

The Oxford Democrat.

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OLD SERIES, VOL. 21, NO. 17.

Poetry.

For the Democrat.

A Dream of Youth.

The Western hills now hide the sun,
And close behind the glare of day
Mild, soothing twilight is begun,
And one by one each less'ning ray
Goes out with wailing, ling'ring gleam.

A student, pale and lonely sitting,
By open window pensively dreaming,
Heeds not the shadows fainter fitting,
While to him fair and brightly seeming
The day as ever gleams on.

He dreams of future gladness' fate,
When he, 'midst men of high renown,
May earn the meed and wear the crown,
May bear the palm and wear the crown,
A blessing to the human race.

He will not be the warrior's scourge
Nor despot's grasping, crushing hand;
Earth shall not hear the wailing dirge,
From shore to shore, from land to land,
Of slaughter and of slavery.

Thy dream is bright, but dark life's real:
Wake thee, fond dreamer, up and do!
Love not the fleeting, vain ideal:
Some constant, world-wide good pursue;
For others live, for others toil.

Miscellaneous.

The Lodgings that Wouldn't Suit.

My landlady was a little spare, neat, clean looking old woman, with the kind of superficial sharpness of eye that bespeaks a person whose mind has always moved within the same small circle. At what age she began the business of letting furnished apartments, or whether she was born in it, and grew up of nature and necessity a landlady, I do not know—but there she was, as intimate with her house and everything that concerned it, as a limpet is with its shell, and as ignorant, too, as that exclusive animal is of the outside of world. Her connection with that world was of a peculiar kind. She never visited it but when driven by the force of circumstances, and then it was as a beleaguered garrison makes a sortie against the enemy. Her natural foes were the trades people who dealt in anything she wanted, and the result of a conflict between them, if it involved but the fortunes of a halfpenny, colored her whole day. It was not frequently however that she was driven to this aggressive warfare, for my landlady was a great dealer at the door, and lived in a state of perpetual hostility with the vendors of sprats—O, and live soles.

Her house, or at least the parlor floor she inhabited, bore a curious resemblance to herself, being a little, spare, neat, clean looking old floor. It consisted of a sitting-room and bed-room in excellent preservation. What the age of the furniture may have been, it was impossible even to guess, but for all practical purposes, it was as good as new. There was no gloss on it—there never is in a lodging-house—but neither was there a single grain of dust. Though kept constantly clean it had never been rubbed in its life, and that was the secret of its longevity. The carpet, as whole as the rest, was not in other respects so fortunate. Its color was so completely faded, that you could not tell what it had originally been; the pattern might have been matter of endless controversy, and it exhibited a decided gangue from the door to the fireplace. Its dimensions might be thought scanty, for it did not cover the entire floor, but then it must be considered that this carpet was intended for the comfort of the lodger's feet, not of those of the six cane-bottomed chairs ranged at wide intervals along the walls. On the mantle-piece there stood a lion of Derbyshire spar, and flanking him on each side a vase of storeware, the background being formed by a long narrow horizontal mirror, divided into three compartments, with a black frame.

These apartments, for which I paid 12s. a week, were not particularly cheerful. They had indeed rather a cold solitary look; and sometimes in the morning at breakfast time I would find even have prolonged the ministering of the dirty maid-of-all-work, by asking questions. But Molly had doubtless been ordered not to speak to the lodgers, and therefore she answered curtly: and, slamming down, or whisking off the things, went her way. I had at length recourse to my landlady herself, and found her so much more communicative, that I suddenly conceived the wild idea of being able to select from her reminiscences the materials for a story—with which I had already resolved to delight the public, if I could only find a plot. She was not at all disinclined to speak. Indeed I believe she would have made no scruple of telling me the history of all her lodgers from the epoch when things began to settle down after the Norman conquest; for it was to some such period I referred in my own mind the first appearance in her window of "Lodgings to let."

But somehow her lodgers had no history to relate. Her favorite hero was a gentleman, who every now and then brought her in news from the world that parliament was going to impose a tax upon furnished lodgings. This was a very exciting subject. So far as it went she was so unscrupulous a democrat, that I began to be fearful of political consequences if we were overheard indeed she did not hesitate to set the whole boiling of them at defiance, saying, in answer to my caution, that if she was taken up in such a cause she would soon let them know they had got the wrong man for the nose!

But since my landlady had a story, why not tell it? There was in it a young gentleman—and a young lady—and a mother—and a journey—and a legacy, and all the requisite materials, in short—only not mixed. It would be something new—wouldn't it?—to give a love story without a word of love, without an incident and without a denouement. Such was my landlady's no-story; and we will get it out of her.

"The lady and her daughter!" said she. "Well, I don't know as there is anything particular to tell about them. They were respectable people, and excellent lodgers, their rent was as punctual in coming as the Saturday, they stayed fourteen months, and then they went away."

"You have not mentioned their name?"
"Their name! Well, surely I must have known their name when I went after the reference, but as they knew nobody, and were known to nobody, I soon forgot it. We called the mother the Parlor, and the daughter the Young Lady, for you see at that time there was no other young lady in the house. Their occupation? As for that, the mother marketed, and the daughter sewed, sitting in the chair at the window. Sometimes they walked, sometimes they read, sometimes they elated. They did nothing else as I know of. They lived on their means like other lodgers. All lodgers that stay fourteen months have means. You see so green, mister, you make me laugh sometimes!"

"I only wanted to know what was their station, how they lived, and?"
"Lived! Oh, very respectable! A baked shoulder, we shall say, on the Sunday, with potatoes under it; Monday, cold; Tuesday, hashed; then, maybe, a pair of live sole for the Wednesday; Thursday a dish of asparagus; Friday, sprats—O; and on Saturday, bread and butter in the forenoon, with a savoy or a polony at tea, made us the week—respectable. I know what a lady is, mister!"—here the landlady fixed her eye upon me severely—"and then were ladies?"

"I have no doubt at all of it, and the young man was of course something like themselves!"
"He was like nothing but a mystery at the Coburg! I don't know as even he were a young man. He might just as well have been a middle aged or an elderly man. There he sat at the parlor window opposite, with a book in his hand, but it was our window he was reading, where the young lady was sitting, as I have told you, sewing in her chair. Day after day, week after week, month after month there was he looking, and looking, and looking, till the picture, I daresay, gathered upon his eye, and he could see little else in the world."

"The young lady, I hope, returned the looks?"
"She, poor dear! Lor' love you, she was so short-witted, that she could not tell whether it were a house or a hedge on the other side of the street. She did so laugh when I told her there was a young man looking at her! Then, when she turned her poor blind eyes in the direction, promiscuous-like, how she snatched away her head, as if he had been a scolding something!"
"I was a great misfortune to her that I had put my ear in, for all his long, lonely, quiet looks were now at an end. The young lady could not refrain from turning her head sometimes, and every time she did so, it gave him such a spasm! but when at last she got up now then, as if to look full length at something or other in the street he fairly bolted off from the window. He could not stand that by no manner of means; little knowing, poor soul! that the eyes that had bewitched him did not carry half way across the street."

"That is excellent, mister," said I, for we were evidently coming to the pith of the story, "but they no doubt met at last!"

"You shall hear—you shall hear," replied my landlady; "but I must first tell you, that one day, when he had been driven away out of sight by the full length of the young lady, I went out for a couple of chops for their dinners. Well, I was ever so long gone—for I was not to be done so easily out of a halfpenny a pound—but in coming home, as the young lady was just sewing away, I thought I would just pass by the other side before crossing over. And so, mister, while going by the house, I looked in at his window promiscuous—and there was a sight to see! He had retired to the other end of the room, where he was sitting with his back to the wall, his two elbows on a table before him, and his chin resting on his knuckles; and thus had been staring for an hour right across the street, unseen and alone, with that young lady before him, like a vision of his own calling up. As for the meeting of the two—"

"Stop, mister! Before you come to that, describe the young man."

"The young man, as if he were a young man, was a grave, steady, sedate, quiet individual, who might have been any age from twenty-five to fifty. He wore black clothes and a white cravat; his hat was always as smooth as satin; his boots looked as if they had been French polished; his hair was brown, and combed smooth his face grey; and he walked as if he was measuring the pavement with his steps. He left the house at one hour, returned at another, neither a minute earlier nor later; and he indulged his poor heart with the young lady for the same space every day."

"And the heroine?"
"The what, mister?"
"The young lady—I beg pardon."
"Oh, she was a nice sort of person, or two or three and twenty; light-hearted, but quiet in her manners; with a good complexion; pretty enough features, taking them altogether; and light blue eyes, with the hazy appearance of short-sight."

"Then go on to the meeting!"
"I'm a-coming to it. It was one day that the Parlor and the young Lady were out; and the live sole being fried beautiful, I was standing at the window, wondering what ever could be keeping them, and it just one. So, as the church clock struck, I see my young man, as usual, upon his door and come out, and after a sweeping glance with the tail of his eye at our window, walk away down the street, so steady that one or two stepped out of his line, thinking he was a-measuring the pavement. Well, who should be coming

right in his front, as if for the express purpose of meeting him, but our two ladies; I declare, it put me in mind of the appointment in the paper for the sake of matrimony with somebody as has honorable intentions and means secrecy. The young man went on for awhile, as if he meant to cut right through the mother and daughter; but his courage failed him at last, and he stopped at a window, and stared in at the bill, "Day school for young Ladies," till they had passed some time. He then set off again, and disappeared without turning his head."

