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THE GATHERING TIME.
Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, 1851.

They come! they come!
From the far off lake, from the torrid plain,
They hasten to pass o'er the billowy main;
They are here from the deep sea's foam,
By the wild wind's sweep o'er the wreck'd sea,
By the fierce tornado in his pride,
Lashing the waves to a fiery tide.

With the might of nations on their brow,
With the weight of that which taught the world to bow;
The south of the north in their glorious might,
The south of a thousand thoughts of light;
The rainbow gleams of the spirit's wings,
As it reveals in bliss and glorious things.

They have gathered the spoils of earth and sea;
They have pierced the shroud of the mystery;
Unveiled the glory of earth's bright things,
And made flow from her long-veiled springs,
Till the world's dawn from human lips
To hear of the bright apocalypse.

They have been to the depths of ocean's caves,
To the sunning rearmen of waves;
And may perchance and jewel bright,
Flash out in pride on the wondering sight,
And the evening calm hath caught
Its light from the gifts the waves have brought.

They have been to the depths of ocean's caves,
Where glimmers the light of the mystery;
And the deep-sea fish, in its home,
Hath revealed its secrets to the world;
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Stop! what paper is that? It is a letter
which a well-wishing patron has given me,
and which I have negligently omitted to pre-
sent. The address is quite simple—"Herr
Mohrfield, Deich-strasse." I breathed aloud
—"Perhaps this is the man from whom help
is to reach me." I remembered that my patron
had described him as the head of a very
eminent mercantile house, whose acquain-
tance might be of great advantage to me.

With eager haste I completed my toilet,
and with the stroke of eight left the hotel for
Deich-strasse, where I expected to encounter
my rescuing angel. Stop! here, at the hop-
market, I must pause a moment. It is mar-
ket-day, and the busy scene has many attrac-
tions. Yonder, among the clamorous fish-
women, stands a short, thick-set man, in a
blue overcoat; the blunt and taciturn expres-
sion of his ruddy face is heightened by a pro-
fusion of badly combed hair. He pays for a
well-selected fish, which his attendant porter
takes away. He moves with peculiar deci-
sion of manner, and with downcast look, hum-
ming a low note, his hands behind him, turn-
ing in to the Deich street. Without his taking
any notice of me, we strode together, and
bath at last passed before the same house—
There he recovered from his thoughtful man-
ner, and looking steadily at me, asked in a
suppressed tone—"Do you wish to speak
with any one here?" Vexed that one whose
appearance was so ordinary, should address
me with such little ceremony, I answered with
some laugh—"I have business with the
house of Mohrfield." He smiled, and then
said earnestly—"I am Mohrfield!" What!

Yes, then, my dependence on one who buys his
own fish, and appears in a threadbare coat,
is this man-looking personage the last pecu-
niary resource of his literary guest? But he
was the only author of hope to which I could
cling. With lightning haste I removed my
hat, and said, with a most respectful air—
"Pardon me! I had told you not the hono-
rable—I have—here I drew the letter from my
pocket—"a commission to deliver this letter."
Herr Mohrfield interrupted me—"Not now, my
boy, but I will speak with you in the count-
ing-room; you must, however, wait awhile.
Come." He stepped into the house, and I
followed. In the great hall, all was activity.
There were two great scales, on which work-
men were weighing coffee, of which an at-
tendant clerk, with his memorandum book,
kept account. Mr. Mohrfield looked on si-
lently for a few moments, and was passing on,
when a laborer threw down a bag of coffee in a
manner to burst it, scattering the berries
upon the floor. "What gross carelessness!"
he fairly exclaimed the merchant; and stooping
to collect the scattered coffee, continued—
"gather it all up, now you are again in the
sack. Then have it properly weighed, and
you, Mr. Moller, see that the bag is then
weighed; and if there is a loss, charge the
amount to his imprudent man. It shall be
deducted from his week's pay."

"That is hard," said the man. "Only a
little coffee!"
"Only a little coffee!" answered the mer-
chant, quickly. "He who dispenses trifles, is
not worthy of great things; out of eight and
forty shillings is composed a shilling, and to
one good vintage many warm days are neces-
sary. So! not worth the trouble! Negligence
is a great failing, and ruinous to ordi-
nary business. Mr. Moller, when this man
again, even in the smallest particular, dis-
plays his carelessness, discharge him on the
spot. I make you answerable."

"Great God!" thought I, "for a handful of
coffee, will he deprive a man of his bread?
How hard! how cruel! how will it go with
me?"
At this moment, a young man, dressed with
great elegance, came out of the office, bowed
to the merchant, and was about to pass out of
the door, but a look from his employer caused
him to pause.

"Your appearance is fashionable," said
Mohrfield, disdainfully. "Is there to be a
ball in your counting-house? and where were
you yesterday evening? If I am not in error,
you were curvetting on a palfrey out at the
Dana Door, too much occupied to observe
your employer, who passed you on foot."

"I beg a thousand pardons," answered
the young man, turning blood-red in his face.
"It is well!" interrupted Mohrfield. "I
have nothing to do with that which my people
do out of business hours, if they perform
their duties punctually. But with you it is
different. You have a poor mother who suf-
fers for necessities; three uneducated broth-
ers, two of whom I met herebefore, and that
at a time of life when they should be in school.
It would be more honor to you to attend to
that, and to take care of your brothers, than
to dress in the latest fashion, and prance upon
a saddle-horse. Go to your business sir."

The young man became purple in the face,
withdrew himself with a crab-like motion,
and vanished through the door. The mer-
chant strode through the store, entered the
counting-room, where I followed him. What
a sight! a long and rather gloomy hall pre-
sented itself, with numerous desks, of which
I counted thirty, behind each of which stood
a person busily writing or reckoning. In an
adjoining room sat many more. Not far from
the door sat a rather elderly man at a counter
surrounded by several iron chests, and the as-
sociation drew from me a deep sigh.

