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8-24-1854

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 06): August 24, 1854

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 06): August 24, 1854" (1854). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 369.
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BY MRS. S. A. WENTZ.

'Oh, dear!' said I, laughing, as I looked over cousin Annie's shoulder, and read from a page she was writing upon, 'I am very young, intrinsically young, emphatically young!'

It was cousin Annie's thirty-seventh birthday. She looked up, and the very spirit of youth laughed defiantly from her eyes, and broke in beauty over her whole countenance; but without a word she went on penning her thoughts, and I sat down to sew.

'Do let us talk about Nebraska!' said I, after a while. 'If you don't moderate my feelings, or allow them to expend themselves on you, I shall become dangerous; every moment I feel as though I should turn into a strong-minded woman! Give up your writing and take the edge off my enthusiasm, that I may go into society armed at all points like the bristling porcupine.'

'Oh, laissez-vous!'

'I have a great mind to head a million emigrants to Nebraska!'

No answer came, and presently cousin Annie stopped writing, turned, and said, 'Now, my pearl, I am ready to talk of anything under the stars!'

'What have you been writing about?'

'My birthday!'

'Don't you dread to grow old?'

'Yes, I dread to have the casket lose its beauty, but while God reflects new splendors upon the jewel, and polishes it for eternity, I can exist in the flight of years. It is a beautiful compensation for the departure of material youthfulness, to wake up to a comprehension of the eternal richness within, which has lain like a folded bud through the past—it is so beautiful to look upon human beings, some, perhaps, worn with care, and say to them, inwardly, "Oh, the wealth that lies in your soul—the beauty and glory that God sees far back through a vista, beauty of His own planting, which you may year by year develop if you will!" Is it not the saddest of all sights to witness poor humans working against their "manes-ted destiny," growing rusty, wicked, old and miserable, instead of advancing towards the possession of their soul-inheritance, really believing their day is spent, and now they must be laid up on the shelf as used up men and women? Ah! what do they know of life, which is given to last while God shall exist? like the beasts that perish, they suppose their role is played out when the angel of Death comes. Is it any wonder that from those who have lost the dew of youth, we hear the pitiful cry, "Life is so unsatisfactory! We can never be young again!"'

'But there are such inhuman sorrows that we meet in our way, who would not sometimes rather lie down by the roadside and perish, than press for victory?'

'But after the victory, who could doubt that the morning hastened its coming? Who could doubt that the upward path had opened? Who could doubt that the spirit had received a baptism of youth, a talisman of celestial freshness, over which time and circumstance are not wholly omnipotent? Perhaps I am not as merry and thoughtless as I was twenty years ago, but I am a hundred years younger, if love, hope, trust and gladness, constitute youth. That hateful bitterness, that discontent, (the very spirit of age) is gone! Don't tell me people grow old, unless they are determined to do so—permanently bent on it.'

'Don't you suppose cousin William thinks you begin to look somewhat ancient? Almost ready to depart and be at peace, like Simeon of old?'

Cousin Annie blushed beautifully, and smiled her sweetest smile, while she looked into my eyes with the frank, bewitching scrutiny I never could withstand, nor could any one else; for she only looked so into the very hearts of those who knew her whole soul, and loved her for herself.

An allusion to cousin William never failed to bring this light of love over her features; she was the light of life to him.

'What wise things have you been writing about your venerableness? May I read?'

'It is all nonsense, but you may read it if you wish; I am on the point of being profound, when you came in and prevented it!'

I took the paper and read:

'Thirty-seven years old am I this blessed day, incredible as it may seem! A middle-aged matron! Ye gods and little fishes, what have ye done with me? What right had you to work this transformation in my outer man? What right had you to read me out of the ranks of youth, when I know that I am very young, intrinsically young, emphatically young; in the very blush of womanhood, in the opening drama of life—and I won't be old! I will not, for God never meant I should. Come hither, ye beautiful angels, fresh as the dew, sparkling as Aurora, whose lives have been a thousand years longer than mine; am I old?'

'Don't you look upon me as dreadfully young? Don't you know, that between you and me there is no such thing as growing old? Don't you know that, as I remarked to my gracious niece, upon whose knee I sat at the moment, I shall some of these days, turn into the prettiest little angel he ever saw? Don't you remember what you said among yourselves, that you really thought I was growing rather more comely, rather more fascinating every year, and before anybody suspected it, I would don my wings and settle down in your midst as young a bird as though the gods and little fishes had not made me wear a mortal body that grew out of fashion—just as airy, just as happy as though the cloud-pets were not at this moment saying, "She is leaving her youth behind her!"'