"And is this the meeting, mister?" said I with some indignation.
"To be sure it is," said my landlady, "and the only meeting they ever had; for that very day the Parlor received a letter from Fancee, or Scotland, or some other place abroad, which made her give me a week's warning; and at the end of that time they went off, and I never saw them more."

"And is this your story, mister?" said I getting into a downright rage.
"I told you from the first, mister," replied my landlady, flaring up, "that I had no story to tell; and if you don't choose to hear the end of it, you may do the other thing!"
"It is the end, my dear madam, that I am dying to hear. You have so interesting a way with you that really—"

"Well, well. It was eight months before I heard anything about the ladies; but then I had a few lines from the Parlor, telling me that she had given up all thoughts of returning to London, as her daughter was now well married, and she was to live with her. I hardly knew at first what the letter was about or who it was from: for the young man had gone too, soon after them—to one of the midland counties, I heard—and what with crosses of my own, and the tax that was going to be laid upon lodgings, I had forgotten all about them. By the end of the year, things were very dull with me. The parlors were empty, and the two-pair-back had gone off without paying his rent. One day I was sitting alone, for the girl was out, and thinking to myself whatever was to be done, when all of a sudden a knock came to the door, that made my heart leap to my mouth. Not that it was a loud, long knock, clatter, clatter, clatter; nor a postman's knock, rat-tat-tat; nor a knock like yours, mister, rat-a-tat: it was three moderate, leisurely strokes of the knocker, with precisely the same number of seconds between them; and I could have sworn the strokes were knocked by the young man, for many a time and oft had I heard them on them on the door on the other side of the way."

"I hope to goodness you were right!" said I.
"Never was wrong in my life," said my landlady, when I felt anything. Black coat, white cravat, smooth hair, glossy boots, brown hair, gray face—all were unchanged. He looked steadily at me for some seconds when I opened the door, and I was just going to ask him how he did—when at last he said: "Lodgings!"

"Yes, sir," said I, "please to step in;" and I showed him into the parlor. He looked at everything minutely, but without moving from where he stood near the door; at the table, the chairs, the fireplace, the chimney-glass, I am sure he noticed that the tail of the lion was broken (but the hussey tramped for it, I can tell you)—nothing escaped him; and at last he looked at the window, and at the chair the young lady used to sit in as she sewed; and then turning quietly round, he walked out.

"What do you think of them?" I asked anxiously, as I followed him.
"Wouldn't suit," said he; and so he went his way. I was a little put out, you may be sure—

"I'll take my corporal oath of that!" remarked I.
"But not so much as you think, mister," said my landlady; "for I could not help telling sorry for him. But yet I own, when the very same thing occurred next year,—"

"Next year?"
"On the very day, hour, minute, second, the same knock, the same look in my face, the same inspection of the room, the same gaze at the young lady's chair, and the same answer: 'Wouldn't suit!' The next year,—"

"My dear madam!—how long is that ago?"
"Well—a matter of twenty years."

I was glad it was no worse; for a misgiving had come over me, and my imagination was losing itself in the distance of the past.
"The next year," continued my landlady, "and the next, and the next, and the next, were as like as may be. Sometimes the parlor was let; but it was all one—he would see it, "as it might do for another time;" and the lodgers being out, he did see it, and still it wouldn't suit. At last, I happened one year to be out myself, forgetting that it was the young man's day; and my! as the tho't struck me when coming home, it gave me such a turn! I felt as if I hadn't done right. I was by this time accustomed to the visit, you see, and always grew anxious when the time came. But it was of no consequence to him; only he stared twice as long when the door was opened and he saw a strange face. But he went in all the same, looked at everything as usual—Wouldn't suit! At all these visits of inspection, his stay was of the same length to a minute; and when he went away I found—for I did not watch him once—he walked straight to the coach-office."

"Well, mister, you may think, as years passed on, that I saw some difference in the young man's appearance. But he didn't grow a bit older. His hair changed, but his gray face was still like granite stone. His pace became slower; but for that, he only came the sooner, so that he might have the same time to look, and get back to the coach at the proper moment. Then he seemed to tremble a little in his walk; but he had now a cane to keep him stiff and upright; and he still looked as

if he was measuring the pavement, only taking more pains to it. I cannot think what it was that made me care so much about that old young man, for I never in my life exchanged more words with him than you have heard. But once, when the clock was fast, and he hadn't made his appearance at the hour, I sat quaking in my chair, and grew so nervous that when at last the knock came, I started up with a scream. But this was over, we had been well-nigh a score of years accustomed to each other. Earlier, I was sometimes cross; that was when we had hardly any lodgers, and the parlor never would suit. But it was all one to him. He didn't mind me a pin—not even when, being in better humor, I once asked him to sit down. He just looked as usual—as if there was nobody in the world but himself. I was so nettled, that I thought of repeating the invitation, and pointing to the young lady's chair; but it was a bad thought and I am glad now I kept it down."

"He grew more and more infirm; and at last, when one year he came and went to a coach, although he would not make use of a cane, although he was coming down or going up the steps, I had a sore heart and dim eyes looking after him. The next year, you may be sure, I was at my post as usual; but when it came near the hour, I was so fidgety and nervous, that I could not sit down, but kept going from the parlor window to the door, and looking up at the clock. The clock struck—there was no knock. Poor old young man! In ten minutes more, there was the postman's knock, and I took the letter he gave me into the parlor—slow and desolate-like. The girl was out; we had hardly any lodgers; things were very dull with me; I was sore and cast down. But business is business; and I opened the letter, which was no doubt about the apartments, for I never got any other. This time, it was from a country attorney, telling me of that death, and of a clause in the will, leaving a hundred pounds to me for my trouble in showing the lodgings that wouldn't suit. Mister, I was took all of a heap! The whole twenty years seemed to be upon my brain. The young man—the young lady—the long love-looks across the street—the meeting he couldn't stand, that was like Matrimony in the papers—the visits to the parlor, where she had lived, and sat, and never saw him—the gray face—the sinking limbs—the hundred pounds! I was alone in the house; I felt alone in the world; and straightway I threw the letter upon the table, plumped me down in a chair, and burst out a-crying and sobbing."

Here my landlady stopped, and here ends a tale that wants, methinks, only incident, plot, character, coloring, a beginning, a middle, and an end to be a very good one. But all these it receives from the reader, who is acquainted with the inner life of that old young man, and is able, if he choose, to write his history in volumes, and whose memory brings before him some unconscious image, which gave a tone and direction to the thoughts of years, and supplied a Mevra of the heart for his meditative visits, without affecting in any sensible degree the cold calm look, and measured step with which he paced through the cares and business of the world."

A Great Organ.

Our chief object in stopping at Harlan was that we might hear its great organ. We, therefore, at once obtained a guide, and proceeded to the Metropolitan Church of St. Bayon, in which it is situated. The organist not being present, we were obliged to send out after him to obtain his attendance.

His charge for these extra services is large—twelve guineas, or about five dollars—but as our party had received the very agreeable accession of some New York friends by sharing in his fee, we made it light. This church has also an exquisite chime of bells. These chimes are frequent in the towns of Holland and Belgium, but this set is of remarkable completeness and fineness of tone. It is acted upon, as usual, by clockwork, and at the hours plays tunes; but it also has a series of metal keys, or handles, by which any tune at any time, may be produced. It so occurred that the player came while we were in the church tower, and gave us an opportunity to see and hear his performance. Putting on a pair of thick half-mittens to protect the hands, he struck the keys, and enabled us to hear music in high places. The effect in the confined space was rather overpowering; but in the distance it was charming. Descending to the body of the church, we found the organist arrived; but were further delayed by the fact of a marriage ceremony having just commenced. A venerable "dominie," clad in a garb of antique fashion, ascended the pulpit. Before it was gathered a quite large company of friends and relatives of the happy pair. A rather awkward-looking young couple—taking the affair, however, very composedly—then stood up to have their life currents thenceforth blended into one. The clergyman, though very dignified, was also fluent and copious in his words, and made the ceremony long. I spoke to our guide of the length of the service, whereupon he stated, by an expressive term, his idea, that the minister was "laying himself out" for the benefit of strangers. It was unfortunately, wasted eloquence.

The nuptial ceremony at last concluded, and the performance on the organ commenced. It more than equalled my anticipations. This instrument is of great size, occupying almost the entire rear portion of the large church, in which it stands. It is also externally, of beautiful workmanship, resting on porphyry pillars, and in their combination, its tones are admirable. Its intonations are very perfect. At one time it scarcely seemed possible but that a choir of human voices was singing with its strains. Then again we seemed to hear the trumpets of a French marching band, advancing and retreating. A thunder-storm was executed exceedingly well. First rolled the distant, then the louder, nearer peals; then roaring the rushing, mighty wind; the clouds almost appeared to gather and church to

arken. Then the loud rolls diminished; the echoes grew faint; the rain pattered lightly; the song of birds was heard; and it was as if a gust of sunlight broke over the scene.

At our request the organist played the magnificent Halleluiah Chorus. This brought out the power of the instrument. The glorious chorus swelled as "the sound of seas." Description even not convey the grandeur of the effect. When the playing was over, we were admitted to the organ-loft to take a nearer view of this musical monster. It is said that these exhibitions are very fatiguing to the performer; we did not, however, find him as much exhausted as might have been supposed. I had heard that the instrument could imitate the ringing of a bell—a singular result from the admission of air into the pipes. I spoke of it to the organist, whereupon he opened a stop, and quickly striking some of the keys truly enough, gave us what had been asked.

