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THE TIMES, THE MANNERS, AND THE MEN.

The times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' days were best;
And doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
We can not bring Utopia at once;
But better almost be at work in sin,
Than in a brute inaction drowse and sleep.
No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his tasks marked out,
Shall die, and leave his errand unfulfilled.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds.
Reason and Government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other, with outstretched arms,
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.
The field lies wide before us where to reap
The easy harvest of a deathless name.
Tho' with no better sickles than our swords.
My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where worn-out creeds like Rome's gray Senate quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change;
Then let it come. I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind.
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart,
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain; there is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming name.
Let us call tyrants TYRANTS, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by his grace must fall;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig leaves for the naked truth.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

[Abridged from a Temperance Tale by T. S. Arthur.]

In a few short weeks after he had signed the Pledge—for he had been a very hard drinking man—everything about the person and dwelling of Simpson became remarkably changed. He was a good workman, and could earn fair wages at his trade. Instead of idling half his time, and spending more than half of what he earned in drink, he worked all of his time, and placed in the hands of his prudent wife every dollar he made. This accounted for the change.

Thus matters went on for nearly a year, when the excitement of experience meetings, and a variety of other means of keeping up an interest among the reformed men, and occupying their minds having subsided, Simpson began to feel restless and lonesome, and was often strongly tempted to drop into some of his old places of resort, and pass an evening in good fellowship with former associates.

As this state of dissatisfaction increased, Simpson became more and more unhappy. He wanted something to sustain him—something extra to his mere pledge. Deeply conscious of this, and conscious that he was in imminent danger of falling, he became anxious, gloomy, and desponding.

One evening, after sitting at home for an hour, and reading over the newspaper of the day, even to the advertisements, he took his hat and said—

"I believe I'll walk out for awhile; I feel so dull."

His wife looked up and tried to smile. But she felt troubled; for she had noticed, for some time that he was not altogether himself. What the cause was, she did not know. But a wife is never far wrong in her conjectures.

When Simpson left his house, he walked away, with his eyes upon the pavement, undetermined where he should go. He had gone out because he felt too restless to stay at home. Now that he was in the street, he was as dissatisfied as ever. Moving on with a slow, measured tread, he had gone a distance of two or three squares, when his ear caught the sound of music issuing from a noted drinking establishment, a short distance ahead. Quickening his pace, he was soon in front of the house, when he paused to listen. The music was from a hand organ, the owner of which having been employed by the rumseller as a means of drawing custom, and succeeded admirably, Simpson came near being enticed within the charmed circle of his bar room. But just as he had placed his foot on the threshold, his better sense came to his aid, and he tore himself away.

Walking on with his head down, he felt still more wretched. The danger he had just escaped, made him fearfully aware of the dangers that beset him on every side. So wrought up in mind did he become, under a sense of his condition, that shuddering from a vivid picture of himself again an abandoned drunkard, which his imagination had conjured up, he stopped suddenly, and said aloud:

"God help me!—*What shall I do?*"

A hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice that he had heard before, said in surprised accents:

"Simpson, is it you? What is the trouble now?"

It was Merrill, who had encountered him again, just at that critical moment. Simpson turned quickly, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and looked into the face of the intruder half sternly.

"What ails you now, my friend?" resumed Merrill. "A good temperance man should never be troubled in mind."

"You think so. Well, perhaps not."

"You're a good temperance man."

"I am not so sure of that."

"What!" in quick, surprised voice, "you have not broken——"

"No, no. Not yet. But heaven only knows how soon I may do so. I am beset with temptations that it seems impossible for me to withstand."

"It was not so at first."

"No. The excitement of meetings and concerts, and the relation of experiences, occupied my mind. But these have died away, and I am thrown back upon myself again—my weak, weak self. If I do not fall it will be a miracle. I see every tavern I pass in the streets, and think, spite of all my efforts to keep such things out of my mind, of the mixed liquors that would thrill my taste like nectar which are there to be obtained. What shall I do? I feel as if spirits were leagued to destroy me, and that unless I receive more than human strength, I will inevitably fall."

