Montgomery County Sentinel.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance. — DEVOTED TO PARTY, NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. — Two Dollars, if paid at the end of the year.

By M. Fields. — ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1860. — Vol. V.—No. 23.

THE SENTINEL

Is published every Friday morning at **One Dollar and Fifty Cents** per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing, or Two Dollars if not paid until the expiration of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted at the rate of one dollar per square for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Twelve lines to constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked upon them, they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

☞ COMMUNICATIONS, the effect of which is to promote private interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of fifty cents per square. All communications must be accompanied with the author's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.

☞ Advertisements for Companies or Associations of any kind, deffominational, charitable or otherwise, are in all cases to be paid for at the usual rates; and obituary notices or eulogies in addition to the announcement, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents per square.

☞ OFFICE, in the house on the south-west corner of the Square, lately occupied by WM. SAGE.

COUNTY ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONTGOMERY HOUSE,

Rockville, Maryland.

JARRETT ALMONEY, Proprietor,

RETURNS HIS THANKS to the public for the very liberal patronage extended to him during the past year, and hopes by a strict and faithful attention to the comfort and wants of his guests, to merit and receive a continuation of the same. His TABLE, as usual, will be supplied with the best substantials and choicest delicacies; his BAR with pure liquor, of the most approved brands; and his Sleeping Rooms with clean and comfortable beds.

Polite and attentive servants are always ready to obey the orders of his guests. A trusty and careful Ostler is employed in his Stables who "the wearied and jaded animal is well cared for."

He keeps a "way for hire at moderate prices, HORSES, CARRIAGES & BUGGIES.

July 8 — JARRETT ALMONEY.

Tin Plate and Sheet Iron MANUFACTORY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having fixed permanently in ROCKVILLE, would most respectfully inform the citizens of Montgomery co. that he is about to commence the Tin Plate and Sheet Iron Manufacturing business, in the above place, opposite the Law Office of W. V. Bowie, Esq.

He is prepared to furnish and put up Spouting Roofing, &c. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware of all kinds on hand. STOVES of all kinds repaired and put in complete order.

Lightning Rods furnished, and put up in the best manner.

All work done in a workmanlike manner and warranted.

By strict attention to business and a desire to please, he hopes to merit a share of the public patronage.

ROBERT H. G. ROBINS.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention. — oct 8-y

CARPENTERING & UNDERTAKING.

THE citizens of Rockville, and the public generally, are informed that the undersigned still carries on the above business, at his old stand in Rockville, nearly opposite the Methodist Parsonage, in all its branches.

He will attend to all work pertaining to the CARPENTERING and HOUSE-JOINING Business, which he guarantees to be done in the best manner, and most fashionable style, and on terms that cannot fail to please.

Having furnished himself with a new Hearse, and the best materials for manufacturing COFFINS, he will attend to Funerals in any part of the county.

He returns his thanks for the patronage heretofore extended, and humbly asks a continuance, pledging himself that nothing on his part shall be left undone to render satisfaction.

feb. 26—1y — WM. E. PIMPHREY.

SADDLE & HARNESS MAKING.

THE subscriber takes this method of returning his thanks to the citizens of Medley's District, and the public generally, for the liberal patronage extended to him since his location in Poolesville, and most respectfully informs them that he still carries on at his old stand, and intends so to do, the SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKING BUSINESS, in all its various branches.

Having procured a first-rate Saddle Hand from Baltimore, he is now prepared to manufacture to order SADDLES, BRIDLES and HARNESS, in the most durable and fashionable styles, and on terms as favorable as they can be procured in any establishment in or out of the State. All kinds of REPAIRING done with neatness and dispatch.

EDWARD HOSKINSON.

feb. 26—2m — Poolesville, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE subscriber, respectfully informs the citizens of Montgomery county and the public generally, that he still continues to carry on, in Brookville, the BLACKSMITHING BUSINESS, in all its various branches.

He is prepared to do HORSE-SHOEING, CARRIAGE WORK, REPAIR REAPERS, and all other work in his line, with neatness, durability and despatch.

All persons in favor of encouraging home industry, will please call on the undersigned, and they will be attended to.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore bestowed, he solicits a continuance of the same.

jan 27—tf — WM. H. GITTINGS.