THE RED RIVER RAFT. The last Congress appropriated one hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of freeing Red River of the immense raft which has destroyed its usefulness for the last fifty years. Proposals for carrying out the intentions of Congress are in course of publication by the Washington papers. The Red River Raft, says the N. Y. Dutchman, is an American institution—a Niagara of white oak timber—such as the whole world might be challenged for a comparison. How long the raft has existed no one knows—probably for centuries. It keeps up its continuity as the glaciers. What floats away in the summer is made up again in the treshets of November.

The raft is one hundred and two miles long, the whole made up of logs, trees, and flood-wood in all imaginable shapes and conditions. There is timber in roots, timber in its head, timber on its side, and on its knees timber for plank, for boards, for spars, for firewood, and for shillalah fights; timber of oak, timber of hemlock, timber of cedar, timber of chestnut, and timber of beech. The river is covered with wood, filled with wood. We have already said that the raft is one hundred and two miles long. It is also in places a mile wide, while its depth fluctuates from five to fifteen feet.

People who have given the subject an attentive examination, estimate that there is fuel enough in the Red River Raft to keep the whole State of New York in firewood for a century. For twenty years Congress has been endeavoring to remove this monstrous obstruction, but with very little success. Since 1850, a dozen dredging machines—such as tug-boats, have only made an advance of some ten miles. From what has been done, we have come to the conclusion that very little will ever be done. The Red River Raft is a future—a matter to be removed with as much swearing and as many difficulties, as the taking down of our great contract. The appropriation made by Congress will amount to nothing. It would take two millions of dollars to make even a demonstration on this the largest piece of obstinacy that the enterprise of man has yet met with.

Anti Nebraska Convention.

Pursuant to a call, a large number of citizens from different parts of the State, irrespective of party, met in convention at Augusta, on Wednesday evening, March 1st, to consider the measure recently introduced into Congress, and generally known as the "Nebraska Bill."

The convention was called to order by John S. Abbott, Esq. of Norridgewock, on whose motion Hon. Job Prince, of Oxford, was chosen temporary President.

S. T. Lindsey, Esq. of Norridgewock, was chosen temporary Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Gilman, of Brunswick, a committee, consisting of one from each county, was appointed, to nominate permanent officers.

A committee, consisting of Messrs. Abbott of Norridgewock, Hill of Bangor, Talbot of Farmington, Willey of Portland, and Perry of Oxford, was appointed to prepare resolutions.

The convention was addressed by J. S. Abbott, Esq. of Norridgewock, Rev. John S. C. Abbott, of Brunswick, Rev. David Thurston, and Gen. Samuel Fessenden of Portland.

Adjourned to meet at 9 A. M.

Convention wet according to adjournment. Mr. Gilman, from the committee on nominations, reported the following list of officers for the convention:

Hon. Anson P. Morrill, of Readfield, Pres't.

Vice Presidents:
J. M. Deering, Esq., Saco.
Gen. Samuel Fessenden, Portland.
Hon. Eliza Clarke, Bath.
Sidney Perham, Jr., Esq., Woodstock.
Hon. H. P. Torrey, Readfield.
J. B. Morrison, Esq., Farmington.
John S. Abbott, Esq., Norridgewock;
Gen. S. F. Hersey, Bangor.
Hon. W. P. Harriman, Waldo.
Hon. John West, Franklin.
Hon. Nathaniel Blake, No. 11 (Atroostok).
Hon. M. J. Talbot, East Machias.

Secretaries:
Charles J. Talbot, Farmington.
S. T. Lindsey, Norridgewock.

Report accepted, and the above-named gentlemen made officers of the convention.

Hon. A. P. Morrill, upon taking the chair, addressed the convention.

Mr. Abbott, from the committee on resolutions, reported the following:

Resolved, That the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise, so called, whereby it was solemnly enacted that slavery should be forever prohibited in certain territory lying north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude—as proposed in a bill under

consideration in Congress, commonly called the Nebraska bill—is a gross outrage upon humanity and justice, and in palpable and utterly inexcusable violation of the plighted faith of the nation.

Resolved, That the constitution of the United States is itself a law of Territorial Liberty, solemnly guaranteeing that the "people," under its jurisdiction shall be secure and shall not be deprived of Liberty without due process of law; and that the proposition, therefore, to abrogate the long established law of liberty in Nebraska, is a palpable violation of the constitution.

Resolved, That the territories of the United States are held in trust for the country—and for refugees from oppression of the old world; and we therefore protest against legislation which forever shuts out the actual settler from Nebraska, except on condition of sinking him to the level of a slave.

Resolved, That the assertion often made, that on account of the character and soil Nebraska Territory, slavery would not be introduced, notwithstanding the repeal of the prohibition of slavery, is without any good foundation, and is calculated to deceive and mislead the people; and that, in the judgment of this convention, if such prohibition should be repealed, slavery would be of once introduced into the Territory, and fostered; and (if possible) sustained and perpetuated by the same slave interest and power which will have effected the repeal.

Resolved, That the policy of compromising with the slave power having, upon full trial, failed to secure those objects which sought to be attained thereby—if it should now be attempted to be repudiated by the members in Congress from the slave States, in any action or vote of theirs, tending to remove the prohibition of slavery in certain territory north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude,—we now declare it to be our unalterable purpose to resist, in every practicable and constitutional way, and to the utmost of our power, the introduction of slavery, not only into that territory, but into any and all territory which may now or hereafter be within the jurisdiction of the United States.

Resolved, That we earnestly call upon the people of Maine, as they value the privileged institutions of their fathers, to rise above all party prejudices, and unite in action as, they are already in heart, to save our country from the extension of slavery over vast territories now repusing under the protection of just laws.

Therefore, Resolved, That we the people of Maine, in convention assembled, without regard to party distinctions, do hereby most solemnly and distinctly protest against the passage of the "Nebraska Bill," as presented by Senator Douglas, of Illinois, believing its measures fraught with dangers the most imminent and ruinous to the best interest of the republic.

The report of the Committee on resolutions was accepted so far as to bring the subject matter before the convention.

A letter from Geo. M. Weston, Esq., of Bangor was read.

Resolved, That the letter be printed with the proceedings of the convention.

The resolutions were taken up; and Mr. Woodman of Portland moved their passage and addressed the convention.

Adjourned to meet at two o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON.

The President being absent, Mr. Deering of Saco took the chair and called the convention to order.

On motion of Mr. Thatcher of Bangor, voted that no person be allowed to speak more than fifteen minutes at one time.

The convention was addressed by Mr. Cole of Alfred, Mr. French of Riddelford, Mr. Cowan of Saco, Mr. Davis of Belfast, Mr. Abbott of Norridgewock, Mr. Homan of Augusta, Mr. Gilman of Brunswick, and Gen. Perry of Oxford.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Vinton of Cumberland addressed the convention.

Adjourned to meet at 7 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING.

Hon. Anson P. Morrill in the chair.

The convention was addressed by Mr. Muzzey of Penobscot, Mr. Spafford of Hancock, Mr. Torrey of Keanebec, Mr. Prince of Waldo, Rev. Dr. Tappan of Augusta, Mr. Cowan of Saco, Mr. Starg of Thomaston, and Mr. Knowlton of Liberty.

On motion of Gen. Perry of Oxford.

Ordered, That a copy of the proceedings of this convention, signed by its officers, be transmitted to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and that the public papers of the State be requested to publish the same.

Adjourned, sine die.

ANSON P. MORRILL, President.

Charles J. Talbot, Secretaries.

S. T. Lindsey, Secretaries.

A BIT OF ROMANCE. The Cincinnati News says that a Spanish boy about 18 years old, named Joseph Edward Pablos, passed through that city a few days since, on his way to Washington. The boy was stolen from his home near Campeche, in Mexico, with five of his companions, by a party of French pirates, who sold them to a merchantman, who after keeping them two years, sold them to a Louisiana planter for the term of their minority. As the planter was about to re-sell them Pablos made his escape, and worked his way to Indiana, where he attracted the notice of a gentleman who wrote to the Mexican Minister concerning him, and at the Minister's request he was forwarded to Washington, thence to be sent to his parents, if living. On his route the railroad superintendents who heard his story gave him free passage, and the hotel keepers declared his bills settled at sight.

Speech of Mr. Mace.

The following extract from the speech of Mr. Mace, democratic member from Indiana, in the House of Representatives, Feb. 14, on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise is worthy the careful consideration of every true Democrat. It is democratic and National. It shows the great facts that the measure was not called for by the South—that the Territorial Committee were opposed to it in their report and that the Washington Union was originally opposed to it. Mr. Mace stands where all democrats should stand—"opposed to agitation." The following is the extract.

General Pierce was elected President of the United States. He delivered to the country his inaugural address, laying down, in general terms, his future course of action. He treated the question of slavery as settled, and did not refer, even remotely, to the proposition to repeal the Missouri compromise act. Congress convened, and he transmitted his annual message; there was in it the most remote allusion to the repeal of the Missouri compromise act. Not a word has been said upon the subject in any document which has emanated from the Cabinet. Not a word. And I may say here that, during the last Congress, when certainly the force and effect of the compromise acts of 1850 were as fresh in our minds as now, a bill was introduced organizing a territorial government for Nebraska, without containing an allusion to the repeal of the Missouri compromise act of 1820. This bill was introduced, and reported from the territorial committee of the House by Mr. Hall, of Missouri, a slaveholder and native of Virginia.