"Well, Mr. Caxton," said the merchant,
as he approached his cashier, "what news?"
"But little," answered he quietly. "There
is a demand for bills. We have, however,
nothing to spare. In Lavinia we have no
thing, and on Genoa and Venice we have not
more than our three ships loading for those
ports require. Two value on New York, and
one on Havana, that will be wanted, and I
have notified them." "Can you use any Co-
penhagen or Swedish paper at the current
rates?" "No! here must be as little funds
as possible looked up in paper. I shall need a
large cash balance. Remember that." He
passed on, and stood before a desk. "Were

the goods sent yesterday on board the Ar-
temisia. Mr. Caxton?" he asked. "Are the
policies for the Pfeil taken out, and has Cap-
tain Heyson got his papers?" "It is all at-
tended to," said the clerk. "Here is the bill
of lading; here the policy, and the receipt of
the captain." "Good; your punctuality
pleases me. Go on, method is the soul of
business. Take care of that sand, however,
and it has a slowly appearance when it is so
scattered as on your desk."

Mr. Mohrfield had now arrived at his own
desk, which was secluded from the main hall
by a rail. He pointed me to a chair, and be-
gan to examine some letters that had waited
for his coming. A deep silence now pervaded
the room, which was broken only by the mo-
notonous scratching of many quills. No loud
word was spoken, and it was seldom that a
suppressed whisper was heard. My presence
was unnoticed; not a word was addressed to
me, nor was a curious glance directed towards
me. The merchant read through his letters,
and called several young men to him, giving
directions, but receiving no answers. "At
one o'clock, all must be ready for signature.
You, Mr. Becker, must take care that no
more errors creep into your French letters.
You are too quick, too hasty. Take exam-
ple of Mr. Hart—his English letters are a
model correspondence. Above all, I observe
late in your letters a worthless innovation.
You use a pompous, verbose style, and em-
ploy three lines where three words are suf-
ficient. Abandon that. A flowery style is al-
ways a folly, and especially so in mercantile
letters; but it comes from the senseless
novels and romances that you are eternally
reading, and which will yet incapacitate you
for every useful employment. I have warned
you—take care for the future."

This was a brilliant prospect! What re-
ception could a novel writer expect from a
man possessed of such views! At this mo-
ment Mohrfield turned to me, and said, rather
short—"Well, air, about our business?"
"At your service," I stammered, and reach-
ed him my letter; but he had not opened it
ere we were again interrupted. "See, there!
good-morning, Captain Heyson," said the
merchant, with animation. "You come, prob-
ably, to take leave; a lucky voyage to you,
and bring yourself and crew back in good
health. Pay good attention to ship and car-
go, and make me no general average." Your
wife, say you? why, in any circumstan-
ces let her apply to me at once. If you have
a good opportunity, and avail yourself skill-
fully of it, you may be back by Christmas—
Well, adieu, captain, you have—here he
glanced at the almanac—"no time to lose. It
is now high water, and your ship leaves at 12
and I am not pleased to have the ship anchored
at Blankensee. Lucky voyage." The cap-
tain vanished, and another man took his
place. "Good-morning, Mr. Pluggs; what
have you to say?" asked the merchant. "I
am well pleased with that last purchase of
wood. You earned your commission with
honor. When you have another lot on the
same terms, let me know. My ships must
be employed. There are already three lying
idle. As soon as the new stock arrives, let
me know. Adieu." I beg your pardon,
sir—this was directed to me—"I keep you
too long waiting; but the current busi-
ness takes precedence." "Good-morning,
Pilot! Already back? Is my 'Hopl' gone
to sea safely?" "All as you wish, Mr.
Mohrfield," answered a robust Elbe pilot.

"The ship is a fast sailer, and not afraid of
a breeze. Here is a letter from the captain.
But I must to-day on board another vessel—
Perhaps I can take my pilotage with me?"
"That's of course, Pilot; and ten dollars in
addition for the quick pilotage. Go to my
cashier, he will make all right." "What do
you want?" This was addressed to a me-
agre-looking little man, with a bald head and
snuffy nose, who, in a threadbare black coat,
and stopping petticoat, stood before the wealthy
merchant.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he answered.
"I am Dr. Eck, from Frankfurt. I have for
a long time had in consideration the peculiar
procreation of mankind, and at last have suc-
ceeded in a series of lectures; and I would
therefore solicit—"

"I am sorry," interrupted the merchant;
"but I am opposed to all theories that cannot
be promptly applied to the concerns of life—
Away with your air-castles, frog-projects and
chimeras! I am very sorry."

The poor doctor perspired with anxiety;
and scarcely able to speak, he looked pitifully
at the subscription list in his hand, stammer-
ing out something of patrons and the down-
trodden sons of Minerva; but his voice faded
into an indistinguishable murmur. The mer-
chant smiled him for a moment with a sar-
castic regard, then took the list and wrote a
line. It must have been a very important
line, for the face of the doctor brightened with
a heartful laugh, as he busied himself to lay
more papers upon the desk. The merchant
motioned him away, saying—"No matter. It
is a pleasure to me when my signature can
be of use to a meritorious and learned man,
even if personally I derive no profit from his
talents. Your theory and my practice are
very different; an interchange of ideas that
are so directly opposed, leads only to endless
confusion. Farewell!"

The doctor retired, and made room for a
man, who pressed close up, and, without fur-
ther ceremony, began—"Mr. Mohrfield, your
'Fortuna' is ready, and can be launched at
any moment. I wish to know what time you
will appoint?"

"Monday morning, Mr. Reich," answered
the merchant. "I am well pleased with your
prompt and efficient mode of business. Now,
as young beginners should be encouraged, you
may lay the keel of a new vessel on my ac-
count. Try yourself at that. I passed your
yard yesterday, and observed the order and
industry with which it is conducted. Perse-
vere in that manner. Well! remember Mon-
day morning. Farewell! Who are you?"

This was addressed to a poorly-clad wo-

man, who now stood before him, and whose
pallid cheeks and suffused eyes betrayed deep
grief. At this nearly harsh address of the
merchant, she looked anxiously up, and an-
swered—"I am the wife of Bodmer, the man
who was so unfortunate as to fall from the loft
and break his leg."

"Shocking! very shocking! I am very
sorry for Bodmer; he was a steady man, and
ever cheerfully performed his duties. But my
surgery visited him; what did he say?"
"He gives the best hope of saving my hus-
band's life, but it will be a tedious sickness;
and who knows if the poor man will ever
again be able to work? What, then, shall we
do with our five poor children?"

"Have confidence in the man in whose ser-
vice you have met the misfortune," answered
the merchant. "What the physician needs of
wine and strengthening food, shall be furnish-
ed from my kitchen. The weekly wages you
will receive regularly on Saturday. Now go
home and remember me to your husband,
whom I will soon visit."

