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Select Poetry.

IN THE MEADOWS

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

I lie in the summer meadows
In the meadows all alone,
With the infinite sky above me,
And the sun on his mid day throne.

The smell of the flowering grasses
Is sweeter than any rose,
And a million happy insects
Sing in the warm repose.

The mother lark that is brooding,
Feels the sunshine on her wings,
And the deeps of the noon day glitter
With swarms of airy things.

From the hillowy green beneath me
To the fathomless blue above,
The creatures of God are happy
In the warmth of their summer love.

The infinite life of Nature
I feel in every vein
The light and life of summer
Blossom in heart and brain.

But darker than any shadow
By thunder-clouds unfurled,
The awful truth arises,
That Death is in the world!

And the sky may beam as ever,
And never a cloud be curled,
And the air be living odors,
But death is in the world!

Out of the deeps of nameless
The invisible blot is hurled
There's light in the summer meadows
But death is in the world!

Choice Miscellany.

THE STOLEN SCHOONER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I was attached to the Brazilian squadron, and had command of one of the finest little schooners that ever floated. She carried ten long medium twelve pounders, and sailed like a duck. While our squadron lay at Rio, the commodore received information that a Yankee brig had been cast away on the southern coast somewhere near the peninsula of St. Josef, a Patagonian place, and that the natives had seized the crew and robbed the brig. Just at that time my schooner was the only vessel which could be spared from the small fleet, and the commodore sent for me, and asked me if I would venture out to the scene of difficulty. I told him yes, for not only did I wish for something to do besides running of mere errands, but I longed to get away from restraint imposed by the presence of the flag ship and its continual signaling.

So I started at once on my mission. The only orders given me were to go to St. Josef, and from there follow the coast to the southward until I had found the brig. Then I was to help the suffering crew the best way I could—if I found them. I only had fifty able men, a number of my crew having been left at the hospital sick with fever. My officers consisted of one lieutenant, one passed midshipman, two midshipmen, a surgeon, and the usual warrant officers. My men were stout good seamen, and had thus far behaved very well, though I must say I could not depend on them had never yet gained much upon my confidence, and without boasting I may say I knew enough, I thought, that before I had been out a week, I had no apprehensions on that score. Patagonia. But I could not [illegible] chance worse could I hear than a mutiny, for I could depend on my officers to [illegible] which smacked strongly of reckless [illegible] mischief.

The distance I had to sail to reach peninsula of St. Josef was not far from two thousand miles, and I was nearly a fortnight on the way. We made Cape Saint's bluffs, the peninsula just at nightfall, and having stood off and on under an easy sail through the night, I run in in the morning. We found some few savages scattered about, but not one of them could we make understand our business. So I entered the Nuevo Gulf, a wide inlet to the southward, and and kept on around the shore. We were two days making the circuit of this gulf, and when we reached the southern cape we saw the hull of a brig hauled up on the sand. It was a wild, desolate looked spot, with only a stunted, dingy vegetation growing upon the soil, while a black, black rugged chain of mountains towered up close at hand.

As soon as we saw the hulk upon the beach we came to anchor, and I had the third cutter lowered in which I went on shore, taking Mr. Beckwith, the passed midshipman, and my usual boat's crew. I found the brig not worth attempting to move, allowing that we had wished to do so. Everything of value had been torn out and carried off, and ropes, sails, blocks and cargo were all missing. It was nearly dark when we went on shore, so I resolved to return to the schooner, and wait until morning before I made any further observations.

On the following morning, as soon as breakfast had been eaten, I had the first cutter called away, and detailed twenty of my men to accompany me. I selected those whom I thought the most trustworthy, and having seen them well armed, I sent them into the boat. I left the first officer in charge of the schooner, and took the passed midshipman, the surgeon, and one of the midshipmen with me. We landed near the hulk, and looked around the coast without seeing any signs of life. At some distance inland, between the coast and the mountains, was a high hill, and towards this I took my way, ordering the men to look to their arms, and follow.

