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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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A MITHER'S BLETHER ABOUT HER BAIRN.

That wean o' mine 'll drive me daft,
I solemnly declare;
If I had bedlam in the house,
It couldna plague me mair.
He waukens up at skreich o' day
Then rest wi' him there's nane,
But rumblin,' tumblin' up an' down—
It's no a common wean!

He's never out o' mischief an'
He never seems to tire;
See! there he's on the fender's edge;
He'll tumble in the fire.
He's at the door now! catch him or
He'll whomle down the stair;
He's got the puir cat now, the wretch
Is ruggin' out his hair.

Losh! now he's got his father's book
Wide open on his knee,
And just observe the solemn look
That's in his bonnie e'e.
He canna read, yet looks as grave
As chiel in cown and bawn;
But mair than he looks wise on things
He dinna understan'.

An once wean: yet flyte on him,
He only laughs an' craws,
Like his father when he's teasing me;
An' when I tak' the taws
An' gie'm a skelp, I'm vexed, an' wish
I'd let the bairn alane.
For he looks sae strange-like in my face,
I couldna do't again.

Gude keep us a'! the bairn's asleep,
His wee head on his arm;
Now, wha could look in that sweet face,
An' think o' doint harm,
Although it's fashous whyles?—eh me!
His wee cheek's like the rose,
Or the crimson on the far hill tap
When gleamin's gaun to close.

Sleep sound, wee pet! ye're but a type
O' busy wardly man,
Whose hands are thrang, whose head is fu'
Wi' mony a scheme an' plan;
He rests na day nor night, until
His busslin' life is past,
An' sleep—Death's sleep—upon him creeps,
As on my bairn at last.

[From Gleason's Pictorial.]

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

During the spring of 1840 I was engaged by the heirs of a gentleman who had died in Bangor, Me., to go out to Illinois and look up a "township" which had been bought by said gentleman from the soldiers of the last war, to whom it had been allotted by the government "land warrants," as part pay for sevices rendered. Most of our readers are probably aware that the men who served in the campaign of 1812 were entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of land, over and above their monthly pay, and at the close of their services they received warrants or bonds for this land, which land was marked off into townships, and these into numbered lots, each man receiving a specific lot. Most of these warrants were sold at the time of their reception for trifling sums—say from five to twenty dollars—and many of them have not even yet been looked up by their owners; but, as civilization is spreading West, more attention is now turned to this matter, and speculators are busy buying up the old "claims."

The man for whose heirs I had interested myself had bought a large number of consecutive lots. They were located near the head waters of the Kaskaskia, and we had reason to believe that they were uncommonly valuable.

After having armed myself with the necessary documents, I set out on my mission. I reached Vandalia without difficulty, and from there I "took the stage" for Shelbyville. Beyond Shelbyville I still had some sixty miles to go, and there was no method of conveyance save such as chance might throw in one's way. I had learned that there was a settlement in Macon county which would come in my way if I kept along by the river; but I could get no direct clue to its whereabouts. I knew, however, that I should find "squatters" on my route, and from them I could learn all that was necessary.

Ten miles from Shelbyville I made in a small boat; and here I purchased a horse of a settler, and from him learned that I should find plenty of "squatters" on the very land of which I was in search. It was early in the forenoon when I started on with my horse, and I made easy progress on the alluvial tract upon the western bank of the Kaskaskia. About two o'clock in the afternoon, whatever pleasing reveries I may have been engaged in were cut short by a sudden darkening of the sun; and, upon looking up, I found that huge clouds were rising in the northwest, and could hear the wind as it moaned through the trees upon the table land to my left. I knew there was a storm brewing, and I knew, too, that my hopes of shelter were dubious. However, I spurred up my horse, and allowed myself to hope that I might come upon some chance "squatter" before the storm broke.