The woman through her tears rendered
speechless thanks, and the merchant began
reading my letter.

"Your letter has rather an old date," said
he, suddenly. "I have long expected it—
Your circumstantial time has probably pre-
vented an earlier call!"

I stammered out a lie, something about my
indisposition to disturb so active a business
man, but that at the moment I was in great
necessity. He did not let me finish, but went
on.

"You are here highly recommended to me.
If I can do any thing for you, speak freely—
Persons away from home, frequently stand in
need of aid."

This was the moment to speak of the deep
ebb of my purse; but oh! the false shame—the
words would not leave my lips.

"Nothing!" he proceeded. "Well, on
another occasion, perhaps. Come, however,
on Sunday to my cottage before the Dana
Door, and take a spoonful of soup with me.
Men of business have on week-days but small
leisure to bestow on mere conversation."

Here was my dismissal; but without money,
however, I could not go. I was com-
pletely cleaned out, and must travel. At this
moment there came to my rescue a clerk, who
handed between the desk and myself a letter
brought by an express, addressed to Mr.
Mohrfield. It was instantly opened and read,
and was probably of a favorable nature, as a
pleasing smile played round the lips of the
merchant; but suddenly, as if betraying a
weakness, it again vanished, and he laid the
letter with accustomed unconcern on the
desk.

"Any thing further to command, sir?"
"Now must I speak, cost what it will. I
stepped close to his chair, bowed my lips to
his ear, and poured forth a multitude of words,
among which the most emphatic were, "want
of money." To an elegant construction of
sentences at such a moment, would even De-
mochares have given no thought. The mer-
chant stared at me with wondering eyes, then
took my letter in hand and again read it
through with close attention; after which, he
wrote a line under it and handed it to me,
saying—"Here, sir, have the goodness to
hand this to my cashier. I shall depend on
seeing you at my table on Sunday; for the
present you will excuse me."

I bowed absently, and soon stood before the
man surrounded with iron chests. He took
the letter, and said—"You have to receive one
hundred marks current. Will you
please give a receipt? Here is the money."
"And here, sir, is your receipt," cried I
with a lightened heart, as I thrust the fifty-
one thalers and two-thirds shillings into my
pocket, and hurried out of the office into the
free air of heaven, and turned towards the
Alster Hall, in the elegantly-decorated rooms
of which I speedily enjoyed a substantial
breakfast.—Translated from the German for
the Democratic Review.

her to halt, as I wished to speak with her,
upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat
on her haunches like a dog, with her back to
wards me, not even deigning to look around.
She then appeared to say to herself, "Does
this fellow know who he is after?" Having
thus sat for half a minute, as if in involun-
tary thought, she sprang to her feet, and, facing
about, stood looking at me for a few seconds,
moving her tail slowly from side to side,
showing her teeth, and growling fiercely—
She next made a short run forwards, making
a loud rumbling noise like thunder. This she
did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did
not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her hos-
tile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out
her massive arms and lay down on the grass.
My Hottentots now coming up, we all three
dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from
their holsters, we looked to see if the powder
was up in the nipples, and put on our caps.
While this was doing, the lioness sat up, and
showed evident symptoms of uneasiness, and
She looked first at us, and then behind her,
as if to see if the coast were clear; after
which she made a short run toward us, utter-
ing her deep-drawn, murderous growls.

Having secured the three horses to one an-
other by their reins, we laid them on as if we
intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining
a broadside. But this she carefully avoided
to expose, presenting only her full front. I
had given Sigfus his Moore rifle, with or-
ders to shoot her if she should spring upon
me, but on no account to get before me. Klein-
boy was to stand ready to hand me my
Purley rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon
should not prove sufficient. My men as yet
had been steady, but they were in a precious
stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly
paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I
could place no reliance on them.

Now, then, for it, neck or nothing? She
was within sixty yards of us and she keeps ad-
vancing. We turned the horses' tails to her.
I knelt on one side, and taking a steady aim
at her breast, let fly. The hall cracked loud-
ly on her tawny hide, and crumpled her in the
shoulder, upon which she charged with an
appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an
eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment
Sigfus's rifle had exploded in his hand, and
Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready
by me, dived about like a duck in a gale of
wind.

The lioness sprang upon Colsberg, and
fairly lacerated his ribs and haunches with
her horrid teeth and claws; the worst wound
was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening
yawning gash, more than twelve inches
long, almost laying bare the very bone. I
saw some other fellow, and did not feel in
the least degree nervous, having, fortunately,
great confidence in my own shooting; but I
must confess when the whole affair was over,
I felt that it was a very awful situation, and
attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend
with me on whom I could rely.

When the lioness sprang on Colsberg, I
stepped out from the horses, ready with my se-
cond barrel for the first chance she should give
of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for,
seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had
now taken, she quitted Colsberg, and draw-
ing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past
within a few paces of me, taking one step to
the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder,
and in another second the lioness was stretch-
ed on the plain a lifeless corpse. In the
struggles of death she half turned on her
back, and stretched her neck and forearms
convulsively, when she fell back to her for-
mer position; her mighty arms hung power-
less by her side, her lower jaw fell, blood
streamed from her mouth, and she expired—
At the moment I fired my second shot, Sigfus,
who hardly knew whether he was alive
or dead, allowed the three horses to escape.
These galloped frantically across the plain;
on which he and Kleinboy instantly started
after them, leaving us standing alone and en-
gaged within a few paces of the lioness, which
they, from their anxiety to be out of the way,
evidently considered capable of doing further
mischiefs.

The rapid growth of every portion of Mas-
sachusetts for the last fifteen years, has given
an increased value to all fixed property with-
in the State, which increase of value has given
still greater development to the industrial
energies of her whole people, the fruits of
which are now seen, in the railways which
cover the State as with a net work, in her im-
proved agriculture, and in her factories and
her workshops, which makes every valley re-
sound with the hum of her industry.

Efforts have been made within the last few
years in Maine, to introduce railways, and in
other respects to imitate in some measure,
the policy of Massachusetts. A system of
railways has been entered upon which prom-
ises the most satisfactory results, the value
and importance of which are by no means con-
fined to the limits of the State.

