

Varieties.

GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

The circumstances which induced the writing of the following most touching and thrilling lines are as follows:—A young lady in New York was in the habit of writing for the *Philadelphia Ledger* on the subject of Temperance. Her writing was so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a maniac on the subject of Temperance, whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,

Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn:
Then suffer on from year to year—
The sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,

Implore, beseech, and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay:
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept

O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way,
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,

Go see the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow:
Go catch his withered glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to the mother's side

And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear,
Mark her worn frame and wither'd brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
With fading frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promis'd eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
The promise to the cursed cup:
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made her promise bright;
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife:
And stamp'd on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight, the drunkard's child.

Go hear and feel, and see and know,

All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try,
When all proclaim 'tis drink and die!

Tell me I HATE the bowl!

Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe—ABHOR—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirr'd—
When I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell.

ORIGIN OF THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

On Wednesday evening, we attended a large Temperance Mass Meeting, which was addressed by the celebrated Hawkins, of Baltimore. He gave the occasion or cause of the Maine Law. He said at a Washingtonian Meeting in Portland, there was a confirmed drunkard, who was impoverished and bowed to the dust by drinking, came up to sign the pledge, followed by his miserable wife. When he signed it, she burst into tears and followed him back to his seat. After this the drunkard (Sweet was his name) went to work and picked up a piece of furniture here, and another there, and supplied his house with necessities and comforts—then he bought him a little cottage, and lived for seven years happily with his little family. After so long a time he entered a splendid drinking saloon in the city, and they prevailed on him to drink and he was made drunk, dead drunk. It was given out that he was dead. They laid him on a truck and took him home. His wife came to the door to receive his corpse, but as soon as she saw he was drunk, she screamed in agony. He was carried into a chamber and put on a bed, and she sat by his side until he came to his senses. She then asked him where he got his liquor. He refused to tell. She locked the door and threw the key out of the window to her little boy, and directed him not to unlock the door until she told him to.

She then told her husband he should not leave the chamber, neither would she leave it, until he told her where he got his liquor. For a long time he refused, but finally told her she would always have her way, and he said he got it at Cole's. Cole kept a splendid saloon, and he got poor Sweet in and got him drunk. She then ordered the door open, and put on her bonnet. "Where are you going?" said Sweet, "I am going to Cole's." "Don't go there," said he, "you will but disgrace yourself." "It shall not disgrace me so much as you have disgraced me,"—and off she went to Cole's. She found some young men in this splendid ram-hole. She told Cole who she was, and commenced begging him not to sell her husband liquor, and told her melting story. He cursed her and told her to leave. She refused, and fell upon her knees and begged in the most pitiful terms. He began to talk obscenely to her, and aroused her indignation.—She then seized him by the collar, and held him in one hand as in a vice. With the other

hand she slapped his face, back and forth until he was severely chastized, and then left for home.

The young men who were present then told the ram-seller he well deserved his flogging. It was an infinite shame to insult a woman he had so wronged, when she came to plead with him in such a matter.

Well, the next day Sweet came home drunk again, and so the next day and the next, when she found he got his liquor at Cole's. She immediately started for Cole's, and found about 150 men surrounding an auctioneer, who was crying off goods before the door of the saloon. Her former visit to Cole's was known over the city, and had caused very general talk, and she had become generally known. She dodged into the saloon, and the people at the auction, seeing her go in, pushed in after her, and left the auctioneer alone. They said, "there goes Mrs. Sweet—another battery." As she entered, she saw her husband in the act of raising the cup to his lips. He dropped his cup and escaped through the back door. She then began to talk to Cole as before, and he talked to her as before. When he commenced his obscenity, she went inside the bar and seized Cole by the collar, with her left hand, and ran her clenched fist in his face with her right hand until he was well pounded, and then shoved him out head first, and kicked him as he fell into the street. She then entered the bar and surveyed the splendid bottles and furniture. In her indignation she at once broke all the bottles, and set the cocks of the barrels of liquor all running. Then she saw a box of toys and sugar things, and said, look there, a trap for our children, to draw them here and make them drunkards. She found an old jug with some liquor in it, and emptied its contents all over the toys and ruined them. She then saw a large looking-glass—"There," said she, "a thing put up for drunkards to see their faces." She took a jug and hurled it against the glass, and broke it to pieces.

