder Railway Guide for July is at hand. It is not quite up with the times for us down easters, for to-day (July 18) our cars go to Montreal and the Montreal train comes into Portland, but there are no indications in the Guide that the road is running beyond Island Pond. We'll forgive you this time, bro. Newton, for the "*Solid men of Boston*" have raised quite a cloud of dust between your city and ours, in the flurry they have got into on the general subject of railroad communication with Canada. Your stocks falling and ours increasing just at this time, has a tendency to move these "*solid men*" from their generally erect and firm position. It is all right, for we could not accommodate any of these "*solid men of Boston*" on the road just now if you had notified them. The cars will all be engaged for about a month now, with LOCAL travel; so if you notify them next month, *we'll take them if we have room*.

The Horticulturist.—Published at Rochester N. Y. by James Vick jr. at $2 per year and colored plates $4. This most valuable magazine, we wish we could see in the hand of every man in Maine, who has a rood of land to till and beautify. It is most beautifully executed, mechanically, which is but a faint type of its splendid representations of cottages, fruits, and fruit trees, flowers, ornamental designs for rural cemeteries garden culture and furniture, and knowledge of the science of horticulture, kitchen gardening, &c. &c.

The Illustrated Record of the Industry of all Nations, is the title of a quarto, very neatly printed and superbly illustrated, issued by G. P. Putnam & co. N. York, from the Crystal Palace itself, weekly, for 10 weeks, at $3.00.

The official descriptive and annotated catalogue of the exhibition will also be issued in uniform size with the above, by the same publishers, so as to be convenient to bind with it and form a volume of great interest to every one who has any regard for the Arts. This Catalogue is to be $2.00. Those who remit $5.00 promptly in advance, will be furnished gratis with a handsome cloth cover for binding the volume.

Hunt's Merchant's for July contains articles on

The Financial reign of Louis Phillippe.

Biography of George Hudson the "railroad king."

Traits of trade—laughable and iniquitous.

Commercial cities of the U. States.

Remedy for Bank note counterfeits and alterations, and numerous others of great value. N. York, Freeman Hunt, $5 per annum.

"Rappo-Mania Overthrown." *By Henry Wickliffe*. Boston, Fowler & Wells. The author examines the rapping doctrines by the light of the Scriptures, Reason, Philosophy, Common Sense, and Religion, and maintains that no "spirits" are concerned in the matter. In a Second Part he is to demonstrate the cause of the rappings.

Knickerbocker for July is at hand with 22 articles of prominence besides an abundance of editorial knickerbockers as spice. Published by Samuel Hueston, New York at three dollars per annum.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

☞ Grain crops in the West are coming off well.

☞ The *Northern Light* has been removed from Hallowell to Portland.

☞ Hon. Gerrit Smith has sent $1,000 for the relief of the sufferers at Oswego.

☞ Several shocks of a supposed earthquake, one rather violent, occurred here last Sabbath morning.

☞ We had a very little rain last Saturday, but it soon disappeared and now it is dryer than before. The State suffers severely. So of all New England.

☞ The interest of Messrs. Edwards & Gerrish in the Portland Advertiser has been bought by J. M. Wood, Esq., Mr. Carter remaining his fourth. So it is said. It is to be enlarged and improved.

☞ The differences between Mr. Marcy and Buchanan have been so far adjusted, that the latter has decided to accept the mission to England.

☞ Three hundred drunkeries have been licensed in the neighborhood of the Crystal Palace.

The late Congregational Convention at Windsor, Vt., showed but five net increase of church members in that denomination the last year.

A SHAMEFUL AFFAIR.—An affray occurred, recently, at Vicksburg, Miss., between General Davies and Colonel Balksdale, two rival candidates for Congress, in which the latter was stabbed in nine places. It is thought he will recover.

PUBLIC OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE PRESIDENT.—The Crystal Palace Exhibition was opened to the public, the 14th inst., and was visited by a large number of persons.

The President left early on the morning of the 15th. The 14th evening he attended a banquet at the Metropolitan hotel, and the opera at the Castle Garden.

A number of distinguished New York Democrats called upon him, to-day, including Messrs. John Van Buren, John L. O'Sullivan, Postmaster Fowler, Mayor Westervelt, &c.

An unfortunate girl in New York had the contents of a lighted camphene lamp thrown upon her, by a ruffian named McCue. She was shockingly burned, and he arrested.

The colored people in New Bedford have taken the initiatory steps towards celebrating the emancipation of slave in the West Indies, on the 1st of August.

The formal opening of the Capital University, at Columbus, Ohio, will take place on the 13th of September. Addresses will be delivered by Hon. W. H. Seward and Rev. Dr. Mann.

COUNTERFEIT.—The Ellsworth Herald says: The Cashier of the Ellsworth Bank received on yesterday, from the Suffolk Bank, Boston, a one dollar bill altered to a five.

The citizens of Plymouth and descendents of the Pilgrims generally, are making arrangements to celebrate, on the first of August, the anniversary of the embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, in 1620.

The *N. Y. Evening Post* states that Hon. Gerrit Smith, M. C., lies dangerously ill at his home in Peterboro', having recently undergone a very serious and painful surgical operation.