Some of the railways of Maine, in which
little, if any Massachusetts capital is embark-
ed, are, as we believe, of paramount value
and importance to Massachusetts. This will
be admitted by any one who thoroughly ap-
preciates the intimate business relations of
the two States. That the interests of the
two States are the most intimately connected
are clearly seen by any one who is in the hab-
it of considering their geographical and com-
mercial relations, and the position of Maine
in reference to the residue of the country.

The undersigned, Executive Committee
for the State of Maine, appointed by the con-
vention held at Portland, on the 21st day of
July last and succeeding days, to promote the
construction of the European and North Amer-
ican Railway, and corporations named in the
act incorporating said company passed by the
Legislature of Maine, and approved August
20th, 1850, respectfully request your honorable
body to apply a portion of the proceeds of
the public lands lying in the State of Maine,
and belonging to the Commonwealth of Mas-
sachusetts, in aid of said undertaking, and to
adopt such other measures as will contribute

to the means to ensure the early completion of
said work.

The separation of the district of Maine
from Massachusetts proper, was finally se-
cured by allowing to Massachusetts a moiety,
or an equal share of the Public lands lying
within the territory thus separated, amount-
ing at the time to 4,308,379 acres after giving
up the territory ceded by the treaty of Wash-
ington. These lands, at that time were re-
garded of very little value, and soon after the
separation the terms of a bargain were all but
consummated, for the extinguishment of
Maine by the title of Massachusetts to all of
said lands, for the sum of \$100,000. Most
unfortunately for the prosperity of Maine, the
proposed arrangement was defeated, and since
that time the State of Massachusetts has re-
ceived large sums of money into her treasury
from the proceeds of the sales of said lands
and timber, amounting, on the 31st of Decem-
ber, 1850, to \$1,998,296 55, and there still
remain unsold lands within the limits of this
State belonging to Massachusetts, equal to
1,835,547 acres, which are exempt from tax-
ation while owned by the Commonwealth, and
there is also a balance still due to the
treasury of the State on account of said sales.

From the time of the separation till the
year 1835, the progress of Maine in business
and wealth was equal to that of the other
portions of New England generally, and in
population the growth of Maine was about
equal to that of the whole country, and vast-
ly greater than that of Massachusetts. Our
valuable water-power, the superior quality of
our soil, our immense tracts of valuable tim-
ber, the numerous safe and accessible harbors
upon our coast, and the cheap price of land,
with many valuable mineral resources, and
above all, the salubrity and healthfulness of
our climate, invited emigration of the most
valuable class of persons from all parts of
New England, including many from Mas-
sachusetts.

The year 1835 was the turning point in the
history of New England. Massachusetts
opened three of her great lines of railway,
reaching in that year to Providence, to Wor-
cester, and to Lowell; and the railway sys-
tem of Massachusetts became firmly estab-
lished upon her soil. Industry was quickened
thereby, enterprise stimulated, and the price
of labor enhanced. The tide of emigration
throughout all New England was immedi-
ately turned upon Massachusetts. The aggra-
vated industry of Massachusetts yielding this
great agency, the railway, with a bolder and
more intelligent grasp, than any other people,
changed as by a magic power, the whole his-
tory of the movement.

The financial and commercial revolution
which swept over Maine, and most other parts
of the Union, with such disastrous conse-
quences, from 1835 to 1840, was scarcely felt
in Boston or Massachusetts, except by indi-
rect results, from losses by debt. The price
of real estate, the great criterion of value,
was but slightly affected in Massachusetts,
while in every portion of Maine it fell to a
merely nominal value, and to this day, the
price of real estate throughout Maine, with
but few exceptions, and these exceptions
manufacturing or trading towns, is not greater
than it was prior to the speculations of
1835.

The census of 1850 disclosed to the people
of Maine the astounding fact, that Massachu-
setts from 1840 to 1850, increased at the rate
of 34 8-10 per cent, showing a density of
population equal to 125 persons to the square
mile, while the state of Maine had only in-
creased at the rate of 16 6-10 per cent, and
contains a population of only 17 8-10 persons
to the square mile. The results of the cen-
sus of 1850 were not generally anticipated by
our own people, though many had perceived
the silent but gradual withdrawal of much of
the wealth and business talent of Maine to
Massachusetts, while there was also a strong
tendency among the farming interest to em-
igrate west, and that the agricultural portions
of our State were making very little progress,
and some of them were diminishing in popu-
lation.

The rapid growth of every portion of Mas-
sachusetts for the last fifteen years, has given
an increased value to all fixed property with-
in the State, which increase of value has given
still greater development to the industrial
energies of her whole people, the fruits of
which are now seen, in the railways which
cover the State as with a net work, in her im-
proved agriculture, and in her factories and
her workshops, which makes every valley re-
sound with the hum of her industry.

Efforts have been made within the last few
years in Maine, to introduce railways, and in
other respects to imitate in some measure,
the policy of Massachusetts. A system of
railways has been entered upon which prom-
ises the most satisfactory results, the value
and importance of which are by no means con-
fined to the limits of the State.

Some of the railways of Maine, in which
little, if any Massachusetts capital is embark-
ed, are, as we believe, of paramount value
and importance to Massachusetts. This will
be admitted by any one who thoroughly ap-
preciates the intimate business relations of
the two States. That the interests of the
two States are the most intimately connected
are clearly seen by any one who is in the hab-
it of considering their geographical and com-
mercial relations, and the position of Maine
in reference to the residue of the country.

The undersigned, Executive Committee
for the State of Maine, appointed by the con-
vention held at Portland, on the 21st day of
July last and succeeding days, to promote the
construction of the European and North Amer-
ican Railway, and corporations named in the
act incorporating said company passed by the
Legislature of Maine, and approved August
20th, 1850, respectfully request your honorable
body to apply a portion of the proceeds of
the public lands lying in the State of Maine,
and belonging to the Commonwealth of Mas-
sachusetts, in aid of said undertaking, and to
adopt such other measures as will contribute

to the means to ensure the early completion of
said work.