Bonnets! Bonnets!! Bonnets!!!

JUST RECEIVED a fresh supply of BONNETS, BONNET RIBBONS, ROUCHES &c. of the latest style, very handsome and cheap.

Mar 21 — WILLIAM HADDOCK.

Poetry.

THE DYING YEAR.

From the old woods, dim and lonely,
Comes a moan;
There the winds are sighing only,
"Summer's gone!"
All the bright and sunny hours,
And the green and leafy bowers,
With the Summer's latest flowers,
Are faded now
And the brow
Of the waning year
Has been twined with dying leaves;
And the gathering of the sheaves
Tells us Autumn's here.

Now the winds go loudly moaning
Through the vales;
And the forest trees are groaning
Mournful tales
Of decays that swiftly gather,
Of the coming wintry weather,
Of the snows that, like a feather,
Soon will fall;
And the call
Of Death is sighing
Over all the rippling streams;
And the Summer's lingering gleams
Are sadly dying.

'Tis the waning, waning twilight
Of the year
That lovers now, all strangely bright,
Round us here
And soon the year will pass away,
Like the light of an Autumn day,
Adown old Winter's dim high way
To its tomb;
And the gloom
Of the Silent Land
Will rest on the bright years flown;
And the winds of Time will moan
O'er the dreamless land.

Selected Miscellany.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

An Incident of the Gambling Table.

In 1846 there lived in a small interior town of one of the New England States two brothers by the name of Faulkner. They were both some years past their majority, were unmarried, and in circumstances but little removed from poverty. The Mexican war breaking out in this year, John Faulkner, the elder of the two, who was of a more adventurous turn of mind than his younger and more studious brother, enlisted for the battle-fields of Mexico, hoping to carve his way through the world, as many a soldier of fortune had done before him. John wrote one indefinite letter from Mexico home to his brother Morton, but this was the last knowledge the latter received of the former's whereabouts, whether dead or alive, until both brothers found each other, as the sequel will show, in a strange land, under a combination of circumstances so thrilling as to appear as strange as fiction itself.

Shortly after the departure of his brother John, Morton Faulkner began the mercantile business on a small but apparently secure capital. But some unfortunate mismanagement brought adversity anew, and though Morton was an enterprising and economical young man, yet in the course of two or three years he found himself a bankrupt.

About this time the California gold fever began to rage, and the excitement concerning the El Dorado of the Pacific shore was probably of a character more intense and lasting than at any period, or on any other occasion in the history of the past. The tide of emigration had been pouring into California by sea and land for almost a year, when Morton Faulkner determined to turn gold-hunter, and to exchange the quiet of a New England country village for the bustling camp life of the valley of the Sacramento.

* * * * * * *

It was a soft balmy evening in May, 1850, that Morton Faulkner, plainly but neatly clad, wandered vacantly up —— street in San Francisco. Having landed some months previous, he had repaired immediately to the upper mining regions, but his industrious efforts, as with many others, were but partially successful.—Like many others, too, he was now a weary, home-sick adventurer, and like many such, the desire to try his hand at "cards" entered his breast.

The blood coursed hotly through his veins as he stopped in front of a massive stone building, covering half the block. In one of the upper stories a band of music, by its delicious airs, enticed the home-sick wanderer to the gorgeous and luring interior of one of the many palaces of Satan—the gambling "hells" of San Francisco. Here Morton halted and hesitated. Should he go in? Conscience said no. He had taught himself in days gone by to detest the alluring but destructive practice. Yet, the temptation was strong—too strong at least for the weary, discouraged adventurer.

"I have more than a hundred dollars in gold dust in my pocket," muttered he to himself as he stood on the steps, "yet this will last me a very short time, and I must make good use of it. Yes, I'll try my luck!" and he ascended the steps.

A waiter at the door politely led the way for the young man, and ere long he entered the main hall. A magnificent bar room was at one end. From this a door led into the saloon, where cards held the dominion. Two long rows of tables occupied the entire length of the hall. Almost every one was surrounded by players. Faulkner looked around, for a moment confused. He had never before been in a gaming saloon. But he was scarcely noticed. All were too intent on the cards, and the piles of gold dust, bank bills and coin lying on each table, were objects abstracting interest from all else. Assuming an air of perfect freedom, Morton stepped up to the table where there was a faro bank. A tall man, of dark complexion, and with jet black hair and whiskers, dealt the cards. Morton knew something about the game, and after looking on a short time, he asked:

"Is this game open to all?"