About this time another rum-seller rushed in and addressed the audience: "Why will you stand here and see so much property destroyed?" The woman then rushed at him, saying, "And you are another scoundrel." He took to his heels and escaped. Having destroyed every thing, she went into the street for home, and met the Mayor with two or three policemen; and said to them, "How have you done your duties? You are in office to protect me and my husband and our children, and you have left us to be murdered by this man, and if you won't protect us, I will take the law into my own hands." The multitude cheered her, and the sheriff returned, acknowledging the justice of her complaint. The wide-spread story of this transaction, Mr. Hawkins said, begat the "Maine Liquor Law."

A SLAVE AUCTION IN VIRGINIA.

A young man, now on a tour to the Southern States, where Slavery in all its horrors exists, supported by the law of the land, has written to one of the publishers of the *New York Tribune* an account of a Slave Auction he attended in Richmond. In order to show our readers the state of things there we give an extract from his letter:—

RICHMOND, Va., March 3, 1853.

Since I left New York I have seen the original Declaration of Independence, and I have seen it "illustrated" here in this place. Oh, my God! Oh, my country!!

I have been an eye-witness this morning to scenes such as have never been described, and never can be. You and I have been told by some of the dough-faces of the North that the evils of slavery are exaggerated. But they have not been half told, and I have neither the ability nor the heart to describe the scenes I have this moment come from witnessing.

I have spent two hours at the public sales of slaves. There are four of them, and all in the same street, not more than two blocks from the Exchange Hotel, where we are staying. These slave depots are in one of the most frequented streets of the place, and the sales are conducted in the building, on the first floor, and within view of the passers-by. There are small screens behind which the women of mature years are taken for inspection; but the men and the boys are publicly examined in the open store, before an audience of full one hundred. These examinations are carried on by various persons interested, and are enough to shock the feelings of the most hardened. You really cannot conceal that men in human form could conduct themselves so brutally; each scar or mark is dwelt upon with great minuteness—its cause, its age, its general effect upon the health, &c., &c., are questions asked and readily answered. I saw full twenty men stripped this morning, and not more than three or four of them had what they termed "clean backs," and some of them—I should think full one quarter of them—were scarred with the whip to such an extent as to present a frightful appearance; one in particular was so cut that I am sure you could not lay your finger on any part of his back without coming in contact with a scar. These scars were from the whip, and were from two inches to one foot in length. These marks damaged his sale; although only about 45 or 50 years old, he only brought \$460; but for these marks he would have brought \$750 to \$800.

I saw several children sold; the girls bro't the highest price. Girls from 12 to 18 years old brought from \$500 to \$800.

I must say that the slaves did not display as much feeling as I had expected, as a general thing—but there was one noble exception—God bless her! and save her, too! as I hope he will in some way, for if he does not interpose, there were no men there that would.

She was a fine looking woman about twenty-five years old, with three beautiful children. Her children as well as herself were neatly dressed. She attracted my attention at once on entering the room, and I took my stand near her to learn her answers to the various questions put to her by the traders. One of these traders asked her what was the matter with her eyes? Wiping away the tears, she replied, "I s'pose I have been crying." "Why do you cry?" "Because I have left my man behind, and his master won't

let him come along." "Oh, if I buy you, I will furnish you with a better husband, or man as you call him, than your old one." "I don't want any better, and won't have any other as long as he lives." "Oh, but you will though, if I buy you."—"No, massa, God helping me, I neerer will."

