

# The Union and Eastern Journal.

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## Agricultural.

### A Garden Novelty.

The Egyptian pea is an instance of vegetable recreation, or at least resurrection. It is a fragment of the old life of Egypt—a true type of the luxurious fertility of the classic country of the Nile, and unquestionably the most truly historical of any vegetable we possess. The circumstances that led to the discovery of this companion of mummies and inhabitant of pyramids, are in themselves as interesting as the plant is distinct from every known member of its useful family. During the exploration of Egypt by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, a vase was found in a mummy pit, the age of which was computed at about three thousand years. This vase, hermetically sealed, was presented to the British Museum. Mr. Pettigrew, the librarian to the late Duke of Sussex, proceeded to open the vase to ascertain its contents, and in so doing unfortunately broke in pieces. The interior contained a mass of dust and a few grains of wheat and vetches, and on examining further a few peas were found, entirely shriveled, of a resin yellow color, and as hard as stone. It was known that mummy wheat had resuscitated after an interment of five thousand years; and it was determined that the first peas ever found in a mummy vase should be subjected to the experiment of revival. Mr. Pettigrew accordingly distributed among his learned friends these desiccated peas, reserving three for himself as mere curiosities.

Those who tried to grow the peas failed, and no more was thought about them till the remaining three were given to Mr. Grimstone, of Highbury. Mr. Grimstone tried his hand at them, subjecting them to heat and moisture, and after thirty days a miserable plant appeared above ground. By patient care and ingenious culture, this plant was brought to produce nineteen pods, which were ripened and planted the next year; and this was the foundation of the stock which is just beginning to be known as the Egyptian pea. Botanists were much delighted as antiquarians at the success of the experiment; for it gave them a variety of the greatest value and most distinct character. Its blossom is unlike every other pea; it more nearly resembles a bell than the wings of a butterfly, and is veined with green lines on a white ground. The blossoms break at every joint in clusters of two, four and eight, and are succeeded by pods that protrude crookedly through each pod containing from five to ten peas, which, when cooked, are deliciously flavored, and melt in the mouth like marrow; in fact there is no pea to equal it; so that dusty Egypt has conferred upon us, through those few shriveled seeds, a palatial benediction.—*National Magazine.*

### The Farm and Garden.

FARM ACCOUNTS. It is surprising to me that so little attention is paid by farmers to the importance of keeping farm accounts; by which I mean accounts with his principal crops, and also of the stock kept on his farm. Though this latter item is more difficult to ascertain, yet the former is as easily kept as customers, and in the same way—by attending to it at the time. I presume there is not one farmer in twenty, perhaps not one in a hundred, who keeps any regular account of his farming operations; consequently the most that is known about it is guess work. He knows, perhaps that he has got a crib of corn, or a bin of wheat; but how much it has cost him in manure, labor, interest on land, &c. &c. he guesses at, or doesn't trouble himself about. Such a farmer cannot tell whether his business is profitable or unprofitable, at least not until his capital is sensibly increased or diminished. He cannot tell with any certainty whether corn or beans is the most profitable crop; whether cows or sheep will yield the greatest remuneration for the labor and expense bestowed; or whether he makes or loses money by summer fallowing and sowing two acres of wheat on shares. All this and much more that is useful and instructive, can be ascertained by keeping accurate accounts—charging each crop or flock of sheep with the expense of tillage, keeping, &c., and crediting each with the actual returns, whenever ascertained. This would not occupy more than twenty minutes each day, and would abundantly repay by the information and instruction it would impart. I grant that the crops of farmers are subject to contingencies. The weevil may destroy his wheat, the drought eat up his growing corn, and the drought may diminish his dairy profits, but he must make allowance for all these occurrences, and consider the loss in the same light that a merchant would a bad debt.

I know that too great a majority of farmers have a repugnance to writing anything, either through indolence, or because they think they have not the necessary time; but I entreat such to try it, say for one year, commencing this summer, and see if it will not compensate. It will induce habits of order and system; it will show where the losses have accrued from want of care and attention. How much loss was sustained to the corn crop last year for the want of care in the sowing and selection of seed corn?

In conclusion, I would say that I kept such accounts for a number of years, and though now retired from the business

of farming, I would not take for my accounts double what they cost me. I was under the necessity of laboring constantly and diligently; but my custom was to have a slate, with a pencil attached, always at hand, when in the house, and noting on it, at the time, everything of which I wished to keep an account. On Saturday night, or oftener, I transferred it to my account book.—*Wyoming County (New York) Mirror.*

REMEDY FOR CHERRY SLUG. The cherry slug, or snail, makes said havoc on our cherry trees in this vicinity. I have previously found lime effective in destroying them. Last summer I tried dry dust, taken from the ground near the tree; with a shovel make it fine, or you may scrape it from the highway, when it is dry and dusty. Apply profusely, that none of the slugs escape a good covering, and my word for it, they will be minus equally as well as if you had used lime. Renew the application as often as necessary.—*Cowley Gentleman.*

Turnips of small size have double nutritious matter than large ones have.

## Miscellaneous.

### A Thorn in the Memory.

Hartley Bancroft was, in the general acceptance of the term, a kind-hearted man. His feelings were easily reached, and these gave, usually, a ready impulse to his actions. But quick feeling has in most cases a two-fold range, warming now into kindly emotion, now burning with sudden anger. Your so-called kind hearted men are often betrayed into cruel words, and even cruel actions. But there is this merit about them; when the heat of passion subsides they repent, and sometimes seek to heal where they have wounded.

Such a man was Hartley Bancroft. While the current of events ran smoothly along, the surface of his life reflected the unvarying sunshine, but a very little obstruction sufficed to rattle the waters, and then their aspect darkened. One day Mr. Bancroft was sitting at his desk, with a pile of checks and bills before him, the sum of which he was taking preparatory to a deposit in bank. It was late in the day for him to be figuring up his account; but he had unusually heavy payments to make, and the amount necessary to lift his notes had been obtained with difficulty. Mr. Bancroft felt both hurried and worried, as his quick, nervous movements showed.

Just at this inauspicious moment a man entered the store, and walked back to where Mr. Bancroft was sitting.

"Good-day, Mr. Cartwright!"

There was not a very cordial tone in the voice of Mr. Bancroft, although the other was customer who had bought of his goods freely.

"Good-day!" There was an embarrassed air about Mr. Cartwright.

"What can I do for you?" It was only a form of speech on the part of Bancroft, or rather a new form of saying, "Don't ask me for anything."

Now it happened that Mr. Cartwright was on that day in a very "tight place," as it is called. It was two o'clock, and all of his efforts to get the full amount of money needed had failed. Several notes had matured, and among them one of seven hundred dollars due to Mr. Bancroft. All but the half had succeeded in lifting; and now, frightened at the aspect of things, he had come, very reluctantly, to his creditor, whom he only knew as a kind-hearted man, to whom the extremity of his case, and ask a check for the amount of his note as a temporary loan.

"I am short seven hundred dollars. Can you help me?"

"No!" was the answer, made in an emphatic tone, and with the knitting of the brows.

Mr. Bancroft noticed that his words seemed to stagger the applicant for money; he also noticed that he grew pale, and had a look of singular distress. But Mr. Bancroft was too much excited and annoyed for these to have upon him at that time any right influence.