"Certainly," said the dealer, "would you like to stake on a card?"

"I will, presently," replied Faulkner.

"Make your game, gentlemen. Stake your card," said the dealer, in a patronizing way, looking at Faulkner. The latter pulled out a small buckskin purse, containing about a hundred dollars in dust, and handing it to the dealer, said:

"Give me coin for that, if you please." The dealer weighed the dust in a pair of small delicate scales, marked to the eighth of an ounce, and soon handed the equivalent back to Morton in gold coin.

"My card," said the latter, putting a five dollar gold piece on one of the low cards.

"Lost!" replied the dealer, when he had thrown out the cards. Faulkner changed the card to a king. It was lost again. Ten dollars of his money were given into the hands of the dealer.—Morton, not the least disheartened, now changed his card again, and this time on a jack. He won. He placed his money on the queen, and won again.

"Luck favors me. I had better continue the card," thought Morton, as he took up the money. He continued betting alternately on the queen and jack, and, to the astonishment of all, he still won.

"Fortune favors you somewhat tonight," said the dealer, smiling calmly. Faulkner smiled but did not speak, and the game continued, he still betting as before. His winning now amounted—the money staked on the cards being doubled at every throw—to five hundred dollars. The other players gradually deserted the table, fortune having deserted them, and pretty soon the dealer and Faulkner were the only players left. But the success of the latter began now to vary, though it did not entirely cease. He would lose and win alternately for some little time, and then success would set in again.

After four or five hours' play, and when it was near morning, the dealer and Morton parted, the latter a thousand dollars richer than when he entered. The whole of this had been virtually won by Morton in the first hour's play. As we have said, the game afterwards varied. It was not the policy of the cunning faro dealer to let the young man win more than that.

"You will come again to-morrow night, I hope," said the dealer, looking up from the table as Faulkner was preparing to go.

"I think I shall have to try my luck again, may be to-morrow night," replied Faulkner, as he left the saloon.

The next night found Faulkner again at the gaming table, though he had tried hard to resist the temptation. The faro dealer gave him a hearty welcome. With some of his winnings, Morton had bought a suit of the best clothes to be found in the city, and that evening appeared at the bar of the saloon dressed much better than when he had entered it the night before.

He was soon engaged in the all absorbing game. For awhile luck attended on him, and he won successively on a single card. But at last he staked a hundred dollars on an ace and lost. He staked on the same card and lost again! The dealer smiled and said in a bland tone, "Better luck next time." Morton thought it was doubtful, and began to stake cautiously. Again and again he lost, bet on what card he might. He became reckless, and tenaciously doubled the bet on a loosing card! He lost again! Before midnight he arose—a deadly pallor on his features. He lost his last cent.

"Oh, cursed fate!" he cried, "that I should have entered this place! What shall I do? Money all gone! No friend! Oh, that I had never been born!" and he dashed his hat wildly upon the floor. The dealer attempted to console him, telling him bad luck at some times was the fate of all.

The young man tottered to a chair.—He sat down and throwing his arms on the table hid his throbbing head in his hands and surrendered himself to a train of miserable and unhappy thoughts, which came fast crowding into his memory.

In the meanwhile, the dealer picked up the hat which Morton in the intensity of his bitter feelings had dashed to the floor. As the gambler was about setting the hat down on the table, something in it arrested his attention. He held it up to the light and gazed long into the crown. There on a slight strip of black silk pasted in the interior of the hat, in red letters, was a name familiar to the hardened but not heartless gambler, a name which caused his countenance to change, and his lips to quiver. That name was Morton Faulkner. It riveted the gaze of the dealer.

"Why live a life ever baffled in all its designs as mine! Better to die!" muttered Morton, in a somewhat calmer manner, as he arose with shaking limbs from the chair.

"Young man, is the name in this hat your own?" said the dealer, advancing in front of him. He dropped the hat and exclaimed:

"Can it be! Heavens! My brother!"