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN NEW YORK.—It is said that more than fourteen hundred packages of articles for exhibition in the crystal palace in Reservoir square have already arrived at New York from foreign ports, and fears are entertained that there will be insufficient room in the building to accommodate all the applicants.

TERRIBLE GUILT! The inquest on the case of those who were shot by the military at the late disturbance at Montreal, decide that the Mayor gave the order to fire, and that the firing was wholly unnecessary. So the blood of all those murdered persons rests on him.

This is a serious warning against electing incompetent men as public officers. No one can foresee what exigency may arise, calling for solid ability. The Mayor in this case was so frightened that he scarcely knew what he was about!

In forty cities and towns in Scotland, every 149 of the population support a dram-shop, while it requires 981 to keep a baker, 1067 to support a grocer, and 2271 to sustain a bookseller.—*Edinburgh News.*

BOSTON, July 18.

COUNTERFEITERS ARRESTED.—The police to day arrested Charles Pomeroy, Lorenzo Moulton, Charles Burbank, Leland A. Wilkinson and Edward Hazewell, for passing counterfeit money. Fourteen hundred dollars counterfeit bills on the Mexico Bank, Portland, were found upon them.

WASHINGTON, July 17.

President Pierce and suite arrived here by special train at 10 o'clock last evening, and proceeded quietly to their homes.

MORTALITY ON BOARD A VESSEL AT SEA. A SOLITARY VOYAGER.—The schooner Empire, Capt. Barker, left Darien, Ga., for Key West on the 20th of June, with a cargo of lumber. During the voyage all of the crew, consisting of two sailors, a cook and boy, together with mate died of Southern fever. The last man died on the 9th inst., since which time, he was obliged to navigate the vessel and bring her into port alone. Capt. Barker had himself had been sick, but had recovered. *He was for six days alone on the ocean.—Boston Traveller of July 12th.*

Hon. Gerrit Smith has recently undergone a severe and painful surgical operation and is not yet able to be in public. We are glad to learn, however, that there is a strong prospect that he will not hereafter suffer from those local ailments which have heretofore confined him so much at home and have interfered so seriously with the abundant labors he has to perform. The friends of humanity everywhere will feel a deep interest in the preservation of his life and strength—*Oneida Telegraph.*

What an unique and meaning expression was that of a young Irish girl, in giving a testimony against an individual in a court of justice the other day: "Arrah, sir," said she, "I am sure he never made his mother smile." There is a biography of unkindness in that short and simple sentence.

From the Rio Grande.

BALTIMORE, July 15th.—The transport "Fashion" has arrived at New Orleans from the Rio Grande) with dates of June 10th.

Mr. Steigel, the deputy sheriff of Brownsville, had been killed by suffocation by Mr. Conrad, editor of the *American.*

A skirmish had taken place between Capt. Granger's company, U. S. Rifles, and a party of marauding Indians: five of the latter were killed, and a number wounded. Troops were collected and are continually arriving at Mexican towns on the frontier. Military encampments also are being established at many points on the Rio Grande.

From Mexico.

NEW ORLEANS, July 17th.—Later advices from Mexico state that M. Salazar announces his determination to maintain the incontestible right of Mexico to the Mesilla Valley, and threatens to resign should the concession be made to General Lane.

The *Trait d' Union* doubts whether Mexico will entertain any proposition for the purchase of the Mesilla.

War in Europe.

The news from Europe certainly increases in warlike indications. A fight between Turkey and Russia almost seems inevitable, and if it actually takes place it will involve all Europe.

The dates from Constantinople by mail are to the 13th of June: and advices by telegraph are three or four days later. News of the rejection of the Russian ultimatum by the Porte reached St. Petersburg on the 24th of June: when the emperor went so far as to tell the English and French embassadors that even the destruction of his fleets would not prevent his invading Turkey and obtaining the reparation he believed his due

A courier from St. Petersburg arrived at Constantinople with a document from which we extract.

"The Emperor, my master, has informed me that Prince Menschikoff was obliged to quit Constantinople, after a stay there of three months, without having been able to obtain the guarantees which he demanded for the rights and privileges of the Greek church. The Emperor considers the refusal of the Porte as a complete want of consideration, as an affront offered to his person. He approves completely of the conduct of his ambassador. In his solicitude for the preservation of the Ottoman Empire, he recommends the Porte to reflect seriously on the disastrous consequences of its refusal, the wholesome possibility of which must rest on it, and he accords it for the purpose, a final delay of eight days. At the expiration of that period the Russian troops will cross the frontiers, not to wage war, but to obtain from the Sultan the concessions which he has refused to accord by the friendly arrangement.

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The *N. Y. Evening Post* states that Hon. Gerrit Smith, M. C., lies dangerously ill at his home in Peterboro', having recently undergone a very serious and painful surgical operation.

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN NEW YORK.—It is said that more than fourteen hundred packages of articles for exhibition in the crystal palace in Reservoir square have already arrived at New York from foreign ports, and fears are entertained that there will be insufficient room in the building to accommodate all the applicants.

