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A Selected Tale.

From the Saturday Budget,
JENNY BIRCH;

OR THE RESCUE!

A Tale of Revolutionary Times.

BY ARTHUR S. BAKER.

CHAPTER I.—THE ATTACK.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon, in July, 1776, and the inhabitants of R— had assembled for divine worship. It is necessary that we should refer our readers back that they may know the existing state of things in R— at the time of the commencement of our story.

The war had been waging with great fury, and the little settlement of R— had not been exempt from the ravages of the ruthless savages in the employ of the British. Numerous attacks had been made, and several of the inhabitants had been killed; but all at a general surprise and massacre had failed as from the superior skill of the brave settlers of R— they were enabled to encounter the Indians in their own mode of warfare, and were always on their guard.

Having failed in all attempts to surprise the settlement, the Indians suddenly disappeared—probably in search of easier prey. But there was one among them, a young chief, who was still determined to accomplish the object, and he had greater inducements than plunder—revenge!

Ondega, the chief, loved—but with the wild love of a savage—the "brightest and best" flower that bloomed in the pretty valley of R—. Before the war he had endeavored to gain the maiden's consent to become his bride, and be the mistress of his forest home. But the lovely Jenny Birch had smiled at his vivid and glowing representations of happiness, and endeavored to teach him that a white maiden could never be happy in such a situation. But he still persevered, and she at last refused him kindly and decidedly.

Ondega's love was now transformed into a bitter hatred, and with vows of revenge he disappeared from the settlement, and nothing more was heard of him till the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, when news was brought by some of the settlers that Ondega was one of the leaders of the Indians that were continually ravaging the surrounding country, and had led one of the parties that at one time attacked the settlement and were repulsed.

When this was communicated to Jenny Birch, she was very much alarmed, for she remembered the threats of Ondega at parting, and rightly guessed that he was now endeavoring to carry the threat into execution; but, on her making known her fears to the settlers, she was assured that no hand should harm her as long as there was a man in R— that could raise a rifle.

Among the most earnest in their efforts to quiet her fears was Edwin Pierson, a young man, just one year the senior of Jenny—twenty. He was noble-hearted, handsome, intelligent, brave, and acknowledged as the best marksman in the settlement. There was a similarity of sentiment between Edwin and Jenny, and they were always happy when in each others company.

As we have said before, all the Indians had left the vicinity of R— but Ondega and his followers. He had resolved to take advantage of the fact of the settlers somewhat relaxing their watchfulness, in consequence of the apparent vacillation of the country by the Indians, to make a last and desperate effort for revenge. All his plans were matured, and he was ready to strike the blow that, if successful, would send sorrow to so many hearts.

Nearly a week before the opening of our story, a large number of the most experienced and hardy settlers had left the settlement to go to another portion of the country to aid in the battles for liberty. Little did they know how much their services were needed at home!

All the settlers in the village at the time were assembled in the church on the Sabbath. Not one, old or young, but was present. It was the first time for a long while that the privilege was theirs to hear the word of God spoken to them, and they had assembled to thank kind Providence, for preserving their lives amid surrounding dangers.

Jenny Birch and her parents were there, and also the parents of Edwin Pierson; but Edwin was not there! He had accompanied the party that had left the settlement.

The structure where the services were held was a substantial log building, and for safety from attack, the windows were placed high from the ground and furnished with heavy oak shutters which were controlled from the interior of the building. The roof was covered with a species of slate. The building had been made as a place of refuge in times of danger, hence the peculiarity. Now to return: The services had commenced, and the congregation had just finished singing the morning hymn, when the shrill war whoop started them all to their feet, and at the same moment the large oak door was thrown open, and an Indian with uplifted tomahawk, sprang into the church and close behind him followed scores of painted warriors with the deafening war whoop still on their lips.

Mr. Birch was seated behind the door and as the Indian sprang past him, with the speed of thought he leaped upon him and pinioned his arms behind him. The next moment, ere the remainder of the savages could follow, the strong arms of one of the settlers had forced

the door shut, and notwithstanding the furious onset made by the savages, he with the aid of one or two others, succeeded in effectually barring the door, and all sprang to their arms.

CHAPTER II.—THE RESCUE.