False hope! In less than half an hour the storm was upon me. For two hours I kept on my way, with only a sort of wind driven mist; but at the end of that time the rain began to come down in torrents. For a while I allowed myself to quail before the combined force of rain and wind; but I found that the enemy must be met; and at length, with a stout ejaculation of defiance, I faced the storm and rode on. No shelter arose to my view, and night fell upon me. It was dark—O, how dark! So dark that the sable mass might have been cut with a knife. I gave the horse the rein, and let him follow his own instinct. It still rained as though the big lakes had accidentally been tipped over upon the land, and the wind, too, still piped away without flagging.

I must have ridden thus through the utter darkness for two hours—it seemed two ages to me—when I thought I saw a light ahead of me. It twinkled like a misty star, and then disappeared; but soon I saw it again, and ere long I became convinced that human habitation of some sort was ahead of me. I urged my beast on, and soon I had the real pleasure of pulling up before a house. What sort of a house it was I could not tell; I could only see a dark mass, and a single window, from which shone the light. I alighted from my horse, and, after groping about for some time, I found a door, and knocked lustily. My call was answered by a woman; but the wind put out her light, and as she turned back to re-light it, I followed her.

At first, the female—a middle-aged, intelligent-looking person—was a little startled at my manner and appearance, but I soon calmed her fears by making known my situation and business. When I asked her if I could remain there during the night, she hesitated, and said she would "let me know;" but she asked me to sit down by the fire, and warm myself. There was a complete puddle of water where I had been standing, for the rain was almost streaming from my garments; so I took off my overcoat, and the lady immediately took it, and carried it out of the room.

It was not until I had drawn a seat up to the warm fire that I thought of my poor beast; and when the woman returned, I asked her if my horse could be taken care of. She replied in the affirmative, and also told me that I could remain through the night. I had left my portmanteau upon the horse, and, of course, I spoke of taking care of the animal myself. The woman told me that he had already been led around to the stable, and that if I wished to go out, I could do so without exposure to the weather.—She offered to lead the way, and I followed her.

The passage through which I was led opened into a wood-shed, and from thence I passed to the stable, where a man was unsaddling my horse. He had a lantern, and I could see plainly about the place. I spoke to the fellow, but he made me no answer.—I asked him who lived there. He mumbled out something, but I could not understand him. He was a curious-looking fellow, and decidedly averse to answering questions; and he was petulant and crusty, too; but this I naturally attributed to being called out in such weather, and, having secured my portmanteau, I made my way back to the house.

The same woman who had thus far attended me prepared some food for me, and politely requested me to partake of it. Wet and cold as I was, the fire-place was more comfortable and desirable than the table, but I sat me down to the repast out of courtesy.

During the evening I tried to converse with the woman—she was my only companion—but it was with difficulty that I got any answer to my questions. I asked her where I was, and the only reply was a dubious shake of the head. Then I asked her who lived in the house, and she trembled, but said nothing. She seemed anxious for me to retire; and, at length, after I had mostly dried my garments, I signified my readiness to be shown to my bed. The woman actually sprang to obey me, and, having lighted a second lamp, she bade me follow her. I was conducted up a flight of stairs, and shown to a respectably furnished chamber, and there my strange guide left me.

As I was left alone, I was not a little puzzled by what I had seen and heard.—The house was evidently a large one, and, from what little I had seen of the outside of it by the light of the lantern from the stable, I judged it to be built of hewn timber, dovetailed together at the corners, with the crevices plastered with cement. The inside, such as I had seen, was finished neatly with well-matched boards, planed and painted. It was strange that I had seen nothing of the owner of the place; and then the behaviour of those I had seen was equally strange. I was confident that the house must be far from any other habitation, and it is not to be wondered at that I allowed an unpleasant train of suspicious thoughts to pass through my mind.

The powder in my pistols had become somewhat damp. My portmanteau I had brought to the chamber with me, and in that I found dry powder. I carefully reloaded my weapons, and placed them under my pillow, and, having fastened the door, I partially undressed myself, and got into the bed. It was certainly an hour before I slept, but at length the drowsy god overcame me.