At the distance of some three miles we came to a sort of jungle which we could not get around, and having found an opening we entered. We had not gone far before we became assured that we were in a regular path, and we pushed on briskly. It was near noon when we reached the foot of the hill, and I was not a little surprised to find ten of the men were missing. Those who had come on told me their companions stopped somewhere in the deep wood to pick some berries, and that they said nothing about it at the time as they supposed they would follow on. I sent Mr. Beckwith and two of the men back to search for the missing ones, but at the end of half an hour they returned without them, and without having discovered any traces of them.

"Let's go on up the hill," said the surgeon. "They may be along."

I made no reply at the time, for I did not like to speak the suspicions that started up in my mind. Accordingly we went up the hill, and when we reached the top of it, we saw a wide, dense forest beyond, between us and the mountains, but nothing that looked like a human habitation. We had been there half an hour, and were just upon the point of turning back, when one of the men detected a curl of smoke at no great distance from us, and ere long the smoke became more dense, and it was apparent that a fire had just been built there. The spot was only at the southern slope of the hill, and towards it we started. We approached with cautious steps, and when we reached the place we found seven human beings cleaning around a fire cooking bird's eggs. At first we took them for savages, for they looked wildly in their feet when they saw us, and gave utterance to numerous loud yells. But those yells were of joy, for they recognized us at once as Yankees, and ere long we knew that they were all that were left of the crew of the wrecked brig.

They told us the story in a few minutes. Their brig was on the return voyage from Valparaiso when they met with the accident. Their vessel sprung a leak in a gale, and after throwing overboard two thirds part of their cargo, and still finding that the leak could not be stopped, they turned their head for the shore and stopped on all sail. Thus by keeping the pumps going, and stopping what of the leak they could, they managed to reach the shore. On the next day after they landed, a party of about a hundred natives attacked them, took them prisoners, and robbed the vessel of all they could carry. One man only made his escape, and he was the one who had carried the intelligence to Rio. After this the savages took them away over among the Table Hills, or mountains, and there they had been kept bound until two days before the present time, when they contrived to make their escape, five of their number having died under the cruelties inflicted by their captors.

We waited for the poor fellows to finish their meal of baked eggs, and then we started towards the shore which we reached about four o'clock in the afternoon. My worst fears were realized, or at least, I believed so—for the boat was gone, and the hull of the brig had been set on fire, and was burning rapidly. I was just upon the point of making some remark to the surgeon, when I saw the first cutter pulling off from the schooner.

"Everything may be right after all," said Mr. Beckwith. "Perhaps the ten men who left us got lost, and came back and went on board, and are now sending off for us."

But as the boat came near the shore, I saw that it contained the lieutenant, boatswain, the second midshipman, and three seamen.

"What is it, White?" I asked of my lieutenant as soon as he landed.

"The schooner is gone!" he grasped.

As soon as he could speak calmly, I learned that about noon the ten men who had left me returned on board, and that shortly afterwards the crew came aft in a body, and knocked the lieutenant down and bound him. They acknowledged that they had long contemplated taking the schooner and making a pirate of her, and that now they had just the best opportunity that could possibly have been offered. Only the boatswain among the warrant officers, and three of the men, refused to join them.

What was I to do? I knew the character of the men aboard the vessel well enough to know that they would stop at nothing short of death in carrying out their plans. They were thirty-nine strong, and all powerful men at that; while we could muster but twenty-four, counting the seven men we had found in the woods. These latter men, however, were weak and faint, and we could not count on them for hard work, so we really had but seventeen hands, and two of those were boys, though I knew what I did have were true. The men who were with me knew nothing of the plan, for they had been looked upon as friends to me, and hence were not trusted.

We were armed, but what of that? What were thirteen braces of pistols and thirteen cutlasses against the arms on board a schooner of war?

"When do they mean to sail?" I asked of the lieutenant.

"To-morrow sometime, I believe."

"And what else do you know?"

"Nothing, save that they will keep up a sharp watch while they remain, and have the guns ready for use."