The first, and very first, we hear of it, comes to us, not in the original bill introduced this session, and printed, for the organization of the Territory of Nebraska, but in an amendment proposed to the bill, contemplating the formation of two territorial governments, Nebraska and Kansas; and in that amendment, for the first time, and to the astonishment of everybody, we find it foreshadowed that we meant and intended, and had always been driven at it, to repeal the Missouri compromise act of 1820!

To the credit of the South—and I speak of it to their praise and integrity—the proposition does not come from them, but from the North; and, without pretending to read a lecture to the South—for I have no right to do so, nor have they, in turn, a right to lecture us of the North—I would suggest to them, and appeal to their honor, integrity, high bearing, and chivalry, that they at once step forward, and, in a distinct and definite manner, arrest this terrible infraction of the general understanding of the country from 1820 to the present time.

We are pledged by our former acts to resist, in and out of Congress, the discussion or the agitation of the slavery question. I suppose that the persons who now propose to repeal the Missouri compromise could not have believed that the introduction of the subject would be the means of creating an intense agitation in Congress and throughout the country. But now that they find that the country is already excited, and is continuing to be excited to the highest pitch on the subject of slavery, I apprehend that they will not insist upon their project, unless they intend to falsify their former pledges. Discussions are now taking place through the length and breadth of the land, in the press and at public meetings, and in legislative halls; therefore it is their imperative duty to arrest the agitation at once by withdrawing the proposition and insisting on it no further.

I trust, sir, I shall not be considered heterodox, and therefore adjudged to be an unworthy member of the Democratic party. I have high authority as to the soundness of my position; for I read in the Union of the 20th of January last the following remarks:

"Prudence, patriotism, devotion to the Union, the interest of the Democratic party, all suggest that that public sentiment which now acquiesces cheerfully in the principles of the compromise of 1850 should not be inconsiderately disturbed. The triumphant election of President Pierce shows that on this basis the hearts and the judgments of the people are with the Democracy. We may venture to suggest that it is well worthy of consideration whether a faithful adherence to the creed which has been so triumphantly endorsed by the people does not require all good Democrats to hesitate and reflect maturely upon any proposition which any member of our party can object to as an interpolation upon that creed. In a word, it would be wise in all Democrats to consider whether it would not be safest to 'let well enough alone.' To repeal the Missouri compromise might, and to our view, would, clear the principle of congressional non-intervention of all embarrassment; but we doubt whether the good thus promised is so important that it would be wise to seek it through the agitation which necessarily stands in our path. Upon a calm review of the whole ground, we yet see no reason for disturbing the compromise of 1850 as could induce us to advocate either of the amendments proposed to Mr. Douglas's bill."

But, sir, I deeply regret to say, that this same paper—the Union—three days after these remarks were printed, actually whirled round and supported, as marvelously proper, the amendment of Judge Douglas to abrogate the Missouri compromise.

But, sir, the friends of the repeal again

usually called the compromise measures, is hereby declared inoperative and void; it being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States."

So it seems that the Senator and his friends were not willing to insist that the Missouri compromise of 1820 was "superseded" by the compromise measures of 1850, but to insist that the former is merely "inconsistent" with the latter. But, sir, the effect of their action is the same, namely: the abrogation of the Missouri compromise.

I might, sir, further fortify my position, but will now, in the conclusion of this branch of the subject, merely quote, without comment from the report of the Senate's Committee on Territories. If I am to be censured for my course on the Nebraska bill, gentlemen must acknowledge as a statement that myself must fall under the same condemnation. But it is for an impartial public to decide on the merits of this question. That committee says:

Your committee do not feel themselves called upon to enter into the discussion of these controversial questions. They realize the same grave issues which produced the agitation, the national strife, and the fearful struggle of 1850. As Congress deemed it wise and prudent to refrain from deciding the matter in controversy then either by affirming or repealing the Missouri law, or by an act declaratory of the true intent of the Constitution and the extent of the protection afforded by it to the slave property in the Territories, to your committee are not prepared now to recommend a departure from the course pursued on that memorable occasion, either by affirming or repealing the eighth section of the Missouri act, or by any act declaratory of the meaning of the Constitution in respect to the legal points in dispute.

Your committee deem it fortunate for the peace of the country and the security of the Union, that the controversy then resulted in the adoption of the compromise measures, which the two great political parties, with singular unanimity, have affirmed as a cardinal article of their faith, and proclaimed to the world as a final settlement of the controversy, and as an end of the agitation. A *disruptio*, therefore, for the *disruptio* of the compromise, as well as a *propter* *propter* duty, again upon your committee the propriety and necessity of a strict adherence to the principles and even a liberal adoption of the amendments of that adjustment in all their territorial bills, so far as the same are not locally inapplicable."

I think, sir, that when the idea first suggested itself to the movers in this matter, when they reflected on their former position in relation to the question of slavery, and when they openly asserted that it was meant and intended by the compromise acts of 1850 to repeal the Missouri compromise act of 1820, (they being conversant with the history of the entire question from the beginning,) the effrontery of the position must have made the cheeks of each one of them with shame.

The gentlemen who had an active agency in the adoption of the compromise measures of 1850 claimed at the time that they were the saviors of the Union. They took great credit to themselves, and seem to believe, and as evidence on the consideration of the people, the importance of their conduct, so as to have a claim on the Presidency and to be made congressmen, and to monopolize all the offices of the nation—because they had quelled the slavery agitation forever, throughout the Union.

"Forever" is a word, however, which means more, only for a brief season.

The same men come forward at this time and respond to the agitation which they had so frequently declared settled, thereby destroying in the public mind all the moral force of what they did, and pledged themselves solemnly to abide by, in 1850. I suppose the first of this question involving the repeal of the Missouri compromise will be, that these very same men have again saved the Union! How long they will continue to save it I will not conjecture; but, I suppose, as long as they shall be permitted to live!

If I were to introduce a proposition in Congress to repeal the fugitive slave law, with what honor would it strike those gentlemen who now insist on the repeal of the Missouri compromise? Sir, the repeal of the one is as much a violation of the principles of the compromise of 1850 as the repeal of the other. The repeal of the fugitive slave law would not open up the slavery agitation to a greater extent than the proposition to repeal the Missouri compromise. It should do that, I would be descended from Maine to Georgia. Sir, in principle and effect there is no difference between the two propositions.

The compromise of 1850 was passed on and adopted with a view to the condition of things which then existed. The Missouri compromise was in full force at that time, and it was with direct reference to the larger consequences of that measure, and its maintenance, that the compromise of 1850 was passed.

This history of the entire transaction shows this. The United people throughout the whole land understand it in this light; and there is no man who is conversant to any extent with the past history of this transaction, with a particle of honesty in his whole composition, but who must know that it was not dreamed of hereafter to insist that the intent and purpose of the compromise of 1850 was to repeal the compromise of 1820; it is a miserable afterthought, characterized by shifting and short-sighted political quackery.

There, sir, at this early day deemed it proper to place my views upon this subject on record. My speech will be printed and go forth to the world. It will find its way to my constituents. At the time they elected me to Congress the question was not moved, not passed upon, not a word said with regard to it; so that in the position I have assumed I am without a guide, further than my own honest convictions. They will see my speech; they will learn my views; and I have this to say, that I shall not subject myself to the charge made by the gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Smith] against the gentleman from New York [Mr. Hughes], the other day, and in my action will not be found "skulking" behind my constituents.

I act without regard to the building up or the pulling down of any party or faction.

HOUSE. The bill to incorporate the County of Androscoggin was further considered. The motion to amend by allowing the town of Durham to decide whether it will belong to the new county, was debated.

Mr. Hillard then moved the previous question.

The motion for the previous question was sustained, yeas 69, nays 53. The amendment was then rejected, yeas 41, nays 82. The bill was then passed to be engrossed, yeas 69, nays 20. The following are the nays: Nays—Messrs. Bisbee, Blanchard, Bolster, Bradbury, Dingley, Dunnell, Frost, Hancock, Harlow, J. Harriman, Legrow, G. Libby, N. S. Littlefield, McKenney, Moody, Nelson, O'Brien, Paine, Patch, Payson, Porter, Sanborn, Sawyer, Wells, Gideon Wing, Greenleaf Wing—20.

Messrs. Gibson of Brownfield, Tobin of Hartford, Hubbard of Hiram, and Brown of Albany, are not among the nays. Did they obey the wishes of their constituents; or in the language of our amiable contemporary did they "misrepresent the people of the County" on this question. Oxford representatives might well fight against fate as against the New County.

The Oxford Democrat.

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PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED

Construction of the Nebraska Bill.

An explanatory clause in the Nebraska Bill reads as follows:

"It being the intention not to Legislate Slavery into any Territory or exclude it therefrom; but to leave the people perfectly free to form their own institutions."

The construction given to this clause is various. Mr. Douglas contends that the people have, by a perfect control over their domestic institutions. He means by the word "people," all white persons who are citizens of the United States. This construction is absurd when coupled with the fact that the Bill requires the President to appoint a Territorial Governor and Territorial Judges; and subjects the decisions of these Judges to the action of Congress. If the people are free to form their own laws why this Bill of 20 or 40 sections to control them. Mr. Cass contends for this same construction and glories in the triumph of his doctrine of "squatter sovereignty."