"Strange scenes will often follow an abrupt surprise." After a short but fierce struggle, Mr. Birch succeeded in securing the savage who had entered, and now the stubborn captive lay panting on the floor. All was confusion among the women and children; but in a few moments, by a little effort on the part of the pastor quiet was restored.

The Indian captive was placed in a safe place, and measures were taken by the settlers to render their defence more secure. They were well armed, all having taken their weapons to the church with them, and there was a store of ammunition and provisions in a vault beneath the church.

The savages, after having been defeated in their efforts to enter the church had drawn off to a short distance. Ondega was much chagrined at the failure, and was very active in his endeavors to plan something that would effect his purpose.

Directly after the first assault, Mr. Birch and his son George, a fine lad of eighteen years, had descended into the vault of the church, when Mr. Birch removed a door, disclosing a dark passage.

"George," said Mr. Birch, "you know where this leads to—the old oak by the creek. It is but a few rods, and when you get there, wait till you hear the crack of a rifle, and then raise the sod under the large root, and when you get out, run as fast as you can, and with as little noise as possible till you get out of reach of the Indians, and then you know what to do. Now go George, and may God speed you, and grant that you may be the instrument of saving all of our lives. Keep good courage!"

"Yes, father, I will!" said the noble boy, and pressing his father's hand he entered the passage.

Mr. Birch ascended to the church and stepping to the middle of the room said: "Listen!—George is in the passage below, and we must do something to divert the attention of the Indians from the oak, so that he may get out and go to Edwin."

"We can fire a volley into them," said a settler.

"Yes, that would be a very good plan," said Mr. Birch. "Let me get a look through the window."

"You had better take a hoop-hole, Mr. Birch, or some of the red-skins will shoot you," said Mr. Pierson, laying his hand on Mr. Birch's shoulder, he being about to mount a bench to look through a window.

"Thank you, Mr. Pierson, I forgot myself!" and Mr. Birch stood for a moment looking through one of the hoop-holes. "There is an Indian standing right by the oak, but all the rest are on the right of it, and if we can put that one out of the way, George can get through," said Mr. Birch, turning around to the settlers who were awaiting the result of his scrutiny.

"Well, leave that to me!" said a hardy back-woodsman. "When you fire a volley to call the attention of the other Indians, will fire my volley and call his attention!"

This was agreed to, and at the moment of the simultaneous reports, the savage by the oak was seen to fall without uttering a cry, and instantaneously George issued forth from the passage, and disappeared up the creek, without being noticed by the savages.

The night came on, and the Indians now set fire to the deserted dwellings of the settlers, who were obliged to witness the destruction of their property without the power to prevent it; but the sharp crack of a rifle ever and anon, would tell that they were on the watch, and whenever a dusky form was seen sufficiently exposed to present a fair mark, it was sure to be instantly used as such, and seldom did the marksman fail. The Indians, too, had guns furnished them by the British agents, but they could not be brought into use, as the settlers were secure behind the heavy walls of the church.

And where was Jenny Birch all this time, and what was she doing? At the first moment of the attack, she had, with wonderful presence of mind, assisted in soothing the fears of the females, and from that time till dark had not taken a moment's rest. Most of the time she was engaged in moulding bullets, preparing refreshments for the hungry ones and doing sundry other little matters for the convenience of all.

After the fears of the women had somewhat subsided, they assisted Jenny in her kind office, and when night came on all insisted that she should take some rest. She yielded to their desires, but sleep visited her not that night—nor were there many in that little castle it did visit.

Morning came and not an Indian was to be seen—all had dispersed! The settlers were somewhat surprised at this although the most experienced back-woodsman pronounced that they were preparing for a desperate struggle, and that the settlers must be prepared for them.

Sentinels were stationed, and meals were served to the weary men. Preparations were made for a desperate defence. Each man sharpened well his dirk knife, and a large quantity of bullets were moulded.

All was quiet till eleven o'clock, and the settlers began to think the Indians had left for certain, when the shrill war whoop ringing out on the pure air gave warning that a terrific struggle was at hand. Instantly every man was at his post. In a moment the Indians rushed on the church, and notwithstanding the murderous discharge of fire-arms that greeted them, carrying death to many of their number, commenced a furious attack on the door with their hatchets.