I could not have slept long—not over half an hour—when I was awakened by a quick shake of my shoulder. I sprang up in the bed, and seized a pistol. There was a man by my bedside, and he held a lamp towards me. He was tall, but far from being stout, and his countenance was kind and gentle in its expression. He had entered by a small door at the end of the room, which I had not noticed.

"—sh!" he uttered, placing his finger upon his lip. "Make no noise. Put up your pistol."

"But what seek ye here?" I asked, feeling assured that my visitor meant no harm.

"I would save you!"

"*Save me!*" I repeated.

"—Yes. You have one foot in your grave while you are here. Do you not know this house?"

"No what is it?" I uttered, springing from my bed.

"Be careful! You'll wake the demon before his time! He thinks I do not know him; but by chance I have found him out in time to save my own life and yours!"

By this time I had nearly dressed myself, and, with trembling limbs, I listened, while my visitor explained himself. He told me that the owner of the house was a murderer by profession—that he entrapped travellers, and killed and robbed them. His tale was a horrible one, and he had learned it all by overhearing a conversation between the man of the house and the fellow who had taken care of my horse. He had himself arrived and retired before I came along; but he had awakened just in season to hear the conversation he had related take place in an adjoining room.

"Come, come," he said, as I threw my portmanteau across my arm, and took my second pistol from beneath my pillow; "there is not a moment to lose. If we are discovered, we shall be killed."

With cat-like noiseless tread, my companion led the way out through the same door by which he had entered, the existence of which, he informed me, he had learned from the conversation he had overheard between the man of the house and the hostler. This door gave us entrance to a room in which there was a bed, the outer door of which was open. I could not help noticing, as I passed this last door, the stout iron bolts which were fixed upon its outside.

My guide placed his finger upon his lips for an instant, and then he shaded the lamp with his hand, and hurried down the stairs, which led directly to the shed. The outer door was easily unfastened, and I breathed more freely as I stepped forth into the open air. The storm had passed over, and the stars were beginning to peep forth from among the fleecy clouds that were sailing away to the southward. The lamp did not go out, and we gained the stable in safety.

"Out with your horse! Quick!" uttered my companion, as he set the lamp down in a corner, where its rays could not find their way into the yard.

"But you—what will you do?"

"I have a horse, too. Quick! Make no noise!"

More quickly than I can describe it did I equip my beast and vault into the saddle: and as I turned towards the yard, my friend led his horse out. I had left the stable, and was just passing from the back-yard, when I heard the house door open. Some one sprang forth with a hoarse cry of alarm, and leaped towards the stable. I heard a sharp cry from my friend, and I thought I heard the noise of a scuffle. My horse started into a gallop, of his own accord, and it was not until I had ridden half a mile to the northward that I tightened the rein.

I thought I was acting the coward's part thus to leave my companion in the hands of the murderers, but the second thought convinced me that I should do better to keep on. While I was free, they would not dare to kill him, for they must know that I should give the alarm, and then the crime would be detected. If I should return, they might capture and kill us both, without fear of detection.

Again I gave my horse the rein, and he galloped on. I know not how far I had ridden, when I thought I detected a stream of water directly ahead; but no movement of mine was necessary, for, with a sudden jerk, my horse stopped and I was thrown far over his head. I remember the sensation of falling, but that was all.

When I came to myself it was daylight, and the warm sun was looking brightly upon me. I moved heavily to a sitting posture, and found my horse at a short distance from me, cropping the long grass. I felt stiff, and my head ached; but ere long I arose to my feet, and looked about me.—The stream which had caused my disaster had dwindled to a mere tiny brook, but the marks of its flood were left, and I could see that it had been quite formidable.

But one thing suprised me. Not more than half a a mile ahead I saw quite a town—a large, flourishing village. It was some time before I could collect my scattered senses; but when I did so, I became convinced that the place before me was Decatur! My horse must have left the true road almost immediately after the darkness set in, and here I was, nearly twenty miles out of my way to the westward!

