

The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

BIDDEFORD, MAINE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1856.

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LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

UNION AND EASTERN JOURNAL.

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MARCUS WATSON, Printer.

Poetry.

Fremont and Victory.

NEW YORK FIVE SONGS—BY CHARLES S. WETMAN.
Air—"Suoni la Tromba"—Puritani.

Men of the North, who remember
The deeds of your sires, ever glorious,
Join in our grand jubilation,
The pen of liberty!

Hark! on the gales of November
Millions of voices are ringing,
Glorious the song they are singing,
Fremont and victory!

Join the great chorus they are singing,
Fremont and victory!

II.
Come from your forest-clad mountains,
Come from the fields of your tillage,
Come forth from city and village,
Join the great host of the free!

As from their cavernous fountains
Roll the deep floods to the ocean,
Join the great army in motion,
Marching to victory!

Rejoice, from ocean to ocean,
Fremont and victory!

III.
Far in the West roll the thunder,
The tumult of battle is ringing,
Where bleeding Kansas is waging
Warfare with Slavery!

Struggling with foes who surround her,
Lo! she implores you to stay her!
Will you to Slavery betray her?
Never! she shall be free!

Swear that you'll never betray her,
Kansas shall yet be free!

IV.
March! we have sworn to support her;
The prayers of the righteous shall speed us;
A chief never conquered shall lead us—
Fremont shall lead the free!

Then from these fields red with slaughter,
Slavery's horses shall be driven,
Freedom to Kansas be given,
Fremont shall make her free!

To Kansas shall Freedom be given;
Fremont shall make her free!

V.
Men of the North, who remember
The deeds of your sires, ever glorious,
Join in our grand jubilation,
The pen of liberty!

Hark! on the gales of November
Millions of voices are ringing,
Glorious the song they are singing—
Fremont and victory!

Join the great chorus they are singing,
Fremont and victory!

Miscellaneous.

A Firey Speech from Mr. Brooks.

The Columbia South Carolinian has a sketch of a speech that was recently delivered by Preston S. Brooks. Some of its passages are particularly rich and amusing. With reference to the castigation of Senator Sumner, he could say, with profound sincerity, that it was the result of a sense of duty—his State and his relative had been vilely slandered; and he felt called on to resent the insult by the only means at his command. As to the act, he claimed on its account no merit for himself—it was an act which any other representative from this State would have been glad to perform, had he been similarly situated with himself.

As to his position, he was now as he was in 1851, a co-operation denier. He thought it best to dissolve the government under which we now live. But in doing this there was a difference of opinion as to the means to be employed. He believed that something was due to our sister Southern States, who had the same interest at stake as we—that we should be prepared to act with them and wait on them. When, in his speech of resignation, he said it was in his power to begin a revolution, he made no idle boast. He was not egotistical enough to believe that he wielded intellectual power enough for the task; but what he meant was, that had he, during the debate on his expulsion, walked up and slapped the face of the prominent man of the Black Republican party, a storm would have been raised which would have ended only in the hall of the House being drenched in blood (!)

In coming next to the subject of the Presidency, he felt, in view of the politics of some of his hearers, that he was touching upon a delicate question. He would not, however, hesitate to declare his opinion plainly and frankly. That had ever been his habit—and so long as he had intelligence enough to conceive opinions, he would have the manhood to declare them. He was for Mr. Buchanan, and he thought it the duty of the people of this State to aid in the election of that gentleman. Mr. B., continued the speaker, although he acknowledged that that gentleman was neither his first nor his second choice. He went first for Franklin Pierce—that man who, coming from New Hampshire—from New England down to Washington—had exerted all the weight of his personal influence and official authority to secure to the South her rights under the Constitution. From a sense of honor, from a sense of duty, from gratitude, Franklin Pierce, was his first choice; and whatever others might think, he felt sure that this glorious man would be regarded by posterity as the peer of any President who preceded him.

Mr. Buchanan, although not unexceptionable, was an able, dignified, and conservative statesman, and he entertained no doubt but that, if elected, he would be faithful to the Constitution and the South. Moreover, we should support him, because

he stands pledged to a platform of principles which, if carried out in the proper spirit, must command our approbation. So, said he, the great question of the Presidency would be settled, and if on the second Monday of November next, it shall be found that Fremont is elected, he thought our course was plain. It was his deliberate opinion, that we should then, on the 4th of March next, march to Washington, seize the archives and the treasury of the Government, and leave the consequences to God.