During the next hour I passed up and down the beach in a state of excited wrath, but after that I became cooler, and began to reflect more calmly, but I could think of no possible way to overcome the piratical villains. They were masters now.

"By Heavens!" uttered the surgeon, approaching the spot where I stood, "I wish I could give 'em the contents of my medicine chest."

I gazed into his face a moment, and then said:

"You'd poison them, eh?"

"Poison or anything else," he replied; "but I'd give 'em a dose that would fix 'em for a while."

No sooner had he spoken than a idea entered my head.

"Does Harry Moore understand the arrangements in your chest?" I asked.

"Somewhat," answered the surgeon. "He has helped me mix medicines."

This Harry Moore was a boy only fourteen years old, but very bright and intelligent. He had been in the cabin some as my waiter, and he had helped the surgeon some. He had come off with me in the morning. I called him at once and asked him if he was willing to run any risk for the sake of getting the schooner back again.

"Yes sir," he answered promptly. "Anything you will point out."

"Do you think you could swim off to the vessel?"

"I could take a board, you know."

"Certainly—so you could. And after you get there, do you think you could get some stuff from the doctor's chest and mix it with their breakfast?"

"Yes sir," answered Harry, with sparkling eyes. "I could do it if I was there, and they would trust me; but they'd be apt to smell the rat."

"Yes," added the surgeon; "if he should swim off they would know that we sent him."

"But I could blind them," said I.

"How?"

I hesitated. At length I placed my hand upon the boy's head and said:

"It is hard, Harry, but there is only one way. Do it, and not only will we bless you, but you shall have a midshipman's berth when we arrive at Rio."

"Name it, sir."

"Pull of your jacket and frock, and let me flog you."

For a few moments all were silent. Harry spoke first.

"I understand. You would make 'em think I left you because you abused me?"

"Yes. You may tell that I accused you of having known something about the mutiny, and that I flogged you because you wouldn't confess."

"That's nothing at all," uttered the noble boy, with a beaming look. "Your blows will be only play to me, while such a work is doing."

As he spoke he commenced to pull off his jacket, but I bade him wait till after dark. In the meantime I asked the doctor to give him such information as would be needed, and then I went to find a stick suitable for my purpose. I not only found a hard, small, withy stick, but also some red berries, the juice of which was very dark and thick. I picked a lot of these, for in my anxiety to inflict as little suffering upon the boy as possible, I forgot that if I attempted to imitate the flowing of blood from his wounds the water would wash it off.

Just at dusk I took Harry one side, and he stripped himself to the skin. It was hard work, the hardest I ever did—but the object in view made it necessary. The presence of scars upon his back would be proof that I had ill-used him. I struck the first blow lightly, for I could not strike hard.

"Ho," he uttered, with a light laugh, "you must strike hard, if you mean to have me do my part of the work. Remember, upon my blows may be the issues of saving my life."

I did [illegible] harder, and when the job was done the noble boy smiled upon me all the while. But the work was done at length. Harry's white flesh was marked with dark, livid stripes, and I could suffer no more.

At ten o'clock the doctor gave the boy the last word of instruction about the article to be administered—it was morphine—and then he was ready to set out. We found a board which had been spared from the wreck, and this Harry took to assist him on his way. His last instructions were, to wave a handkerchief from the taffrail on the following morning as soon as his plan had succeeded. He was to get at the medicine chest some time during the night, and be ready to slip his narcotic into any food he could which was to be eaten for breakfast.

"If I don't succeed," said the noble fellow, "I shall swim on shore if I can, and if I cannot I shall make my escape on the first possible occasion.

We bade him good by, and then saw him set off. When he got well out we fired several pistols, as though we were firing at him. After this all was quiet. Not long afterwards we saw lights flashing over the side of the schooner, and ere long, by the gleam of the lanterns we could see our messenger hauled over the gangway.

I next arranged to have half of my men on watch through the night, and then I laid down to get a little sleep if possible. I slept a few hours, and when my lieutenant called me, I found it to be nearly two o'clock, though the watch had been changed at twelve. As soon as I had washed out my eyes and got fairly awake, I went down to the water's edge and looked off to where the schooner lay. I could distinguish her spars standing out against the starry sky, but all was quiet on her deck.