Mr. Brown of Miss. and other Southern members have another construction. They contend that when this Bill becomes a law there is not a foot of Territory in the United States, not already formed into states which will not be subject to slavery. They say that under the Constitution of the U. States Slavery is co-ordinate with freedom; and that when the restriction of the Missouri Compromise is removed the people of the Territories will have no more right to exclude it than they will have to exclude freedom. Denying the right of squatter sovereignty they boldly assert the great principle that the people of a Territory have no control over their domestic institutions, especially slavery until they are sufficiently numerous to form a State. Thus it seems that two opposite constructions are put upon this Bill. They are not reconcilable with each other. The construction of the North is not reconcilable with the principle of Slavery; nor is the construction of the South reconcilable with freedom. One side favors the Bill because it secures freedom—the other because it establishes Slavery.

This, in our opinion, is the worst feature of this Bill—the susceptibility of two different constructions; and the consequent unsettled character of the Territory after its passage. Should this Bill finally become a law the inhabitants from different portions of the country who may settle the Territory, will be in perpetual dispute, contention and quarrel until the question of slavery or freedom is settled at the time of its admission as a state. Let a Territorial Bill pass of the usual character, with the Missouri Compromise unrepudiated and this important difficulty would be avoided; and the inconsistent pretension that the people were allowed to form their own institutions where there was thirty sections of the Bill controlling and regulating their action, would be done away.

Hanging in Effigy.

Several instances of this kind have occurred of late. The first was that of the Pope's Nuncio, in New York city. Certain persons of foreign birth, who had a great repugnance to the Roman Catholic Religion, to the Pope and especially to the Nuncio—his minister—looked this method to show their contempt and indignation. Soon after the scene occurred, Gen. Cass arose in his place in the Senate and introduced a resolution of inquiry in relation to the character and authority of the Pope's Minister; and in his remarks concerning the treatment he had received severely censured and condemned the authors of the outrage.

The next case of Effigy hanging was that of Judge Douglas at Manchester, New Hampshire. This was done by certain of the citizens of that place because the Judge had introduced and advocated the Nebraska Bill, which repeals the Missouri Compromise. The people of that place saw fit to commit this insult and outrage upon the character of a fellow-citizen, simply for a difference of opinion on a question of domestic policy. However much the community may differ from Judge Douglas on the question at issue, there can be but one opinion among candid men and good citizens in relation to such conduct. It should receive their unqualified condemnation.

The last case of this character happened on Friday morning, a week ago, at this place. The effigy was found suspended from a tree in front of the Court House. The object of this exhibition is not well known. Some say it was done for one thing—others for another. Rumor says it was intended for the Sheriff because he ordered one of his Deputies to serve a warrant in a certain case; and that for this offence—obedience to law—he was subjected to this extraordinary insult. If this be true, there is not a friend of order or law among us, let his religion, politics, or morals be what they may, who should not discountenance all such conduct.

Many are disposed to censure the people of Paris for this outrage. We have known the people of Paris for more than sixteen years—have been well acquainted with their manners, habits and customs, and we are free to say that in our opinion they never did such a deed, and never will look upon it, let the authors be whom they may, with approbation.

The present Sheriff is a new man in office. The Supreme Court, last week in session, was the first in which he has been called to officiate.

His reputation is that of a high minded honorable man. His politics differ from those of his predecessor. But let his politics be what they may—let him be young or old in official experience his position deserves the sympathy and respect of the whole community. Every honorable man, in a case like this, should sink the partisan in the citizen; and while he condemns all acts of disrespect and outrage, he should faithfully, firmly and conscientiously uphold the laws, the Constitution and the executive officers of the State.

The time is past, it is to be hoped, when men, for a difference of opinion, are to be subjected, like Galileo, to the tortures of the Inquisition. The freedom and intelligence of the present day, are inconsistent with the rack, with force and intimidation. In vain may we boast of Liberty and Law—the right to think and act with independence, and in accordance with the laws of the land, if, for such conduct, men may suffer insult, scorn and derision. If the great experiment of self-government, so proudly boasted, has established and stamped upon the period in which we now live, any great and important truth, in the progress of time, it is the fact, that in all our conflicts, political or otherwise, our only weapons should be arguments—Hanging in effigy is not an argument. It is insult, intimidation—a relic of the Inquisition. For the honor of the village, the town and the County, it is to be hoped the like may never be seen again.

The proceedings of a meeting of the citizens of Paris in relation to this hanging in effigy and other matters which took place in this village on Friday morning, a week ago, will be found in another place.

HOR. COOK. Life scenes in New York, by Solon Robinson. De Witt and Davenport Publishers. Price \$1.25.

The Publishers have favored us with the above work, and we have read it. For their politeness duty compels us to give it a brief notice. As to the main purpose of the work—to portray the evils of intemperance arising from the licensed sale and indiscriminate use of ardent spirit—we can speak of it with commendation. We cannot doubt that in so far as it attempts to portray the poverty, wretchedness, crime and degradation arising from this source, it speaks the language of truth without exaggeration. This is all we can say in favor of the work.

There is, however, a farther duty which under the circumstances, we feel compelled, though reluctantly, to perform. The purity of the intentions and purposes of the author, if unquestioned, afford no apology for its non-performance. The work is not calculated to do unalloyed good. On the contrary placed in the hands of youth, it must do much harm. Vices of certain kinds, gilded, dilled with, courted and minutely detailed, can serve no good purpose. Such gilding and illustration will be as likely to allure as to reform. It may be said these things must be seen in order to be hated. If so let the local police find them, apply the remedy and afford the necessary protection without a portraiture of details, the tendency of which must be to familiarize the public mind with scenes which ought to be confined to peculiar localities and a few individuals.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION. The returns of the New Hampshire election, are sufficiently full to afford a tolerable accurate statement of the final result. The accounts are somewhat contradictory—both Democrats and Whigs claiming a majority in the House.

Baker, Democrat—and a very popular man, has been elected Governor by about 1500 majority.

SENATE—Eight Whigs and four Democrats.

House—126 Democrats, 116 in opposition, according to the Patriot—democratic authority: 156 Whigs and 133 Democrats according to the New Hampshire Statesman, Whig authority. The Patriot claims several Democrats called "Burke men," who, it is said, will act with the opposition.

In the last Legislature, New Hampshire Democracy had 89 majority in the House. This body is now in doubt. This result is attributed to a combination of causes and among them is the temperance question and the present somewhat equivocal position of the Administration on the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

A CAPITAL SUGGESTION. We find the following in the Home Journal. As our Legislators will, in all probability, be attacked with the annual complaint—"Remove the Capitol," the idea of a building on wheels may be worthy of consideration. It refers to California.

"A capital idea has been started by a draughtsman, in reference to the frequent removals of the State Capitol. We read that, 'Some, the proprietor of the movable Daguerrean establishment, has gone to Benicia for the purpose of tendering his building, wheels and all, to the Legislature. If this offer should be accepted, the Capitol question will of course be forever set at rest, as the Capitol may thus be shifted at pleasure, without disturbing the archives.' A good hit, Mr. Editor."

We call the particular attention of our readers to the remarks of Mr. Mace on the Nebraska Bill, published to-day.

A Citizen's Rally.

In conformity with a very brief notice, a highly respectable meeting of the citizens of this town convened in the Town Hall on Wednesday March 23d, 1854. Col. H. R. Parsons was chosen Chairman and Darius Forbes Secretary.

A Committee of fifteen was appointed to express the sense of the meeting on the recent events in this place, consisting of the following: Hon. S. Emery, Rev. D. Fobes, A. Wilson D. D., E. P. Hinds, A. M., T. J. Whitehead, M. Hammond, J. B. Thayer, S. Dunham, L. Tuell, T. H. Brown, P. Bemis, R. T. Lurvey, S. Chase, W. O. King, and E. Dunham Jr.

This Committee made the following report which was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, recent transactions in this village have been enacted, under circumstances adapted to attract the attention of the whole County; and have been of such a character as to lead the people of the County to ask what the people of Paris think of such things; therefore we citizens of Paris feel called upon to respond to this reasonable inquiry, and candidly and clearly to state our sentiments:

Resolved, that we have heard of the transactions above alluded to, exhibiting great contempt of law and its ministers with profound regret and the deepest sorrow.

Resolved, that it is the duty of every good citizen to discountenance all contempt of law; and to use every just and lawful means to rebuke and repress such a spirit wherever, whenever and by whomsoever exhibited.

Resolved, that as citizens of this great Republic, of the State of Maine and especially of the town of Paris, we cannot calmly and with folded hands stand by and look on and see our rights invaded and citizens abused in the defence of any of the laws of the State.

Resolved, that we feel bound by patriotism to regard to the best interests of the community, a becoming respect for the reputation of this town as entertained by the wise and good everywhere; and the great interests of common humanity to set our faces firmly against all such proceedings as herein alluded to.

Resolved, that we will in every lawful way stand by and maintain our magistracy and all civil officers in the faithful and fearless discharge of duty.

Remarks were made by several gentlemen and an Executive Committee was chosen.

Voted, that the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the chairman and Secretary and published in the Oxford Democrat.

Adjourned.

H. R. PARSONS, Chairman.
DARIUS FORBES, Secretary.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN MILWAUKEE, WIS.

THE SLAVE RESCUED BY A MOB. The arrest of a Fugitive Slave by Deputy Marshall C. C. Cotton is reported by the Milwaukee Sentinel. The slave is alleged to be the property of S. Garland of St. Louis, Missouri; name Joshua Glover. He escaped in 1852. He was at work in a mill in Racine, some miles from Milwaukee. His place of business was entered by breaking the door—he was felled to the ground—handcuffed and conveyed away in a double buggy.