"And so you will," was the solemnly spoken reply.

"Merrill! why do you speak so?" Simpson said quickly. "You will drive me at once to destruction. I want encouragement, not a prophecy of ruin. You saved me once—cannot you do so again?"

"Do you remember what was said to you, on the night you signed the pledge, by our President? asked Merrill.

"No. What was it?

'Look up and be strong! They who are for you are more than all who are against you."

"I had forgotten."

"You have not looked up then?"

"How up? I don't understand you."

"Up to Him who can alone give power to every good resolution. If you have been striving in your own strength, no wonder that you are on the eve of falling. External excitements and reasons of various kinds, may restrain a reformed man for a time, but, until he place his cause in the hands of the All-Powerful, he is in imminent danger."

"But how shall I do this? I am not a religious man."

"Why have you refrained from drinking?"

"Because it is a debasing vice; a vice that, if indulged, will beggar my family, as it has once already done."

"You must abstain from a higher motive."

"Can there be a higher one?"

"Yes. To refrain from doing an evil act, because it is a sin against God, is a much higher motive, and one that will give a striving spirit power over all its enemies. You acknowledge a God, and that he is ever present; and a rewarder of them that diligently seek him?"

"Oh, yes! So the Bible tells us."

"It is all true. Whatever power we have to oppose evil, is from Him. If we look to ourselves, and the little strength we possess as our own, we shall soon find that we are weakness itself. But if we strive to act in all things from a religious principle—and fear to sin against Him, we shall receive all the strength we need, no matter how deeply we may be tempted. From this hour, then, my friend, resolve to put your trust in Him who careth for you. After all, this is the reformed man's only hope. The pledge is a mere external, temporary safe-guard, that must be superceded by a deeply grounded religious principle, or he will be every hour in danger of falling. We must be supported from the centre and not from the circumference. The pledge is a hoop, that is liable to break; but obedience to God is a strong attraction at the centre, holding in perpetual consistence all things that are arranged in just order around it. Will you not then look up?"

"I feel that it is my only hope."

"Take my solemn assurance that it is. Go home, and carry with you this truth—that if you will try to act from the higher motive I have given you, all will be right."

It was perhaps a half an hour from the time that Simpson left his house, that he reëntered it. His wife looked up with some concern in her face as he came in. But a first glance dispelled the fears that had stolen over her spirit. Before going to bed that night, Simpson got the family Bible, and read a chapter aloud. In doing so he felt a sweet tranquility pervade his mind, such as he had not experienced for a long time. On the next day he tried to elevate his thoughts to to the power above, in which he wished to put his trust. He found it much easier to do so than he had expected. It was not long before, in addition to the reading of a chapter in the evening, before retiring, a brief prayer was said. From that time, a deep religious sentiment took possession of the mind of Simpson. Light broke in upon him. He saw clearer the path before him, the dangers that surrounded him, and the way to escape. Some years have passed, and he is still a sober man. He does not think of his pledge, nor of the degradation of drunkenness as a reason for abstinence; but deems it a sin against God to touch, to taste, to handle that which would unfit him for those duties in life which, as a man, he is bound to perform.

Let every reformed man look up to the same all-sustaining source, and he is safe from all danger.

"THE SAME LAW-BREAKING, SEDITIOUS BOSTON."

"Treason festers in Boston, and has its periodical eruptions. * * * * Boston now is the Boston it was in the last war with Great Britain; that it was when Shadrach was rescued: the same law-breaking, seditious Boston."—*Richmond (Va.) Examiner.*