"Then," said Mr. Cartwright, "you will have to withdraw my note from the bank. I cannot lift it."

"I shall do no such thing," angrily replied Mr. Bancroft. "Take up your note as I have said, and I will take up mine."

"I have failed in all my efforts to get money; and if you do not withdraw this note, it will be protested," Mr. Cartwright said this very deliberately, and in a firm tone of voice, yet with a face like ashes.

"Very well," was the unyielding answer, "let it be protested then. If you can bear the operation, I think I can."

"Caddy, almost smothering, were these cruel words said. Mr. Cartwright urged his case no further, but turned away and went from the store of his unwilling creditor. Scarcely had he passed into the street before the better nature of Mr. Bancroft rose in the ascendancy, and he repented of his unkindness.

"William!" he called to a clerk.

The young man came instantly.

"Make this deposit, William, and at the same time withdraw Mr. Cartwright's note, due to-day. Money's hard to get just now, and he is burdened with heavy payments. We must give him a helping hand. The merchant spoke kindly, not fretfully. The clerk departed with the bank-book, and a check of sufficient amount to lift the note that was due.

Mr. Bancroft remained sitting at his desk, and from his attitude and the aspect of his countenance it was plain

that self-approval was not the pleasant state of mind in which he was indulging. The veil of a momentary angry excitement was removed, and now, plainly before the eyes of his mind, stood his humbled and distressed debtor, toward whom not a single impulse of kind feeling had stirred. He tried to find a refuge from self-upbraidings in the fact that he had done all his debtor asked—the note was withdrawn.

"Yes," said a voice within him; "you have cast a bone, with curses, into the face of a beggar!"

Mr. Bancroft started up hurriedly from his desk, walked the length of his store, returned, and sat down again. A long deep sigh parted his lips.

"What could have possessed me that I so far forgot both duty and kindness? I would give twice seven hundred dollars to recall this act, were it possible to do so."

Drawing a sheet of paper before him, Mr. Bancroft took up a pen and wrote—

MR. EDWARD CARTWRIGHT:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have withdrawn your note. Forgive my rough unkindness. I was worried about money matters, and had just made up my own bank account. We are not always poor against petty annoyances. They sometimes disturb more than larger things. Come in to-morrow, and we will arrange for a renewal of the note, if you desire it, making the time to suit yourself."

Mr. Bancroft signed this apologetic letter, and dispatched it forthwith. He felt more comfortable after that. Still, he suffered some pain from having given pain and no little humiliation for the unamiable weakness he had manifested.

"Did you see Mr. Cartwright?" he inquired of the lad who had taken the note.

"No, Sir; he wasn't there," was answered.

"You left my note?"

"Yes, Sir." The boy looked agitated. He stood a moment, as if waiting for further questions, and then said—

"They were just driving him away in a carriage."

"What! Mr. Cartwright turned pale."

"They said he had broken a blood vessel."

Mr. Bancroft started to his feet with an exclamation of mingled surprise and pain.

"There was blood on the floor!"

Mr. Bancroft groaned aloud. After reflecting for a moment he took up his hat and went out hurriedly. A walk of five minutes brought him to the store of Mr. Cartwright.

"What was the cause of this?" he asked of one of the clerks.

"Did he fall? or was he lifting anything?"

"No," he answered. "He was sitting at his desk, resting his head upon his hands, when I heard him call in a quick voice, and turning round I saw the blood flowing from his mouth."

"Had anything disturbed him?" asked Mr. Bancroft.

"Money has been hard to get during the past week," the clerk answered, "and Mr. Cartwright's payments were unusually large. There is one note not lifted yet, and it is a few minutes of three o'clock."

The clerk pointed to a bank-note lying on Mr. Cartwright's desk.

Mr. Bancroft leaned over and saw that it was a notice of the note due to him.

"That is withdrawn from the bank," he said.

"I am glad to hear it," replied the clerk.

"I think it was your note that did the harm. He had taken up the others and went out two hours ago, after having been all the morning on the street to try and get the sum required to lift this one; but he failed; and the consequences were more than he had strength to look at calmly. He is a just man, and a kind-hearted man, Mr. Bancroft. We who live with him can bear that testimony."

Mr. Bancroft stood nearly motionless for a long time.

"Where does Mr. Cartwright live?" he inquired at length.

"At number — Fifteenth Street."

To the dwelling of Mr. Cartwright he went in all haste. He found everything there to confirm his worst apprehensions. The hemorrhage had been very profuse.

Alas! so large a quantity of blood had been lost that the sick man was reduced to a state of insensibility, and still the bleeding continued. The family were, of course, in the deepest distress. He saw Mr. Cartwright for a moment, and in that moment the impression of her white, grief-stricken face was transferred to a page in memory's book that no after event could dim or obliterate. A beautiful daughter, just on the verge of womanhood, glided past him once, and her face of terror remained to haunt him for life. He saw the physician, and to his inquiries received no hopeful answers.

When Mr. Bancroft left the house of sorrow he went forth almost lethargic, and with a feeling of guilt in his heart.

"My work!" he said, "a voice within him kept repeating; and, do what he would, he found it impossible to silence the accuser."

"I can never forgive myself if he should die!" said Mr. Bancroft to himself. "Oh, what evil is sometimes wrought by passion in an unguarded moment! Why did I not think before speaking?"

Alas! the dreaded evil came. Mr. Bancroft was at his store an hour earlier than usual on the next morning.

"Have you heard from Mr. Cartwright?" he inquired, anxiously, of a clerk.

"Yes, Sir."

"How is he?"

that gave him any relief, and this was the probable ignorance of every one but himself of the immediate cause of Mr. Cartwright's death. He had not, it was presumed, mentioned the unfeeling repulse which he had received, when at the eleventh hour, and as a last resort, he had gone to one from whom he had confidently expected, not only kind consideration, but prompt relief; and so the secret had died with him.

Mr. Bancroft did not visit the house of mourning. He could not look upon the distress which his own conscience charged him with originating; but his heart was valied in gloomy shadows.

There was no one to represent Mr. Cartwright in his business, which had to be closed. An active, hard-working merchant, he had succeeded through many disadvantages, in establishing a trade that, prosecuted with industry for a few years, would have given him a moderate fortune.

But he was stricken down at an inauspicious moment. Serious losses occurred in the settlement of his affairs, and when all his debts were finally paid there was nothing over for his family.

"Poor Mary Cartwright!" said Mrs. Bancroft to her husband one day about six months after the death of Mr. Cartwright. "I saw her at Mrs. Martin's to-day. She gives music lessons to her daughter Helen. How changed she was!"

Mr. Bancroft made no reply, and his wife was in some doubt as to whether he had really heard her remark.

"She says that her mother has never been out of the house since her father's death."

Still Mr. Bancroft made no reply. But how the words did smite him! Ah! there was a thorn in his memory that time could never extract.

"There was not a dollar left for the family from poor Cartwright's estate!" said a fellow-merchant.

"So I have heard."

Mr. Bancroft answered with seeming indifference, but his heart quivered as if a blow had been given.

"It is said that the failure to raise money to lift one of his notes killed him!" said another.

"People will say almost anything," replied Mr. Bancroft, with assumed coolness.