TERRIBLE GUILT! The inquest on the case of those who were shot by the military at the late disturbance at Montreal, decide that the Mayor gave the order to fire, and that the firing was wholly unnecessary. So the blood of all those murdered persons rests on him.

This is a serious warning against electing incompetent men as public officers. No one can foresee what exigency may arise, calling for solid ability. The Mayor in this case was so frightened that he scarcely knew what he was about!

In forty cities and towns in Scotland, every 149 of the population support a dram-shop, while it requires 981 to keep a baker, 1067 to support a grocer, and 2271 to sustain a bookseller.—*Edinburgh News.*

BOSTON, July 18.

COUNTERFEITERS ARRESTED.—The police to day arrested Charles Pomeroy, Lorenzo Moulton, Charles Burbank, Leland A. Wilkinson and Edward Hazewell, for passing counterfeit money. Fourteen hundred dollars counterfeit bills on the Mexico Bank, Portland, were found upon them.

WASHINGTON, July 17.

President Pierce and suite arrived here by special train at 10 o'clock last evening, and proceeded quietly to their homes.

MORTALITY ON BOARD A VESSEL AT SEA. A SOLITARY VOYAGER.—The schooner Empire, Capt. Barker, left Darien, Ga., for Key West on the 20th of June, with a cargo of lumber. During the voyage all of the crew, consisting of two sailors, a cook and boy, together with mate died of Southern fever. The last man died on the 9th inst., since which time, he was obliged to navigate the vessel and bring her into port alone. Capt. Barker had himself had been sick, but had recovered. *He was for six days alone on the ocean.—Boston Traveller of July 12th.*

Hon. Gerrit Smith has recently undergone a severe and painful surgical operation and is not yet able to be in public. We are glad to learn, however, that there is a strong prospect that he will not hereafter suffer from those local ailments which have heretofore confined him so much at home and have interfered so seriously with the abundant labors he has to perform. The friends of humanity everywhere will feel a deep interest in the preservation of his life and strength—*Oneida Telegraph.*

What an unique and meaning expression was that of a young Irish girl, in giving a testimony against an individual in a court of justice the other day: "Arrah, sir," said she, "I am sure he never made his mother smile." There is a biography of unkindness in that short and simple sentence.

Democratic Mass State Convention!

The Democratic Republicans of the State of Maine, who are in favor of sustaining and perpetuating the principles of Democracy as exploined and administered by Jefferson and Jackson, and who are opposed to the disgraceful, unjust, and unjustifiable proceedings of the recent Bangor Convention, at which Abner Coburn was nominated for Governor hereby notified to meet in MASS CONVENTION in the City Hall, Portland, on THURSDAY THE 4TH DAY OF AUGUST NEXT at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and the objects day of Candidate for Governor, to be supported at the next ensuing September election; and to transact all other business which the exigencies of the times shall then require.

This call is made agreeably to a vote passed at a meeting of the Democratic Republicans, assembled from different parts of the State, and holden at Portland, on the eighth day of July, 1853,—at which meeting a Democratic State Committee was chosen for this purpose.

By order of said Democratic State Com.,

NOAH PRINCE, *Chairman.*

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

STOCK LIST,

For the Week ending July 16, 1853.

CORRECTED FOR THE ADVERTISER BY WM H. WOOD Stock and Exchange Broker, Portland.

Description.	*Par value.*	*Offered.*	*Asked.*
State of Maine Bonds, 1855,			
City Bonds, 6 yrs, payable in Boston,			
Atlantic Bank,			
Bank of Cumberland			
Canal Bank			
Casco Bank New			
Casco Bank			
Merchants' Bank			
do do New			
Mechanics' & Traders' Bank			
Portland Company			
Portland Gas Company			
Saco Lake Co.			
Androscoggin R. R. Co.			
Portland, S. & P. R. R. Co.			
At. & St. Lawrence R. R.			
do do Bonds,			
And. & Kennebec R. R. Stock,			
do do Bonds,			
Androscoggin Rail Road Stock,			
do do Bonds,			
Ken. & Portland R. R. Stock,			
do do Bonds,			
York & Cumberland R. R. Stock,			
do do Bonds,			
Ati. & St. L. R. R. Interest Scrip,			
Portland Steam Packet Co.,			
Portland Marine Railway Co.,			
E. Kennebec Marine Railway Co.,			
Portland Manufacturing Co.,			
Lisbon Manufacturing Co.,			
Androscoggin Mills Co., new stock,			
Androscoggin Mills Co., old stock,			

† Including 6 months' interest.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

Portland, Monday, July 18, 1853.

APPLES, ⅌ bb.		MOLASSES, ⅌ gal.	
Uncored		Trinidad	
Cored		Havana & cienfuegos	
Sliced		Porto Rico	
ASHES, ⅌ ⅌.		Porto Rico	
Pearl		Cuba, refd sugar	
Pots		Cuba, refd sugar	
BEANS, ⅌ bush.		NAILS, ⅌ cent.	
Mediums		Cut, asstd sizes	
BEEF, ⅌ bbl.		Wrot, asstd sizes	
Prime mess		OATS, ⅌ bush.	
Prime		Northern	
Cargo, No. 1		PLASTER PARIS	
BREAD, ⅌ cwt.		Fine	
Ship		Fine	
Pilot		Fine	
Navy		Fine	
BUTTER, ⅌ ⅌.		PORK, ⅌ bbl.	
Western		Mess	
Ohio		Prime	
Ohio		Prime mess	
Ohio		Prime	
Ohio		Prime mess	
Ohio		Prime	
Ohio		Prime

THE FARMER.