Yes—the bad habits of the Revolution still cling to Boston, which now is as much hated by the Aristocracy of Slavery as it was by the Aristocracy of England when Lord Grenville attempted to enforce the Stamp Act, and Lord North shut up its port, on account of its seditions. The prejudices of education are not quite overcome in that "law-breaking" city. Much allowance should be made for her unfortunate training in revolutionary times, under Hancock, Otis, and Adams. They had a way of resisting authority and speaking evil of dignities, which savored somewhat of sedition; indeed, it is safe to say that "treason" began to "fester" in Boston as far back as the year 1764, when a town meeting of its citizens protested against Grenville's scheme of taxation without representation, and recommended a combination of the Colonies in defense of their common interests. It broke out into an "eruption" the next year, when stamps prepared in Great Britain, by order of the central power, were sent to Government officials in the Colonies, to sell them. There was a great elm in Boston, which the seditious opponents of the Stamp Act styled "Liberty Tree," under which they concocted their treasonable scheme, and on whose branches they sometimes hung effigies of persons conspicuous for their Administration zeal. Inflamed to desperation, one day, by the seditious harrangues of self-styled patriots, the Liberty men went straightway to the house of Oliver, Secretary of the Colony, a stamp-distributor for Massachusetts, pulled down a small building intended for a stamp-office, and frightened the official into a resignation. The pestiferous preachers were also ot work. Jonathan Mayhew, a congregational minister, descended from his exalted place to dabble in the dirty waters of politics, and preached a sermon against the Stamp Act, taking for his text, "I would they were even cut off, that trouble me!"

It is even suspected that Boston was the birthplace of that notorious order, called "Sons of Liberty," which everywhere busied itself in stirring up "sedition." Meantime "treason" continued to "fester," and there was another "eruption" in 1768. Certain Government officials, attempting to enforce some severe regulations of the Administration, on commerce, were obliged to seek shelter under cover of a company of British artillery, and a town meeting in Faneuil Hall demanded from the Governor the removal of the ship of war from the harbor.

To put down this "seditious" spirit, the Government ordered two regiments of soldiers from Halifax, and two from Ireland, but the People, getting wind of it, sent out a notice for a convention of delegates from all the towns in the Province, to be held in Boston in ten days, advising all persons not provided with arms to procure them at once. After this, the troops arrived, and General Gage undertook to have them "quartered" at the expense of the town people, in accordance with instructions from the Home Government; but the "seditious" town set the instructions at defiance, refused them "lodging, bedding, firing," and the General was obliged to support them as he could. The English aristocracy hereupon was as much incensed as the *Examiner* is now, and denounced Boston as "factious and rebellious." Franklin wrote home—"Every man in England regards himself as a piece of a sovereign over America, seems to jostle himself into the throne with the King, and talks of *our* subjects in the Colonies."

The soldiery of the Government being stationed in the street and about Faneuil Hall, to overawe the People, they became subject to all kinds of annoyances; and at last a collision took place, in which several "seditious, law-breaking," citizens were killed. Forthwith the misguided People assembled in town meeting, resolved that the troops must be removed, and appointed a committee to wait upon the Governor and the General, and make known their demands. Strange to say, the treasonable requisition was promptly complied with—the troops were removed.

So treason continued so "fester" till the last great "eruption"—when fifty "seditious" persons, disguised as Mohawks, boarded the tea vessels in Boston harbor, on the evening of December 16, 1773, and in the course of two hours emptied three hundred and forty-two chests of tea into the water.

Thus, for ten years, was Boston trained to sedition and law-breaking, and what is very curious, Virginia admired her deeds, and responded to her appeals, and pledged the lives and property of its citizens to sustain her! The secret of this was—Boston was committed to the death against the exercise of arbitrary, unconstitutional power by the Administration in England. It was loyal, willing to obey just laws, but determined to maintain its rights against usurpation. This was why the Virginians of that day loved her, and stood shoulder to shoulder with her. Patrick Henry was himself as "seditious and law-breaking" as Hancock or Adams. There was no time, during that whole period, when a repeal of the unconstitutional laws of the Government would not have allayed discontent, suppressed sedition, proved a complete remedy for treason.

Grenville vindicated the Stamp Act, as the Government officials now vindicate the Fugitive Act. The noble Pitt denounced it, and denied its constitutionality. Grenville retorted, by charging upon the opposition of Pitt and friends, the tumults, and violent resistence of the Americans. In the spirit of certain Pro-Slavery Senators of this day, he exclaimed—"The seditious spirit of the Colonies owes its birth to the faction in this House." What said the fearless Pitt—what were his opinion of the agitations and tumults aroused by unconstitutional and odious acts of Government?