When he arrived at Milwaukee jail covered with blood from the wound he received at his arrest, the greatest excitement prevailed among the citizens.

A habeas corpus was immediately issued and a writ of habeas corpus for damages. Another warrant was issued against those who had arrested the slave. A large meeting was held by the citizens of Milwaukee, at which several speeches were made and resolutions passed. The Court House was surrounded by the people.

When the steamer arrived from Racine, 100 men landed who immediately marched to the jail and proceeded to demolish the doors and rescue the fugitive. This was soon effected and he was conveyed away.

The military were called out; but the officers refused to act unless all the forms of law were complied with. Many of the most respectable citizens were concerned in this rescue. The Daily Wisconsin says:

"There will be a question elsewhere, why was there so intense an excitement here? There cannot be a doubt that the attempted repeal of the Missouri Compromise has so far exasperated many, that they consider themselves absolved from the obligation to enforce the fugitive slave law, which was a compromise measure yielded to the South for the sake of a permanent settlement of the Slavery question."

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. This work, by Alfred E. Beach is one of the most interesting and valuable productions, according to its price, that is issued from the prolific American Press. It is published monthly at \$1.00 per year. Every number contains 32 large pages, beautifully printed on fine paper illustrated with a great variety of Engravings. The March number, just received, contains 61 Engravings—such as portraits of the late A. J. Downing, the Horticulturist—Hon. Charles Mason, Commissioner of Patents—Capt. Creighton of the "Three Bells," who assisted so efficiently in the rescue of the passengers on board the ill-fated "San Francisco"—and engravings of various improvements in arts and agriculture. It is emphatically a work for the people.

THE NEW YORK JOURNAL OF MEDICINE. This Journal devoted to Medicine and the collateral sciences—is edited with great ability by Samuel S. Purple, M. D. and Stephen Smith, M. D.; and Published by Purple and Smith. The March number is rich in illustrations—contains 150 pages of letter press and a great variety of articles of interest to the Profession. It is a most useful work; and we commend it to the Profession. Price \$3 in advance.

CONSISTENT. The Norway Advertiser pretended to heartily approve the Baltimore Platform which required all "to resist slavery agitation;" and likewise the Bangor Platform which "rejected" that all slavery questions were "final" settled; and yet its issue, week before last, contained eleven columns of slavery agitation.

ARRIVAL OF STEAMSHIP CHARITY. The steamship Charity arrived here yesterday afternoon, from Greenock, having been twenty-six days on her passage. She was eight days knocking about among the ice, in the middle of the Atlantic, and has had to contend with series of strong gales, which accounts for her long passage.

Correspondence of the Debutant.

AUGUSTA, MARCH 16, 1854.

Mr. Editor:—In front of the Speaker, and in the front tier of seats, sits Lot M. Morrill, Esq., one of the Representatives from Augusta. Mr. Morrill is a gentleman of medium size, light complexion, erect gait, and willful, a very good looking. As a forensic debater, he has no equal in the House. A lawyer by profession, he takes a high rank at the bar, and he is no less esteemed as a Legislator, and Mr. Morrill has a clear musical voice, over which he has a perfect control when he speaks—he is not boisterous, but emphatic—his enunciation remarkably clear and distinct. His gestures are both natural and graceful. Mr. M. is a man of kind feelings and a good heart, his large expressive blue eyes, though piercing are bland, and always, when engaged in debate, his countenance is lit up with a smile. He is sometimes severe, but never uncourteous. Mr. Morrill deserves high respect of all parties in the House, and when he speaks, he is always listened to with marked attention, a compliment which the House pays to but very few of its members.

Among the oldest Legislators in the House is the Hon. Noah Smith, Jr., of Calais, Speaker of the House. Mr. Smith is a man of extremely nervous temperament, he speaks with great rapidity and animation. His thoughts flow like the mountain torrent and vent themselves off in a whirlwind of words which sweep away all obstacles and all opposition. Mr. Smith, though a swift speaker, has an enunciation clear and distinct—every word and syllable is distinctly heard. The gestures of Mr. Smith when speaking correspond well with his words. Although with both hands and arms, he furiously "cuts the air," still there is nothing awkward, or ungraceful in his appearance, it is natural for him to speak—"his very nature to gesticulate." Mr. Smith was selected by the House for its presiding officer, a post for which he was well fitted. He presided with great impartiality and ability, until his health failed and he was prostrated upon a sick bed. Mr. Smith has so far recovered as to be able to go into the House, but not as yet to resume the arduous duties of the Chair. In politics Mr. Smith is a Whig—but although he is a strict party man, in the common acceptance of that term still he is popular with all parties; he is a man of ardent, generous feelings, whatever he undertakes, he prosecutes with an unflinching zeal, and with an ardor of feeling peculiar to himself. He has strong attachments, and as a friend and companion, he is one of the best men in the wide, wide world.

Since the indisposition of Mr. Smith the Chair has been filled by Mr. Butler of Farmington. Mr. Butler is a man in the prime of life, athletic and vigorous, in stature above the medium size, being an exact "fit" for the ample dimensions of the speaker's Chair, which he now so acceptably occupies. Mr. B. is a man of gentlemanly, conciliatory manners; when on the floor of the house he seldom speaks, but when he does, he has no circumlocutions, out comes directly to the point. His remarks are always practical, rather than speculative. Mr. Butler is a new member, but he has made himself so far familiar with parliamentary rules and precedents, that he presides very acceptably to the members of the House. Mr. Butler is a democrat, but he does not belong to the "rule or ruin" wings. He has no love for the treasury of that portion of the party which both last year and this threw the State Government into federal hands, by electing Chas. Governor.

In the seat occupied in the early part of the session by Mr. Fessenden of Portland, sits Mr. Abbott of Norridgewock. This tall, thin gentleman is a lawyer by profession, and is said to be a very good one. Although not an old man, his hair is profusely sprinkled with grey, while his eagle eye, strongly indicates the character of the man. Mr. Abbott is not so much a declaimer, as he is a reasoner. His oratory is not so prominent as his logic. In debate he seeks to convince, rather than amuse—he appeals to the reason rather than the passions of men, and there is in all, he says, an apparent fairness, which commands itself to the good judgment of his hearers. Mr. Abbott is a working member. He is seldom found away from his post in the House, while he so effectively watches the progress of business that scarcely any matter escapes his attention—or passes through the House without his approval.

Mr. A. is a Whig in politics, but he has a too well balanced mind to allow party considerations to drive him to act against the public good. He is highly respected by all and is a sound, safe and prudent Legislator.

Away on the left from the Speaker's desk sits Mr. Hillard of Oldtown—a lawyer by profession and a new member. He is a man in the prime of life, and if I can judge from his appearance in the House, of a sanguine, nervous temperament. He is a democrat, and if you can judge from what he says, of the "straightest sort."

Mr. Hillard, is rather a fluent speaker, and frequently mingles in the House debates. He is a man of untiring industry; when not "on duty" in the House or upon committee, you will generally find him carefully sifting away in some "alcove" in the library "solitary and alone," amusing himself with his books. Mr. Hillard is the successor of the Hon. George P. Sewell, who was for many years the leader of his party in the House—and who as a parliamentary tactician and legislator never had an equal in this State.

Near the centre of the hall is Mr. Baker of Hallowell. He is about forty years of age, a quiet, unassuming man. He is a good debater, but seldom mingles in the discussions of the House, when he does speak—it is always direct to the point in issue, and when he is done, he leaves off; he is a working, rather than talking man. Mr. Baker has had much legislative experience, and is perfectly familiar with parliamentary rules and tactics. Mr. Baker belongs to the free democratic party, and is also an ardent supporter of the Maine Law—and is really one of the best Legislators in the House.

Away to the right of Mr. Baker sits Mr. Knowlton of Liberty. This gentleman belongs to the true democracy that supported Mr. Morrill for Governor last fall. He is a man of great honesty of purpose, of sincere motives, and very respectable talents. Mr. Knowlton's position has frequently brought him in contact, in debate, with other members of the House, but upon all such occasions he has honorably sustained himself and come out of the contest with "flying colors." Mr. K. is a very industrious man, both in the House

and upon committees, like Mr. Hill of Bangor, he is always at his post. Whoever treads upon Mr. Knowlton's heels will find him treading upon their toes; he "ramps upon the track" of his adversaries and never gives up the chase until he overtakes him. If your readers don't believe this, I would refer them to the "gentleman from Whitefield," who, I believe, would affirm its truth, and speak from experience.

Near Mr. Knowlton sits the "military man" of the House, Mr. Starr of Thomaston. He is a tall, stout man, always on hand for war. He fires off his "old fuses" and frequently "brings down his man" although his piece is sometimes liable to "scatter." Mr. Starr goes in, with all his might for the Maine law and democracy, and would probably have voted for the Nebraska Resolutions, which passed the House, had not the gentleman from Frankfort frightened him off the track. Mr. S. is a working man and good legislator, he frequently speaks, but is always "short" to the point, while he is death on all long yams and long speeches.

In front of Mr. Starr sits Mr. Gilman of Brunswick. This gentleman some years since came from the old "granite State," and I am informed, was one or more years a member of the House in New Hampshire. Mr. Gilman is one of the best debaters in the House, yet he seldom speaks, but when even he does he is always "listened to with marked attention." He is a young man of medium size—keen eyes, long, bushy hair, a kind hearted, sociable composition and wield a first rate fiddle. Mr. G. belongs to the whig party—but never lets his party predilection overshadow his ideas of what is for the public good. He is a discrete, prudent and industrious legislator, and is not only popular among his political friends, but with all parties, both in and out of the Legislature.