But I forgot all this—I forgot the pain in my head and limbs—in my thoughts of what had occurred during the night; and I resolved to seek immediate aid to arrest the inmates of the horrible abode I had left, and to set free my unfortunate companion. I easily caught my horse, and, though I gained the saddle with difficulty, yet, when once there, I rode with ease. When I reached the town, which proved, as I had thought, to be Decatur, one of the first objects that met my gaze was a lawyer's sign. I drove up to the door of the office, and dismounted. While I was hitching my horse, a wagon drove up, in which was a gentleman and lady; the gentleman was an elderly person, and one whose countenance was such as to command instant and universal respect. He entered the office directly behind me. He smiled and shook hands with the lawyer, and then turned to a desk, and began to overhaul a bundle of papers which he had just taken from his pocket.

My muddy garments gave me anything but a comely appearance, but as soon as I was assured that I addressed the "lawyer," I proceeded to unfold my fearful tale. The attorney started and trembled as I commenced, and the gentleman who was overhauling the papers stopped from his work, and looked at me. I went on, and described every particular; my hair bristled as I told of the terrible cries of the poor victim I had left behind, and I assured my hearers that it was the hostler who had sprung out as I rode off.

A strange, unaccountable expression passed over the lawyer's face. He gazed a moment in silence, and then, clapping his hands upon his sides, he sank back into his chair and burst into a long, loud, uproarous laugh. I was thunder-struck. The old gentleman dropped his papers, and actually sank upon the floor, as a wild burst of merriment shook his frame.

"Ha, ha, ha! Why, my dear friend," uttered the lawyer, as soon as he could command language, "you—ha, ha, ha!—you were—ha, ha!—you have been— O! oho-o-o-o—ha, ha!—he-e-e-e!"

I sank into a seat, utterly overcome, and at length I got at the truth. The old gentleman before me was none other than the celebrated Doctor Gabriel Landresser. He and his wife had left home on the day before, on a visit, and the storm had prevented their return. His dwelling was a private hospital, where he had a number of poor maniacs in course of curative treatment, and with those maniacs I had stopped! His hostler was the only really sane person he had left in charge of the buildings, and I afterwards learned that his hostler had been much averse to my remaining at the house, and hence his gruff manner towards me. The man who had led me from my chamber was a poor fellow who had entertained the idea that some one was seeking to murder him, and his strange monomania had a variety of phases, according to the circumstances about him. He had evidently intended to have escaped from the doctor's house with me, but the timely appearance of the hostler prevented him.

Landresser insisted that I should return with him to his house, and remain there until I had recovered the effects of my fall, and I consented. The last I heard from the lawyer was just as I mounted my horse, and that was another wild peal of laughter.

I remained with the doctor three days, and during that time I enjoyed his company much. Once I saw my companion of the night's adventure, and he did not fail to whisper earnestly in my ear that I should be murdered if I remained in the house.—The female whom I had seen was an inoffensive creature, who had suffered from religious excitement.

At length I set out once more on my mission, which I performed entirely to the satisfaction of all concerned; but I met with no more adventures, or, at any rate, with nothing equal to that "*Night's Adventure*" on the prairie of Decatur.

A REMARKABLE WATER DRINKER.—The Boston Medical Journal has an account of a man who is supposed to be the greatest drinker among men in America, if not on the globe. He is living, in excellent health, at the age of 58 years, and is in a state of perpetual thirst. The individual alluded to is Mr. James Webb, of Fairhaven, Mass. Under every aspect in which the case may be examined it is remarkable, and perhaps unparalleled in the annals of physiology. In early infancy the quantity of water he consumed was so large as to astonish those who witnessed it. A developement in size and weight of the body required a corresponding increase in the quantity of his aquatic potations. Under ordinary circumstances, three gallons of water is rather a short daily allowance for him, and it would be impossible, it seems, for him to live through the night with less than a pail-full. With this immense amount of cold water daily poured into the stomach, Mr. Webb has been in good health and spirits.