But civil war was a horrible thing; and as men and Christians, he thought it our duty to avoid, if possible, so direful a calamity. Hence, he was for making an effort, with our sister Southern States, to perpetuate peace by the election of Mr. Buchanan.

Where are They?

For a day or two after the election some anxiety was felt in this city for the whereabouts of certain notables of the "alliance" family. It was confidently reported that Messrs. Clifford and Appleton were setting up with the Union; and the dubious remarks which appeared in the Argus of Tuesday and Wednesday confirmed this belief.

Some will have it, that they have gone to Wheelock to endorse with the Oxford Circular Candidate. We can't say how this may be, as we thought we saw Mr. Clifford turning the corner of one of our streets this A. M. A friend who stood by insisted it was only his shadow.

We can report confidently that Governor Wells is in town, and we have been assured by a near friend of his, that he, (the Governor) heard something drop the other night. Phineas Barnes is said to be in awful contortions respecting the intensified Liquor Law, the Academy grants, the return of Judge Davis to the bench; and also it is reported, that he was heard talking to himself about who there will be to make motions at the Senate Board this winter.

Hon. J. S. Little has taken the cars for Canada, or somewhere else, and madam rumor was busy circulating the improbable story that the honorable gentleman had taken with him large quantities of liquors which he purchased a few days since of a dealer in this city to treat his friends with on the night of his election, which did not come off. We only report this as rumor on the street.

The last we heard of Mrs. McDonald, she was flat on her back in a ditch a short distance from here, looking up. It is reported that this is the first time that Moses has looked up since his vote for the Kansas Nebraska bill.

The last that was seen of E. Wilder Farley, he was astride a beam stick in hot pursuit of that phantom, the pauper dissection bill.

S. R. Lyman, James Todd and Nathan Cummings, were reported in this city on Monday night as having come on board of the mail steam Locomotive en-route for Salt River. More anon.—Temp. Journal.

Another Turn of the Screw.
Under the telegraphic head will be seen the record of a mob that on the 11th inst., broke up a republican meeting in Baltimore, and even pursued some of the leaders, and even whom was Mr. William Gunnison, formerly of this city, through the streets—this may seem to southern men very fine sport, and some northern men apologize for it, but let me help to think that it is, too; but let the slaveholders to a retribution that they little think of, and at an earlier day than they anticipate. It has been difficult enough for the men of the north to conquer their prejudices as to tolerate slavery, when the slaveholders behaved decently; but what sympathy do they hope to retain, when they are open mobocrats, ruffians and disunionists. When the return of Maine was just going down to its work in central New York, and in the interior of Pennsylvania, staggering the lines that had been unbroken by Kansas invasions and assaults upon senators, there was a poor time indeed to have a mob demonstration, denying the right of expression and voting, unless in favor of slavery. What decent men do they suppose will sustain such action as the murder given us in the last six months—the murder of free states men in Kansas—the banishment of citizens from their homes in Virginia, for attending a political meeting—the expulsion of bookkeepers for having books proscribed by their inquisition; the beating of the brains out of northern senators, when they dare to utter the sentiments of their constituents on the floor of congress—the mobbing of men, and driving them like wild beasts through the streets, for naming candidates for office who will not bow down to the black idol; and finally threatening to subvert and subjugate the north to their despotism?—If they have not reason enough to see that there may be a point beyond endurance, that they will drive every man into open warfare upon them, it is time that others should tell them.—New-York Herald.

Mr. Breckinridge, the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency, in his late speech at the Democratic mass meeting on the Tippecanoe Battle Ground, assumed the same disunion ground occupied by Mr. Fillmore. As reported in the Cincinnati Enquirer, a Buchanan paper, Mr. Breckinridge said: "If the Eastern States were to unite in a solid phalanx against the West, or the southern against the Northern, they happening to have a majority, would you submit?—(Cries of "no.") I am sure you would not; for I know you to be men. And, should they further accompany every act of their triumph with every expression of contumely and contempt, would you not believe a revolution a solemn duty? You need not respond—I know your manly sentiments."

Interesting Disclosures—Mr. Buchanan on Slavery.

The Hanterville, (Ala.) Democrat contains an interesting letter from Philadelphia, written to the editor "by a personal friend, a gentleman of the highest respectability, for whose accuracy he vouches," and giving a report of a conversation which the writer had just held with Mr. BUCHANAN.