The settlers continued to pour a galling fire on the savages; but after some time a break was made through the heavy oak door, sufficient to admit the body of a man, when a savage leaped through. He was scarcely inside the church when his head was cleft by an axe in the hand of Mr. Pierson.

The Indians now poured through the aperture, and although they met with a desperate resistance, were fast accumulating inside the

door. The door was unbarred by those who had reached the inside, and all rushed in eager for blood. But they were opposed by men fighting for their loved ones, and homes.

The settlers no longer used rifles but resorted to their knives, and the manner in which they were used showed that it was no new weapon in their hands.

But it was evident that this unequal contest could not last much longer. Although none of the settlers had as yet been killed, scarcely one but was severely wounded. The savages outnumbered them two to one. Seeing the desperate state of things, Jenny Birch seized a tomahawk which had been thrown down, and rushed into the thickest of the fight, and for a moment that tomahawk was suspended in the air and when it descended it carried a mesenger of death to a bloody savage whose tomahawk was pending over her father's head.

This was seen by the savages, and for a moment hostilities were suspended, and squaw! burst simultaneously from the lips of each one.

At this moment a shout proceeded from the creek, and Edwin Pierson sprang to the rescue with his brave followers. Ondega caught sight of Jenny as she stood with bloody tomahawk still in her hand, and with a fiendish whoop and uplifted tomahawk, he sprang toward her to strike the deadly blow. A rifle shot sped through the air, from the towering rifle of Edwin Pierson, and Ondega was stretched lifeless on the floor. His followers, now without a leader, were easily conquered.

We will not attempt to describe the happy scene which followed. Husbands clasped wives and children to their breast, the good pastor although severely wounded in the conflict, knelt down and offered up thanks to God for their deliverance. Jenny, who had swooned from over excitement, was in the arms of Edwin Pierson, who at length succeeded in restoring her to consciousness.

The wounded were kindly cared for, and in time all recovered. Ondega received a decent burial, as did the rest of his followers who had been killed.

There in the centre of that little village, in the year 1798 stood an old, timeworn church. It still stood as a monument to the bravery of the early settlers.

That noble looking man, with the beautiful woman leaning on his arm and pretty children hanging fondly around, is Edwin Pierson. It is needless to say that the lovely woman is Jenny Pierson—not Birch. They are looking at the church, and relating to the listening children the story of the struggle and rescue.

And there are the parents of both Edwin and Jenny; and there is George Birch and his pretty wife, and all seem so happy.

"How beautiful the scene to thee, Words of mine may not tell." And now kind reader, I bid thee farewell, and begging your indulgence for having thus trespassed in laying before you my simple tale, I bid you for the present, good-bye.

Miscellaneous.

Correspondence of the Temperance Advocate.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JUNE 7, 1853.

BROTHER WARREN:—In company with the brethren Grisham and Moses, I reached this place yesterday, at 6 A. M.

I believe I gave you every thing up to my arrival in New York. I went to New York for the double purpose of addressing the Ladies' Temperance Society on the 1st of June, at the request of Mrs. Ellett; and the Sons of Temperance on the 2d. The first object was disappointed by a mistake, which prevented the Sexton from opening Dr. Chapin's Church, as was expected.

I was sorry for the mistake, as it prevented me from having the pleasure of meeting my lovely sisters, and talking to them of the nature of Temperance, and telling them how much they can do.

The enclosed will give you a notion of the arrangement of the Sons. We had a house full, ground-floor and galleries, at the Greene-Street Methodist Church. I made one of my usual speeches, an hour and a half in length. The singing was delightful, especially by Oakley.

In the close, a most interesting welcome was extended to me by Bro. Perry, on the part of the G. D. of Eastern New York, to which I briefly responded.