It was fairly light about five o'clock, and from that time we watched the schooner with anxiety, being careful, however, not to be seen by those on board, it being an easy matter to hide ourselves among the stunted shrubbery. We had a small quantity of provisions which we had saved from yesterday's store, and with this we made a respectable breakfast.

Time passed slowly and heavily away. I could see the mutineers at work in the rigging, and I knew that they were getting ready to make sail. I began to fear that our fate was sealed, and was upon the point of expressing my doubts to the surgeon, when I heard the sound of the boatswain's whistle. The shrill notes came cutting through the air, and their music revived me. It was the pipe to breakfast.

In some twenty minutes more I heard another call, and the low breeze that came sweeping in shore brought the order for getting underweigh. I saw the villains ascend to the fore topsail yard and cast off the gasket and furling line, and again my heart misgave me.

"Ah," I uttered to the lieutenant, "I fear all is lost."

"I hope not," he replied.

"But in fifteen minutes they will have—"

My remark was cut short by an exclamation from the surgeon.

"There goes a man from the yard!" he cried.

I looked, and saw two men fall from the foretopsail yard. One had fallen before. Instinctively I cast my eyes to the stern, and was just in time to see Harry Moore waving his handkerchief from one of the cabin windows, and in a moment more I saw him drop into the water and cling by one of the rudder pintles, with only [illegible] showing.

In a moment I called to my men, and we started for the cutter. Our pistols were examined, and every thing made sure respecting the efficiency of what arms we had, and then we put off.

There were twenty-four of us in the boat, and she could seat thirty-five easily, so we had room enough. We pulled astern of the schooner, so that none of the guns could be brought to bear upon us, and come up under the starboard main-chains. Six men appeared at the rail to beat us off, but we gave them the contents of a dozen pistols, and four of them fell. The other two were easily driven back, and with a wild shout my men followed me to the deck. Here some dozen men attempted to rally and give us a battle, but they were soon overcome, and then I had a chance to look about. The bars were set in the windlass, and a dozen men were lying about them, most of them seeming to be in fearful spasms. And all about the deck men were lying, some doubled up as if in the most excruciating pain, while others seemed to be dead. I gave orders to have all the villains who had life in them securely bound, and then I sent two of my followers down to help Harry up into the cabin, for I supposed he was still in the water.

"By my soul," I uttered to the surgeon, "this has been done well."

"Yes," he added, with a quaint expression, "but not exactly as I had supposed."

"How so?" I asked.

"Wait until I see Harry."

As the surgeon thus spoke; he turned towards the cabin, and having given Mr. White charge of the deck for a few moments, I followed him. We found the boy just crawling in through the cabin window, and his face wore an expression of mingled pride and gratitude. He sprang forward and grasped my hand.

"It's done," he uttered; "but I had a narrow chance of it. Just as I waved my handkerchief out of the window—I didn't dare to do it on deck—I heard 'em calling for me, and cursed me dreadfully. They knew I had done the work, and they meant to kill me. I dropped into the water, and no sooner had I got clung to the rudder than some of 'em came down into the cabin, but they didn't find me."

"And how did you do the work?" I asked.

"O, I didn't have any trouble at all. When I came aboard last night and showed 'em my book they took me in a minute. They believed I meant what I said. I didn't get a chance at the medicine chest until after midnight, but I got at it then, and made quick work in getting out the stuff, and this morning I mixed it with the coffee. 'Twasn't more than ten minutes after they'd done breakfast before some of 'em began to have fits."

"Let's look and see what you've given them," said the surgeon.

"I threw the bottle away, sir."

"Never mind. Give me the key."

The surgeon took the key, and upon opening the chest he found the glass jar of morphia in its place, but the strychnia was gone!

"I thought so," he uttered, turning to me.—"By the mass, those villains have taken poison enough to kill five hundred men—or, at least, there's been enough put with their drink."