'People may say what they please, but it isn't agreeable to grow old in everybody's eyes! I don't know but what I should be like a perfect scalewag on the subject, if I didn't know everybody would know I was wronging the truth! People who think they are growing old, soul and body, how very reserved they are about it, until they get to be grandparents, then they are rather more open in the matter; the conviction has burned into the very marrow that they cannot impose on the world any longer; they begin to acknowledge that they are a little older than they intended to be; but young people in these days are nothing to what young people were formerly! Thirty-seven! it is horrible to have friends laboring under a tremendous mistake, thinking the rose-bloom has left your heart, when you know better; it is just deepening, there—'

'Creation is just beginning to unfold her meaning to the wondering eye, and Hope is soaring aloft with an exultation that bids defiance to the brief dominion of Time! Fancy never reared her castles so airily and high—and people say I am growing old, indeed! I presume they do; it is the very thing they are doing themselves! Old! and yet I am only lingering in the ante-chamber of the Universe; I have not even had a glance into the beautiful world; have not even shaken off my chrysalis, and know not when I shall!—And they identify me with this chrysalis, do they, and will pity me when I arise from it, instead of congratulating me! Patience!—thou rose-lipped cherubim, alight upon my path!'

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. VIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1854.

NO. 6.

I laid the paper in cousin Annie's work-basket, and thought of the past. She was a graceful, interesting woman now, one who had a rare power of attracting love—one whom young girls sought in hours of sorrow, and throwing themselves on her sympathy, made a clean breast of it; after which they went home with a ray of sunshine in their inmost hearts.

She looked much younger than she was, and her attractive face might be supposed to possess an inner set of features, as Grace Greenwood says. A spiritual beauty beamed thro' from the soul, which had grown with the years that stole away her physical bloom. Memory travelled back over many years; and recalled one evening when she was in her early 'teens, gay and graceful as a fairy, careless and uncontrolled as ever a wilful spirit was. All the family had gone out except her and myself. A young girl of her own age soon came in; they left me in the back room, sewing on a bonnet for my doll. I was forbidden to enter their retreat, which was the parlor; but every now and then I heard their low, happy laughter, and cousin Annie pronounced the name of Charlie Allen many times; he seemed to be a sort of demi-god in her eyes. I was so engrossed in my work I at length forgot their near proximity—the bonnet began to assume shape and comeliness, and with inward rapture I was saying, "this will look as I expected it to, after all," the doll I make for Palinda always look so puckered up, but this is the cunningest little—'

'Away went my thread, letting out the gath-ers. I commenced again with dejected feelings, but knot after knot came, until my anger reached the boiling point. I threw everything on the floor and screamed like a wild Indian. Cousin Annie bounded into the room, her great eyes flashing like stars.

'You miserable little yeller!' she exclaimed, 'I thought the house was coming down. Come to bed, this minute.'

She took me up under her arm with a determination that was terrific to behold in one so slender, and fairly flew up stairs with me before I could get my breath.

'I'll tell Charlie Allen you have been talking about him all the evening,' said I sulkily.

'Well, are you sure you will not scream so again?'

'No, I won't, Annie!'

We went down stairs together; and from that day I was a sort of telegraph between the youthful lovers. Cousin Annie took me into her confidence, and said she relied upon my sacred word and honor never to tell anybody that she and Charlie wrote letters to each other, and that he gave her a black and white bead chain, with a locket attached to it.

Some years later, when Annie was in the flush of her sparkling beauty, I one day opened the parlor door, and, to my surprise, saw my cousin standing by the window, with Charlie Allen's arm about her waist. I closed the door, feeling exceedingly ashamed, yet I was positive that I had been looking into the garden of Eden.

There never was a mortal that looked handsomer than Charlie did at that moment;—the rich hair was dashed back from his forehead, and his eyes, full of liquid fire and softness, were fixed upon Annie's face, as if the fountain of life were there. She, too, wore to me the aspect in which he saw her—a splendor that beamed around her, and to my consciousness came the thought of his soul, "She is an angel!" Her enchanting eyes were raised to his, and a soft smile played radiantly over her lip, over her whole countenance!—The abandonment of love and joy was there. She was robed in white. Her brown, abundant ringlets gleamed in the sunlight that came from the west, and airily they rested upon her neck, which had the tender, pearly hue of an infant's.