"John Faulkner! How changed! My God! why are we here!" and the younger brother, overcome with emotion, sank down insensible in his chair. They had recognized each other, though while playing neither had dreamed who the other was. Both were too full for utterance. The elder brother ran to the saloon bar, and seizing a glass of water, threw it in Morton's face.

"God be thanked," muttered Morton, as he recovered from the swoon, "I have found my long-lost brother! We meet again, John!"

The two brothers, thus so mysteriously brought together, had not known the whereabouts of each other for four years. Thoughts of suicide had entered the almost distracted mind of the younger brother, when the timely and fortunate discovery took place.

From that time neither John nor Morton had aught to do with the gaming table, and the former immediately gave up the unholy calling, and generously divided his capital with his brother.

Both are now two of the most respectable citizens of ——County, California, and one has already served in the Legislature of the Golden State.

A Miracle in Washington--Mr. Buchanan a Witness.

Dr. T. I. Nichols, formerly of New York, and of late years a proselyte to the Roman Catholic faith, gives the following account of what he pronounces a miraculous cure, of which Mr. Buchanan was a witness, in Washington. It is related in a lecture delivered in Troy on the evening of December 7th:

"The Church of Christ was founded in the world by the aid of miracles or manifestations of a supernatural character. These miracles were wrought by our Lord, and he promised that they who followed him should do even greater deeds. When did they cease? The Protestants say with the Apostles, but every Catholic knows that miracles have continued down to the present hour.—They know that every age of the Church has been marked by these manifestations—that the blind have been made to see, the deaf to hear—that lepers have been cured, and the dead raised from their graves, down to our own era. Such things have taken place in this country, and numerous instances well authenticated, supported by the best of proof, may be quoted to show the correctness of this statement. I will only relate a near instance to which the power and influence of these supernatural manifestations were remarkably exhibited.

"A few years ago there lived in the city of Washington a Mrs. Mattingly, a devout Catholic, of a very respectable family, and a lady well known in the community in which she resided. She had been sick for seven years of a cancer of the stomach, which had progressed so far as to make its appearance on the surface, and had entirely crippled her in her arms. She was so weak and low of the disease that often a mirror was placed before her face to see whether she was dead or not. Her disease was considered incurable by her medical attendants in Washington, and she was given over to die. When there was no other hope, her friends wrote to a Hungarian prince, who was also a priest, a very devout and holy man, whose prayers had often been answered in his own country, and the fame of whose deeds had spread far and wide, in respect to her case. He replied that on a certain day, at a certain hour, he would say mass in behalf of the sufferer, which should be celebrated in her presence at the same time, calculating the difference in longitude, and that she would also receive the holy communion. The period fixed upon arrived. She lay in bed, and it appeared that she was never so low as on that morning. The ceremony was performed and she received the holy communion, although it was at first doubted whether she could survive it. In a moment after it was completed she arose from her bed, returned thanks, went down stairs and received the congratulations of over three hundred visitors who came to rejoice over the recovery. All symptoms of disease had vanished, the ulcers had disappeared, and the cure was effected instantly. Among those present on that occasion was President Buchanan. The lady died in Washington three or four years ago. I could mention other cases as occurring in this country, but this one is sufficient for my purpose. I bring it forward as an attestation to the divine character of the Roman Catholic Church."

THE UNFERMENTED BREAD.—There can be no doubt that the newly discovered aerated bread will prove a blessing to many whose stomachs could not digest the ordinary bread raised by fermentation. It is now being regularly made and sold in London, and is eagerly sought after by a large class of people to whom fermented bread had been prohibited by doctors. The process of making the bread consists in forcing ready-prepared carbonic acid, by means of suitable machinery, into the water with which the dough is prepared, then mixing the flour, water, and salt together, in a highly-condensed atmosphere. From the mixing apparatus the dough is received into baking pans, and passed into the ovens, without being touched by the hands. By this means the consistency of the flour is left both unchanged and uncontaminated—the loaf being accordingly absolutely pure bread. There is absolute economy in this method of raising the bread, as it is certain that the process of fermentation destroys parts of the substance of the flour—first the sugar, then the starch, to furnish oxygene to furnish more sugar to be composed into carbonic acid gas and alcohol.—*Artizan.*

☞ 9,013 lbs. of water consists of 1,000 lbs. of hydrogen and 8,013 lbs. of oxygen.