Time moved steadily onward. The seething spot on the surface of trade where Mr. Cartwright went down was obliterated by the onward moving currents, and he was scarcely remembered in the business circles where once his busy face was a familiar object.

But there was one man who could never thrust aside his image; one man in whose memory his presence was a ranking thorn. Many times had he tried to pluck out this thorn by secret acts of kindness to the family of Mr. Cartwright. But the effort only seemed to make the anguish more intense; for the little he offered by stealth contrasted so poorly with the all-sustaining life-deeds of a husband and father, that he was shamed back into impotence.

The case was hopeless. That single act of unkindness, so fatal in its consequences, was done forever. It had gone beyond his utmost reach; and there was no surgeon skilled enough to extract the thorn it had left to rankle in his memory.

Two Thrilling Rattlesnake Stories.

The West India Island of Martinique is infested with rattlesnakes. I once knew a planter living in the interior of the island, whose lands were so overrun with these venomous reptiles that the greater part of his slaves deserted him and sought refuge in the vast forests that cover the island.

One day the planter was out in the fields, and he was very much surprised to find that his slaves were in iron at the time of the fight of their companions, and were awaiting punishment for some misdemeanor, and those slaves who hoped to escape chastisement by promising to devote themselves to the extermination of the snakes. Among the negroes in captivity was one named Pegu, who was condemned to receive three hundred strokes of the rattan. The hour for his punishment arrived. His master came forth to witness the bloody scene. Pegu was standing near the whipping-block awaiting the moment when his hands and feet should be fastened to it, when he perceived a rattlesnake gliding towards him through the grass. He did not stir.

The rapid death following the serpent's bite was preferable to the lingering one which he felt awaiting him under the overseer's cane. The serpent coiled itself round to strike, when at this moment the planter caught the peculiar sound of the rattle and leaped terror-stricken on one side. The snake, attracted by the motion, changed his intention, and fancying that the planter was about to attack him, glided rapidly toward the unhappy man, who, paralyzed with fear remained rooted to the ground. Pegu seeing his master's peril, leaped forward, and catching the snake's tail with one hand, caught him by the neck with the other, and after a quarter of an hour's compression succeeded in choking him. An hour afterward, Pegu received his three hundred lashes, and died that night under the punishment. Such is gratitude in Martinique!

A most affecting incident happened in this same island while I was staying there, passing most of my time in the forest, or with that wild race of cattle hunters, known as Baoumiers. A fine athletic negro, named Golo, belonging to a wealthy planter who lived about thirty miles from St. Pierre, was desperately enamored of a pretty mulatto lass named Juanita, living on the next plantation. Rogo Juanita was a coquette, and cruel as coquettes generally are.

Having a slight tinge of white blood in her, she looked down from an exalted height on poor Golo, who was as black—black, in fact, than the ink with which I am writing. She treated him shamefully, giving him an ounce of hope and a ton of bad treatment. Still Golo did not despair, but presented his suite on every opportunity.

At last Juanita finding her lover so pertinacious that he must either be finally rejected or accepted, told him one day that she had a passion for rattlesnakes' tails. That she valued them in proportion to their length, but that as yet she had not been able to get a tail which contained twelve rings. Now if he brought her a tail with twelve rings, she would be his. Golo's heart sank, but still he determined to undertake his dangerous task. What was there that he would not peril to gain Juanita? Day after day, Golo, with a burning brand of pine wood in one hand, and a sort of sabre in the other, traversed the forests, listening for the ominous rattling of the snakes. In point of numbers his success was prodigious; for there was no better method of killing the rattlesnake than the one Golo had adopted—thrusting the burning torch into his face, and as he detests fire, he is easily decapitated in the moment of his confusion.

Nevertheless, Golo could not find a single tail with twelve rings on it. He had some with eight, nine, and even killed one which had eleven; but when he laid this last one before Juanita, she was incorable, and declared that eleven and a half would not content her. At last, one day, when almost despairing of success, Golo was crossing an open space, his ear was caught by a particularly loud and sonorous rattle. He stopped and perceived an enormous rattlesnake gliding towards him. His eyes were glowing with fire; his bifurcated tongue was agitated with an inconceivable rapidity of motion.

The grey and yellow scales on its head and back glistened with a changeable lustre, like some silken surface on which light was playing. Golo felt that the hour had come when he should either win Juanita or perish.

The size and whole appearance of the snake convinced him that he had twelve or more rings in his tail and he waited his approach with a beating heart. The snake came gliding on, and when within about three feet, coiled himself for spring. Golo seized the opportunity, and dashing his torch into the animal's jaws, severed the head from the body at a single blow. It was with a throb of delight that he discovered on stooping down to examine his prize, thirteen rings in the snake's tail. While he was separating them from the carcass, he felt a slight prickling sensation in his heel. Turning round quickly, he discovered to his horror, that he had placed his foot on the snake's severed head, and that the muscular action still continued, and all lifeless as it was, it had bitten him!

Golo now knew that he was a dead man, and his sole object was to see Juanita before he expired. Catching up his prize which he had purchased with his life, he rushed across the fields with the speed of despair.

Every moment he felt the poison working more fatally in his veins, until at last swollen, breathless, speechless, and frothing at the lips, he rushed into Juanita's presence. He could no longer articulate, but holding out to her the thirteen rattles in his swollen hand, and fixing on her one last look of devotion, he rolled on the floor at her feet, and after a few gasps breathed his last.

NUMBER NINE.—Douglas Jerrold announces the birth of Queen Victoria's ninth child in the following wicked and irreverent manner:

QUITE ENOUGH FOR ONE ELEPHANT.—The elephant of the Zoological Gardens, in the Park, was ever the best tempered of his most sagacious moos. With wisdom, which he most at all instint, he liked children: for he was a domesticated elephant. Well, it was very pleasing to fathers and mothers in reality, and no less pleasant to parents in probability, to see with what affectionate gravity this dear old elephant would take children, the little ones, too, with their nurse upon his back; and too see him walk about as though majestically proud of what he carried.

Well, once upon a time, a fond united couple with all their little ones came to the gardens, and thought they would give the children a ride upon the elephant. Some of the children were none of the smallest and none of the lightest, but what of that? The dear, good natured elephant would bear any weight and carry any number. And so the elephant stood still and looked from those small sagacious eyes with waggish good temper; and moved his trunk and nod, and he had.

And the children were gathered to have a ride. And in this way they got up and were lifted up in order:—

Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa—Albert Edward—

Alfred Ernest Alfred—

Helena Augusta Victoria—

Louisa Catherine Alberta—

Arthur William Patrick Albert—

Leopold George Duncan Albert—and

THE BABY.

The elephant seemed to nod a pleasing recognition of every one of the children as every one mounted. All the eight were seated on his back, and he was about to turn round and take his promenade, when he was stayed by the keeper. There was yet—the baby. Well, baby was added to the other eight. The elephant waited a moment, then waved his trunk three times, and certain trumpeting sounds that were thus interpreted by the keeper:

"I beg you to be assured that I am very happy to carry baby and all, but I put it to your sense of moderation—I ask you if, in all conscience, nine's not quite enough for one elephant."

CONTRIVENCY. When Melancthon's mother, stunned and frightened by the din of reform, asked him how she was to win her way to heaven, said so many disputes, "Go on, mother," said he, "watching and praying, and discharging your daily duties, as you have done, and never trouble yourself about contrivency."