M-DUFFEE.

CONGRESS. NEBRASKA BILL IN THE HOUSE.

The Senate Bill for the organization of Nebraska and Kansas Territories was taken up on Tuesday morning last. There was much excitement on the occasion.

Mr. Richardson moved to refer it to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Cutting moved to refer it to the Committee of the whole. Mr. Cutting's motion prevailed by 16 majority. This is considered equivalent to a defeat of the Bill.

The entire New England delegation with the exception of Messrs. Hubbard of N. Hampshire, Ingersoll of Connecticut and McDonald of Maine, voted for Mr. Cutting's motion. To elude the vote, Mr. Cutting moved a reconsideration, and then to lie on the table which was carried yeas, 110—nays 96. Considerable exultation was manifested by the enemies of the Bill at this result; and much chagrin by its friends.

This Bill will now sleep during the next three or four months; for it stands No. 50 on the Calendar.

NOMINATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR. Daniel T. Granger, Eastport, Justice of Supreme Judicial Court, vice Judge Wells, resigned. Joseph F. Nye, Saco, Judge of Probate York County.

Isaaczer Wells, Freeport, County Commissioner, Cumberland County.

John H. Williams, Judge Municipal Court, Portland.

ANDROSCOGGIN COUNTY. Nahum Morrill, Auburn, Judge of Probate.

Stetson L. Hill, Waterville, Register.

Charles Clark, Danville, Sheriff.

Cyrus Knapp, East Lamoine, Clerk of Courts.

Charles W. Goddard, Danville, County Attorney.

John H. Ois, Leeds, Register of Deeds.

James Goff, Jr., Auburn, County Treasurer.

NEW COIN. The proposed new cent is to be of white metal, resembling silver in appearance, with a round and slightly raised edge. It is about 8 10ths of an inch in diameter, larger than a quarter eagle and less than a twenty-five cent piece.

The three dollar gold coin, authorized by the last Congress, will be issued as soon as the dies which are now in progress are completed.

The Canadian government has concluded an arrangement with the sisters of Charity for the incorporation of their new building at Quebec as a Parliament House during the next session.

Capt. John M. Ames of West Parsonfield sold a yoke of oxen, four years old last spring, for \$200. Live weight 1000 lbs. Girth, seven feet four inches.

SUDDEN DEATH. Mr. Rufus Bennett of Alfred left Alfred village one day last week in sleigh for home about one mile and a half distant. His horse went directly home, and passed round his horse twice. His wife hearing the horse went to the door and found her husband sitting dead in his sleigh. He was 35 years of age and had been troubled with a diseased heart which was the probable cause of his death.

"Monseigneur Clementi, the papal nuncio, is now endeavoring to incite Santa Anna to destroy the form of government, the substance being already gone, and to have himself crowned Emperor of Mexico. He is negotiating a stopid scheme of a marriage between Santa Anna, and one of the daughters of the Queen Dowager of Spain, and boasts that he will be able to divorce Santa Anna from his present wife."

HOBBS' LOCK PICKED. We see by the papers that the great Hobbs has been defeated—that he and his locks are shorn of their honors. At the institutions of civil engineers, a paper was read by Mr. Hobbs, pointing out what he considered to be the defects of the English locks, rendering them safe from the attempts of false keys and picklocks. At an adjourned discussion on the paper at the institution, much astonishment and amusement were created by the fact that John Gutter, a workman in Messrs Chubb's employ, announced that he found out a simple plan by which any of Hobbs' locks could be picked, and that during the week, he had picked four new locks, without having seen either the keys or the inside, bought by different gentlemen in the city, who vouched for the truth of his statement. He explained the way in which he did it, viz, with a piece of wax spring and two common picks. [Boston Post.

STATE OF MAINE.
A PROCLAMATION.
FOR A DAY OF
Public Humiliation, Fasting & Prayer.
It is incumbent on man at all times to feel and acknowledge his dependence on Divine Providence, to confess his unworthiness of the manifold favors he is continually receiving and to ask the directions and blessing of God on all his enterprises. Yet is this duty especially binding upon us, both as an individual and social species, at this season of the year when the labors of the husbandman are once more about to commence, and when industry, in all its departments, awaking from the inactivity of winter, is preparing to resume its operations with renewed vigor.

Accordingly, in conformity with the pious usage of our ancestors, and by advice of the Executive Council, I appoint **THURSDAY, the thirtieth day of April next**, to be observed as a day of Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

And I invite the people of the State to refrain from their usual occupations and amusements, and to assemble on that day in their houses of worship, there to acknowledge before God our personal and national transgressions, and ask his forgiveness of the same through Jesus Christ our Lord, to render thanks for the mercies with which he has hitherto crowned our land, and to implore a continuance of them in time to come.

That He will be pleased to bless with his counsel and aid all the rulers and judges, and officers of the several States, and of the General Government.

That our agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and all branches of useful labor may be prospered through the coming year.

That the divine blessing may be upon our common schools, our academies, colleges, and all seminaries of instruction, upon the churches of the several denominations, and upon all efforts for improving the condition and advancing the moral character of the community.

That the people of these United States may continue to enjoy liberty and peace, security, civil order and union; and that whilst they increase in material wealth, they may grow in all Christian virtues, and be an eminent example of that righteousness which truly exalts a nation.

And that the blessings of political and religious freedom, of just government and equal laws, the means of education, and the benign influence of the Gospel may be extended to all the nations of the earth.

GIVEN at the Council Chamber, at Augusta, this thirtieth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, and of the Independence of these United States the seventy-ninth.

WM. G. CROSBY.

THE BLACK WARRIOR. The rumor stated in our telegraphic report of yesterday, that the Black Warrior after, at Havana, had been adjusted, has not been confirmed. The President, on Wednesday, sent the following message to the House:

In compliance with the resolution of the House of Representatives of the 10th inst., I have the honor to transmit a report of the Secretary of State concerning the information received at the Department in relation to the seizure of the Black Warrior at Havana, on the 28th ult. There have been in the course of a few days past many other instances of aggression upon our commerce, violations of the rights of American citizens, and assaults by the national flag by the Spanish authorities in Cuba, and all attempts to obtain redress have led to no result, and as yet no fruitless negotiations. The documents in these cases are voluminous, and when prepared will be sent to Congress. These now transmitted relate exclusively to the seizure of the Black Warrior, and present as clear a case of wrong that it would be reasonable to expect full indemnity, therefore, as soon as this unjustifiable and offensive conduct shall be made known to Her Catholic Majesty's government. But similar expectations in other cases have not been realized. The offering party is at our doors, with large powers for aggression, but none for redress. For reparation. The source of redress is in another hemisphere, and the answer to our just complaints made to the home government is but the repetition of excuses rendered by officials to their superiors, in reply to representation of manifest. The peculiar situation of the parties has undoubtedly much aggravated the injuries which our citizens have suffered from the Cuban authorities, and Spain does not seem to appreciate its full extent, her responsibility for the conduct of these operations. In giving very extraordinary powers to them she owes it to justice and to her friendly relations with this government to guard with great vigilance the constant exercise of those powers, and in case of injuries to provide for prompt redress. I have already taken measures to present to the government of Spain the violation of Cuban authorities in the detention and seizure of the Black Warrior, and to demand indemnity for the injury which has thereby resulted to our citizens.

In view of the position of the island of Cuba, its proximity to our coast, the relations which it must ever bear to our commercial and other interests, it is vain to expect that a series of unfriendly acts infringing our commercial rights, and the adoption of a policy threatening the honor and security of these States, can long exist with peaceful relations. In the measures taken for an amicable adjustment of our difficulties should unfortunately fail, I shall not hesitate to use the authority and means which Congress may grant to ensure the due observance of our just rights to obtain redress for injuries received, and to vindicate the honor of our flag. In anticipation of that contingency, which I hope may not arise, I suggest to Congress the propriety of adopting such provisional measures the exigency may seem to demand.

MARRIED.

In Richmond, 17th inst., ex J. K. Cole Esq. and Miss Hannah H. Stiles, of Stoughton, Mass. As Paris, March 12th, by John Boyd, Mr. Wm. H. Cole and Miss Columbia Boyd, both of Paris.

DIED.

In South Paris, 19th inst. Rhoda Jane Clark, aged 13 years, daughter of H. C. Clark.

In Portland, 16th inst. George Melville, son of J. K. and Sarah G. King, aged 9 months.

CARPETINGS!

Wm. P. Tenney & Co.,
RAILROAD HALL,
Haymarket Square, Boston.

Importers of
ENGLISH CARPETINGS.

Of the following descriptions, viz:
Superior and Medium Velvet Pile,
" " Brussels,
" " Kidderminster,
" " Plain Oil Cloth, Regs, Mats, &c.

We have in store a great variety of choice pattern for Spring, also, American carpets, Rugs, Brussels, Lowell 3 ply Ingrains, and almost every description to be found in the market at the lowest prices.

GREAT YIELD OF CORN. Mr. John H. Wilbur, of Wilton, Franklin county, took the first premium for the greatest yield of Corn at the Fair held in that vicinity last year.