VINEYARDS IN FLORIDA.—Dr. Ricardo, of Florida, has published a long communication in the Floridian, which goes to show that that State possesses the soil and climate to make it a great wine growing country. Cotton is now the great staple crop of the wealthy planters; but the culture of the grape is recommended as a profitable employment for the great mass of the people who are poor. Dr. R. regards the State as eminently fitted for the production of Madeira, Port and Xeres wines though not for the ordinary French and German growths. In this country, where the vine is indigenous, and where we have native grapes that yield in size, flavor and proportion of sacharine matter to the grapes of no other country, it would not be strange if proper experiments should show that we had among us the fruit from which new and valuable wines might be obtained, better than could be got from any imported stock.—*Cincinnati Com.*

MOUNT WASHINGTON IN ITS GLORY.—Friday, Aug. 29, was the great day of the season on Mount Washington. The purity of the atmosphere was such, that soon after sunrise the visitors on the summit counted 160 sail of vessels on the blue Atlantic. The spires of the churches in the City of Portland, 80 or 90 miles distant, were distinctly visible; over 40 miles lakes, including Winipisseogee and Mosse Head, lay like gems of molten silver set in emerald. For years, such a day has been looked for by the managers of a coast survey, and we presume a dozen repeating observations were made from Mount Blue and other stations, with those superb instruments of Professor Bache, of which he may well be proud. From the summit of Mount Washington, a telescope sweeps the entire horizon. This point will be brought into use, ere long, by astronomical science, and this spot become the centre of scientific observation for the continent.—*State of Maine.*

SHARP SHOOTING BY A MIDSHIPMAN.—During the recent cruise of the practising ship Preble, an acting Midshipman, named Perkins, from the Annapolis Naval School, fired with a thirty-two pound shot, twice in succession, directly through the head of a barrel used as a target, at a distance of from a half to three-quarters of a mile, shivering it to atoms. The Portsmouth Transcript says the third barrel was then sent out, and the third shot fired, and at that instant the target sunk in the hollow of the sea, the ball passed through the top of the swell to the spot where the barrel was placed, and had it remained in its position an instant longer would have shared the fate of the others. Few old veterans in the service could equal that.

Mr. Goddard has arrived at the achme of æronautic achievement in Paris. He has come down in a parachute on horseback!—Two years ago to go up on horseback was a marvel. The parachute was immense, and the cords extending from its edges to the frame work that sustained the horse, were a hundred feet long. The umbrella was, by some contrivance, opened before the cord of connection with the balloon was cut in order to avoid, under the peculiar circumstances of the descent, the rapid fall that ensues till the silk unfurls. The æronaut above, his brother let him off at the height of a mile; the descent was easy and gentle.

LETTER FROM THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

A letter from Lord John Russell was recently published, addressed to Mr. Crampton, the British minister, in reply to the letter of the Hon. Edward Everett, written in December, 1852, (he being then the Secretary of State,) on the tripartite treaty proposed by England and France for the purpose of guaranteeing to Spain the possession of Cuba. Mr. Everett, it will be remembered, refused on the part of our government to enter into any such treaty, and gave his reason at length, and defined the position of the United States in regard to Cuba in his usual able and mysterious style. Lord John Russell's reply was not made public until Mr. Everett had retired from office. The latter gentleman, however, has deemed it his duty, to some extent, to answer it, and the answer, which we find in the Boston papers of Wednesday, is written in a chaste, dignified, and thorough manner.