SAVE THE UNION.

We fear the domestic evils that now distract our country are giving cause for joy to all the enemies of rational freedom in the world. The time was when a voice for disunion would have almost endangered the life of him who uttered it; at all events, his political influence would have been totally lost. Now, thousands of voices, North and South, speak of it as a probability, and not a few as something to be desired. Such parties have certainly not calculated the inestimable advantages derived from this Union of States, nor the years, perhaps the ages of horrors that would follow its dissolution. It may be considered certain, that dissolution and civil war would go, or rather come, together. Can any mortal than foresee the day when any compensation would be rendered to any parties, North or South, victorious or conquered, for the evils that would be inflicted before a new order would be established? When or where could one look for the establishment of a new order? When the North and South drawn under distinctive political platforms, with the animosities between the adjoining States strongly prejudiced against each other, without any common centre of authority without any common and supreme judiciary, without any common legislative body, be less than they are with these conservative influences in full operation? No sound man can believe it. Aggression and retribution would be infinitely multiplied; both parties would have to keep up great standing armies, harrassing each other in war, and exhausting and exasperating their own people in peace.

"Whom the Gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." Perhaps it were better to say God destroys those, who of their own will, become mad. There is no real difficulty in the way of our national amity. If Slavery be a crime, let him who thinks so keep his hands free from it; let him say before God and man that he will have no part in it. If a slave-owner, let him emancipate his bond-people, and bid them go and prosper; his sacrifice for conscience sake, would do him honor, and perhaps would bring upon him and his the benedictions of heaven. We say, perhaps, for it is even possible that he might be doing a wrong. Circumstances might make it such. In Virginia, there is a law that no man shall free a slave after the age of forty-five years. This is a humane law, and, we believe, a conditional one. It is obvious why it is a humane provision, that a master cannot unconditionally free a slave in his declining years. The slave of forty-five in the South is approaching the age when he becomes a pensioner.—There are thousands of elderly negro men and women in the South, who do no hard labor, and many no labor at all, for their masters, and yet who expect and receive from them adequate support. These poor creatures would owe little gratitude to their masters to free them for an old age of drudgery, sending perhaps in destitution, or absolute starvation. Without law, a bad master might free his slaves under conditions that would induce a good master to hold them for their own advantage.

The slave-holder and the non-slave-holder have, respectively, under our existing constitution, liberty of conscience and liberty of action, but neither has any right of aggression. This simple reflexion is enough to keep the peace among us forever. The South does not ask of the North to approve of slavery, does not even ask any of her own denizens to approve of it. Every man who has traveled through the South, has heard the free expression of southern sentiment in regard to slavery. It is generally spoken of as an inherited evil, not a crime, however, that must be borne until such time as the people concerned can manage without violence, or shock, to rid themselves of it. This sentiment may be in abeyance during the present excitement, but it exists, nevertheless, and in the end, if not thwarted by outside intermeddling or violence, will do more to solve a most difficult problem, than can possibly be effected by exterior influences. The raving violence of the North is most injurious to all the interests and hopes of the slave. It makes the laws more stringent against him; it makes the master more severe. The South will neither be driven nor led in this matter; she will judge and act for herself, be the issue what it may. We are not speaking as partisans, but as observers. It is evident to us that outside pressure can do nothing for the slave, but that it can, and does, do much against him.

It is madness, or worse than madness, for outsiders to attempt to put down the institution of slavery in the Southern States. As well said by a distinguished son of Massachusetts at a late great Union meeting in Boston, none of the agitators in any quarter have suggested any rational disposition of the slave question beyond the immediate act of releasing the slaves, *per fas aut nefas*, from bondage. What would become of this four millions of freedmen suddenly emancipated? How would they be distributed, and what kind of relations would they bear with the white race?—Would they become industrious, meritorious citizens, or would they get to swell the rank and file of paupers and the thriftless and vicious classes, getting already too numerous over the land? What would become of the cotton and sugar interests? Are the free negroes as a body in this country and in the West Indies, in a better condition than the slaves as a body?