## The Gulf Stream in the Atlantic.

The general description of the Gulf Stream apart from any present question as to its sources is, that of a vast and rapid ocean current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea, doubling the Southern coast of Florida; pressing forward to the North-east, in a line almost parallel to the American coast; touching on the Southern borders of the Grand Banks of New Foundland, and at some seasons partially passing over them; thence, with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction towards the British Isles; and finally losing itself by still wider diffusion in the bay of Biscay, on our own shores, and upon the long line of the Norwegian coast. Its identity in physical characters is preserved throughout the many thousand miles of its continuous flow—the only change undergone is that of degree. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, the speed with which they press forward, abates. But taking the stream in its total course—it well warrants the vivid description and the name bestowed upon it by a modern author, of a "river in an ocean."

This epithet is, in truth, singularly appropriate to this vast current; so constant and continuous in its course; and so strangely detached from the great mass of ocean waters, which, while seemingly deftly sundered to give path to its first impulse, are yet ever pressing upon it, gradually impairing its force and destroying its individuality. The maximum of velocity, where the stream quits the narrow channel of Belling which compresses its egress from the Gulf, is about 4 miles an hour. Off Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, where it has gained a breadth of 75 miles, the velocity is reduced to three miles.

On the parallel of the New Foundland Banks it is further reduced to a mile and a half an hour, and this gradual abatement of force is continued across the Atlantic.

The temperature of the current undergoes similar change. The highest observed is about 95 degrees Fahrenheit. Between Cape Hatteras and New Foundland, though lessened in amount, the warmth of the stream in winter is still 25 or 30 degrees above that of the water through which it flows.

Now is this heat wholly lost when it reaches, and is spread over, the coasts of Northern Europe. The waters, thus constantly flowing to us from the tropical regions, bring warmth as well as abundant moisture to our own islands, and Ireland especially, upon which they more directly impinge, doubtless dole of its peculiarity of climate, its moisture, verdure, and abundant vegetation from this source.

Were it needful to seek proof of the permanence of the great natural phenomenon of which we are speaking, we might find it in those curious passages of ancient geographers—Pomponius Mela and J. Solinus Polyhistor, for example—who describe the peculiarities of the Irish soil and climate eighteen centuries ago, almost as we should depict them now. But the influence of the Gulf Stream does not stop even here. The climate may be said to convey a diffused, more or less, over the whole Norwegian coast, the aspects and produce of which singularly contrast, with those of the corresponding latitudes in North America, Greenland and Siberia. Other causes doubtless contribute to this effect, but none, we apprehend, so largely or unceasingly. The influence of the temperature of the Gulf Stream upon animal life in the ocean is very curious. The whale so sedulously shuns its warm waters as almost to indicate their track by its absence, while yet abundantly found on each side of it.

The physical reasons are doubtless the same which prevent this great marine mammal from ever crossing the equator from one hemisphere to the other—a fact now well ascertained. The various species of fish, which are firm and of excellent flavor in the colder belt of the sea upon the American coast lose all their good qualities when taken out of the Gulf Stream running closely parallel to it. On the other hand, the more delicate marine productions, whether animal or vegetable, which multiply and prosper by warmth, are redundant in the Gulf Stream, even after it has quitted the tropical regions, whence its heat is derived. The food thus matured for the whole field of the Azores, while this huge denizen of the sea flourishes in colder waters amid the abundance so provided.

Edinburg Review.

"Jacks in Ormes"—A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under government, were scattered on the tavern porch, talking, when an old toper, named D—, came up to them. Said D—

"—is a person who is very loquacious when 'corned' but exactly opposite when sober. At the present time, being 'tight' he would tell them a story. They told him to 'fire away!' whereupon he spoke as follows:

"A certain king—don't recollect his name had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now it so happened one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting, and after summoning his nobles, and making all the necessary preparations, he summoned his philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed. While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted on a jackass; he advised them to return, for, said he, 'it will certainly rain. They added contemptuous

countryman,' said he, 'and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not.'

"The king then gave philosopher his walking paper, and sent for the countryman, who made his appearance. 'Tell me,' said the king, 'how you knew it would rain?'

"I didn't know," said the rustic, 'my jackass told me.' 'And how, pray, did he tell you?'

The king asked, in astonishment. 'By pricking up his ears, your majesty. The king now sent the countryman away; procuring the jackass he placed him in the office the philosopher had filled. And here, observed D—, looking very wise, 'here is where the king made a mistake.'

"How so?" inquired his auditors.

"Why ever since that time," said D—, with a grin on his phiz, 'every jackass wants an office!'

Shooting Pigeons without Shot.

A correspondent at Chillicothe, Ohio, under date of February, records the following anecdote as a veritable fact:

A week or two since, the woods or feeding lots around this little city were 'perfectly alive' with pigeons—i.e., indeed, they were every fall and spring. Among the many who seized their double-barreled guns and rushed to the slaughter was my friend Sam K—, from Bucks county, an eager sportsman; so eager upon this occasion, indeed that, after driving at 2:40 speed some five or six miles from the town, and seeing his horse properly put away, he discovered, with dismay, that he had left his shot-bag at home! Here was a dilemma for you!

And to make the incident intolerable, this morning was simply perfect, and the birds setting and rising in clouds! What was to be done? That was a question upon which Sam exhausted his ingenuity, without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Having gyrated two or three times around the eighty-acre lot, to the music of some profane exclamations, he became calm and made up his mind for the return trip pig-pockets. Just at that moment he saw another sportsman drive up to the fence near by, and soon recognized Capt. R—, "Ah, how lucky!" thought Sam. "I can beg, borrow or shoot my shot. But—what if he has a short supply, and declines a divide in view of the multitude of birds? Ah! I have an idea!"

"Good morning, Capt. R—, a beautiful morning this, for shooting; and the pigeons are thick as blackberries."



carry, in addition to his other heavy burdens; and it required all his strength.

During the two years that elapsed before his feet were from ground again, he appeared to have lost all interest in his home, his wife, or his children. Mrs. Williams frequently said, lightly, speaking to her friends or acquaintances, that she had no husband now—Mr. Williams having united himself to business in a second marriage. If she spoke thus in his presence, he would part his lips in a forced smile; or, perhaps, say, jocosely that she had better have him before the courts for bigamy.

Fashion, show, pleasure, filled up all the time of Mrs. Williams, which was not devoted to maternal duties and household cares, and business was the Molech at which Mr. Williams sacrificed all social and home affections.

At forty, with a family of interesting children springing up around them, they were put coldly tolerant of each other. Never having seen, from the beginning of her married life, any good reason for economy or self-denial, Mrs. Williams had failed to practice these virtues; but had suffered the opposite vices of extravagance and self-indulgence to grow rankly as offensive weeds. Her demands upon her husband's purse had, therefore, always been large, and they steadily increased, until he was learning to hold the strings more tightly, and to question the necessity of her demands. What he thought, large requisitions. Thus alienations were constantly engendered; and, at times, there was strife between them. Roughness on his part, and petulance on hers, often came into help of the work of estrangement.