The next morning we left New York for Buffalo, via the Hudson R. R., and reached Albany at 10 A. M., a distance of 144 miles. This road pursues the river, and is almost a mathematical line. Every two miles, a man with a flag stands by the road side to give assurance that all is right. Hence, (i. e. from Albany) we pass to Schenectady, 17 miles, along the valley of the Mohawk river, and in sight of the great Erie Canal. This is the most interesting part of the route. For along the Hudson, "the cloud-capt hills, and gorgeous palaces," and better still the well tilled farms, are enough to charm the dullest. From Albany to Schenectady the country is not so rich, as it is afterwards. From Schenectady to Utica (78 miles) the valley of the Mohawk widens out—the farms become larger, and better tilled, and the country is more picturesque. Here, too, in full sight, may be seen the heavy laden boats floating busily down the Erie Canal, the work of New York's greatest citizen, DeWitt Clinton; and which is a much more imperishable monument to his memory than the bronze statue which stands in front of the City Hall. Well might he have pointed to the canal, and said, "Monumentum aeri perennius erigi!" From Utica to Syracuse, 53 miles, the interest of the journey increases. The country is teeming with rich luxuriance, and every where is to be seen the labor of man. From Syracuse to Rochester, 104 miles, is another most interesting journey. Beautiful farms, thriving villages, beautiful lakes, and fine streams are passed or crossed every few miles. One of the small lakes, perhaps Cayuga, put me much in mind of the White Pond, in Barnwell District.

On this route, we pass the New York Penitentiary, at Auburn. The prison buildings are of stone, and seem to be admirably adapted for their purpose. Would that South Carolina would do so too; and direct the erection of a Penitentiary at Belton, the junction of the

Anderson and Greenville lines of the Greenville & C. R. R. Auburn is the residence of Wm. H. Seward; he was in the car: not knowing him, I had no opportunity of hearing him, but "the higher, or negro law?" Auburn is a beautiful village; and we will write of it, as Goldsmith sung and said, "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." (I cite from a recollection 30 years past, and hence may be inaccurate.) Rochester is a fine town; it is the large Flour manufactory of New York, and has water-power sufficient for any purpose. Hence to Buffalo, 68 miles, completed the day's ride.

Along the whole line from Albany to be seen at intervals, Clifton's glory, and New York's prosperity—the Erie Canal. Buffalo is a great town, numbering now 50,000 inhabitants, and laid out to hold a million. The streets are large, airy, rectangular, well paved, and compactly built. It is a place of great business and greater expectation.

Four hundred and sixty-four miles was Friday's travel from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. The Rail Roads are excellent, the cars pleasant, and every thing agreeable, except the scarcity of water. In all the travelling I have ever done, the first time I was called on to pay for a glass of water was on the road from Syracuse to Rochester. On this road, there are more things to sell than ever I have seen in cars. From Lickory nuts up to books, you may have a chance to buy. Two of the sellers were very pretty Indian girls, selling their own manufactures—another was Miss Pellet, the vendor and publisher of many Temperance works.