"A charge is brought against gentlemen sitting in this House, of giving birth to sedition in America. The freedom with which they have spoken their sentiments against this unhappy act is imputed to them as a crime. [Grenville, doubtless, had his *Union*, a Court Journal, too.—*Ed. Era.*] But the imputation shall not discourage me. We are told America is obstinate—America is almost in open rebellion. Sir, *I rejoice that America has resisted.* Three millions of People so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest. The Americans have been aroused. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? No! Let this country be the first to resume its prudence and temper; I will pledge myself for the Colonies, that, on their part, animosity and resentment will cease."

He who runs may read. Unless the Oligarchy of Slavery be given over to destruction, it will not emulate the Aristocracy of England, which persisted in its odious exactions till it compelled Revolution. But one thing, we repeat, prevents the resort to this extreme remedy now; and that is, the conviction among the People of the Free States that they have a peaceful mode of redress through the ballot-box, and that, till they have tried the full power of this, they themselves are responsible for the odious burdens imposed upon them by the Slave Power.—*National Era.*

From the St. Louis Democrat, Sept. 18.

FIRST BATTLE IN BEHALF OF POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY IN KANSAS.

A gentleman related to us the following incident. He states that while he was in Weston, he went into the store of a well-known merchant of that place, who was engaged at the moment in selling to one of his customers, who was a Kansas settler, and said to be a free-soiler.

While thus engaged, a person entered the store and walked up to the customer of our friend, the merchant, and said to him: "God d—n your soul, did n't I tell you never to show your face in Weston again; clear yourself, and never show yourself here again, unless you want a coat of tar and feathers."

The person who pronounced this ferocious harangue was one of the "Self-Defensive Association of Weston," and he had barely finished before the merchant jumped over the counter, yard-stick in hand, and commenced *measuring* him with it, as if he had been a bolt of domestic, and with as much facility. The measured individual forgot that he belonged to the self-defensive association, and took to his heels.

The Weston merchant, however, in administering the castigation which he did to the impudent "scamp" who was endeavoring to frighten off a good customer, was acting in self-defense—in defense of the intercourse and commerce by which he lived, and which it was his interest to encourage.

He acted, too, in defense of the interests of Weston, for it is quite probable that the Yankee freesoiler, by his thrift, industry, and enterprise, will add much more to the wealth of the country than the lazy fanatic who spends his time in trying to save it by keeping away the most energetic class of people in the Union.

The merchants and other business men of Weston who recently assembled in mass meeting and denounced the falsely called "Self-Defensive Association" and its conduct, understand this, and did but unite in a self-defensive measure on their part. The slave bully was too ignorant and too much blinded by his fanaticism to comprehend the true interests of his own community. It is to be hoped that the wholesome thrashing he received enlightened him on this point.

Our Candidates for President and Vice President.

As several friends have expressed a desire to know our preference for President and Vice President, their curiosity having been excited by some remarks in the last *Whig*, we shall not withhold from them the fact that we are in favor of THOMAS H. BENTON, of Missouri, for President, and ROBERT T. CONRAD, of Philadelphia, for Vice President.

We are in favor of these gentlemen being run by the People, without regard to old party ties and attachments,—as Free and Independent candidates, without Convention or platforms, without pledges, without national party organizations, and without the aid of political wire-workers, old hunkers, traders and schemers in politics, or office-holders. We desire that they be taken up and elected by the People, untrammeled by faction, and only responsible to the People for their acts, and determined to restore the administration of the government to its original object, purity, and purpose.

We are in favor of Benton and Conrad, because we know them to be "honest and capable," and worthy of the confidence of the nation. We never expect to see a President elected with whom we shall entirely agree on all questions. But we are acquainted with the abilities, public services, and prominent characteristics of these gentlemen, and we believe they would attract the admiration and receive the votes of a large majority of their countrymen. Col. Benton has rendered long and valuable service to his country, and Judge Conrad is extensively known and highly popular, possessing all the requisites for the second office in the gift of the People.