We copy the letter from the Advocate, as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 6, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: I spent two hours with Buchanan yesterday, at Wheatland. His grounds are beautifully and tastefully arranged, but his house is plain and unpromising in the extreme—everything has the air of unostentatious Democracy. But the man himself is the very impersonation of unaffected Republicanism. I was never more agreeably disappointed in my life. He gave us a cordial and frank reception, and talked with us with the freedom of an old acquaintance. I really felt as if I had known him all my life. He said the issue involved in this election was the Union of these States as equals. That the South had submitted to the aggressions of the Abolitionists with a patience that might well challenge the admiration of the world, and considering the first-acting propensities, was difficult to understand. He ridiculed the doctrines of Squatter Sovereignty, and said that the South had now, for the first time in the history of the country, obtained from the Government the concession of a territory; viz: that the people of a territory had the right, when they came to form a State Constitution, to say whether they would or would not have Slavery. That by this legislation Congress had admitted that the power was with the people, and not in Congress, and the only sensible rule was, that this could be exercised by the people only when they came to form a State Government, preparatory to admission into the Union. I give you almost his very words. He said, if he should be elected, he felt satisfied the Slavery question would be finally settled, provided he could carry a portion of the New England States and New York. In other words, if he were elected by a national vote, what he would do in the premises would have a national support, and the strength of Free-Soilism, which is sectional, would be dispersed. The truth is Mr. Buchanan is as sound on this question as Mr. Calhoun, and the Northern Democracy are better Southern men to-day, than many Democrats even at the South. Whatever they may have done heretofore, now they meet the question boldly, and defend the institution of Slavery with a fearlessness that we might do well to imitate. They do not even apologize for it on the ground that it is recognized in the Constitution; but they say it is right. That God himself established it, and that it has the Bible for its foundation. If we do not sustain these men in defence of our institutions, we deserve eternal infamy. The contest is obviously between Buchanan and Fremont—Fillmore is not in the race. No man here pretends to say that he is.

On the whole, therefore, I consider his election beyond peradventure—and what I regret, is that there can be found in the whole South a single man who will vote for him. If they could see him, and hear him talk, I firmly believe he would get every Southern vote.

I have scribbled this off so hurriedly, I fear you will not be able to read it.

Yours truly,

W. B. FUGES, Esq., Huntsville, Ala.

We commend this letter to all honest democrats of the North. There are many of this class who are conscientiously looking to Mr. Buchanan, in the event of his election, to reverse the policy of Pierce, and heal a portion, at least, of the evils, growing out of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. How utterly unfounded these hopes are, may be gathered from the above letter.

Here we have the democratic candidate for the Presidency expressing to a slaveholder his extreme admiration for the manner in which the South has submitted to the "aggressions of the Abolitionists"! He ridicules the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty by denying that the people of a Territory have the right to form their own institutions. It is only when slavery has done its utmost, as in Kansas, and the free State men are driven off, that an opportune moment may be seized and the Territory transformed into a Slave State! Thus, freedom does not go with the Constitution, as the right of every settler.

No wonder then, this Southern writer compares Buchanan to Calhoun, and pronounces the Northerners who support him as better Southern men than many democrats at the South! Let the honest democrats of the North ponder upon these accumulating proofs of Mr. Buchanan's real sentiments.

MEETING IN DEERFIELD.—There was an immense mass meeting in Deerfield on Thursday. It had its origin in the grief and indignation felt in that town in regard to the recent foul murder of David Starr Hoyt, a native of Deerfield in Kansas; and it was alike a noble tribute to his memory, and a demonstration of great political significance connected with the present presidential campaign.

It is estimated that ten thousand persons were present. Flags and banners, bearing significant and pertinent mottoes, were planted in every quarter. The most pertinent and suggestive motto was one occupying a prominent place, reading as follows:—"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to thee from the ground." David W. Alvord, of Greenfield, presided. Native talent was employed upon the stand, and with good effect. The most touching and beautiful incident of the day occurred in front of the old home of the murdered Hoyt. The carriage containing the South Deerfield delegation

of ladies was driven before the house, when the South Deerfield band played a dirge. It was all in such good taste, and was touched by so many mournful associations, that all were melted by it. At the close of the dirge, Mr. Jones, connected with the family, came out, and, in a neat speech, made appropriate acknowledgments of the delicate considerations in which the demonstration had its birth.