Philosophy of Improving Land.

Every practical farmer, doubtless who possesses a sound discriminating mind, is well aware, that in all improvements whether in reference to the crops we raise, the animals we feed, or the soil we till, our operation, in order to be successful, must be regulated by certain fixed and immutable laws, equally operative and unchangeable in the individual as in the class to which the individual belongs. Common experience has demonstrated that the different species of quadrupeds do not thrive—that Indian corn and wheat, though belonging to the same order, cannot be hybridized, and that the soils which we denominate sandy, are physically different from those which are composed principally or in a great measure of alumina or clay. The specific distinction in these cases, are fixed and immutable, and the law by which there distinction are maintained, no force of human power or ingenuity is competent to modify or annul. Many farmers appear to be satisfied with returning to the soil a portion of its produce, and that otherwise not only the whole amount but an additional benefaction in the shape of muck, loam or compost. If a field be well manured and planted in corn, and all the vegetable matter produced by the growth of the plant, the weeds, be given the subsequent season, the soil will unquestionably improve so long as the practice is continued. But it is is never done under any of the present systems of cultivation. We feed only the foliage to our animals, and sell the grain, and it is the grain which constitutes the life, in a material sense of every production. In the system pursued by nature, all the leaves and grain, so to speak, are returned directly to the soil, and in time even the more solid substances of wood and stalk, become mixed in the pabulum of the soil; and it is owing to this arrangement that woodlands never "run out," or become so far impoverished as not to produce a "crop." In most soils there is a deficiency of some of the principles; sandy lands, so called, have an excess of silex, or, in other words, a deficiency of aluminous particles. By adding clay, the constitutional texture is improved, and character of the land ameliorated, and rendered more productive. The addition of lime to sandy lands, renders them more ponderous, and consequently less liable to siftand wash; it also increases their retentive power or capacity, and therefore endues with the necessary energies requisite to enable them to resist successfully, the effect of drought. In applying alterants it is always judicious to consider the primitive character of the land, and to ascertain, as accurately as circumstances will admit, the amount of extraneous matter which is necessary to supply the deficiency, and bring it to the condition of those soils which are known to be productive. Chemical analysis is here indispensable to accurate results; yet very important improvements have been effected where the operator has been deficient in analytical skill, and guided only by practical knowledge of the geological characteristics of the land:—*Germantown TeGraph.*

How to Make One Farm Equal to Three.

G. T. Stewart, Esq., in a recent Address before the Ohio Agricultural Society, thus speaks on this subject:

Many farmers who are destroying the productiveness of their farms by shallow-work, as they find that their crops are diminishing think only of extending their tillage to more acres of surface, as if they supposed that their title deeds only gave them a right to six inches deep of earth. If they will take those deeds, study their meaning, and apply the lessons of their field, they will easily realize in three-fold crops the fact that the law has given them three farms where they supposed they had but one—in other words, that the sub-soil brought up and combined with the top soil, and exposed to the atmospheric influences, and those other elements which agricultural science will teach them to apply to their ground, will increase three-fold the measures of its productiveness. To show to what extent the fertility of the soil can be increased, I refer to a document in the last Patent Office Report. In the year 1850, there were nine competitors for the premium corn crop of Kentucky, each of whom cultivated 10 acres. Their average crop was about 122 bushels per acre. At that time the average crop of wheat per acre in the harvests of Great Britain, on a soil cultivated for centuries, is about double that produced on the virgin soil of Ohio. Why is this? Simply because British farmers are educated men, and apply work wisely. They pay back to the earth what they borrow; they endeavor by every means in their power to inrich their ground and in return, it enriches them. Four farmers, instead of labor ing over their ground, and trying to make it double their crops, they would find it a vast saving of time and toil, and an increase of profits.

Many of them never think of digging 10 inches into the soil, unless they have dreamed about a pot of gold in their farm, and but if they would set about the work of digging in earnest, every man would find his crock of gold, without the aid of dreams and divination.

We have a great advantage over the British farmers in the fact that our farmers nearly all hold the lands which they cultivate, in fee simple while in England they are chiefly tenants, hiring the lands, of the nobility, paying enormous rents to the proprietors, besides heavy taxes to government. Taxes here are comparatively light, and our farmers are their own landlords. Hence they have been able to pay three-fold wages for labor to those paid in Europe, pay the costs of transportation and yet undersell the British farmers in their own markets.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Weeds and Weeding

The Working Farmer has a chapter on the destruction of weeds by other means than plowing and hoeing:

The remedies proposed for doing away with weeds, are only exceeded in number by weeds themselves—but among the many methods some may be adopted with propriety. Some weeds of the smaller kind are destroyed by burning a slight coating of litter on the surface of the soil in early spring, and market gardeners so prepare soil for raising cabbage plants. Many kinds of the smaller weeds are destroyed by a coating or six bushels of common salt per acre after plowing, and a few days before planting. Some weeds, embracing quite a large class, may be done away with, by two plowings at a few weeks apart, and when the field is intended for late crops, this may readily be done.