'Yes, cousin Annie, that beautiful moment was one of the rare ones, when human beings can look up to the Infinite, and say, "I ask for no more." To me it was a moment that suggested to me the idea of comparing my personal appearance with that of Amanda Fitz Allen, Helen Mar, Catherine Seyton, Mary, Queen of Scots, and all the heroines who had carried hearts captive. Everybody said Annie was a beauty. Several gentlemen had had intolerable sufferings to bear on her account. Would I ever be so happy as to make men miserable? I feared not. I would dissect probabilities. Had I black eyes, or blue? Neither. A heroine never had gray; therefore, I might hang my hair on the willows. Had I this attraction? Had I that? No. I should probably never have any lovers except such as I should be ashamed of, and it might be that I never should have any. That splendid man that floated before my fancy, who would be just the one I wanted, he probably never would notice me! If I could go to the interior of Africa, somehow, and he could come there to travel for his health, and see me there, there might be a chance of his falling in love with me, for I should look quite handsome in the midst of those Hottentot women; and of the country. Who knows? Things as strange as that have happened. Josephine never expected to be an empress! While fantastic visions were dancing in my head, cousin Annie had really entered the charming world; she was drinking from the overflowing cup of bliss. She had learned that "Love is its own exceeding loveliness always," and Charlie he only had body enough to hold his soul. Ambitious dreams had fled, and wealth, titles, and position were the veriest trifles when compared with the world love had created around her.

How well I remember how she used to look in those days. How, when evening came, the soft rose used to steal to her cheek, and when she used to say, "Good evening," to Charlie, as the rest of us did, how much suppressed sweetness there was in the tone—how it seemed as if she would quiet the awakened bliss of her heart, and hide it from others, by not speaking to him or looking at him. How bashfully her eyes drooped to conceal their melting love, and when she raised them, what a child-like tenderness seemed to pervade her whole being. The celestial flower of love within her surely breathed around her some divine fragrance that was too spiritual for this earth. And this beautiful love—this sun of life I could only those taste it who were gifted with the spell of physical beauty? Could only a Grecian nose, a faultless form, a red and white complexion—win it? Only those things can win it! answered the novels; and I groaned over my destiny.

But an hour for parting came. Charlie must go to the West Indies for two years.—And he went. I slept with cousin Annie; and she used to clasp me to her heart, and weep wildly, giving way to such a torrent of passionate grief, it almost frightened me.

'Don't tell how I cry at night,' she would say, 'but, oh, darling, if he should be taken from me! Oh! Katie, I have such dreadful forebodings. Why should we be parted? I would live in the darkest mine, in the dreariest spot on earth, with him. Poor child!' and she stroked my forehead, and held me so softly to her heart, 'some time you will love so!'

Letters came, and Annie became hopeful again, and sometimes we would laugh immoderately over those weeping nights—they seemed so delightfully ridiculous to me.

'I was von luste goose,' said Annie. 'I wouldn't tell Charlie how I went on, for my little finger; he'd be so highly enraptured!'

'If I had a bean, I'd tell him everything!' said I, as that splendid African king arose to view.

'When your day comes, you'll have wit enough to hold back, I hope,' responded Annie, laughing. 'I should think it was about time for you to make an impression on somebody now.'

'Oh, dear! I don't!'

Happy days these were to me: days when Annie began to tell me her every thought, and I began to love her with the whole strength of my heart. She was a heroine, a being full of that romance which charmed me, the merriest, the sweetest, the most engaging creature that ever danced upon the waves of life—and yet so feeling full! I was so proud that I could understand her feelings, her character, so satisfied with my worship. The colors she loved were more adorable than other colors.—The ring she gave me at this time made a little halo around the finger it circled. In whole, it diffused a sort of romance over my whole person, over my chamber, over the house. When I walked in the street, I thought what a remarkable person that ring made of me. If people knew that I was Annie's bosom friend, how astonished they would be.