From The Boston Atlas.

Letter from Rev. Mr. Nute.

To the Editors of the Atlas:

The following letter was received yesterday from Rev. Mr. Nute. It is addressed to a friend in this city. It gives, I believe, the latest news in regard to him, and will be read with interest by all. Permit me to add that the Kansas Clothing Committee, have their headquarters at the Warren street chapel. All articles of clothing sent there will be carefully forwarded. A member of the Committee will be there daily from 2 P. M. during the afternoon. Ladies wishing to aid may receive information there.

H. I. B. LAWRENCE, KANSAS, Sept. 11, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have just returned from my captivity with the "border ruffians," and find your letter awaiting me. My answer must be very brief, in order to go by the next mail.

Your offer of help is very opportune. Without timely and extensive aid there must be sore distress in many families who have lost everything in this last raid. Over 60 families in this immediate neighborhood have had their houses burned, and in most cases all their contents; in some cases, the head of the household murdered, and in many wounded. I cannot go into detail. I am just able to sit up, being completely worn out by the hardships of the last 15 days, twice without a morsel of food, or even a drink of wholesome water for 24 hours, sleeping on the ground, and once in a noxious den.

My wife and many of the neighbors had given up all hope of ever seeing me alive. But enough of this. I would gladly endure it all over a hundred times, if it could avail to save this territory from the curse of slavery.

Send anything I had almost said everything—clothing of any kind, blankets, bedding, &c., &c.

I found the box sent last spring on my return, and have distributed nearly all the contents. They were thankfully received, and relieved the needy. The linen was especially useful in dressing the wounded after the battle of Titus' Fort.

Our men have done and endured heroically, and thus far the victory is ours, but at a terrible cost of valuable lives. Six of my personal friends—three of them very near to me—have fallen by the most brutal murders during the last three weeks. Our hearts fail us not yet, and our hope is in the God of Justice, that he will bring us out of all conflicts with wickedness triumphant.

I purpose to offer a more particular account of these things for publication in some of your Boston papers by the next mail.

Yours as ever with love,

EPHRAIM NUTE, JR.

The Conservative Clergy.

In all professions there are prominent individuals, who by their influence, attainments and personal character, may justly be considered as "representative men." Among American clergymen of the highest rank in the class usually called "conservative," there are many eminent divines whose fame is not confined to this side of the Atlantic, but who are known and honored in all Protestant countries. Foremost among this class may be named the Rev. Dr. Wayland, of Providence, and the Rev. Dr. Dowe, of New York. These gentlemen belong to widely different divisions of the church—and each has a national reputation.

Both have been before the public for more than a generation. They are scholars of the most liberal culture, eminent as authors, distinguished as preachers, and men of influence far beyond the limits of the denominations to which they belong. They are both quite conservative in their views, and in past years have been censured for their supposed want of hearty sympathy with reform movements. Their personal influence has been great in keeping in check the radicalism of their profession. They are "representative men" of the older class of Unitarian and Unitarian preachers. It is instructive and suggestive to note how such men are affected by the great movements of the times—to know in what light they regard the questions uppermost in the public mind, and what counsel they give. Both these distinguished men have recently spoken upon the momentous nature of the present crisis. We give below such extracts from these productions as our limited space will allow.

Rev. Dr. Dowe recently delivered an address before the "Elm Tree Association," in Sheffield, his native town in this State, in which he touched upon the present aspect of the times. During his address he said:—"There is now a revolutionary crisis in the country, and that there might be no misconception on the part of his hearers, he expressed in unmistakable language his thoughts upon the terrible question that now agitates the land. It is the determination of certain public leaders, and of a large party at the South, to expose the system and demand the extension of a monstrous wrong. Against this whole opinion and this whole course he protested. To his brethren in the South he would say:

You are in the wrong; your judgment is wrong; your course is wrong; the moment you left the toleration for the espousal of this system of human slavery, you lost the sympathy of all men; you cannot legitimately the system to our human conscience and feeling; you cannot make it an honored and praiseworthy act to buy and sell men.

I am not a legislator; but if I were, I would never vote for another step of extension to the slave area; and for such a stand on this question I have the decisive words of Clay and Webster themselves. I would never vote Kansas to the doom of Virginia—to impoverishment, to poor culture, to buying and selling men for a living. I would never vote Kansas to slave labor, which by long and solemn compromise was pledged to the free labor. If Kansas must come in as a slave State, it would be because I could not help it.