Where a neglected corner is so full of weeds, that they cannot be got rid of by ordinary means, than salt the soil at a cost by to destroy all growth, and by losing the use of it for one year, and adding lime with a full plowing, such salted soil will be found clear of weeds the following season and of improved fertility. The ultimate constituents of salt (chlorine and soda) do not injuriously to vegetation, and they soon separate in the soil by chemical influences, and thus cease to be salt.

Root and other hoed crops enable us to get rid of many weeds, when the crops receive proper attention—thus a carrot crop properly attended, will secure the removal of weeds. The use of properly constructed cultivators among root crops, if used sufficiently often, will save much labor in the removal of weeds, for they will turn out soil to the weeds in the rows, leaving those in the hills to be removed by hand or hoe. The use of

[illegible]

soil from weeds, if applied to a proper depth in a well ploughed soil, it cuts of the weeds, and leaves the roots, and the stems above the surface, to decay without replacing the roots. Horse-hoes are also constructed so as to cut weeds deeply, and to leave the entire weed root and all, on the surface to decay.

Never leave weeds a few days longer, because they are not going to seed. Large weeds seldom come forth with so much of their roots as small ones, and then their increased size with other plants of their proper food, nor will their decay in the surface and restore all they have robbed, again to the soil; for a large part of the nitrogenous portion of their constituents will be lost in the atmosphere. Salt and lime, nitrate, and other compounds, destroy the accidental weed seed from it's vitality, by assisting in their more perfect decomposition. Hog-pen manure will decompose with such violence as to destroy many, and yet where the diversion is in a confined pit or cellar and brine, the ammonia is not lost even by so violent a decomposition.

Farm Engineering.

This is a branch of education that is almost entirely neglected in the United States, and yet, in no country is the daily practice of it more required. There is not one farmer in a thousand who understands the principles of properly conducting water from a distant source to his premises, but have—and still leave—the know nay thing of digging ditches, forming drains, laying pipes, &c.; and scarcely any of all who can take levels and calculate areas with exactness.

Scarcely a day passes that we are not called upon for advice in these matters, particularly by gentlemen who are leaving the city to pass a few months of their time at their country places, which they are very desirous of judiciously improving and embellishing; and they are surprised at the large required information in a general theoretical way, which answers but an imperfect purpose, because it is necessary to be on the spot when the improvements are to be carried out, and make a minute personal inspection, and then oversee the work as it goes on.

Now it strikes us that if a few persons would qualify themselves theoretically and practically as farm engineers, they would find abundant employment, and good wages, particularly in the neighborhood of large towns; and if in addition they are good practical farmers and gardeners, and had some knowledge of chemistry, geology, botany, arboriculture, and the laws of vegetation, and improving domestic animals, it would be all the better for them and the country.

Some things are now taught at the public schools which are of little use to the rural population; but if Farm Engineering could take their place, it would be of great public service to the farmers individually, and add much to their latent resources and the value of their land. Will the directors of our Common Schools take this subject into consideration, and endeavor to put it in execution.—*Agricultor.*

TEMPERANCE.

[From the Temperance Battery.]

THE MAN IN THE WELL.

A Temperance Tale.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

It was one of those dark, dismal, murky days of February, which follow the breaking up of a cold spell of weather. The snow, which had fallen, at intervals, to a considerable depth in the forenoon, gave way by a three days' rain, except here and there, it was saturated with mud and coal dust, where it had been driven round the corners by the sweeping winds, or brushed from the pavement into gutters and crossings. The frost was just out of the ground, the sap was running in gurgling streams of inky hue; for the long dripping rain had thoroughly soaked up the deposits of winter from the blackened roof. It did not freeze, but it was cold; as chilly, cold, wet and disagreeable as one can possibly conceive a day to be. Everybody, who could, shut the door and sat down by the fire, shivering, 'Oh! how disagreeable it is.' Those who had to go out, buttoned up close and hurried through the shower as best they might.