These are questions that should be well considered, not only by every lover of his country, but by those who assume to be eminently the friends of the negroes. If these persons are determined to effect the abolition of slavery, or the dissolution of the Union, they, with all their indifference to the means, should look to the end. If the Union is dissolved, slavery will not thereby be abolished, but the finest country in the world may "bid a long farewell to all its greatness." What a day of rejoicing for tyrants!

"*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" Are the American people now under the madness that presages destruction? We do not believe it. The ravings of fanaticism and ultraism may be heard from all quarters, but there is also some conservatism, some common sense in all quarters. Are not all the master spirits in the Northern States rallying around the banner of the Union? Why, before Northern fanaticism can vent its wrath, *in deeds*, upon the South, it will have to walk over the dead bodies of the best and the bravest men who dwell within its sectional confines.

Of all men, we upon the borders are bound to cling most resolutely to the Union. In Maryland and Virginia and Pennsylvania, we cannot raise fratricidal hands against each other. We are allied by too many bonds, of business, amity, common interests, and blood, to meet in strife. Others north and south, would make our fair fields their battle-grounds, and win who might, we would always be losers. Our cry, before that of all other men, must be, THE UNION FOREVER!

If fanatics and madmen will cross our borders, with evil intent, bringing fire and sword under the Union, they would do it to a much greater extent without any Union. North, South, and Middle Ground, East and West, are safer, stronger and happier, under the folds of the National flag than any portion could ever be with a remnant of it, with half a dozen stars sadly replacing our present glorious galaxy.

With such men as Henry A. Wise at the head of a border State, at once equally bold, resolute, generous and humane, while our flag is whole, hostile irruptions will be rare, and their results not encouraging for future efforts of the same kind. The peace can be kept better with the Union than without it, as let us one and all adhere to it FOREVER.

—[*Catholic Mirror.*]

SENATOR BIGLER ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

The following extracts from a patriotic letter written by Senator Bigler to a friend in Philadelphia have found their way into print:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 19, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: * * * You have my thanks for a copy of the proceedings of the great Union meeting held at Jayne's Hall on the 7th instant. I have read them through with emotions of delight. How gladly I should have participated in them, but I could not. Nothing could have been more befitting than the enunciation of such patriotic sentiments, in defence of the Constitution and Union, so near the sacred spot where both were formed. It was opening the fire on fanatics and traitors, from the right battery, and I hope this assault on them may be followed up by other Northern communities until the demon of sectionalism is driven from the land.

You can hardly imagine how the manifestations of sympathy with that wretched man Brown, have wounded and imbittered the feelings of Southern men. They are heartily disgusted with such exhibitions of a depraved popular taste, and I think justly so. Brown, by the showing of his own party organ, in Kansas, the Herald of Freedom, was a man of infamous practices; one who sowed dissensions amongst his neighbors—who counselled disobedience to law, and resistance to its officers; who advised the use of the rifle, the revolver and the bowie-knife, rather than the ballot-box, in the settlement of political differences; who, more than once, participated in the murder of white men and the larceny of negroes and horses—who, in 1857, solemnly pledged himself with others to take life just so often as might be necessary to prevent any man holding office under the Lecompton Constitution, in case of its acceptance by Congress; and who, as we all know, afterwards devoted months of his time in collecting together the most brutal implements of warfare with which the slaves, not familiar with fire-arms, were to murder their masters and mistresses, in case he succeeded in raising an insurrection in Virginia, and that he did actually commence the work of blood and carnage at Harper's Ferry; and yet, to the disgrace of the country it must be confessed that when this man, thus steeped in crime, is brought to justice, men are found in one part of the Union, and many of them, to rise up and bewail his fate, and claim him as a martyr to freedom. Even the pulpit has been desecrated to this work; and all this because Brown was making war against institution common to fifteen of the sovereign States of the Union, which it is admittedly their constitutional right to have and enjoy in peace. Had Brown's crimes had no connection with slavery, who does not know that Phillips and Cheever and Wright and Smith would have turned from him with loathing and disgust. But it is said Brown was crazy about slavery. I do not believe that; but if it were so, it is no reason whole communities should become crazy about Brown.