After noticing some of the pleas for slavery, Dr. Dowe said that when they foresaw their former stand point, and advocated its extension, he could not go another step with them.

He was not influenced by the excitement of the day; there are good causes for it, but these causes did not exist here should still take the same ground. There is a tide rising in the world which will sweep away the system. The Car meditates freedom to his serfs. All the world demands the freedom of all men—and "with equal calmness and confidence he waited the result."

This extract is from a letter written by the Rev. Dr. Wayland the present week, and published in the Providence Journal of Thursday.

The citizens of the United States must soon decide whether slavery, with its horrible injustice, shall be extended, by fire and sword if need be, over our vast national domain; whether they will be governed by brute force, or by the universal intelligence and conscience of the whole people; and whether the constitution itself shall protect from violation our dearest rights, or become the instrument of intolerable and remediless oppression.

Under such circumstances every Christian citizen is equally bound to remember that communities equally with individuals are amenable to the laws of eternal justice; and that, so long as God exists, neither the property nor the perpetuity of a nation can be secured by the perpetration of wrong. We are called upon by every principle of religion and patriotism to adjure allegiance to party, by what name soever it may be called, and to acknowledge no other rule of action than the laws of God, the dictates of conscience, and the love of humanity, which is only another name for the love of country.

In the hope that these principles may govern your meeting,

I am, Sir, yours truly,

F. WAYLAND, JOHN EDDY, Esq.

The Charter Oak.

The telegraph has announced the fall of this venerable tree at Hartford. The trunk was twenty-one feet in circumference, and near seven feet in diameter. The cavity in which the charter was placed was near the roots, and large enough to admit a child, but during the last eight years had closed up. Mr. Barber, in his "Historical Collections," gives the following narrative of the event which made the "Charter Oak" famous:

"Sir Edmund Andros being appointed the first Governor General of New England, arrived in Boston in December, 1696. From this place he wrote to the Colony of Connecticut to resign their charter, but without success. The assembly met as usual, in October, and the government continued according to charter, until the last of the month. About this time, Sir Edmund, with his suite and more than sixty regular troops, came to Hartford where the assembly were sitting, and demanded the charter, and declared the government under it to be dissolved. The assembly were extremely reluctant and slow with respect to any motion to bring it forth.

The tradition is that Governor Treat strongly represented the great expense and hardship of the colonists in planting the country; the blood and treasure which they had expended in defending it, both against the savages and foreigners; to what hardships he himself had been exposed for that purpose; and that it was like giving up his life, now to surrender the patent and privileges so dearly bought and so long enjoyed. The important affair was debated and kept in suspense until the evening, when the charter was brought and laid upon the table where the assembly were sitting. By this time great numbers of people were assembled, and men sufficiently bold to execute whatever might be necessary or expedient. The lights were instantly extinguished, and one Capt. Wadsworth of Hartford in the most silent and secret manner, carried off the charter and secreted it in a large hollow tree, fronting the house of Hon. Samuel Wells, then one of the magistrates of the town. The people all appeared peacefully and orderly. The candles were officially relighted, but the patent was gone, and no discovery could be made of it, or the persons who carried it away."

The Hartford Press says of the age of the oak cannot be told with correctness, but good judges place it from eight hundred to a thousand years. It was venerated by the Indians, and was spared at their solicitations. "It has been the guide of our ancestors for centuries," said they, "as to the time of planting our corn. When the leaves are of the size of a mouse's ear, then is the time to put the seed in the ground."

GEOMETRICAL.—We feel bound to call the attention of our friends of the Post, to another lamentable evidence of "the introduction of politics into our public schools." A girl in the High School, daughter of one of our most respected fellow citizens, was only faulted in her lesson in geometry: "A point is a line that varies at every point." Mr. Buchanan is a curve.

A solid has length, breadth, and thickness. Mr. Fremont is a solid.—Providence Journal.

How Jim Wills got to New Orleans.

It has not been many years since the late James Wills, of Baltimore, one of the greatest comedians of his time, flourished in the Western cities. In fact we believe, towards the close of his career he made St. Louis his home. The New York Sunday-Courier tells the following good story, in which Wills acts the hero:

About the time the Texas excitement ran so high in the United States, Jim Wills was in Pittsburgh, in that situation so common to play actors, "flat broke," standing on the wharf with his solemn visage expanded, planning how he could get down the river without money, when he heard the drum and fife. He saw a half uniformed soldier about embarking for New Orleans bearing a Texas banner. A thought struck him.