The separation of the district of Maine
from Massachusetts proper, was finally se-
cured by allowing to Massachusetts a moiety,
or an equal share of the Public lands lying
within the territory thus separated, amount-
ing at the time to 4,308,379 acres after giving
up the territory ceded by the treaty of Wash-
ington. These lands, at that time were re-
garded of very little value, and soon after the
separation the terms of a bargain were all but
consummated, for the extinguishment of
Maine by the title of Massachusetts to all of
said lands, for the sum of \$100,000. Most
unfortunately for the prosperity of Maine, the
proposed arrangement was defeated, and since
that time the State of Massachusetts has re-
ceived large sums of money into her treasury
from the proceeds of the sales of said lands
and timber, amounting, on the 31st of Decem-
ber, 1850, to \$1,998,296 55, and there still
remain unsold lands within the limits of this
State belonging to Massachusetts, equal to
1,835,547 acres, which are exempt from tax-
ation while owned by the Commonwealth, and
there is also a balance still due to the
treasury of the State on account of said sales.

From the time of the separation till the
year 1

add largely to the value of all the real estate in Maine, and particularly to the public lands of Maine and Massachusetts.

It is not supposed that the line can pass through any of the lands belonging to either State, but branch lines are already proposed reaching to the neighborhood of towns in which the State of Massachusetts is interested. If carried across the State it must inevitably enhance, by at least one hundred per cent, the value of the lands of Massachusetts. The capital of Maine, already severely taxed, by the rapid extension of her Railway lines from Portland to Montreal, and from Portland to Bangor, and the other railroad enterprises, in which her people are embarked. The capital sought by us, is for the extension of the line from Bangor to the boundary of New Brunswick, which would insure at once a connection by railway with the city of St. John, by a line to be extended from that city to the boundary by the people of New Brunswick, and eventually to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Without enlarging upon topics familiar to the public men of Massachusetts, or suggesting more fully the many inducements that exist for the adoption of an enlarged and liberal policy towards Maine, appropriating a portion of the proceeds of her public lands to the enterprise, secured, as it probably would, with the assistance which Maine can give to it, the accomplishment of this work at an early day, we beg to express the opinion that the carrying out of the plan proposed will enhance the value of the public lands of Massachusetts, lying in the State of Maine, to an amount equal if not greater than that expended for this purpose, and by promoting intercourse and accumulating industry within this State, largely increase the trade of Boston.

The undersigned, therefore, in behalf of the interests we represent, and for the reasons set forth in this memorial, and for numerous other reasons, which will suggest themselves to the enlightened statesman of this ancient Commonwealth, or at least one half thereof, for a term of years, or an amount equal to that which the State of Maine may appropriate therefor, may be set aside for the purposes within set forth, and that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts will grant such other and further assistance and encouragement to the undertaking, as the interests of the people of the State may require.

And as in duty bound will ever pray,
JOHN A. POSE,
EDWARD L. HAMILIN,
ANNON G. CHANDLER.

March 5, 1851.
[From Arthur's House Gazette.]
MRS. MADISON.

BY ARTHUR J. STANLEY.

At Richmond I first saw Mrs. Madison, and the instant my eye fell upon her I felt that I was looking on a Queen. A queen she was, one of nature's queens—she looked the character. Her person, carriage, manners, language, would have been in place among the most polished Courts of Europe. Toler Virgil's immortal words applied with a force that struck every beholder—"Incandescit Regem." Her person to large and dignified, her manner with easy grace; her face a full oval, with raised features, double chin, fine eyes, and a mouth dressed in the most winning smiles. It was a face that seemed to bid you welcome, and to ask, "what can I do for you?" Having once seen her, I felt no more surprised at having heard of her from a lady—I could easily tell what had frequently been told me of her husband, and would have been told me of her administration, (so far as her popularity was concerned,) in the influence of his wife. Her power over him was great and all who sought promotion, favor, or any kind of address themselves, naturally, to her, as the readiest and the surest channel of access to the President. A corrupt woman might have crept herself to almost any extent, by the use of such a power. Madison himself was somewhat cold and shy, and a timid suitor would often have met, not with repulse, but with polite refusal; but to Mrs. Madison anybody could approach; and if their request was reasonable and such as a lady might urge without derogation from her own sense of propriety, they might come upon at least her good offices. I had a personal opportunity of witnessing both the address, and the prevalence, of her intercession. A gentleman was at Richmond with a subscription for an edition of the American Encyclopedia. The presence of so numerous an assemblage of intelligent men presented a favorable opportunity for procuring such an enterprise. The work was expensive, and its publishers would not feel warranted to enter into such an undertaking without securing beforehand, a respectable amount of patronage. The gentleman was very anxious, and his first application made, of course, he made to Mr. Madison, that name alone would be worth to him more than a hundred others. With such a name at the head of his list he could present it to any man; without it, he would be met with its absence as an objection. He applied, and was refused. Mr. Madison admitted the value of the work, complimented the applicant on his enterprise in undertaking its publication, wished him every success, but pleaded his own restricted circumstances which would not justify him, in incurring the expense. The poor man came to me in great dejection. A refusal from such a source took the wind out of his sails. It would justify all in refusing who sought an excuse to do so. "What shall I do?" said he, in much perplexity. "Have you ever read the book of Judges?" said I. "The book of Judges?" why, I have read it; but what has that to do with my subscription list?" "More, perhaps than you think. Do you remember how the Philistines found out Samson's riddle? Do you recollect what he told them? 'If you had not plowed with my harness, you would never have found out my riddle.' Go you, and try the same plan. 'You are right; you're right!' I'll do it! Next day he came into my room humming—"I plowed with the harness!" and see, here's the sign manual. 'I asked him to tell me who he did it. 'Why,' replied he, 'the harness was to the old gentleman, and told him of how much importance it was to me to get his name.' 'Yes my dear,' said he, 'I am aware of that; but you know, as well as I, that our circumstances are not such as to warrant me in incurring so heavy an expense. I should be glad to aid this gentleman, and glad to possess the work, but I cannot afford it.' 'I know that, my dear,' said his lady, 'or I am sure you would give this gentleman your name to help

his list. But are not you a Trustee of the University of Virginia? and couldn't you take his book for the College?' 'True, true, my love; I never thought of that,' and he put down his name. This is a sample of the admirable tact with which she could carry her point.