Twenty years of false life, twenty years in which two married partners, warm and loving at the first, went on steadily growing cold toward each other through the interposition of sordid and worldly things—twenty years of a home intercourse but rarely brightened by love—were now broken through the loaded clouds of care and folly—what a sad heart-history is here! And it is not the history of thousands of over-careless business men and their thoughtless, unsympathizing wives, who seek outside of hearts and homes what they can never find—that tranquillity of soul after all that aspires, but to which so few attain? Alas, that it is so!

Ah, that we could write, from henceforth a better record of Leonard Williams and his wife! That we could tell you, how, growing at least weary of their vain existence, they turned back, at last for the pure waters whose sweetness had once refreshed them, finding again the fountain of eternal youth! But it was not so. Habits of thought and feeling were hardened into that second nature which is rarely broken.

Occasionally the restless heart returned along its life journey, seeking for some of the lost flowers and vanished fragrance, their sweet new was perceived only as the dim delight of a dream; not real enough to inspire an effort to seek restoration. And so they moved on in the collection of wealth, until found him a sordid, irritable, unhappy man—and she a nervous, restless, vain, disappointed woman.

There are such, reader, all around you. But keep your heart warm. Do not suffer it to grow cold toward your wife or husband. Shut out the vain things of the world. The home-love is warmest, the home-lights brightest; and they will grow warmer and brighter with years if you feed them with the pure oil of unselfish affections.—*Peter's Magazine.*

#### Pigs—A Disgusting Disclosure.

The New York authorities have been investigating the piggeries of that place, and have made some horrible discoveries as to what the pigs eat. The following is taken from a long account in the Tribune, merely as a specimen of the testimony.

It is a part of a story as to what was found in one particular piggery.

Upon an examination of his premises, some of the most disgusting sights were witnessed. The law states that only four pigs shall be allowed on one lot, while this man had more than one hundred in a pen which measured about fifty by one hundred feet. A heap of rubbish, which had been covered by Oberlander's wife when she espied the officer, was found to contain large quantities of the intestines of animals mixed up with other masses of putrid matter. After this was examined, the Captain and his men went all around the premises, and every where they went they found bones of all kinds, the carcasses of dead dogs, pigs and cats cut up in pieces for the pigs to eat. There were also dead rats in abundance. Upon examining more minutely everything that was seen on the ground, it was ascertained that the pigs were given to eat nothing else than this kind of stuff, and such other garbage as can be gathered throughout the city. She said that her husband was paid to take away from the City Hospital all the refuse of the hospital in that place, and that he removes at least one load every day. This stuff is composed of all kinds of matter. It was found to contain the beds that were found unfit to be kept in the Hospital, from having been used by the worst patients, and containing contagious and dangerous diseases, all the old clothes that have been used by the physicians and students, and the rags upon which the patients were placed. Then there was all the other filth and offal of the Hospital in addition to these, all mixed up together.

Oberlander, upon being asked what he did with the beds and rags which he carried away from the New York Hospital, said that he carried out the straw for the pigs to lie on, and then sold the ticks for making paper. The rags also, after the straw had eaten, were washed and sold for the same purpose.

THE HISTORY OF A CONFESSED. Seven years ago an elderly gentleman of the White House wrote his name at the bottom of a document which, he blandly asserted, was a confession of his sins, and he handed it to a man in a black coat, who was a member of the House of Representatives. It was an act to declare his sin, and the denial of a crust of bread or a cup of water the most cardinal of patriotic virtues.

The president, instead of an olive branch, the fugitive slave law proved a fire-brand. Instead of promoting peace, it has done nothing but foment strife. The quarrel it pretended to "compromise" blazed up more fiercely the moment it was put in the statute book, and has grown hotter and hotter ever since. It has drawn thousands of dollars from the treasury, while it has hardly returned a dozen runaways. It has exasperated the North, while it has not benefited the South. It has broken up the parties that sustained it, ruined the press that advocated it, and crushed the officers that enforced it. It has brought down the gray hairs of its Presidential parent in sorrow to a political grave. It has embroiled us at home and disgraced us abroad. It has weakened public respect for law and stimulated popular passions to riot. The chairs and Boston Court house, the murderous valleys at Christman, the bloody creek at Wilkesbarre, the alarm bell at Syracuse, the cell of Williamson, and now the armed strife of the Sheriff and Marshal in Ohio—these are evidences of the kind of "peace" that has followed Millard Fillmore's "adjustment" of the slavery question.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The Milwaukee Sentinel, having placed upon its bulletin board an announcement of Pacific's arrival, on which was written "War in statu quo," two men from the country walked up to the board, and read very demurely—"War in statu quo," said one of them, "Where in thunder is that?" "I don't know," said the other; "I'll spread all over the world yet." "Shouldn't wonder if it did," said the first.

## THE UNION AND EASTERN JOURNAL.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1857.

FOR GOVERNOR.

### LOT M. MORRILL, OF AUGUSTA.

#### The Republican State Convention.

Our columns contain to-day the proceedings of the Republican State Convention, held in Bangor, on Thursday last week, and in the appropriate place we have placed the name of Hon. Lot M. Morrill, of Augusta, who received the nomination of the convention for Governor.

The convention was of the most satisfactory and gratifying character. The harmonies of sunshine and shade of a most beautiful summer day, made still more grateful by an exhilarating breeze, were fitting types of the harmony and buoyancy of feeling that pervaded the Convention, and the calm but earnest devotion to republican principles which animated its members. The convention was numerously attended, much more so than was anticipated, embracing in the different delegations a representative from all sections of the State, and representing the solid intelligence and patriotism of the people who now constitute the republican party of the State. Considering that there was no contest for candidates expected, and that there was no perplexing question likely to arise, relating to party policy, the number in attendance was remarkably large. It was a glorious indication of the interest felt by the people in the cause of republican liberty, and an earnest of their determination to stand fast by the republican faith and abate no effort until the government is re-established on the principles which animated the fathers, when, amid the perils and dangers of the revolution, they laid the foundations of the republic on the immutable principles set forth in the Declaration of Independence.

The nomination of Mr. Morrill was made with remarkable unanimity. In a poll of over six hundred votes, only sixteen were given to other candidates, and his selection was confirmed with a heartiness of approval we have seldom heard equalled. Such unanimity is not obtained without good cause, and it is a compliment to manly independence, civic virtue, and moral and intellectual fitness for high office, which few men obtain, but which, in this case, is most appropriately bestowed. Mr. Morrill, by the purity of his life, his civic virtues, and his talents improved for high and praiseworthy objects, has secured the public esteem, and the people will rally to his support with a cheerful willingness, and elect him by a majority equalled only by that which they gave to Mr. Hamlin last year. They will remember his many independence which prompted him to despise the trammels of party, and led him to buckle on the armor of freedom and do "yeoman's service" in the cause of freedom. Though holding the highest position in the Democratic party, able to command any partisan reward he might desire, he could not nor would he follow the fortunes of the Democratic party, when it had made itself a mere nigger-driving, slave-catching, slavery-extension party. His boldness and energy, and persuasive eloquence in no small degree contributed to the splendid victories won by the republicans in this State last year. He is an appropriate representative of the high moral and correct political principles of the patriotic party which wisely selected him as its standard bearer, and just the man to be the Governor of freedom.