Next day he sent his trunk on board the first boat to start, and just as the captain tapped the bell for the last time, Wills stepped on board, dragged his trunk into an unoccupied stateroom, and took from his theatrical wardrobe a soldier's coat with buff breast and three rows of buttons, a chapeau with an immense plume, a red sash, and a pair of false whiskers. By the time that the boat got fairly under way, Jim was fully equipped, with his stage sword hanging gracefully by his side. Drawing on his gloves, he hesitated a moment, but relying on his peculiar power, he opened the door towards him, but he walked up to the bar and took a glass of brandy and water. In the mean time all was confusion to find out who the officer was. A general rush was made for the register, but he had not yet put his name down; the captain was consulted but he did not know. At length, however, feeling a little curiosity himself, he walked up to Jim, and said, "Sir."

"Sir to you," said Jim, touching his chapeau.

"Will you do me the favor to register your name, so that I can provide a stateroom for you?"

"Oh, with pleasure," said Jim, and walking up to the register, he flourished in round text, "C. P. Edwards, Major, Texas Army." The crowd pressed around the table—they read the name—universal enthusiasm prevailed, and three tremendous cheers were given for "Texas and Liberty!" Jim took off his chapeau, acknowledged the compliment with a graceful bow and a few patriotic remarks. It is almost needless to say that, from that moment, the *sans doute* Maj. was a lion. Every one sought his acquaintance; the ladies opened the cabin door to get a peep at him; he was placed at the head of the table, and at night was made drunk as Bucephalus on champagne. Next day he was promulgating the hurricane deck linked arm in arm with the captain and warm-hearted Southerner.

"Major," said the Southerner, "I know you have been on a mission to collect arms, ammunition and recruits, but on this subject you may of course be mum, in consequence of the treaty between the United States and Mexico. For my part I could see all the rascals hung like dogs on the trees."

"Whatever my business may have been, I find I have exhausted my means in the cause, in fact, I fear I shall not be able to pay my passage until I get to New Orleans."

"Don't mention it," said the captain. "I have it," exclaimed the Southerner "follow me."

The trio adjourned to the clerk's office where a stirring appeal for Texas was written, carried among the passengers and \$150 collected, which was handed over to Wills. At night a supper was given.

The cabin was decorated with the star-spangled banner, entwined with the flag of the lone star. At 12 o'clock they commenced singing songs, and the Major complied with the request of the company by singing his favorite song, "Billy Barlow."

"Bravo!" said one. Excellent!" said another.

"I could do it better," said Jim, who was fast verging into the fourth state of intoxication. "If I had my proper tools on!" After giving three faint huzzas for Texas, the party broke up.

Next morning the clerk went into Wills' stateroom to call him to breakfast, when he found that the Major had turned in all standing, with boots, chapeau and sword on his feet snugly laid on the pillow. He was a Texas "Major," and of course no fault was found.

THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON. Washington Irving, in his life of Washington, gives the following spirited account of the battle of Bennington: "In the meantime the more alert and active Americans had been mustering from all quarters to Stark's assistance, with such weapons as they had at hand. During the night of the 15th, Colonel Symonds arrived with a body of Berkshire militia. Among them was a belligerent parson, full of fight, Allen by name, possibly of the bellows family of the hero of Teicoderoga. "General," cried he, "the people of Berkshire have been often called out to no purpose; if you don't give them a chance to fight now, they never will turn out again." "You would not turn out now, while it is dark and raining, would you?" demanded Stark. "Not just now," was the reply. "Well if the Lord should come once more and give us sunshine, and I don't give you fighting enough," rejoined the veteran, "I'll never ask you to turn out again."

On the following morning the sun shone bright, and Stark prepared to attack Baum in his intrenchments; though he had no artillery, and his men, for the most part, had only their ordinary brown frock coats without bayonets. Two hundred of his men under Colonel Nichols were detached to the rear of the enemy's left; three hundred, under Colonel Herrick, to the rear of his right; they were to join their forces and

attack him in the rear, while Colonels Hubbard and Slocum, with two hundred men, diverted his attention in front.