If this morning I had been possessed of the wealth of W. B. Astor, I should have laid out some money in "stock." That would have eased my conscience, if it had not paid a good interest. Let this be my conclusion. If God spares me my reason and my conscience, I never will vote again for a pro-slavery man.—From this time forth, I promise and declare that I am bound for the fight. "Freedom or Death!" shall be the "watchword and the cry." (Of course I only adopt the spirit of the quotation, and don't mean to do any such foolish thing as to kill myself or allow slavery to do it, but to make all reasonable sacrifices in the cause of "truth, right and humanity.")—Keep this declaration—preserve it!—and when you see me violate its spirit, like a guardian angel appear to me, reminding me of the vows I now take upon myself.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.—A colored man walked out in London, and observed a stone-cutter at work upon a block of granite which was to be placed in the walls of an elegant building near at hand. He spoke to the stone-cutter of another building more elegant and durable than the one which he was erecting.—The stone cutter asked where? The colored man replied in heaven. God had prepared mansions for those who love him, which far surpassed in elegance and beauty any ever erected by man. The stone cutter asked him where he had learned these things? He replied in Western Africa, from a missionary sent out by the London Missionary Society, and that he had come to England to obtain an education, and return to preach the gospel to his countrymen. The stone cutter replied, "I have been praying for the conversion of the heathen the last twenty years, and have contributed a penny a week for this object. I bless God that I am permitted to see and converse with a converted heathen. God has answered my prayers."

THE HINDOOS.—AN INTERESTING FACT.—One of the odious features of the paganism of India, is its opposition to the re marriage of Hindoo widows. The polygamy system renders this class of females very large, and shut out by absurd custom from forming again the marriage relation, they are driven, from want and other causes, into most debasing courses of life. Hence a prolific source of licentiousness. But a bright day is dawning. Some of the most influential Hindoos themselves are rising up against the odious customs of their fathers, and against the above noticed one in particular. A prominent native gentleman in Madras, lately addressed a large audience of the most respectable native Hindoos in favor of the re-marriage of Hindoo females. His speech was warmly cheered and applauded. He made a bold and effective appeal, which had the greater power, as he proved from the Hindoo Shaster that the prevalent system of excluding from social life all young widows, while almost children, into a life of loneliness and servitude, unless they run into licentiousness, and become abandoned, as they too often do, is not a part of Hindooism and ought to be renounced.—*M. Star.*

THE SPIRITUAL RAPPING IMPOSTURE.—During the past year eighteen persons were admitted to the Indiana asylum for the insane, whose insanity is attributed to the spirit rapping imposture. Nearly every asylum for the insane has the victims of this imposture among its inmates.

BRICK BUILDING,

SOUTH SIDE KING STREET.

150 BOXES, Half and Quarter Boxes best RAPESEEDS; 5 Casks Cooking do.,
5 Drams Sultana Raisins;
3 Casks CURRANTS; 10 Kegs GRAPES;
50 Bbls APPLES; 20 bbls. ONIONS;
50 Bags WALNUTS; 10 bags soft shelled ALMONDS;
4 Bags Castina NUTS.
150 Bbls. Canada Superfine FLOUR;
1200 Pounds Clark and Thomson's CHEESE;
15 Bbls. Porter's FLUID;
With a general assortment of GROCERIES, SPICES, &c.
Jan. 15. HANNAH & UNDERHILL.

NEW BRUNSWICK HOTEL,

CHARLOTTE STREET,

Nearly opposite the Country Market, St. John, N. B. THE Subscriber would respectfully intimate to the Travelling Public, that extensive improvements have been made to the above House, and that it has been well furnished and renovated, and good accommodations is now offered to Transient and Permanent Boarders.

This House is conducted on strictly Temperance principles.

Good accommodations for Horses. An experienced Hostler will be in attendance. E. W. FLAGLOR.
St. John, N. B., January, 1853.

ETNA, PROTECTION, AND HARTFORD INSURANCE COMPANIES.

AGENCY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

7th January, 1853.

THESE are to certify, that Messrs. ROBERT and HUGH DAVIS, having recently lost by Fire their Milling Establishment in the Parish of Hampstead, Queen's County, and having furnished me with the several proofs required by the conditions of Insurance, and being satisfied therewith, I have paid them their claims; and do hereby declare that I still do, and have no desire to relinquish the Insurance on their Property in Woodstock, or to effect further Insurance for them if required, notwithstanding the several rumours that have been circulated regarding the origin of the Fire, and also as to the value of the property recently destroyed. A. BALLOCH, Agent.