As soon as the matter was explained, we found that the boy had made a mistake, and taken the strychnia, but it was not to be wondered at, considering the circumstances under which 'twas done. Of course, we found no fault with him, for he had done his duty noble and truly. The surgeon took his stomach pump and emetics and hastened on the deck. Down some of the villains' throats we forced any quantity of emetics, and the stomach pump did its share of work, but most of the work was too thoroughly done to be upended, and of the thirty-nine men twenty-seven died! The rest were dead before we had got half started with our reviving applications.

We examined the coffee boiler and found a large quantity of poison there. Had enough of it been taken [illegible] up, not for a time [illegible] could have [illegible] that hand [illegible] as it was, [illegible] escaped [illegible] to the [illegible] I think I felt more easy than I had [illegible] them all on board in irons.—At any rate, the departed ones had no measure.

In two weeks from that time I was again in Rio. The seven men whom we had brought from Patagonia were sent home on the first opportunity, and the eight mutineers were delivered up to justice. The old commodore extolled my expedient highly, and praised Harry Moore almost without bounds. The noble boy received a midshipman's warrant, and is now a lieutenant in our navy. I see him often when he is in the States, and the last time I saw him, I asked him if he ever felt grieved at the flogging I once gave him in Patagonia. He caught my hand, and with a bright smile, replied:

"Ah, captain, that was the only time in my life that I was ever flogged, and I do really think that I feel as much pride in that flogging as in any other event of my life."

A Sad Scene from the Drama of Real Life.

Some three weeks since an elderly, well-dressed and accomplished gentleman arrived in the city from Albany, N. Y. He bore with him a letter of introduction from the Mayor of Albany to Mayor Dorr. The letter was most unqualified in its commendation of the bearer, and asked the immediate and earnest attention of our Mayor to the peculiar mission of the gentleman.—His mission was this: Nearly three years ago his wife eloped with a man in Albany and came to this city. The woman brought with her two children—two little girls. She adopted, of course the name of her paramour, and they have been known and recognized as man and wife during their residence here. We are informed that the husband instituted search for his wife and children immediately after their flight, and this search he has continued unceasingly, but until quite recently he has never been able to learn of their whereabouts. He, however, recently learned, by mere chance, that his wife and children living in this city. With the letter of introduction before alluded to, he came to Toledo to regain his little girls. Mayor Dorr took at once an active interest in the unfortunate gentleman's mission, and it was not long before he was gratified with an interview with his children.—The little girls are exceedingly beautiful. Their ages being respectively ten and six years. The meeting is described by those who witnessed it as having been affecting in the extreme.

In order to regain the children it became necessary to go through a legal process, and one of our most able and prominent legal gentlemen *immediately took the matter in charge*. But unfortunately for the happy consummation of the gentleman's mission, he became publicly intoxicated, was arrested and locked up in the Watch-house, and the next morning brought before the Mayor. In view of all the circumstances, the Mayor, with a well advised reprimand, discharged the gentleman, declining, however, to further aid him in the recovery of his children. The gentleman left the Mayor's office, and has been constantly intoxicated for the past ten days. We should here state that Mayor Dorr dispatched a letter to the Mayor of Albany, stating his reasons for declining further aid to the gentleman. Thursday the unfortunate man again made his appearance at the Mayor's office—drunk and miserable—almost, if not quite, a victim to that cursed disorder, *delirium tremens*. At the man's request, the Mayor committed him to jail and again wrote the Mayor of Albany, advising him of his unfortunate condition. On the morning of the 4th of July, the signally ill-starred and misguided gentleman, with no relative or friend at his bed-side, died in jail. He had been for many years a physician of Albany, and, from letters in his possession, must have been a man of eminent respectability. It is not deemed advisable to give publicity to his name.—*Toledo Commercial.*

From the Buffalo Commercial—Extra.

Trouble in the Fremont Camp.