After disposing of preliminary things as to the tone of Lord John's despatch and the length of his own letter, Mr. Everett adverts to the grounds upon which the United States rest the claim of having a paramount interest in Cuba. He then goes into a close and interesting examination of the remark made by Lord John relative to the avowal that the President could not repress the Lopez expedition. This is pressed in such a manner as to leave Lord John Russell in a melancholy plight. The same thing is done as to Lord John's lecture on American law. The manner in which this law was violated in the British orders of council, and French, Berlin, and Milan decrees, is dwelt upon and forced home in a way that must be peculiarly refreshing to Lord John in particular, and to John Bull generally. We give this portion of his admirable letter:

"Consider, too, the recent antecedents of the powers that invite us to disable ourselves to the end of time from the acquisition in any way of the natural appendage to our continent. France, within the present century, to say nothing of the acquisition of Louisiana, has wrested a moiety of Europe from its native sovereigns; has possessed herself by force of arms, and at the time greatly to the discontent of England, of six hundred miles of the northern coast of Africa, with an indefinite extension into the 'interior; and has appropriated to herself one of the most important insular groups of the Pacific. England, not to mention her other numerous recent acquisitions in every part of the globe, has, even since your despatch of the 16th of February was written, annexed half of the Burman empire to her overgrown Indian possessions, on grounds, if the statements in Mr. Cobden's pamphlet are to be relied upon, compared with which the reasons assigned by Russia for invading Turkey are respectable.

"The United States do not require to be advised of 'the utility of those rules for the observance of international relations, which for centuries have been known to Europe by the name of the law of nations.' They are known and obeyed by us under the same venerable name. Certain circumstances in our history have caused them to be studied more generally and more anxiously here than in Europe. From the breaking out of the wars of the French revolution to the year 1812 the United States knew the law of nations only as the victims of its systematic violation by the great maritime powers of Europe. For these violations on the part of England prior to 1794 indemnification was made under the seventh article of Jay's treaty. For similar injuries on the part of France, we were compelled to accept an illusory set off under the convention of 1800. A few years only elapsed, before a new warfare upon our neutral rights was commenced by the two powers. One hundred millions at least of American property were swept from the seas, under the British orders in council and the French, Berlin and Milan decrees.—These orders and decrees were at the time reciprocally declared to be in contravention of the law of nations by the two powers themselves, each speaking of the measures of the other party. In 1831, after the generation of the original sufferers had sunk under their ruined fortunes to the grave, France acknowledged her decrees to have been of that character by a late and partial measure of indemnification. For our enormous losses under the British orders in council, we not only never received indemnification, but the sacrifices and sufferings of war were added to those spoliations on our commerce and invasion of our neutral rights which led to its declaration. Those orders were at the time regarded by the Lansdownes, the Barings, the Broughams and the other enlightened statesmen of the school to which you belong, as a violation of right and justice as well of sound policy; and within a very few years the present distinguished lord chief justice, placed by yourself at the head of the tribunals of England, has declared that 'the orders in council were grievously unjust to neutrals, and *it is now generally allowed, that they were contrary to the law of nations and our own municipal law!*'

"That I call, my Lord, to borrow your expression, 'a melancholy avowal' for the chief of the jurisprudence of a great empire. Acts of its sovereign authority, countenanced by its parliament, rigidly executed by its fleets on every sea, enforced in the courts of admiralty by a magistrate whose learning and eloquence are among the modern glories of England, persisted in till the lawful commerce of a neutral and kindred nation was annihilated and pronounced by the highest legal authority of the present day contrary not merely to the law of nations but your own municipal law!

"Under these circumstances the government and people of the United States, who have never committed or sanctioned a violation of the law of nations against any other power, may well think it out of place, that they should be instructed by an English minister in the utility of those rules which for centuries have been known to Europe by the name of the law of nations.'"