The resolutions adopted by the convention contain sound republican doctrines, tersely expressed, and eminently suggestive of thought. That which embodies the sense of the convention on the question of temperance, we think, will commend itself to the candor and good sense of all parties. The course which it suggests for the settlement of this vexed question seems to be prudent, and dictated by a wise and enlightened regard to the prosperity of the Temperance cause. It expresses in temperate, yet firm language, the convictions of the convention that a restrictive law is necessary to stop the swelling tide of intemperance, and suggests that such a law, carefully prepared, should be submitted to the test of a popular vote. We think no judicious friend of temperance, a believer in prohibition, can object to such a submission; and on the other hand, no man who claims to be a friend of temperance but was opposed to prohibition on the ground of its being contrary to public sentiment, can reasonably oppose this course. While it may not go quite as far as some of the more radical prohibitionists might have wished, and be denounced in the severest terms by liquor dealers and liquor drinkers, because it asserts the necessity of prohibition, still we believe it will be satisfactory to the great body of the people of the State.

#### Caryisms.

The old war horse of liberal Democracy, Hon. Shepard Cary, was a delegate to the State Convention of the Nigger-Driving, Whiskey-Drinking, Black Democracy, and made one of his slashing speeches, cutting his opponents some, but his political friends more. As usual, he related appropriate anecdotes. He said that the Democratic party had lost its position, and it never had lost this without good reason. He would tell them a story that would explain it. A gentleman sent his Irish servant with a present to a neighbor of some pigeons in a basket. The Irishman wished to look at the present, but on lifting the blanket the pigeons all flew out. He carried the basket to its destination and was ordered to set it down. He presented a note also accompanying the basket; and then asked whether the pigeons were in the letter. He was informed that they were in the letter; and he was very glad to learn that that was the case, for they certainly were not in the basket. The same might be said in regard to the Democratic party. Their pigeons were all in the letter—not in the basket. Their Democracy was all on paper. They were not wrong in their principles but the party was wrong in its conduct. It had pursued a course which had not come up to the standard of democratic doctrine.

He pitched into "the board of trade" as he had as the editor of the Democrat, and with twice the sincerity, and with more to the end. He declared that the board

got men appointed in all sections to the exclusion of men of ample recommendations, and now there is nothing in their baskets to sell. He was a plain spoken democrat and meant to speak plainly. His position in the democratic convention, he said, was like that of the man who had gone to a new boarding house to board. He was asked how he wanted to pay, whether by the week, or by the month. "By neither," was the reply. "I want to board by the day so that I can find fault with the victuals if I choose to do so."

In winding up he said, with more truth than grace, that individually, the democratic party was a set of very clever fellows, but taken collectively they were a set of rascals. This assertion, so the Advertiser says, produced a great sensation. The Advertiser feels constrained to endorse it, and so far as our judgment extends, Cary hit the nail on the head. Cary is said to have annoyed Bradbury exceedingly by his home thrusts.

Terrible Steamboat Disaster.

THREE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

One of the most terrific steamboat accidents that ever took place, occurred on the St. Lawrence river, on Friday night. The particulars are given in the following which are taken from the Quebec and Montreal papers.

"The Montreal was one of the steamers of the mail line between this city and Montreal, and left Quebec yesterday afternoon at four o'clock, with about four hundred souls on board. From all the information as yet gathered relating to her destruction, there appears to be an opinion that the fire arose from accident,—some say from sparks falling on the after part of the boat. The opinion entertained by others is that the wood work had, by being too near the furnace, got dried, and having frequently heated eventually burst into flame. The fire was first discovered about five o'clock, when the steamer was passing Cap-Rouge, and attention being called to the circumstance, the passengers got acquainted with the fact, and naturally cringed much alarm. The boats were got ready in case of emergency, while every effort was made to extinguish the flames. The Montreal was then at the upper end of the Cap-Rouge, and the smoke and heat, increased ten fold, indicated too clearly that the fire was gaining rapidly, and becoming intolerable. All steam was now put on for the land, and the steamer was soon run ashore, at a place about fifteen miles distant from Quebec, between Cap-Rouge and St. Augustin. A scene of the wildest confusion and disorder was witnessed, and the passengers recklessly threw themselves overboard, to escape what they conceived the more imminent danger. Signals of distress were made and in a short time the steamer Napoleon, also bound for Montreal, came back to the burning boat. The moment she arrived, seeing the perilous condition of the Montreal, as quickly as possible the passengers were transferred to her. The Captain and Purser were compelled to swim from the vessel, and seek refuge on board the steamer Alliance, which was passing with barges in tow, and bore down to render assistance. The Montreal now appeared in flames from stem to stern, and there was no doubt that many of those on board had in their anxiety to save themselves from fire, met a watery grave."

There were, according to the best accounts which could be had, about 350 passengers on board, of whom 30 were cabin passengers. Of this number 117 were saved by the steamer Napoleon and five saved themselves, making the loss of lives to be upwards of 200.

A coroner's inquest was being held in Quebec upon the bodies, about 50, and it was determined to sift the matter as fully as possible. Another inquest was held at Montreal, on 10 dead bodies, carried to that city by the Napoleon. The City Government of Montreal and the citizens were actively engaged in attending to the wants of the unfortunate sufferers.

In running the boat ashore she unfortunately struck on a ridge of stone with deep water on each side of her; had she got a few yards further, she might have landed her passengers high and dry.

A despatch from Montreal, dated yesterday, says:

"Up to this morning 130 bodies have been recovered of those lost by the burning of the steamer Montreal. Several Americans are among them; it is said, but as yet their names have not been ascertained."

The persons destroyed were chiefly Scotch emigrants. Among the Americans lost, was Hon. STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS of Salem, who had been arrested in Canada for some months attending to large lumbering operations there. The announcement of his death caused a great sensation of sorrow and grief in Salem. He was one of the great men of Mass., and respected for his private worth, and beloved for his devotion to every good cause. He had filled, and worthily, many important State and National offices. When the news of his death was received, the bells of the city were tolled, flags were displayed at half-mast, and other tokens of public bereavement. His body came to Portland on Monday, and was immediately sent to Boston.

The Fourth.

There are to be no displays of noisy patriotism, if we except the firing of a few guns and India Crackers, and the customary ringing of bells, in our place, to-morrow. The fanatics will appear for a few moments in our streets in the morning, and then vanish, and the outside ceremonies of the day will be over then.

In Portland, in addition to the boat race which will attract the whole country to witness it, and which promises to be a grand affair, [the balloon, "City of Portland," containing Mr. Paullin, who, so we learn from the State of Maine, is a skillful aeronaut and has ascended frequently from Lima, Iceland of Cuba, and crossed a volcanic ridge of the Andes from St. Jago, S. A., will visit the upper regions, sometime during the day. Altogether the arrangements of the patriotic people of Portland for the celebration of Independence day are very good. We should not be surprised if they had to entertain a large deputation from Saco and our City.

We should also that the Pro-Slavery Democracy of this county, who spit upon and deride the self-righteous truth of the charter of liberty, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," are to hold a mass meeting for the nomination of County officers, at Alton.

Afternoon Session.

The Committee on Credentials made a report of a list of Delegates as follows:

Arroostook	5
Androscoggin	46
Cumberland	49
Franklin	21
Hancock	49

Republican State Convention.

The Republican Delegates from the several towns in the State, assembled in large numbers at Norumbega Hall in Bangor, on Thursday, June 25th, 1857.