There was a man building a foundry in our village, and to supply his engine with water he was having a well dug beside his furnace, which was a heavy pile of stone work. There were many men employed, and the men engaged in digging it held a consultation whether they should continue their work. The elder and wiser of the two said, 'No, the earth was too full of water, the ground too soft, and the expense of the stone work too great; it would cave in' and he decided to cease. But the other laughed at his fears, descended in spite of all remonstrance, and began his work. In vain his brother entreated him to desist. His reply was, 'No danger; I know what I am about.' But, he did not know. The burthened earth gave way, and he was buried many feet beneath an avalanche of sand and gravel. Wild went the cry over the city—'Fisher's well has caved in and buried Fisher beneath!' The storm, the wind, the rain, the mud, were all forgotten. The merchant dropped his yard-stick; the farmer left his market wagon in the street; the lawyer threw down his book, the mechanic his tools, and the minister his pen. All rushed with troubled faces and quivering lips to the rescue. Women caught up their infants and ran amid the storm to sympathise with the frantic wife, and all looked into each others' faces and asked in gasping whispers, 'Who shall do it? Ropes, ladders, spades and shovels were wanted. Not one stepped to ask, 'Whose is this?' No one said 'That is mine,' but the cry was,' Take it! take it for God's sake hurry—he will die!' Down they leaped into the dark abyss. None stopped to ask business—do it thus; but all were so eager that a police had to be formed to keep off the crowd, lest they should shake down the surrounding earth and bury the workers. Then there was the rushing to work in ropes pressing heavily. 'Tear it away!' cried Fisher, 'save my child!' And with giant strength he hurled the huge rocks from their places. 'It will cost him a great deal,' said one more prudent than the rest. 'Don't talk of cost; we'll all give him something when he comes out, if we have to save him!—don't let him die for a few dollars' expense.'

They worked like giants hour after hour, till the big sweat drops rolled from manly brows and strong limbs trembled with fatigue. Then others took their places, and at us the work went on. A tin tube was forced down, through which they shouted and asked the prisoner if alive to answer, and his voice came back to them from his grave. 'Alive—but make haste to save me here. He was alive, and with a wild, joyous shout they redoubled their zeal to save him. Noone said, 'He went in himself—let him die.' No! the sympathising, weeping wife—'Mind her own business; there is nothing to do with her perishing fool of a husband: let him die.' No one argued the matter as to the legal liability of taking this man's spade, that man's ladder, and this man's boards; not one thought of the law against breaking the masonry and despoiling the works. No, no, there was *a man* to be saved. All else was forgotten, and in the full tide of human sympathy they risked themselves to save him. And he was saved. We can never forget the wild cry of joy, which shout of joy that shook the very heavens with love them. 'He is saved!' was echoed from every street and alley. 'He is saved!' and the young wife as with [illegible] breast and thought of his relieved wife and little ones. 'He is saved—blessed God!' murmured the aged mother, and the younger sister sunk down fainting for joy. 'He is saved,' burst forth as from one voice from the whole village heart. And yet, this was but a man, a day laborer, fitted for no extra virtue. Had he died, his world would have shed tears of sorrow, but not of shame. His children would have been fatherless, but no dark stain would have sullied their lives; his wife would have been widowed, but without their young hearts.

Oh, men oh, women! how strangely inconsistent you are. There are a hundred thousand dying this day in the United States, a hundred thousand drunkards, sinking in weight more terrible than the ground in the well—dying a suffering, lingering death, that will as surely come to them, if no hand is extended to save them, as it would have come to him in the well. Practically wives are pleading, Practically mothers are imploring. Save them, save them! Dig away the temptations that have covered them up. Tear up the masonry of law and public opinion that is pressing in upon them and holding them down in the dark, lingering death, from which they cannot, and dare not use that are now safe. Hurl the stones of selfishness from their places. Take the man's rope, that one's ladder; but help—help, in mercy help, ere that hundred thousand die—die in torments awful, terrible, and in misery, lingering, dreadful. Help, help! they are the wise, the good, the great; the artisan, the mechanic, the merchant, the farmer, and the student. Save them, oh! save them, from the drunkard's tomb. Let them not be left to die in their sins and temptation. Up through the dark aisles of life, with the hollow voices of despair, they are calling to you to save them or they perish. Oh! lift the load that is crushing them and that they have no power to resist. Look at the thousand graves, and the growing pile with anguish. Look at the deep furrows which tears have worn in the sister's cheek. Look at the sunken eye and wan lip of the wife. Look at the bowed form and grey locks of the mother, as her young hearts be moved. Stand no longer idly waiting, while your victims perish day by day.—What if his jeopardy is self imposed.—So was that of the man in the well; but did you withhold your helping hand? What if the property will be destroyed and the lives of others interfered with? So was it with the property that covered the man in the well; but human life demanded the sacrifice, and it was cheerfully made.

Up, then, men and women! Work to redeem the drunkard as you would your neighbor from other danger. Save him perforce. Take him from the horrible pit. Drag him from perdition, and place his feet upon firm ground, where there are no trembling and quaking. Remove temptation. *Compel* him to live, and prayers of thanksgiving, tears of joy, and shouts of the redeemed shall ascend to heaven, and the very angels will echo back a long and loud hallelujah!

The Report of The State Central Committee for the year ending July 1st, 1853.

Gentlemen of the Convention:—

The State Central Committee deem it their duty to present to you a report of their doings; and to make known to you, and through you, to the people of this commonwealth the manner in which they have discharged their duty as your servants, and the means by which we met the responsibilities devolved upon them.

We have not time to day, neither is it necessary that we should present the history of our last campaign against the rum power; how we met the foe, and conquered him; how we were gloriously victorious, as by the blessing of God we shall ever be, against this foe of the human race. Neither is it necessary that we should give you the history of the Maine Law movement, its obstacles, its successes, its triumphs, and its trials; all are before you, and we leave the past; let it be your beacon light;—let it encourage you for the present, and make you bold and courageous for the future. What the men of Maine have done, the men of Maine can and will do. Progress then is our watchword, and, what virtue, humanity, patriotism, and religion dictate, that we will do.