Friday night was spent at Buffalo. Saturday morning 1-4 past 9, we left for Niagara, 21 miles distant, over a Railroad running down the margin of the Niagara river. In this trip, we passed Grand Island, where Major Noah once proposed to assemble his brethren the Jews. Its name is appropriate, for it is indeed a great island. A short run of an hour brought us to the village of Niagara Falls. It is a pretty little village, with two Rail Roads—one from Rochester, and the other from Buffalo—pouring the travelling public daily into its bosom. We were soon surrounded by hackmen, and guides to convey, and show us the wonders of Niagara. We chose to be our own conveyors and guides, in the beginning. A short walk brought us to the bridge to Goat Island. There one will pause, and look at Niagara, as it comes pouring, rushing and thundering over the Rapids. For from Lake Erie to Goat Island (22 miles) the river has fallen 25 feet; from the head of Goat Island to the great Falls, (half a mile) it falls 50 feet. This great descent shows with what prodigious force the water runs. Yet, notwithstanding this, the ingenuity and perseverance of man overcame the waters, and forced them to respect his work, the bridge, which is now crossed by carriages to and from Goat Island every hour in the day. On this island once lived in total seclusion, for twenty months, a hermit; after leaving it, but still living in the town, he was drowned near the Falls, his favorite bathing place. A short walk brings us to a view of the Falls. In silent amazement, one sits down and looks. Here is the grandest specimen of Nature's work, which man has ever been permitted to look upon! Around Goat Island, pours Niagara, in two streams, and at its end, on the American side, it plunges in headlong unbroken fury, 165 feet; and on the British, or Canada side 158 feet. The mighty column of waters, the great fall, and its accompanying circumstances, must satisfy the most incredulous, that there is a God. Describe it, say your readers, to me! I cannot; language is inadequate; you must see, and see it soon. It is a journey which will be more than repaid. After eating a very good dinner, at the Cataract House, we gratified a hackman, and ourselves, by driving to the suspension bridge, 2 miles below, and crossing over to her Britannic Majesty's dominions. The suspension bridge hangs across the Narrows 800 feet in length, and 230 feet above the river. This is a grand monument of man's ingenuity and perseverance, worthy to be looked at with the great work of God, 2 miles above. The bridge is crossed with perfect safety, by all kinds of conveyance. We were driven over in a carriage, and on returning walked over. From the bridge is a fine view of the Falls. But they are seen in all their magnificence at Barnett's, on the Canada side. Here one might stand and gaze, and never be satisfied. This is near the Table rock, part of which fell in; and the balance is soon to go. A part of the rock near the observatory, at the Falls, has fallen, and the opinion of many is, it too will soon go. Here is a large museum; and the kind old gentleman, the proprietor, has many wild beasts and birds to show to his guests. Returning to Buffalo the same evening, we were thrown in company with some members of the New York legislature. This body had been invited by the Railroad Companies between Albany and Niagara to pay the Falls a visit, and accordingly about 3 o'clock, they reached the place, partook of a sumptuous dinner—bottled up, in perhaps old bottles, a good deal of wine. Such bottles, you know, according to scripture, will burst!—How many of the legislators of New York may soon experience that sad fate, it is not for me to predict. One thing however I do know, most if not all, who journeyed with us to Buffalo, could have sung with Burns—"I was nae full—I was nae full! I just had plenty." Here I saw legislative presumption. Smoking in a traveller's car on a Railroad is absolutely prohibited; yet these gentlemen, with consummate impudence, drew out their cigars, and were soon puffing away. One gentleman had the politeness to say to two gentlemen (strangers) near him, is smoking disagreeable to you? They answering in the negative, the cars were soon reeking like a coal kiln. Do not some members of the legislature, as soon as they reach the State House, feel themselves absolved from all obligations of decency and honor? They often put me in mind of the old tobacco rollers. At home, they were quiet industrious men; but on the road, they drank, swore, and fought more, than any others. On an occasion 50 years and upwards since, a party of Rollers from Long Canoe—hence called the Long Cannans—assailed and pursued some others from Edgefield. One of the party pursued leapt from his horse, and by the purlow of a pine knot, stretched one of his pursuers on the ground. This brought the party in pursuit to a dead halt. They enquired of the hero of the pine knot, where he was and whether he was going to "kill man or kill man," said he, "and going to kill more."

Saturday night at 8 P. M., say us, bag and baggage, on the steamer Ocean, prepared to run the length of Lake Erie, and ascend the Detroit River to Detroit, three hundred miles!—This was done by 3 P. M. of the next day. Lake Erie was tranquil as the Sea of Galilee when its master and our master said "peace be still!" The steamer Ocean is a splendid boat, commanded by an excellent, experienced officer; her Steward is a kind, gentlemanly man; and here, we experienced what I had not met with in the other steamers on our line of travel, breakfast and dinner without charge. One hundred cabin and 200 emigrant passengers were on board. We stayed at Detroit until a quarter past 6 P. M., but had no opportunity of looking at the ancient city. From Detroit here, 278 miles, over the Central Michigan Railroad, the journey was made in twelve hours. In the high latitude of Detroit, the sun does not get high near 8 P. M. Hence for an hour or two we enjoyed the opportunity of looking at the country. A portion of the way is along the country bordering on Lake Erie; it is low and wet—looks more like the swamp and pond country of Sumner and Williamsburg than any with which I am acquainted. We then descend the Hudson river, crossing it repeatedly. On reaching Ann Arbor, the seat of the Michigan College, the country is more broken, and more inviting. Thence to New Buffalo, or Michigan City, the country was shut out from view by night. From Michigan City to Lake Station, 20 miles, the road passes over a range of Sand Hills like those to be found on the State Road below Sandy Run. From the Lake Station to this place, 30 miles, we pass for the greater part of the way over a lake prairie very much like our Savannahs. This City is built on one of them, on the eastern end and southern side of Lake Michigan. It stands on a large creek or arm of the Lake, and is built on both sides; large vessels and steamers navigate the Lakes and come up into the town. The City is but of yesterday. It was begun to be settled in 1837, and now contains 60,000 inhabitants; has at least three and perhaps more great Rail Roads pouring daily into her lap untold treasure. I am told, at least 5000 travellers arrive in and leave Chicago daily. It is, with difficulty, that accommodations can be obtained, notwithstanding there are many large and splendid Hotels. It was with difficulty we procured lodging at the Tremont House, where we are staying. There are, I presume, in it, at least 200 travellers and boarders daily.