But time had its own experience to stamp upon the heart. Annie was taken violently ill of a most malignant fever. We had no idea that she would recover, but she did in a measure. She was able to leave her bed, to sit in an arm-chair by a window; but alas! our pride, our pearl, our beauty was transformed. Her curls had not only been cut off, but her head was shaved, her face was long and thin, her lovely eyes sunken, and with a dark streak around them; and her fair complexion had the sallow hue of sickness. This was not all; the disease settled in her limbs, and she was utterly helpless; so lame we had to roll her chair to and from the bed. For months, hope did not desert her.

'I shall gain daily,' she would say; people often look as frightfully as I do, after severe sickness.'

But she did not gain. The demon of ill-health held her in its clutches. The days drew near when we expected Charlie's return, and Annie almost wished the time of absence were lengthened.

'If I could seem beautiful to him,' she said, 'I would be willing that every other human being should find no attraction in me. It is blessed to be caressed and loved by all, but I could give up all except him. Oh! he must love me still; but now I remember he used to praise my beauty so much. Hattie, do you love me as much as you did?'

'Oh! Annie, how can you ask it? I was very proud of you; but you are Annie yet, my darling, darling Annie, and there never will be another being like you created. It is you, that I love, and it is Annie herself that Charlie loves. I cannot understand why you should think he will love you less.—Did he love you as one would worship a painted portrait? No, indeed. You have the same grace of soul now, the same cultivated tastes, the same manners, and you are even more gentle and tender to everybody. The doctor says your lameness is only temporary, and—'

Here the door opened, and Charles Allen broke in, in the eager flush of delight overspreading his face. It was nearly twilight. I sprang from my low seat to escape, but he caught me in his arms.

'I am not Annie. There she is,' I exclaimed. He released me, uttering 'Good God!' as he gazed upon the motionless figure—the large eyes that were searching his heart of hearts.

'Dear Annie! poor Annie!' he said, and kissed her forehead and lips. 'I did not suppose you would be so greatly altered by that sickness.'

He sat beside her; and, unable to restrain my interest, I looked back as I went out of the room. He was scrutinizing Annie's downcast face with a critical glance, with such a look as I hated him for. He was measuring what she was worth now. I fled to the spare bedroom, and throwing myself on the floor, almost cried myself to death.

'Is this the way people love? Oh! is this the way men love? And are women ruined when youth and beauty depart?'

After a while, I heard him go down stairs, and about the street door behind him. I looked out of the window, and as I watched his fine figure, could not help muttering,

'Miserable, craven dog, she is as much above you as heaven is above the earth!'

After walking up and down to still the tumult of feeling within, washing my face every two or three moments, and even counting the figures on the wall paper over and over again, to compose myself, I ventured into Annie's presence. She sat there still, one hand resting on the arm of the chair, as it had done when I left her; the death-blow had smote her heart; she was a crushed wretch, grovelling in the deepest caverns of despair.

I pass over that year which initiated one young spirit into its fiery baptism of suffering. Annie recovered her health entirely, and her beauty also. Charles Allen had returned to the West Indies, and soon married a wealthy Spanish widow. Annie had many admirers; she listened to compliments with a bitter disdain, and sometimes I thought I saw a flash of triumph in her eyes—a glow of wild, vindictive feeling, when a woman's heart caught the fact that she was beloved; but the fiend only tempted her—she overcame him; she overcame the sudden, intolerable thirst to be a coquette, and pour back the healing measure that had scathed her soul. She calmly, really thought that men were incapable of an exalted, abiding attachment; when I knew that she thought thus, I honored her the more for that gentle, resolute purpose she formed never to trifle with the feelings of those who loved her, even though the love seemed to her superficial. She knelt beneath the hard, iron yoke of duty, and, weeping, strove to forget that she was once tenderly enclasped with the roseate wreath of love. And the morning of her youth went by, and still there were those who sought her as a gem; but it was in vain. Elderly gentlemen admired her excessively; and when I could not forbear a laugh at their emphatic assertions that they were very romantic, and could be moulded into anything she wished, she would say,—

'Dear, I wish I might never give any one even a momentary pain; there are so many sad chords in the heart!'

After life had revealed its terrible abysses, another view opened to Annie, and she began to see its glorious extent. There was cheerfulness, exultation in the glance that reached forward to a life in the Divine World—then hope was still before her—then the issues of destiny were not decided—then she was yet in the infancy of her existence—then no death-blow had fallen, and she could stretch out her arms beneath the star-lit heaven, and say, 'All hail! hereafter!'