One year ago a Convention of the friends of temperance and the Maine Law, convened in this city, and resolved unanimously at whatever sacrifice of time, money and labor, the anti Liquor Law should be preserved. That Convention appointed a Committee, to have the general supervision of the cause throughout the State; and the Committee having discharged that duty as they hope faithfully, and successfully, now do and report to you and their constituents, a brief report of their operations.

Under the direction of the Committee several Conventions were held during the campaign. Three Conventions, one in Portland one in Augusta, and the other in Bangor. Several large County Conventions were also held, which were in our judgment, like all our gathering, highly industrial, and productive of much good. We also employed a number of able lecturers from abroad, beside some of our own ministers, and others, who labored successfully and to purpose; among the people. The Committee also distributed something like one hundred and twenty four thousand four page tracts; two thousand copies of that excellent sermon, entitled, THE THRONE OF INIQUITY, OR SUPERSEDING THE MAINE LAW, by Rev. Albert Barnes, and many thousands of newspapers, containing important facts, and arguments, in favor of the law. The Committee have received during the year from different sources $2811,85, and have, as you have been expended in carrying on the operations of the year. Portions of the pledges that were made last year have not been redeemed. Yet quite an amount has been redeemed, and has been expended in the localities where it was pledged; the friends preferring to do in this way, for convenience sake; others may have done the same thing, but we have received money only of a few who have practised in this manner. The Committee are of opinion and we think all will agree with us that the funds raised and expended, were productive of much good. By this means we were able to go before the people, to give them facts and arguments in favor of the good cause, and to show them, that the Maine Law is right in principle; that it is constitutional, and authorized by the fathers of the cause had denied, but we proved to the people that we, and not the enemies of the law were right. Our appeals, our arguments, did the work, the great work; it was pressing heavily. The Legislature which they elected have improved it, in many of its provisions. Instead then, of a backward step which the enemies prophesied we should take, we have on the contrary advanced, and so it will always be, if we do our duty. God helps those, who help themselves. We answer our own prayers in this respect. What we want, what we hope for, what we pray for, what we desire, and what our souls long to enjoy of good, we must work out for ourselves. God, our own hearts, all the past, and all we may hope for in the future, impress this lesson upon us. They that would be free themselves "Must strike the blow."

What we did last year, we can do again. No denominational schism, no disunion, no discomfit us in this warfare. What though our enemies should subsidize a party, party machinery, party organization, and party presses, yet the people if they will it, can break down these influences and render party machinery, as futile and harmless as were the green withes that bound a Sampson. Every thing then for the cause, nothing for party. We do not underrate the immense political power of organization; on the contrary we know that there are men, who stick to party at all hazards even though it subset in a crusade against God and humanity. Conscience has been so long and very many men in Maine who will not bow the knee to party dictation or obey its behests in any of work. The number of those who will not do these things is increasing, and we hope will swell the number to a still greater magnitude.

Gentlemen of the Convention, and fellow citizens of the State of Maine, the traffic, the wicked, the infamous cry of repeal! is now loudly vociferated in certain quarters, and by certain men and the forces of these men are now concentrating, as they never did before. It is now with them victory or defeat, success or disastrous defeat; from which there can be no recover. What then is our duty in this crisis?

It is plain. A thorough organization of our forces throughout the State; that we may know our men. A thorough discrimination of party feelings, and party preferences; all manoeuvrings, if there be any, for any cause whatever, must be set aside, subordinated and put away forever. The one great living question is before us, and must fill our hearts, and control and govern our minds. *Our cause is one, and we must be one.* Wisdom and duty dictates that we should direct our united power against the foe, wherever it be found. When we have surveyed the entire field, and the forces of the enemy, we must then, every one as a warlike figure hung out shot and our ammunition, be ready, when occasion where we may effect most for our cause, and do the most to weaken the enemy. Let us fix the fulcrum of our moral and political power, and then we can lift, and will do it, if we be particular and a livesaver into the turbid and dark gulf of debauch. To drop the figure, let us be united, and the man that will do our work, let him be always on duty.

The Committee recommend that a thorough sacrifice, of money, of time, and of labor, the cause may demand of us during the canvass which will now be commenced, should be tendered. Our cause, our country, and the world, demands that at our hands. *Maine can, and she has never stop permanently, or safely, and it is for us, and our children, to take no backward step.*

Michigan has just rolled up a plurality of 20,000 majority of her people in the ballot box, and the Wisconsin Legislature encouraged by this great growth, has passed a similar act by a vote of two to one, and we hope it to the people for ratification; and thus the ball rolls on. *We cannot now pause forward, and we will not, we cannot.* If we hold on, the Maine Law will be commended to the world and all nations will yet rejoice in freedom from the curse of the still.

In the firm conviction that the Maine Law will ultimately triumph, this report is respectfully submitted by the Committee

BENJ. D. PECK, WM. H. HADLEY,
WOODBURY DAVIS, J. L. STEVENS,
GEO. W. BRYANT, JOHN W. TUCKER,
GEO. DOWNES, A. S. KENDRICK,
F. E. PRAY, PHILIP WEAVER.