In conclusion, Mr. Everett says:

"As an American citizen, I do not covet the acquisition of Cuba, either peaceably or by force of arms. When I cast my thoughts back upon our brief history as a nation, I certainly am not led to think, that the United States have reached the final limits of their growth, or what comes to very much the same thing, that representative government, religious equality, the trial by jury, the freedom of the press, and the other great attributes of our Anglo-Norman civilization are never to gain a farther extension on this continent. I regard the inquiry under what political organization this extension is to take place, as a vain attempt to penetrate the inscrutable mysteries of the future. It will, if we are wise, be under the guidance of our example; I hope it will be in virtue of the peaceful arts, by which well-governed States extend themselves over unsettled or partially settled continents. My voice was heard at the first opportunity in the Senate of the United States, in favor of developing the almost boundless resources of the territory already in our possession, rather than seeking to enlarge it by aggressive wars. Still I cannot think it reasonable—hardly respectful—on the part of England and France, while they are daily extending themselves on every shore and in every sea, and pushing their dominions, by new conquests, to the uttermost ends of the earth, to call upon the United States to bind themselves by a perpetual compact, never, under any circumstances, to admit into the Union an island which lies at their doors, and commands the entrance into the interior of their continent."

From the Baltimore Patriot.

THE NEXT ELECTION IN MARYLAND.—This is to take place on the first Wednesday (the 2d) of November next, when a Governor, members of the Legislature, and other State officers, and members of Congress are to be chosen. The election, is, therefore, in every way, important, and every voter should take it home to his heart as involving a duty which demands of him the faithful and discriminating exercise of the right of elective franchise that belongs to him as a citizen of the State.

The great duty which the Constitution devolves upon the citizens, in the selection of the men who are to be charged with the administration of the government of the State, is to vote—and to do this with reference only to the public good. The time is now approaching when this duty is to be performed—and is there a man entitled to the exercise of the elective franchise who will not vote? We trust not, we must believe not, because, if for no other reason, there is that in the character and qualifications of the candidate for Governor, nominated by the Whig State Convention, which should and we therefore must believe will, awaken an enthusiasm in his behalf that ought to make all voters proud of the opportunity of voting for him.

And every Whig in the State will vote! We say it with confidence; we announce it with pride, as evidence that the whigs of Maryland are worthy of the great cause, with which their party name associates them; and we record it with heartfelt pleasure as leaving no room for doubt that Richard J. Bowie, of Montgomery county, is to be the next Governor of Maryland.

The responsibility, Whigs of Maryland, of seeing that this confidence is not disappointed, is upon you. "A full vote and a fair vote, is certain to bring a Whig victory," is an adage which time and every election has demonstrated to be true. See to it, then, that, at the election next November, no Whig will have to reproach himself with having failed to vote, and the government of the State of Maryland, executive and legislative, will then pass to the care of Whigs, *who know their duty, and will do it.*

MR. WALKER'S CHINA SPECULATION.—If all reports are true, the best financial operation of that distinguished political economist, Robert J. Walker, has been his acceptance to the mission to China. We all know with what reluctance he abandoned, to use the language of the Washington Union, "his well known preference for private life," to accept the mission. His labors, since its acceptance, have been of the same enormous nature as those of his previous State services, and this last sacrifice must give him a new title to the gratitude of the republic. The report is that he has received his outfit—some $9,000—and as he obtains a modest compensation in money for the heavy personal sacrifices he has made and the great service he has rendered. But this is small pay for the honor done to the country by Robert J. Walker, in consenting and then declining to be minister to China, and even though he did not go on the mission, he deserves some further testimonial from the nation for the immense condescension of permitting his name to be associated with it. We would, therefore, suggest that the President re-appoint him to the mission. This would give him an opportunity of delicately receiving a double outfit, and then retiring a second time on account of ill health.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

BOSTON, Sept. 22.

Convention of National Democrats.—The State Convention of National Democrats who repudiates all coalition with free soilers met here to-day. The strongest feeling was manifested against the coalition.—Bradford L. Wales was nominated for Governor, and George Osborne for Lt. Governor. Hon. Caleb Cushing was denounced as a free soil renegade whig, and after three cheers for the New York Hunkers, and three more for the State ticket, the Convention adjourned.

The whole amount subscribed towards the Clay Monument in St. Louis is $12,600.

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