The following passage occurs in a Washington letter to the New York *Herald*, dated July 9th:

"A rumor prevails here that several northern States intend to bolt Fremont's nomination, and call a new convention for the purpose of nominating McLean, or some other well known man. A great deal of bad feeling is felt towards Fremont by a large number of prominent republicans."

Apropos to this, the Detroit *Free Press* publishes the following extract from a private letter written by a person whom it describes as "a distinguished gentleman now in Washington—not immediately connected with politics but possessing large opportunities for observation." The letter was written to one of the prominent citizens of Detroit, and, as the *Free Press* says "singularly confirms the foregoing statements, and hints at some of the causes—secret, as yet, so far as the people are concerned—which are likely to produce a fatal explosion in the black republican camp." We copy the extract:

"Some of the most prominent of the members of Congress who are classified with the Republicans, are greatly chagrined at the nomination of Fremont, and the rejection of McLean. Allison, of Pennsylvania, who took a leading part in the Philadelphia convention in favor of McLean openly condemns the act as 'a perilous mistake.' He intimates as much as if it was the result of a corrupt scheme between Thurlow Weed, of Albany, Blair, of Maryland, and Greeley—and made more with reference to the spoils than principle or capacity. The whole plot was concocted during the Christmas holidays, and it is more than suspected that Old Bullion was consulted as to the part he should act in the campaign. Fremont was hit upon because of his wealth, and ability to furnish the means of war, and that they should avoid any attack upon him, on the ground of hostility to the Union, as he had voted against Seward and Hale, on prominent abolition measures, when in the Senate.—They had, then, a design of uniting with the American party in opposition to the Papacy, and thought they could escape the charge of Catholicity, as it was only known to Col. Benton's family *that his son-in-law was a Catholic*, and attended occasionally the confessional. It turns out however that Fremont was married by a Catholic priest to a Protestant lady, and by the canon of the church no priest can administer *this sacrament* where both parties are out of the church. This not completely exposes the hypocrisy of these mere party gamblers. They want the know-nothing vote,—and therefore must now stoutly deny the professed faith of their candidate. But is won't do—the fact is about being established in the most authentic shape."

☞ Gen. Cass, in a letter to a Committee in Boston who had invited him to attend the Buchanan ratification meeting in that city, wrote: "Our nominees are worthy of our confidence, and, besides their personal claims, they are the representatives of the great party of Washington and Jefferson, and Jackson, which knows no country but the whole country, and no people but the whole American people; and which believes, that if every portion of the Republic were left to manage its affairs in its own way, without [illegible] interference, and if more charity and less vituperation were exhibited [illegible] of the Gospel [illegible] of the Saviour, [illegible] that the good old days of peace and fraternal regard would soon return to cheer the land."

THE SENATE BILL.

For the Pacification of Kansas!

Passed Senate July 3, 1856.—Ayes 33, Nays 12.

READ! READ! READ! READ!

The following is the *Kansas Pacification Bill*, word for word, as it passed the Senate. This is the bill that Mr Oliver, of Missouri; the minority member of the Kansas Investigating Committee, Whitfield, the Delegate from that Territory, and Messrs. Stringfellow and Atchison, designate as "certain to make Kansas a Free State."

This is the Bill all the Black Republicans in the Senate, twelve in number, voted against, voted against, too, because it would give quiet to Kansas and ultimately give her a *Free* State Constitution, and thus deprive the Freemonters of their stock in trade for the Presidential Campaign.

This is the Bill that John P. Hale declared upon the floor of the Senate to be a fair measure, but which this same John P. Hale, in order to have a hobby with one string to play on during the Presidential Canvass, voted against.

Read it, then, freemen of Pennsylvania, and after you have read it, tell us who is attempting to keep up this excitement, those who have proposed and passed this fair, this just, this equitable adjustment, or those who, for political purposes, desire no peace in Kansas until after the Presidential election. Again we urge the people to READ THIS BILL!

[From the National Intelligencer.]