To-morrow begins our annual meeting of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance of North America. Many brethren are here. The great bulk is still to arrive. May it be a meeting imbued with Love, Purity and Fidelity, and may I have often occasion to recur to it as one of the pleasant passages in a life of labor devoted to the good of man!

Yours in L. P. & F.
JOHN BELTON O'NEALL.

New York, June 15, 1853.

BRO. WARREN:—I am here, on my return from the meeting of the National Division, Chicago, Illinois. In this great, perpetually overflowing city, I am as "the small dust of the balance"—unnoticed, and pretty much unknown. For the crowded streets, and heat of the sun, keep me pretty much within my room.

I have however been this morning to the business place of the Messrs. Olivers, and also to pay my respects to Dr. Marsh, the veteran editor of the Journal of the American Temperance Union.

From this place, I pass to-morrow to Philadelphia, where I am to try to make two Temperance speeches.

At and from Chicago, I gave to you yesterday was a week, a long letter, containing matters and things in general to that time. I now propose an hasty sketch of the week past.

Wednesday was the gathering of the Sons of Temperance. During the meeting at this rather remote place, 21 States, viz: Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maine, Vermont, Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Michigan—the District of Columbia, and 3 British Provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Canada West, were represented. I deeply regretted the absence of delegates from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Delaware, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas and California. Especially did I regret to see unrepresented the gallant old Bay State, who has always been foremost in every work of freedom from the day the tea was thrown overboard in Boston Harbor, to the breaking of the fetters of King Alcohol; and also Tennessee, whose rifle has hitherto never failed to be heard wherever bravery was prized, or liberty was to be protected. But next year, although we shall meet where day and night are scarcely separated, I hope they and all others will be present.

We had however, a noble meeting. It could never be otherwise where the sober representatives of so wide spread a country met together, under the endearing title of brethren.

Notwithstanding, our meeting was scarcely known in Chicago, until on Thursday, they heard the music, and saw us in procession in the streets! No wonder. For Chicago is the most bustling city of its size I have ever seen. Trade and travel engross every thing. Five thousand passengers per day are enough to turn the heads of any city. On last Friday, 2300 emigrants arrived in two trains—the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana, and the Michigan Central. The former of these Roads, viz: The Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana R. R., I was told in Toledo, had received in the last 6 days more than \$27,000, of which \$17,000 was for passage; and that their monthly income was more than \$120,000!

But to return from the world of bustle to the quieter business of Temperance. At the meeting were present all the officers. Among them, the author of the Maine Law, Neal Dow, who is receiving honor and praise enough to turn the head of any man. Carey, Eginton, Tilley and Jacksons—four of the most active men of our body—were also present. So, too, was the originator of the Sons of Temperance, John W. Oliver, and

along side of him, for firm and steady adhesion to the cause, should be placed our much loved brother Grisham, from Georgia. If all health, and with a failing, wasted body, he was at his post. "I fear that he will scarcely be able to reach his home!"

Our brother Kennedy, reached Chicago on Thursday morning, so that we had three Representatives, out of the seven, to which we are entitled. If all of them had been there, we would not have had to go to St. John's New Brunswick, to attend the next meeting. The votes of our absentees would have made Charleston the place of meeting.

There was perfect unanimity as to the necessity of the Maine Law; and we were cheered with the reports of its success in Maine, New Brunswick, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, &c., and with the prospect of its ultimately prevailing in all our broad land.

The new Ritual occupied much of our time. It was amended, many suggestions made, and finally recommitted to the brethren Carey, Eginton and Oliver, to be revised, corrected, and published for the use of the Divisions. It seems to me, it will now be free from objection, and that it will be found an improvement on that which we have used for several years.

Many other measures of great importance were adopted: Such as a change in the Financial basis of G. and N. Divisions—the revenue of the G. D.'s will hereafter arise from a very small tax on members (say 2.00 per quarter) instead of a per centage. So, too, Divisions (Subordinate) will have the power to reduce initiation fees to \$1, and will be due to such a sum as will make it not burdensome on members. Subordinate Divisions also have the power to hold their Institution meetings in public.