There were excellent points in her character. She was ever a friend to the friendless. Whenever, in the drawing-room, a modest individual seemed thrown in the back ground, her quick eye instantly perceived it; and she would always contrive, without any parade of question, or some of those nameless, intangible, but influential courtesies of which she was so perfect a mistress, to attract attention and encouragement toward the object of her kindness. Nor was this trait in her disposition confined to mere courtesy of manner; she was ever ready to confer substantial kindness on those who needed it. Mr. Estlin, the adventurous delineator of Indian life and manners, (a man as distinguished by his modest simplicity of mind as for the charm of his pen,) once related to me this anecdote. While quite a young man, and soon after his marriage, he was in Virginia, in the vicinity of Mr. Madison's home, endeavoring to earn his support by painting portraits; he was a stranger, and in narrow circumstances, having taken cheap board at a private house in the country. Here his young wife was taken sick with the intermittent fever so common in a Southern climate, and confined for several weeks to her bed. It was a desolate situation, the necessary comforts of a sick chamber were hard to be procured, especially by a young couple, little known and in narrow circumstances. But his wife had not been sick many days, before a lady, of very prepossessing appearance, entered her chamber, and with graceful apology for the intrusion, introduced herself, and begged to know how she could render any assistance.—(and then laying aside her bonnet and shawl, she sat down by the bedside, cheered the invalid by her conversation (which ever flowed like a gentle and abundant river,) mixed and administered her medicines, and from that hour continued to nurse her like a sister, till she was quite recovered. It was Mrs. Madison.

Another beautiful trait in her character was her tenderness for the young. No one could have seen her in company with young ladies, and failed to be struck with this peculiarity. It became the more remarkable as she advanced in years. At an age when most of those who reach it, the liveliness and chatter of young people is a burden, she had still the same fondness for their company; nor was there a kinder chaperone to be found in introducing and encouraging a youthful young girl, just "come out." She consoled their confidence at once, and in a large and mixed company, she would always find a bevy of youthful forwardness, all whose pleasure seemed to be her own.

In almost every picture of Mrs. Madison, whether miniature or portrait, she is drawn with a turban; and very properly; for it was, I believe, her constant head-dress. However the fashions might change, and however, in early youth, she conformed to them, she still retained this peculiarity. It became her well, nor could she, probably, have laid it aside for anything that would set off her features to better advantage. So much was the eye accustomed to see it that it became in fact, a part of her figure. It was, to her, much what old Frederick's three cornered hat was to him; and one would as soon expect to find Mrs. Madison without her turban, as the Prussian army would to see their King without his hat. She ranged, too, very freely; nor did she lay aside her turban, her ringer, her curly manes, cheerful spirits or her fondness for company, to the day of her death.

The Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1851.

THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS PAPER HEREBY announce to their advertising patrons that they have adopted the advance price. Those having notices ordered by the Court of Editors, to be published in "The Oxford Democrat," are respectfully requested to set the name with the Registrar at the time the notice is entered. This is the rule adopted in other countries, and it is the only one which will keep the paper clean, and avoid the mistakes that sometimes occur when the advertising is charged, and paid at different times to different individuals.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The question of altering our State Constitution so as to provide for holding the sessions of the Legislature in January instead of May, it will be recollected, was submitted to the people at the last annual State election, and was decided in favor of Winter Sessions.

The Resolved passed at the last session of the Legislature submitting this question to the people, provides that the Legislature, which was elected in September last, shall hold its regular session in May next, and that this Legislature and the State officers shall hold one from May next till January 1853. Consequently there will be no regular session of the Legislature after the next summer session, till January 1853, and no election of Legislature or State Officers again till September 1852.

Now it is competent, and in our estimation advisable, for the Legislature, which is to assemble in May next, to hold a very short session, sufficiently long to organize and do the indispensable business, if any such shall impend, and then adjourn over till the January following, when it can proceed to do the regular business.

The principal reason for adopting this course is that it would be virtually carrying out the intentions of the people in deciding for Winter Sessions. All the reasons, therefore, and they are many and valid, which combined to effect the change of the time for holding the sessions, have equal force, in our view, for the adjournment of the next May session to January following, the month in which future Legislatures are to assemble in accordance with the will of the people.—*The Bangor Journal.*

It should differently. According to the vote of the people, it is as much their will that the Legislature should hold a May session the present year, as adjournment till the work of the session is completed, as it is that it should hold a Winter session in 1853. It is well known that changes, even for the best, frequently produce dissatisfaction and inconvenience for the time being. To obviate

these evils, it is provided that we have one more Summer session, and after that Winter session.—By this arrangement, the people and Members, being reasonably informed of the change, have ample time to lay their plans accordingly.

True, as the *Jeffersonian* says,—
"More than three-fourths of the Legislature are composed of Farmers, Mechanics and Tradesmen, whose regular avocations are kept during the summer months that their business would suffer much in their absence. They can leave their business much better in Winter than at any other season of the year. The same is true of those who though not Members of the Legislature, have business with it which requires their personal attention."

But there very far from necessary, there being no certainty of an adjournment, their arrangements for a Summer session as usual, and no doubt in such a manner that it will not "suffer" for each in their absence." No doubt ordinarily they could "leave their business much better in Winter than at any other season of the year," but not this year, for they have arranged differently, and to adjourn would frustrate all their plans, and subject them to much extra expense and inconvenience. Those too, who are not members, and have business with the Legislature, having no assurance of an adjournment, may want to be present at the commencement of the session to have their business attended to at an early day, but by an adjournment they would be disappointed and their expenses greatly increased. Besides there is much public business in the State expected to be attended to early in the session, which would greatly suffer, if delayed for six or eight months.

We think, then, the idea of neglecting private interests except an influence upon the minds of law-makers, decidedly prejudicial to the public interests which they are met purposely to consult and advance," it is in favor of a Summer session the current year. And as for the "mental activity and strength" of the Members, we think the business would not suffer much in consequence of their deficiency, if attended to during the session commencing in May.

The *Jeffersonian* suggest that—
"The Legislature may meet at the appointed time, choose its officers, make the necessary appropriations, transact the indispensable business, appoint the committees, and assign them the heaviest and most important business, which the infirm of the session will afford them good opportunities to digest, do all this in a week or a fortnight's time at least, and adjourn till the first Wednesday in January."

If this plan is valid, why not the Legislature meet every year in May? "appoint the committees, and assign them the heaviest and most important business," to proceed upon, and "digest" the business to be transacted in January? Certainly, such a suggestion is no great compliment to the Members for quickness of perception. If we had important business before the Legislature, we should prefer to have it acted upon, at once, before any improper influence could be brought to bear upon it. We think there is much important business to come before the next Legislature, that will need prompt action, and should be attended to at the earliest possible time, leaving no opportunity to produce an improper bias, in the minds of any of its Members.