Colonel Skeels and the royalists, when they saw the Americans issuing out of the woods on different sides, persuaded themselves, and endeavored to persuade Baum, that these were the loyal people of the country flocking to his standard. The Indians were the first to discover the truth. "The woods are full of Yankees," cried they, and retreated in single file between the troops of Nichols and Herrick, yelling like demons and jingling cow bells. Several of them, however, were killed or wounded as they thus ran the gauntlet.

At the sound of fire-arms, Stark, who had remained with the main body in the camp, mounted his horse and gave the word, "forward!" He had promised his men the plunder of the British camp. The homely speech made by him when in sight of the enemy, was often cited: "Now, my men, there are the red-coats! Before night they must be ours, or Molly Stark will be a widow!"

Baum soon found himself assailed on every side, but he defended his works bravely. His two pieces of artillery, advantageously planted were very effective, and his troops, if slow in march, were steady in action. For two hours the discharge of fire-arms was said to have been like the constant rattling of the drum. Stark, in his dispatches, compared it to a "continued clap of thunder." It was the hottest fight he had ever seen. He inspired his men with his own impetuosity. They drove the royalist troops upon the Hessians, and pressing after them stormed the works with irresistible fury.

A Hessian eye-witness declares that this time the rebels fought with desperation, pressing within eight paces of the loaded cannon to take sure aim at the artillerymen. The latter were slain; the cannon captured. The royalists and Canadians took to flight, and escaped to the woods. The Germans still kept their ground, and fought bravely, but there was not a cartridge left. Baum and his dragoons then took to their broadswords and the infantry to their bayonets, and endeavored to cut their way to a road in the woods, but in vain; many were killed, more wounded, Baum among the number, and all who survived were taken prisoners."

Youthful Friendships.

What fond and generous friendships are often born among youthful companions in the bright epoch of school-day life! The innocence, gaiety, and hope of unsophisticated hearts create sky and land anew, and robe the scene in their own soft hues. No cynic frost has fallen on our disinterested sympathies. The world has not laid its icy hands on our throbbing pulses. Our faith in each other, in whatever is lovely, virtuous, heroic, knows no limits. Then how frequent it is for attachments to grow up, at whose stainless sincerity and tender romance we smile in after years, when, alas, in too many cases, time has hardly brought enough to compensate for what it has taken away! Together we wander through the fields as through enchanted grounds. We dream dreams resplendent with the triumphs we fondly vow and think to win. In the ardor of that pure time our secret souls are transparent, and in the unfeigned clearness of our communion we look through each other.

Our joys, our griefs, our whole hearts are united in a free friendship whose strength and closeness foretell a sweeter and nobler life than the faintest passages of history have as yet realized. Those halcyon unions rarely survive a full entrance upon the common pursuits of life. But they are prophetic And when the cares of the world, the deciffulness of riches, and many sins come upon us and alienate us, still their glorious oracles are never forgotten. They haunt us like voices from fairy land. And oft the cliffs and shores of memory reverberate the plaintive echoes of our love, calling after many a beautiful Hylas vanished from beside the fountain of youth. How often the remembrances of the friends of other days come back from the bye gone times when we knew them, and if our hearts are with the wild, sad melodies of an "Edian harp"—Who, as he reviews the hallowed hours that went so swiftly in the morning of life, and recalls the dear, familiar faces laid so early in the dust of the grave, would be ashamed to shed a tear to their mingled memory?—Rev. W. R. Alger, in North American Review.

Gates and Burgoyne.

Wilkinson, in his memoirs, describes the first meeting of Gates and Burgoyne, which took place at the head of the American camp. They were attended by their staffs, and by other general officers. Burgoyne was in a rich royal uniform; Gates in a plain blue frock. When they approached nearly with sword's length, they reined up and halted. "The fortune of war, Gen. Gates, has made me your prisoner," said Burgoyne: to which the other, returning his salute, replied, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of your Excellency."

"We passed through the American camp," writes the already cited Hessian officer, "in which all the regiments were drawn out beside the artillery, and stood under arms

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE,
BUREAU OF PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS.

Agency for Business with the
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WASHINGTON

NO. 10-10000000

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A. M., to receive complaints for the violation of
any law or City ordinance, in compliance with a
City ordinance, approved March 28, 1895.
E. A. PENDERSON,
City Marshal.

Biddleford, March 26, 1853. City Marshal. 13

REMOVAL!

D. R. MOORE has removed his Office to Tuxbury & Hill's Building, East end of Factory Island Bridge. All orders promptly answered.

Done, January 26, 1854. M