MISCELLANY.

SOLILOQUY OF A PLEASURE SEEKER.

BY F. M. COOKE.

"Upon your heaths the fairest may rise—
Nothing that altogether dies,
Suffices man's just desires."—MILNER.

Six in the morning, and a beautiful sunshine! Does the sun shine so early! I have seldom had an opportunity of observing, but such appears to be the fact. There is no sunshine in my heart, however. Pshaw! that is nonsensical.

And yet, in veritable earnest, what is the human heart! Mine, if I have one, has never been much occupied. Love with me has evaporated in a succession of fancies, and frivolities, and perhaps the mere gregarious instinct. I have known many beautiful women, for each of whom I have professed a personal interest that passed almost with the words. What remains of all the glittering fresh work of sentiment! Nothing. Not even a drop of essence to perfume the dull undying thirst. Last and least of that graceful baud was Ella—the Ella of last evening.—How charming she looked in her exquisitely arranged costume! With what a queen-like dignity she moved! How she smiled! And yet her character is a blank. She has no positive quality, unless a gift of flattery can be termed such. What did she mean by saying mine was a glorious manhood! It must have been some pretty phrase that she had picked up accidentally.

What constitutes the true glory of manhood? Purpose, achievement, development. And I have had purpose—to kill time. I have achieved it, too. My past life lies behind me—undeveloped, lost, and yet there is on its skeleton jaws. Its vacant eye sockets glare ominously upon my path. There is no gift in its hand, no vigor in its muscles, no pulsation in its heart. It is dead, but not buried. *That* would be too great a blessing. The lesson it failed to teach me in passing, it utters now; waxing eloquent in its mute worthlessness, in its empty and unpitying silence. And that cadaverous deformity is my manhood, my glorious manhood! Pshaw! Ella! Yet it is a mate to thy womanhood, perhaps.

Womanhood! That word is the embodiment of a beautiful truth; yet what do I know of it? Nothing, except through my mother, and Mary, sweet cousin Mary, who had the nobility to reject me. How will I remember the time! I thought her words were bitter, and I said, half sneeringly, 'You should ere this time have understood contempt.'

"I have no contempt for you,," she earnestly replied—'I think your capabilities are the noblest, the loftiest; but forgive me if I say they are misdirected—perverted.'

Dear, blessed Mary! She was poor and I had the effrontery to remind her of the advantages my wealth might furnish her. I shall never forget the quiet sadness with which she answered, "Dear Frank, I think much more of your heart than of your possessions, and yet—good bye!"

I saw her but seldom afterwards. I do not believe she was happy. I have the authority of one of her intimate friends for believing that her life, at times, was a struggle, which death alone crowned with victory. Be it so. That is past. She is now a bright angel before the throne of the Eternal.—She has drank of the satisfying fountain. She has now no lingering heart-ache—no life-long struggle against the world, coupled with a loftier humanity. God bless her!—Her delicate intuition saw in me the capacity for much that was generous and noble. Is that capacity wholly destroyed! Is there not a spark left in me which, something power, some regenerating influence may shall yet make me what I might have been—that shall restore to me some portion of my nobler and purer self! The lost angel of my youth seems ever pleading for hope. Yet do not seem to point with its shadowy finger to a living future. It shall not point in vain.

THE PRESENT AGE.

The following are the closing paragraphs of a splendid speech delivered by Hon. Edward Everett, at the dinner in Faneuil Hall, on the Fourth;

"We live at an era as eventful in my judgment, as that of '76, though in a different way. We have no foreign yoke to throw off, but on the fulfilment of the duty devolved upon us by Providence, we have to carry the republican independence which our fathers achieved with all the organized institutions of an enlightened community, institutions of religion, law, education, civilization and all the thousand graces of the highest culture, beyond the Missouri, beyond the Sierra Nevada; perhaps in time around the circuit of the Antilles; perhaps to the Archipelagoes of the Central Pacific, the Chinese Seas, the way, who can tell how far and how fast they will travel?

"Who that compares the North America of 1753, but a century ago, and numbering but little over a million souls of European origin, with the North America of 1853 when there was certainly not a fifth part of that number;—who that compares it with the North America of 1853,—its twenty-two millions of European origin, and its thirty-one millions, in the year 1853, begin limits to its growth—will dare compute its time-ta of our [illegible] progress; or lift so much as the [illegible] of a pain that hinges

This only we can plainly see:—the old world is rocking to its foundations. From the Gulf of Finland to the Yellow Sea, everything is shaken.

"The spirit of the age has gone forth to hold his great review, and the kings of the earth are moved to meet him at his coming. The hand which holds the great powers of Europe together in one political league or is used to its uttermost tension. The sword is unsheathed, and it is doubtful if it will ever be again sheathed. The elements are gathering to the conflict of one of those conflicts, which like those of Pharaoh and Arthur, affect the condition of Nations for twenty centuries. The Turkish Empire is crumbling to pieces, from its centre, and abandoned of Europe and the Christians. Russia is in the grasp