The *Jeffersonian* estimates a saving of \$15,000 or \$20,000, by an adjournment. We have given more attention to this subject, and according to our estimate, making the two or three weeks session preparatory to adjournment, which time will be virtually lost, by the extraordinary expenses, etc., etc., the loss to the State, to speak within bounds, would be from \$20,000 to \$25,000.

To the following, changing our word, we cheerfully submit—
"Other reasons for [against] the proposed adjournment, than those mentioned above, will readily suggest themselves to the minds of members elect, from whom it is hoped the whole subject will receive a candid, disinterested, and favorable consideration."

This done, and we leave no fears of the result.

Whig Intolerance.

A short time since the Editor of the Portland Advertiser intimated that he had a case where the democratic party or democratic alliance had been intolerant to editors of their own party who had dared to speak out independently and condemn the wrong and approve the right without fear or favor. But now he is very busy in attending to matters at home. His place here is not even proof—and instead of defending it against the missiles of his enemies, he is now about and fires at it himself. He is endeavoring to do up his chapter to show up in "terrible light" the evil spirit of Whig intolerance, of which he is the chief spirit, and the Whig alliance, of which he is the chief spirit. The "Whig alliance" is taken from the *Advertiser*, and transferred to the *Christian Mirror*. The New York *Express* more than intimates that the editor of the *Advertiser* is "a kind of an ass," and all this because he "engaged in the worship of the strange gods of abolitionism," and would not bow to the "adjustment" set up by the mighty Daniel below the throne, a mere local question. This kind of intolerance is the worst kind of intolerance. The *Advertiser* is cheerfully abused, and no mistake. But the way it goes into the *Express* and manifests its intolerance, its hostility and brotherly love, reviveth the hope that it will yet have a "true editor."

The *Kennebec Journal* is another victim to Whig intolerance. Not even "quiet submission" could save it—their "authority" is transferred to the *Bangor Whig*. The *Journal* follows in the wake of the *Advertiser* and makes out a clear case of Whig intolerance. It leaves the shock with great latitude, and we think will survive it.

But the *Journal* can't understand "what Father Cummings has done to deserve this sort of complaint," and why it is that the Congressional Journal and *Standard* are in the place of the *N. H. Whig*, and all this because a "refugee from republic" is in progress at Washington. "Now we can account for all this very readily. The truth is, Daniel is of the old federal school, and he is dividing the spoils with the religious editors, as a sort of bribe, to find out how the old federal doctrine of Church and State will take with the people of this day. As to a 'religious revival' at Washington, we think, if the Whig there should get converted to the truth, it would be a glorious thing for the country; and we would suggest that certain Whigs in the State, perform a pilgrimage to head quarters, for it may be, if they show suitable signs of repentance, that the 'God-like' will pardon them. It will be no use, however, for the Editors of the *Advertiser*, *Kennebec Journal* and *N. H. Statesman* to go, for in the estimation of the intolerant Whig leaders, they have 'sin'd away the day of grace,' and are now suffering the just penalty for their transgressions."

Some weeks since we informed our readers that Rev. W. A. Drew, editor of the *Gospel Banner*, had been appointed by Gov. Hubbard one of the Commissioners from Maine to attend the World's Fair at London, but as the State had made no provision to defray the expense, and Mr. Drew felt unable to do so, he was obliged to decline the honor. We thought the publishers and editors of newspapers on the *Kennebec* river would do well to pay the expense. Perhaps something can be done in a similar way in other parts of the State. Already three individuals in this County have paid \$5 each. Two others, one in Kennebec, one in Waldo, one in Cumberland County, have paid \$5 each. Three more—that is the way to do it—have paid \$5 each. Now we can account for all this very readily. The truth is, Daniel is of the old federal school, and he is dividing the spoils with the religious editors, as a sort of bribe, to find out how the old federal doctrine of Church and State will take with the people of this day. As to a 'religious revival' at Washington, we think, if the Whig there should get converted to the truth, it would be a glorious thing for the country; and we would suggest that certain Whigs in the State, perform a pilgrimage to head quarters, for it may be, if they show suitable signs of repentance, that the 'God-like' will pardon them. It will be no use, however, for the Editors of the *Advertiser*, *Kennebec Journal* and *N. H. Statesman* to go, for in the estimation of the intolerant Whig leaders, they have 'sin'd away the day of grace,' and are now suffering the just penalty for their transgressions."

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"Mr. Drew by a visit to England and Scotland would furnish to the people of Maine, through the columns of his paper, with a mass of information of vastly more value than ten times the cost of his mission. He would be the medium of communicating much information in his travels and intercourse relative to the State of Maine. No man in the State, we venture to say, could do more in these matters than Mr. Drew with his close observation, and clear mind and ready pen. It is a pity there is no State fund from which to pay his expenses. But he must not give up the journey. There are men of wealth in Maine who will surely contribute to this noble object and thus secure so many advantages. We never had any very great cravings for wealth—not quite enough love of money, probably—but just now we should like to own a 'pile,' just to let our friend see what would be done with a portion of it. We trust that some of our citizens will contribute to the funds required to perfect this mission."

The Democratic Party

Were abused by the whigs because they opposed the National Bank. We have a whig national administration now, but we hear of no advocates for a Bank.

The democratic party were unrelentingly abused for advocating the Independent Treasury Bill. Mr. Fillmore's administration does not propose a substitute; nor do the whigs oppose the measure.

The democratic party have been abused for opposing a high Tariff, which could not be permanent. President Fillmore is opposed to a high Tariff, and Henry Clay recently declared that he would not even propose to alter the essential principles of the Tariff Bill of 1846.

The democrats were abused for standing firmly by their country in opposing the Mexican war.—The whigs took up one of the leading men in the prosecution of the war and elected him President. The democrats have been abused for securing important additions to our territory. There is not a whig in the land who now dares to propose the surrender of this same territory.

Here are a few facts that prove the general policy of the Democrats to be right and just, and they prove too that the whigs are generally wrong.