The following is Mr. W.'s account of the course he pursued in effecting so favorable a result:

"I planted a half acre between the 13th and 20th May 1853, from which I harvested fifty-five bushels and eight quarts of sound, clean dry corn after it was shelled. This land was measured by a professional surveyor, and the corn measured in a sealed half bushel. The land stony, the soil is a deep gravelly loam, I raised winter wheat on the land the year previous. Plowed in the stubble in the fall, just deep enough to cover the stubble and grass. Sowed on a coat of manure, plowed deep and fine in the Spring. Furrowed deep and manured in the hill; covered the manure before dropping corn; put from 7 to 10 kernels in each hill, and thinned out to 3 stalks in a hill the second morning; hoed thoroughly twice; furrows about 2 1/2 ft. apart, and hills about 2 feet 4 in. The corn was the large 8 rowed variety. I attribute about one half of the crop to deep plowing - notwithstanding the drought in the summer, I never found a leaf withered. I put on about six cords, well rotted manure, about one half in the hill. As it is often said there is nothing to be made by farming, I will submit the account which I kept with the half acre of my corn land of 1853.

Dr.	HALF ACRE CORN LAND.	Cr.
To 60 bushels and 8 quarts of corn, at \$1.12 1/2		67.25
Plowing land, 1.50	Fodder,	10.00
Planting,		3.00
Hoing,		3.00
Harvesting,		7.00
Shelling,		2.00
Seed,		1.50
On hand,		22.25
	Profit,	\$70.10

The National Democrat gives this sketch of the California pioneer, Captain SETTER—
"JEAN A. SETTER, in whose mill-race the first discovery of gold in California was made, is a Swiss by birth. He was Lieutenant in the Swiss Regiment of Charles X. and saw service at the Revolution of 1830, when he was wounded. After the defeat and exile of his royal master, he came to this country and settled in Missouri, where he became naturalized. He then went to Oregon first across the plains, then to the Sandwich Islands, and thence, in 1839, to California, where he established himself at the junction of Feather and American Rivers, and called his place New Helvetia. This country was then occupied by Indians, but by some means or other he succeeded in inducing a large number of them to work for him, and he lived among them something like a sovereign. When the Americans came to the country, and war broke out, he took sides with the Mexicans. When peace was established, as he had no other title to his immense domain but necessity, and as most of his Indians deserted him, he could not continue to occupy the land, and found himself reduced from a great proprietor to a simple farmer. He still, however, entertained ambitious aspirations, and was a candidate for Governorship of California. He was defeated, but in electing another he neglected his private affairs, and found it expedient to sell New Helvetia, and seek another residence. He betook himself to the vicinity of Marysville, on Plume River, and called his new home, Fort Horn. There, with a competency, and joined by his children, after twenty years' separation, he is leading a quiet, rural life. Setter is now about fifty, fresh and youthful in appearance, and a very agreeable and talkative companion. He is engaged in writing the memoirs of his varied and adverse career. In showing a guest his possessions, which were very extensive, he remarked, 'But for the discovery of gold, I should now be a very rich man.'

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.
By virtue of a decree from the Hon. Timothy D. Ladd, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at PUBLIC VENUE, at the store of S. B. & E. B. Reed, in Boston, on SATURDAY, March 12th, at 10 o'clock, all the real estate, consisting of the real estate of OREDAIR GLENN, late of Boston, deceased, to-wit: a certain lot of land, situated in the town of South Paris, in the County of Oxford, Maine, containing about six acres of land, more or less, bounded by the residence of Ladd, on the north, by the residence of Ladd, on the south, by the residence of Ladd, on the east, and by the residence of Ladd, on the west. The real estate is situated in the town of South Paris, in the County of Oxford, Maine, and is bounded by the residence of Ladd, on the north, by the residence of Ladd, on the south, by the residence of Ladd, on the east, and by the residence of Ladd, on the west. 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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Dying Maiden.

How beautiful is she, by Ebenezer Elliott, the
Ottawa Cures Law Rhymer, of Sheffield,—"the man
who labored with his hands, not ashamed to care
his bread by honest industry, while in his hour of
rest he found amusement in the composition of
some of the most vigorous poetry our country has
known. [English paper.]

God send our dying sister!
Beauteous bright bath sadly kissed her;
Whether then the wild white roses,
Famine in her land diseases
Mute submission, patience holy,
Passing fair, but passing slowly.

"Though," she said, "you know I'm dying."
In her heart green trees are sighing;
Not of them both pain bereft her,
In that city where we left her,
"Bring," she said, "a bedchamber blossom!"
Love shall lay it on her bosom.

Col. Bowie in a Stage-Coach.

A writer in the New Quarterly Review,
relates a very striking anecdote, which, he
says, he received from a friend to whom it
was related by Mr. Clay himself. The story
is as follows:—

"Travelling in early manhood, in a public
conveyance in a South-Eastern State, Mr.
Clay found himself in the company of three
other persons, consisting of a young lady and
gentleman, her husband, and of a person mul-
tiple in a cloak, whose countenance was
concealed, and who appeared to be indulging
in a life of dissipation. Suddenly a big, brawny
Kentuckian, got into the coach smoking a cigar,
and frowned fiercely around
as much as to say, 'I'm half horse half
alligator, the yellow flower of the forest, all im-
mature but the head and ears, and that's aqua-
forte.' In fact he looked as savage as a meat
axe, and puffed forth huge volumes of smoke,
without reference to the company within, es-
pecially of the lady, who manifested certain
timid symptoms of annoyance. Presently af-
ter some whispering, the gentleman with her
in the polite accents, requested the stranger
not to smoke, as it annoyed his companion.
The fellow answered, 'I reckon I've paid my
place. I'll smoke as much as I am please, and
all—shan't stop me no law.' With that he
looked dangerously, and rolled his eyes
round as fiercely as a rattlesnake. It was
evident he had no objection to a quarrel, and
that if it occurred, it was likely to lead to a
deadly struggle. The young man who had
spoken to him shrunk, and was silent. Clay
felt his gallantry aroused. He considered
for a moment whether he should interfere, but
experienced a natural reluctance to draw upon
himself the brutal violence of his gigantic ad-
versary. In that lawless country, he knew
his life might be sacrificed unavenged. He
knew himself physically unequal to the con-
tender, and he thought, after all, it was not his
business to take up another man's quarrel.
Feeling pity for the insulted, and disgust to-
wards the insolent, he determined to take no
notice, when, very quietly indeed, the clock-
ed figure in the corner assumed an upright
position, and the mantle was suffered to fall
from it without effort or excitement. The
small, but sinewy frame of a man, plainly
dressed in a tightly buttoned frock coat, with
nothing remarkable about his appearance was
seen, and a pair of bright gray eyes sought
the fierce epicure of the Kentucky Kentuckian.
Without a word, this 'fig' figure posed his
hand under his collar at the back of his neck,
and slowly and deliberately pulled forth a
long, extremely long, and glittering knife
from its sheath in that singular place. 'Stran-
ger,' he said, my name is Col. James Bowie,
and you don't put that cigar out of the window
in a quarter of a minute, I'll put this knife
through your bowels, as sure as death.' Clay
said he never forgot in after life the expres-
sion of the colonel's eyes at that moment.
The predominant impression made upon him
was the certainty of the threat being fulfill-
ed, and apparently the same conviction im-
pressed itself on the other passengers. During
two or three seconds his eye met that of
Bowie. His was the weaker, and he failed.
With a curse, he tore the cigar from his
mouth, and flung it, scowling, but
down cast, out of the coach window. Upon
this, Col. James Bowie as deliberately re-
placed his long knife in its eccentric hiding place,
and without saying a word to any one else,
or even vouchsafing a glance at any one, re-
flected his cloak around him, and did not ut-
ter another syllable till the end of the jour-
ney."

Aaron Burr's Wife. The Paris Patrie
of a late date has the following:—
"At the last Tuilleries ball, the brilliant
toilette of a stranger, with an incredible num-
ber of diamonds, attracted the attention of all
present. In a moment the attention was
changed to the most intense curiosity, when
Louis Napoleon was observed to accost the la-
dy and remain some moments in conversation.
The enigma was soon solved. The lady was
the widow of Mr. Aaron Burr, formerly Vice-
President of the U. S., with whom Louis Na-
poleon was on terms of intimacy whilst in that
country, and at the end of fifteen years he
had recognized the widow of his old Ameri-
can friend."

Slender Riding with a Young Widow.

Snow has fallen; the young of the village got
up a grand sleighing party to a country tavern
at some distance; and the interesting widow
Lambkin sat in the same sleigh, under the
same buffalo as myself. "Oh! oh! don't," she
exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, catch-
ing me by the arm, and turning her veiled
face towards me, while her eyes twinkled
under the moonlight. "Don't what?" I
asked. "I'm not doing anything." "Well,
but I thought you were going to take toll!"
replied Mrs. Lambkin; I rejoined, "what's
that?" "How!" exclaimed the widow her
clear laugh ringing out above the music
of the bells. "Dr. Meadows pretends don't
know what toll is."

Important Discovery.

RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES.
Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers.
A REMEDY in the cure of Coughs, Colds,
Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness,
Influenza, Whooping Cough, Consumption, and
all diseases of the Lungs. They have no equal in
medicine, and any child will take them. Thousands
have been restored to health that have before de-
scribed as incurable. It is a simple, safe, and
certain remedy. A single dose relieves in TEN MINUTES.

Ask for Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers—the original
and only genuine is stamped "Bryan's." Spurious
ones are offered for sale. Twenty-five cents a box,
Sold by dealers everywhere.

J. BRYAN & CO., Proprietors,
Rochester, N. Y.

Invalids of Oxford Co., Attention!

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