As to the Helper book to which you refer, I have not read it through; but if the Compendium be a fair reflex of its contents, I have no hesitation in saying that it is the most vicious political work ever issued from the American press, calculated, if not intended, to do infinite mischief to our institutions. It is bad enough that men of ability and position in the country should seek to engender strife between the States for partisan ends; but this man Helper, as though instigated by the flesh and the devil, goes deliberately about the work of establishing different classes of citizens within the same State, and advising them to war on each other. He advises the non-slaveholding citizen to suspend all intercourse, social and commercial, with his neighbors who hold slaves, and to treat him with disgust and indignity, thus begetting jealousy and hate among those who should be friends, and poisoning the very sources of social fraternity. To what viler end could any man devote himself? Nor will it do for the sixty-eight Republican members of Congress who endorsed the compendium to this book to say that they did it without being aware of its contents. They must come out and discard its doctrines *in toto*, if they would make amends for the mischief done to the peace of the country.—But I fear they will not all do so, for many of them owe their political prominence to the favor of political abolitionists.

As I said before, I am delighted with the proceedings of the meeting in your city, but, my dear Sir, all the meetings of the kind that are likely to assemble will not give peace to the country, so long as a great party in the North, like the Republican, goes to gain control of the government on a sectional organization, and by maintaining doctrines and issues in derogation of the rights of the Southern States, and offensive to their pride, as co-equal members of the confederacy. Mr. Seward's "irrepressible conflict," for the mastery, between the free and slave States, must be discarded and denounced and more, so much of the last Republican platform as raises negro slavery a relic of barbarism as base as Mormonism, must also be abandoned. What could be more offensive than this similitude? An institution common to the South formally arraigned by a party seeking to gain the government as a barbarism and, of course, as much a crime as Mormonism, and the people of the United States are asked to endorse that sentiment at the polls—to adjudge that the citizens of fifteen States are criminals; and yet, the representatives of this party in Congress say they have no connection with or sympathy for the Abolition party in the North. This is absurd so long as they maintain such doctrine they must sympathize with the Abolitionists, and the Abolitionists with them; and how could they hold any institution to be a barbarism and a crime and then say they do not intend to assail it everywhere. The truth is, we people of the North must mind our own business. We have no connection with slavery, no duties to perform about it, no rights at stake, no responsibilities to bear, except to do what the Constitution enjoins about the rendition of fugitive slaves.

All that is necessary is to take the Constitution as a guide and recognize no issue in conflict with that instrument; this done, and the free States are separated from the slavery question entirely, and peace will be restored to the whole country, except the croaking of a feeble band of disunionists at the South, who are not likely to gain power enough to do harm. * * * *

Very truly, your ob't servant,

WM. BIGLER.

HINTON R. HELPER.—It will be recollected that this individual was exposed during the last session of Congress by Judge Biggs. Not liking the truthful picture which had been drawn of him, and supposing that Judge Biggs had obtained his information from Hon. Barton Craige, Helper made a dastardly attack upon the latter gentleman, but came out second best from the contest. It was incontestably shown by Judge Biggs that Helper's conduct while in Salisbury was such as to cause him to take his departure unceremoniously—having purloined money from his employer and given other evidence of his want of principle. After having covered himself with infamy—a fugitive from justice and a disgrace to the soil that gave him birth, it is no wonder that he should turn traitor to the South and join the fanatical horde of abolitionists who are making inflammatory appeals against our rights and institutions. Notwithstanding it is known that this man Helper is a bankrupt in character and utterly destitute of every gentlemanly principle, yet the anti-slavery men at the North welcome him in their midst, and receive him at their family firesides upon terms of equality.

—[*Portland (N. C.) Lecture Room.*]

ARTESIAN WELLS.—The Artesian well, at Columbus, Ohio, has reached a depth of over two thousand feet, with a prospect of a vein striking a subterranean stream.

The well is now the deepest in the United States, and, with one exception, the deepest in the world. The following are the depths of the four principal holes in the ground:

Well at Columbus, O.	2,328 feet.
Well at Louisville, Ky.	2,086 feet.
Well at St. Louis, Mo.	2,199 feet.
Well at Letzberg, Germany,	2,386 feet.

☞ The best shield against slanders is to live so that none may believe them.