We are opposed to all national Conventions, or other party political organizations, through the machinery of which the people are trammeled, and unworthy and incompetent men are thrown into public stations of great responsibility, and assume the control of the public mind by political action. We are opposed to all such political jugglers and jugglery, and believe that the substantial portion of the people of all parties are of the same feeling. They are prepared to cut loose from all caucuses and conventions, from President to the lowest offices, as the time seems to have arrived when they are ready to spurn all intermediate agencies, and go for the men they think free and untrammeled, honest, competent, and worthy.—*Lancaster Independent Whig.*

ACQUIESCENCE.

We now and then hear the pip of some little fellow here in the North trying to hatch himself into notoriety by expressing opposition to anti-slavery sentiments, and recommending "acquiescence" in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, on the ground that what is done cannot be undone, or better not be undone because of the disturbance it will create. Once in a great while this little squeak is heard through the columns of some intense Hunker Whig sheet. On the part of some portion of the bogus Democratic press which resisted the repeal in question, and was apparently as resolute in opposition to it as the Turks at Silistra, we hear it oftener and in more distinct tones.

Now let us come at once to close quarters with this idea of acquiescence in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and see precisely what it means and where it leads. Kansas and Nebraska were free territory. This present Congress has legislated Slavery into both. The slaveholders are making powerful efforts to establish it there permanently, and will labor day and night to succeed. Now suppose by dint of persevering effort, backed by revolvers or bowie-knives, they do succeed in establishing a slave constitution for Kansas and Nebraska, or for either of them. Do the men who suggest acquiescence mean that those Territories are to be quietly surrendered to slavery, and admitted into the Union as slave States? Is this what they mean by acquiescence? Or do they mean that if one, and not both should propose to come into the Union with a constitution establishing slavery, that that one is to be admitted? This is a question upon which the people have not yet spoken, upon which Congress has not yet voted, upon which Northern Representatives have not yet been called to express judgment. It is a question to be decided by a Congress yet to be elected, most probably by the Congress next to be chosen. Now we wish to know of the bogus Democratic journals, and of the little, feeble voices on the Whig side, which once in a great while talk of acquiescence, whether they mean by it that Kansas and Nebraska should be admitted as slave States? This is the practical question which covers the whole ground, goes to the root of the matter, and which must be answered yea or nay. *The admission of Nebraska or Kansas as slave States would be the ratification of the act of repealing the Missouri Compromise.* The rejection of both or either, on the ground of the establishment of slavery therein, would be a refusal to ratify that act. Now we desire to know of the men who talk about acquiescence, whether they mean the ratification of the infamous act they have so loudly condemned? Do they mean to advocate the admission of Kansas as a slave State, if it comes with a slave constitution? This is the point for decision, and the only one that is touched by the idea of acquiescence. Let us have a fair understanding and no dodging on this point. And it is the proper question to ask of every man who is a candidate for Congress from the free States—are you for or against the admission of Kansas as a slave State, should that Territory, either through fraud or violence, or any other cause, solicit admission with a constitution establishing slavery? Let no nominal Anti-Nebraska man be allowed to worm his way into Congress to cheat his constituents and betray the cause of Freedom, for the want of a question like this to test his sincerity. Let us have no treachery this time. Let the line be drawn between the man and the doughface. If doughfaces are to be elected, let them be chosen as such. If they are the kind of cattle that any portion of the people want to represent them, let them run, and be known in their true character. Let every man be unmasked, and show the face at home that he intends to wear at Washington.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SHARP AND FLAT.—A green, slab-sided Yankee, who lives somewhere in Vermont, saw an advertisement in the *Boston Herald*, that any one who would send $1 to J. Burlemount, should in return be told how to make lots of money. So Greeney up and did it, and received in reply the following:

BOSTON, Sept. 5, 1854.

Mr. ———, *Dear Sir:* Yours of the 31st of August, and post-marked the 4th of September, is at hand; and in reply, if you will take a horse and waggon and peddel seggars you can do well as I told you I made some seven hundred dollars in 7 month last year yours truly J. BURLEMOUNT.

"One hour in the bath," Napoleon used to say, "refreshes me more than four hours of sleep."