The Convention was called to order by J. L. Stevens, Esq., of Augusta, Chairman of the State Committee, on whose motion Jedediah Jewett, Esq., of Portland, was chosen temporary Chairman. Moses Littlefield of Skowhegan, and James M. Lincoln of Bath, were chosen Secretaries.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Caldwell of Bangor.

On motion, a committee, consisting of one from each county, was appointed to receive and examine the credentials of Delegates.

The Chair appointed the following Committee on Credentials, viz:—

York—Dimon Roberts, of Lyman.

Cumberland—Henry Fox, of Portland.

Oxford—Benj. Freeman, of Bethel.

Sagadahoc—J. S. Cotton, of Bowdoin.

Androscoggin—J. Dingley, Jr., of Auburn.

Kennebec—B. A. Wing, of Winthrop.

Lincoln—W. C. Cochran, of Waldoboro.

Piscataquis—C. C. Brett, of Oldtown.

Penobscot—Timothy C. of Liberty.

Hancock—L. G. Philbrook, of Sedgwick.

Washington—Geo. W. Dyer, of Calais.

Arroostook—S. G. Ward, of Lincoln.

Franklin—Andrew Lincoln, of Jay.

Piscataquis—Cyrus Hill, of Dover.

Somerset—Albert Smith, of St. Albans.

On motion, a committee of one from each county was appointed to recommend names for a permanent organization.

COMMITTEE ON ORGANIZATION.

York—Abraham Gilpatrick, of South Berwick.

Cumberland—John Lynch, of Westbrook.

Oxford—America Biales, of Paris.

Sagadahoc—Samuel Adams, of Richmond.

Androscoggin—William Lowell, of Milford.

Kennebec—J. H. Drummond, of Waterville.

Lincoln—A. W. Kennedy, of Warren.

Penobscot—John L. Robinson, of Corinth.

Hancock—Barney S. Hill, of Gouldboro.

Washington—G. W. Chabourne, of Perry.

Arroostook—Wm. H. Winslow, of Houlton.

Franklin—N. Gammon, of Phillips.

Piscataquis—Daniel Domet, of Milo.

Somerset—John S. Abbott, of Norridgewood.

Waldo—John Haley, of Frankfort.

On motion, it was voted that each county delegation proceed to select one member of the Committee on Resolutions.

An adjournment for fifteen minutes was then had, to afford time for the county delegations to select the members of the Committee on Resolutions.

After which the several delegations reported, and the following gentlemen were accordingly appointed as the

COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.

York—Seth Seamon, of Saco.

Cumberland—Jedediah Jewett, of Portland.

Lincoln—Ido K. Kimball, of Rockland.

Hancock—Park Tuck, of Bucksport.

Washington—James S. Pike, of Calais.

Oxford—Enoch W. Woodbury, of Sweden.

Kennebec—James G. Blaine, of Augusta.

Somerset—Wm. M. E. Brown, of Solon.

Waldo—Allen Davis, of Brooks.

Penobscot—Geo. W. Ingerson, of Bangor.

Franklin—Robert Goodenow, of Farnington.

Arroostook—Joseph B. Hall, of Presque Isle.

Androscoggin—J. S. Lyford, of Danville.

Sagadahoc—Wm. M. Reed, of Bath.

Piscataquis—John H. Rice, of Monson.

On motion, the several county delegations were requested to present the name of some person for a member of the State Committee for the ensuing year.

And the delegations reported as follows, the names of a

STATE COMMITTEE.

York—James M. Deering, of Saco.

Cumberland—B. D. Peck, of Portland.

Oxford—Sidney Perham, of Woodstock.

Sagadahoc—John S. Baker, of Bath.

Sagadahoc—Samuel B. Holt, of Turner.

Kennebec—John L. Stevens, of Augusta.

Lincoln—A. S. Clark, of Bristol.

 Penobscot—Samuel P. Strickland, of Bangor. |

Waldo—Thomas H. Marshall, of Belfast.

Hancock—Samuel Wason, of Franklin.

Washington—James A. Milliken, of Cherryfield.

Arroostook—Eben' Woodbury, of Houlton.

Franklin—J. G. Hoyt, of Wilton.

Piscataquis—E. H. B. Woodbury, of Dover.

Somerset—B. W. Norris, of Skowhegan.

The Committee on permanent organization then reported the following names which they recommended for officers of the Convention.

President—Hon. Noah Smith, Jr., of Calais.

Vice Presidents—

York—Hon. E. E. Bourne.

Cumberland—John A. Poor Esq.

Oxford—Hon. John J. Perry.

Sagadahoc—Josiah Merrow, Esq.

Androscoggin—Israel Washburn, Esq.

Kennebec—William Palmer.

Lincoln—Hon. Nathan Farwell.

Penobscot—Hon. Amos Pickard.

Waldo—Hon. Henry McGilvery.

Hancock—Dr. M. R. Pulsifer.

Washington—Hon. S. C. Foster.

Arroostook—Col David Page.

Franklin—Josiah Chandler, Esq.

Piscataquis—Hon. T. S. Pullen.

Somerset—Pelag O Haskell, Esq.

Secretary—L. O. Cowan, of Biddeford.

Moses Littlefield, of Skowhegan; James M. Lincoln, of Bath; G. F. Ayer, of Portland; Joseph Bartlett, of Bangor.

The Report of the Committee was accepted by the Convention, and the officers named were elected.

Mr. Smith then assumed the Chair with some appropriate and spirited remarks.

On motion it was voted that the Convention proceed to ballot for a candidate for Governor at half past two o'clock.

The Convention then adjourned till two o'clock.

Under these circumstances, members of the Convention, unless apprised of his wishes, might very reasonably be led to cast their votes in his favor. In order, therefore, that the case may be fully understood, I will state that I have been authorized by Governor Williams to say it would be most agreeable to his wish, that his name should not be made use of as candidate for Governor. The lasting welfare of the Republic case is, above all things, his earnest desire. He has no feelings of pride or ambition to be wounded, and he will continue to work with the same zeal and ability, which he heretofore distinguished his course in that cause which is so dear to all our hearts."

The Committee then proceeded to receive the votes for a candidate for Governor.

While they were attending to the duty of counting the votes, Hon. ISRAEL WASHBURN, Jr., was called to the stand, and made some most eloquent and spirit-stirring remarks upon the great question of freedom as a national institution, and upon the history and encouraging prospects of the Republican party.

After Mr. Washburn had concluded, the committee appointed to receive, sort, and count the ballots for a candidate for Governor, reported that the whole number of votes was

601
Necessary to a choice,
301
Lot M. Morrill had
585
Scattering,
16

The report was accepted, and Hon. Lot M. MORRILL was declared duly and unanimously nominated as the candidate of the Republican party for Governor of Maine.

The nomination was received with long and loud applause.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin was then called to the platform, and addressed the Convention with great power and effect.

On motion of Mr. Abbott, of Norridgewood,

Ordered, That the President of this Convention inform the Hon. Lot M. MORRILL, inhabitant of Biddeford, that he has been elected by this Convention as the candidate for the next Governor of Maine; and to communicate to him the cordial wish and the determination of the Republican party of Maine to elect him by a triumphant majority.