Be it enacted, &c., That, for the purpose of making an enumeration of the inhabitants authorised to vote under the provisions of this act, an apportionment and an election of members of a convention to form a State constitution for Kansas, as hereinafter provided, five competent persons shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to be commissioners, a majority of whom shall constitute a quorum, before entering upon the duties of his office, shall take and subscribe an oath or affirmation that he will support the Constitution of the United States, and faithfully and impartially exercise and discharge the duties enjoined on him by this act, according to the best of his skill and judgment, which oath or affirmation shall be administered to them severally and be duly certified by a judge, clerk, or commissioner of a court of the United States, and filed and record in the office of the Secretary of the Territory of Kansas.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of said commissioners, under such regulations as the Secretary of the Interior may prescribe, to cause to be made a full and faithful enumeration of the legal voters resident in each county in the said Territory on the Fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, and make returns thereof during the month of August next, or as soon thereafter as practicable, one of which returns shall be made to the office of the Secretary of the Interior, and the other to the Secretary of the Territory of Kansas; and which shall also exhibit the names of all such legal voters, classed in such manner as shall be prescribed by the regulations of the Secretary of the Interior.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Interior, immediately after the passage of this act, to prescribe regulations and forms to be observed in making the enumeration aforesaid, and to furnish the same, with all necessary printed blanks, to each of the commissioners soon as may be after their appointment, and the commissioners shall meet without delay at the seat of government of Kansas Territory, and proceed to the discharge of the duties herein imposed upon them, and appoint a secretary to the board and such other persons as shall be necessary to aid and assist them in taking the enumeration hereinprovided for, who must also be duly sworn faithfully, impartially, and truly to discharge the duties assigned them by the commissioners.

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That said board of commissioners shall, so soon as said census shall be completed and returns made, proceed to make an apportionment of the members for a convention, among the different counties in said Territory, in the following manner; The whole number of legal voters shall be divided by fifty-two, and the product of such division rejecting any fraction of a unit, shall be the ratio or rule of apportionment of members among the several counties; and if any county shall not have a number of legal voters thus ascertained, equal to the ratio, it shall be attached to some adjoining county and thus form a representative district; the number of said voters in each county or district shall then be divided by the ratio, and the product shall be the number of representatives apportioned to such county or district: *Provided*, That the loss in the number of members caused by the fractions remaining in the several counties, in the omission of the legal voters thereof, shall be compensated by assigning to so many counties as have the largest fractions an additional member for his fraction, as may be necessary to make the whole number of representatives fifty two.

Sec. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That the said board, immediately after the appointment of the members thereof, and the returns of the census specifying the name of each legal voter in each county or district) to be published and distributed among the inhabitants of the several counties, and shall transmit one copy of the said apportionment and census, duly authenticated by them, to each clerk of a court of record within the Territory, who shall file the same, and keep open to the inspection of every inhabitant, who shall desire to examine it, and shall also cause other copies to be posted up in at least three of the most public places in each voting precinct, to the end that every inhabitant may inspect the same, and apply to the board to correct any error he may find therein, in the manner hereinafter provided.

Sec. 6. *And it be further enacted*, That said board shall remain in session each day, Sundays excepted, from the time of making said apportionment until the twentieth day of October next, at such places as shall be most convenient to the inhabitants of said Territory, and shall proceed to the inspection of said returns, and hear, correct, and finally determine according to the facts, without unreasonable delay, under proper regulations to be made by the board for the ascertainment of disputed facts concerning said enumeration; all questions concerning the omission of any person from said returns, or the improper insertion of any name on said returns, and any other question affecting the integrity or fidelity of said returns; and for this purpose the said board and each member thereof shall have power to administer oaths and examine witnesses, and compel their attendance in such manner as said board shall deem necessary.

Sec. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That as soon as the said lists of legal voters shall thus have been revised and corrected, it shall be the duty of said board to cause copies thereof to be printed and distributed generally among the inhabitants of the proposed State, and one copy shall be deposited with the clerk of each court of record within the limits of the proposed State, and one copy delivered to each judge of the election, and at least three copies shall be posted up at each place of voting.

Sec. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That an

Concluded on Fourth Page.