I cannot in the compass of a letter of brief memory, give you all that was done. The more interesting are all which I touch.

The National Division are to hold a special session at New York, when the World's Convention assemblies. This will make from all delegates to it, and co-operators in the great work.

A Cherokee Indian of the name of Wolf, attended our meeting as a delegate from the Cherokee Indians, to ask for a Grand Division amongst them. He was received into the National Division, made a clear statement of their wants and wishes. He was invited to a seat. The National Division unanimously granted a Charter as a Grand Division, on application of the four Divisions amongst them, with power to organize Divisions among the Cherokees and the other tribes. Thus has the white man at last begun the work of aiding the red man in destroying the fire-water! May it go on, and prosper, until the wigwam of the Indian shall no more resound with the yells of Drunkenness!

Our Public meeting was on Thursday at 9 P. M. The people were addressed in the Park by myself and Gen. Carey. Good, I hope, was done. Thursday and Friday evenings, the people were addressed by Dow, of Maine, Tilley, of New Brunswick, Carey, of Ohio, Deems, of North Carolina, and Brown, of Cayuga, New York. Chicago is, I think, somewhat roused up. Certainly brethren here have home strengthened in their faith, and better prepared for the battles which they have to fight. I may be permitted here to remark, what is greatly to their credit, that a majority of the National Division are Methodists. What has become of other Religious denominations? Brethren, he not outside in good!

On Saturday morning brother Moses and myself left for Toledo in company with my former partner, and my ever much loved friend, Jessup W. Scott. We spent with him and his interesting family, Saturday evening and Sunday. From Chicago to Toledo, we made the run, 242 miles, in 8 1/2 hours. A portion of this route is along the shore of Lake Michigan, and is interesting to one of our ocean views. The country from LaPorte is an interesting farming country, covered with beautiful farms and thriving villages. One of them bears a name dear to us, "Cold Water," but unfortunately, neither its origin or continuance has any thing to do with Temperance. It was named after an Indian, and quingles strong drink with water to give the lie to its name.

Toledo is on the Miami of the Lakes, (pronounced Mawnee), where it enters Lake Erie. It is a city of 7000 inhabitants. It covers an area capable of containing at least 100,000—its harbor is a noble one. A canal 470 miles long, brings into her bosom the rich productions of her own State, Ohio, and also of the great State of Indiana.

My friend, Mr. Scott, who is a most intelligent and observing man, assured me that \$58,000,000 worth of produce passed through Toledo last year. This being so, it cannot be otherwise than that Toledo should be a great city.

At her wharves, I saw the largest and finest steamboats I have ever seen—they belong to the Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana Railroad. They ply between Toledo, Cleveland and Buffalo. Their furniture is equal to that seen in our best parlors; their state rooms are excellent. One of their officers told me they could accommodate 400 cabin passengers, and that they had accommodation in addition for 800 deck passengers, making a total of 1200. Think of that, Wilmington boats, and hide your diminished heads.

From Toledo, on Monday morning, at nine o'clock, after a reluctant adieu to my friend Scott and his family we commenced our journey here, by the Toledo, Norwalk and Cleveland Railroad, 110 miles, the Cleveland and Erie Railroad, 95 miles, Erie and State Line Railroad, 19 miles, Buffalo and State Line Railroad to Dunkirk, 28 miles—making 232 miles. Thence, by the Erie Railroad to this city, 469—altogether 721 miles. We reached here yesterday at 3 p. m., covered with dust and begrimed with smoke. Thirty hours, including stoppages, were consumed in running 721 miles, making an average of over 24 miles per hour, and eight hours of that in the night.

Notwithstanding the fatigue and disagreeable character of the travel, I am more than compensated by what I have seen. To Dunkirk there is the usual interest of a rich, prosperous, growing country—but thence here is

At the meeting were present all the officers. Among them, the author of the Maine Law, Neal Dow, who is receiving honor and praise enough to turn the head of any man. Carey, Eginton, Tilley and Jacksons—four of the most active men of our body—were also present. So, too, was the originator of the Sons of Temperance, John W. Oliver, and