Hon. Warren H. Vinton was then called upon and addressed the Convention in an eloquent manner.

The Committee on resolutions, through its chairman, James S. Pike, Esq., then made report of the following series of resolutions, which were adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That the tendencies of the times, as manifested in the encroachments of the federal power through the recent action of the Executive and Judicial branches of the national government, in the denial of the rights of the Free States to the exercise of a more jealous regard to their rights, and urge to the adoption of measures by them looking to a more determined vindication of State sovereignty.

Resolved, That the aristocratic and ultra federal views of the party in power at Washington are alarming. The open denial of the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, as heretofore understood, and the false construction of the federal Constitution, both plainly set forth in a recent judgment of the U. S. Supreme Court, and intended, as we believe, for an authoritative exposition of the sentiments of that party, to a serious change in the theory and administration of the national government, threatening alike to the personal liberty of the citizens and the permanence of popular rule.

Resolved, That the fundamental aim of the Republican party is the assertion of the true principles and just interpretation of the federal Constitution, in effectual opposition to the modern theory that freedom is no better than slavery, the maintenance of the rights, dignity, and sovereignty of the States, the personal liberty of the citizens, and the rights and interests of free labor, and the vindication of the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and the essential rights of man.

Resolved, that in the furtherance of these general views, we will fulfill our duties under the Constitution faithfully in the spirit in which they were prescribed, but we refuse obedience to new tests and modern novelties of interpretation, in which we believe inaugurated, and are intended to accomplish, a revolution in the character of that great and wise instrument, and of the Government.

Resolved, That what is called the democratic party of day, in the Free States, could not survive a single battle in its present position, but for the lure and rewards of federal patronage. That this patronage, being thus the great corruptor of our politics, and the principal agent in retaining vitality in the ranks of the pro-slavery party in the Free States, is an evil of vast and growing magnitude, which demands abridgment by bringing, as far as practicable, all federal offices within reach of the people by popular election.

Resolved, That the natural increase of the white race on this continent demands the widest possible area for its expansion, and thus requires the confinement of the degrading character and influence of African slavery to the narrow limits. That the attempt of the slaveholders to circumscribe the boundaries of free labor, by usurping free territory for the spread of Negro Slavery.

Under these circumstances, members of the Convention, unless apprised of his wishes, might very reasonably be led to cast their votes in his favor. In order, therefore, that the case may be fully understood, I will state that I have been authorized by Governor Williams to say it would be most agreeable to his wish, that his name should not be made use of as candidate for Governor. The lasting welfare of the Republic case is, above all things, his earnest desire. He has no feelings of pride or ambition to be wounded, and he will continue to work with the same zeal and ability, which he heretofore distinguished his course in that cause which is so dear to all our hearts."

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Resolved, That the fundamental aim of the Republican party is the assertion of the true principles and just interpretation of the federal Constitution, in effectual opposition to the modern theory that freedom is no better than slavery, the maintenance of the rights, dignity, and sovereignty of the States, the personal liberty of the citizens, and the rights and interests of free labor, and the vindication of the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and the essential rights of man.

Resolved, that in the furtherance of these general views, we will fulfill our duties under the Constitution faithfully in the spirit in which they were prescribed, but we refuse obedience to new tests and modern novelties of interpretation, in which we believe inaugurated, and are intended to accomplish, a revolution in the character of that great and wise instrument, and of the Government.

Resolved, That what is called the democratic party of day, in the Free States, could not survive a single battle in its present position, but for the lure and rewards of federal patronage. That this patronage, being thus the great corruptor of our politics, and the principal agent in retaining vitality in the ranks of the pro-slavery party in the Free States, is an evil of vast and growing magnitude, which demands abridgment by bringing, as far as practicable, all federal offices within reach of the people by popular election.

Resolved, That the natural increase of the white race on this continent demands the widest possible area for its expansion, and thus requires the confinement of the degrading character and influence of African slavery to the narrow limits. That the attempt of the slaveholders to circumscribe the boundaries of free labor, by usurping free territory for the spread of Negro Slavery.

Under these circumstances, members of the Convention, unless apprised of his wishes, might very reasonably be led to cast their votes in his favor. In order, therefore, that the case may be fully understood, I will state that I have been authorized by Governor Williams to say it would be most agreeable to his wish, that his name should not be made use of as candidate for Governor. The lasting welfare of the Republic case is, above all things, his earnest desire. He has no feelings of pride or ambition to be wounded, and he will continue to work with the same zeal and ability, which he heretofore distinguished his course in that cause which is so dear to all our hearts."

The Committee then proceeded to receive the votes for a candidate for Governor.

While they were attending to the duty of counting the votes, Hon. ISRAEL WASHBURN, Jr., was called to the stand, and made some most eloquent and spirit-stirring remarks upon the great question of freedom as a national institution, and upon the history and encouraging prospects of the Republican party.

After Mr. Washburn had concluded, the committee appointed to receive, sort, and count the ballots for a candidate for Governor, reported that the whole number of votes was

601
Necessary to a choice,
301
Lot M. Morrill had
585
Scattering,
16

The report was accepted, and Hon. Lot M. MORRILL was declared duly and unanimously nominated as the candidate of the Republican party for Governor of Maine.

The nomination was received with long and loud applause.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin was then called to the platform, and addressed the Convention with great power and effect.

On motion of Mr. Abbott, of Norridgewood,

Ordered, That the President of this Convention inform the Hon. Lot M. MORRILL, inhabitant of Biddeford, that he has been elected by this Convention as the candidate for the next Governor of Maine; and to communicate to him the cordial wish and the determination of the Republican party of Maine to elect him by a triumphant majority.

Hon. Warren H. Vinton was then called upon and addressed the Convention in an eloquent manner.

The Committee on resolutions, through its chairman, James S. Pike, Esq., then made report of the following series of resolutions, which were adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That the tendencies of the times, as manifested in the encroachments of the federal power through the recent action of the Executive and Judicial branches of the national government, in the denial of the rights of the Free States to the exercise of a more jealous regard to their rights, and urge to the adoption of measures by them looking to a more determined vindication of State sovereignty.

Resolved, That the aristocratic and ultra federal views of the party in power at Washington are alarming. The open denial of the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, as heretofore understood, and the false construction of the federal Constitution, both plainly set forth in a recent judgment of the U. S. Supreme Court, and intended, as we believe, for an authoritative exposition of the sentiments of that party, to a serious change in the theory and administration of the national government, threatening alike to the personal liberty of the citizens and the permanence of popular rule.

Resolved, That the fundamental aim of the Republican party is the assertion of the true principles and just interpretation of the federal Constitution, in effectual opposition to the modern theory that freedom is no better than slavery, the maintenance of the rights, dignity, and sovereignty of the States, the personal liberty of the citizens, and the rights and interests of free labor, and the vindication of the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and the essential rights of man.

Resolved, that in the furtherance of these general views, we will fulfill our duties under the Constitution faithfully in the spirit in which they were prescribed, but we refuse obedience to new tests and modern novelties of interpretation, in which we believe inaugurated, and are intended to accomplish, a revolution in the character of that great and wise instrument, and of the Government.

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**J. MURPHY'S PAINT AND OIL STORE,**  
**HEARTY ST., BIDEFORD ME., opposite**  
**Harmon's Grocery Store.**