Mr. LITTLE'S LIVING AGE, continues to contain its well-earned reputation as a magazine of choice articles. Nos. 359 and 360 contain an unusual amount of exceedingly interesting matter. 12 1/2 cents per No.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN, Vol. 2, No. 8, is a valuable number—and contains well the reputation of the Editor as a writer and a man of sense. Pub. Cincinnati, for \$2 per year.

It is reported that Gen. James, elected U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, has pledged himself in favor of whig principles, and that the democratic party have been elected. Well, if he is such a man, the party is fortunate to get rid of him for one year—it will proper better without him. The Democratic Party of Ohio County have suffered a very little for the time being by this kind of deception, from apostates, but it has finally been overruled for good.

A professor in New York offers to teach "aspirants for office" a knowledge of slang in four lessons of an hour each. As he studied under a man who blackguarded himself into Congress, he flatters himself that he can be of infinite service to every person who intends to make politics a profession."

Palmer: Any one wishing to gain a knowledge of slang, can obtain it from Whig newspapers, by doing Mr. Pick's administration, without teachers.

LARGE HEN'S EGG.—Mr. Chandler Hutchinson of this town, exhibited to us last week one of the largest eggs ever seen reporting to be from a hen. Its circumference lengthwise, is seven inches, five eighths of an inch; and around it, six inches four eighths of an inch. Mr. Hutchinson says it is from a native bird improved by selecting the best pullets and protectors. The egg is larger than the average, but he thinks his hens will produce more pounds of eggs per year than any of the larger breeds. *Cornell's Chronicle*, Nov. 11. Old Oxford against the State for big eggs!

FILE AT MITCHELL.—On Sunday evening last, the dwelling house at B., owned and occupied by Barber and C. T. Bartlett, Esq., was entirely consumed by fire, also the out buildings. The fire originated from some defect in the stove pipe. Most of the furniture in the lower story, was saved, but much injured from being left too near the fire. Estimated loss from \$2000 to \$3000, with an insurance of \$100.

THE INDEX to the City of Boston is the title to a fine looking, well conducted advertising sheet published by Geo. Adams, at \$1 per year.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION is the title of a magnificently illustrated and printed quarto paper, published weekly by F. Gleason, Boston—the first number of which we have received. Terms \$3 in advance.

CAUTION.—Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration as the moment you become cool, your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapor.

George W. Niles, Esq., the New York attorney, believes ill in state prison. Having been detected in a correspondence with three other convicts, who all confessed, Niles was subjected to the water punishment, and stood three applications before he would own the offense. The water in this shower bath falls six feet, a barrel a minute, and the patient has his legs, arms and head firmly fastened with the wooden clasps. Mr. Niles had his head shaved first. He now wears an iron collar, with a prong projecting at the back of the head, and on each side of the face—an awful warning to the profession.—*Post.*

MONUMENT TO GOVERNOR FAIRFIELD.—A monument is about to be erected to the late Hon. John Fairfield, in the Laurel Hill Cemetery, at Sarco. It is of hewn granite, bearing the name and age of the deceased, and is seventeen feet high.

SPORTING EXERCISES.—The New York Spirit of the Times thus makes game of New York whigs: Keen opponents all our Legislatures blame. Nor want of laws to shield all kinds of game; Let them from 'higher powers' demand their wish. Our two last Governors both Hunt and Fish.

Our opinion about flannel next the skin is simply, that we would not wear it if all the doctors now living should bring the authority of all who are dead, and add a perspective title to all the wisdom of all the college embryo and all the M.D.'s yet to be born, and condense it into a prescription of a flannel envelope next my skin, I would not wear it.

[Mrs. Seitchin.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

For a long time we have been convinced that definite and distinct party organizations are absolutely necessary in a free republican government. While the human mind is constituted as it is, and while human motives remain as they are, partyism cannot be safely destroyed; and no-partyism is, therefore, essentially dishonest. At the first blush, it might appear desirable to have no more party spirit, no more party rancor, and no more party struggles. But, when the subject is viewed more closely, it is at once manifest that each man who harbors the desire to see the end of party spirit, of party rancor, and party struggles, refuses to yield his own party views. The consummation so devoutly wished for, he desires to see consummated only by a general concurrence in his own views and sentiments; he wishes to see the adverse party surrender without condition, and he wishes to see party lines obliterated by a total abandonment by his adversaries of their position. We have before us now a pamphlet written by an old friend for the purpose of proving the feasibility of destroying party organization, and the practicability of bringing about a sort of political millennium—of producing a new era of good feeling. The pamphlet was written during the administration of General Taylor, and it was written by a Taylor man; but the author evidently saw but one way of producing the happy result he contemplated—but one way of bringing about the millennium, and but one way of producing the new era of good feeling. That, we must confess, was simple enough. It required nothing more than that the people of the United States who differed with the author of the pamphlet should surrender their opinions relative to the constitution, and all their ideas of propriety, policy, and expediency, and agree with him in supporting the administration of General Taylor—the most vindictive party administration the country has ever seen. Had we ever said to our friend, when he presented us with his pamphlet, and requested us to read it, "My dear sir, you are partly right and partly wrong. You are right in supposing that it is entirely practicable to put an end to all party divisions; but you are mistaken in the means of producing that desirable result. It cannot be accomplished by rallying to the support of General Taylor's administration. The only feasible plan is for your party to abandon its candidates and principles, to support democrats and sustain democratic measures." Had we said those things to our friend, his eyes would have started in his head, and the fires of party warfare would have been kindled between us, as we know his temper to be.

Every man can understand how peace can be restored if the adverse party will surrender, yield up, and back out; and every man will preach peace most religiously, and carry an olive-branch in his hand on that hypothesis. But will he reverse the medal? Will he, with his mouth full of the era of good feeling, surrender, yield up, and back out to the adverse party, who has an equal right to demand such an unconditional surrender? By no means. He will raise the red flag, and cry, "War to the knife!" before he will do it.

The truth is, that no-partyism is untenable. It is a mere compromise, a mere truce, a mere lull in the storm. The human mind is organized as it is, parties must, of necessity, exist wherever there is not some authority strong enough to crush down and destroy all opposition to its will. It is incompatible with freedom of opinion; it is incompatible with freedom of speech; and it is incompatible with nothing but an absolute and unmitigated despotism.

We have said thus much to convince those who honestly indulge in elysian dreams of no-partyism,

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South Paris, June 11, 1880. 19.