I was settled in my own little home, and Annie was coming to make me a visit! What an event this was, and how determined I was to compass sea and land in order to turn one room in the house into a boudoir; my bedroom opened from the parlor, and should be the veritable room, husband *volens volens*; fortunately he was *volens*, and down went a new carpet forthwith; thither the bookcase was transported, and here were the best paintings suspended, the greenest plants furnished on the window seat, the most adorable authors laid on the table, and the freshest of moss baskets held Spring's first, dainty darlings. In this room I was sitting one morning, when a friend, Mr. Corning, came in to bring a book he had promised to lend me.

'You have made some new arrangements!' he observed. Smiling, as I rose, and standing at the door, I said,

'See! I do it look pleasant? does it look very cosy and delightful?—because the most enchanting of women is coming here to grace it: the cousin you have heard me speak of—Here is her likeness!'

He looked at it a long time.

'What a heavenly face!' he said, softly, and a faint color deepened in either cheek, as he laid it down.

In a moment he took it up and gazed at it earnestly again. Ah! then broke over me the brightest, sweetest vision. Then my spirit was dancing a fandango of triumph. Here was the man at last who was worthy of cousin Annie's love. Here was the most spiritual, the most beautiful of romances to begin, right in this little boudoir. It was worth forty thousand new carpets. Huzzah!

'Here is a book I think you will like,' I said, handing him one, as he went away.

Annie came that very day. Two evenings after, I had a powerful presentiment that Mr. Corning would bring back the book I had lent him. We sat in the boudoir; Annie was reading aloud to me from Longfellow. How sweetly, how musically she read, and how softly the shaded light fell over her figure. How elegant and graceful she looked.

I had placed a monthly rose amid her waving hair. She wore a royal purple merino dress, of an exquisite shade; a plain linen collar and cuffs, with a gold brooch, completed her attire. I heard the ring, and the girl opened the parlor door. I knew that Mr. Corning was there, and that he was in comparative darkness; but Annie had heard nothing, and I wanted Mr. Corning to hear how beautifully she read. She read on. When she stopped to make a remark, the invisible presented himself. As a particular favor, I told him he might be admitted into our sanctum.

I had often heard him converse, but never so well, so eloquently as on this evening. Annie listened earnestly, but a beautiful reserve tempered her whole bearing. They spoke of religion, and then the light of a most sweet enthusiasm beamed from their faces. Yes! to each religion meant the same thing. It was the glorifier of human hearts, human hopes and joys; it was God's dear love rippling over earth and sky; brooding over the new creation that breaks forth in beauty within the soul! They spoke of the coming world not as an ethereal place, but as the home of mankind, and Annie spoke of it with a restrained delight, as though she dared not say how beautiful it grew to her, year by year—how blessed it was to weave into every day some holy, unselfish deed, that would bear the light upward. They spoke of the pearls that lay in the Book of Life; its diamonds eternity would unfold. As I looked at them, I thought within myself, 'You are one of those happy pairs who have met in time to bless each other through eternity.'

Again beamed around Annie a golden, heavenly halo, coming to my consciousness through the thoughts of Corning—I could not but see that love was awakening in his soul, was stepping like a conqueror to the throne of his inmost heart.

After he left us, I said, 'Mr. Corning is an agreeable man, I think!'

'Agreeable!' echoed Annie, 'that is too common-place a word to apply to him; there is a singular superiority about him. I should think one could look up to him forever, and always find rest in his strength. I never saw a person like him. Rest! Sometimes in my dreams I have rested in the love of an unknown heart—have for an instant felt that I was not my own, but belonging to one who took me home, whose will I followed unquestioningly, because it seemed to be the music flowing from my own nature. Katie, that dream took hold of my heart strangely to-night! When Mr. Corning held my hand a moment at parting, I felt that he was looking down in my face, my soul said,—I have found rest. I shall wander never more—never more. Does it seem strange and bold for me to speak thus, when I have seen him but once? It is not strange; it is not bold. It is only natural, for it seemed to me that his soul stood before me in God's noonday light. I know it. I understand it. I am as sure that I am beloved as if he had told me; irrefragably beloved, and time nor eternity, life nor death have power to pronounce a fiat of separation.'

My gentle Annie went to her chamber. I yielded to the warm impulse of going to her, blessing her, kissing her, clasping her to my heart. I opened her door softly; she was kneeling by the bedside, and a holy, heavenly

splendor beamed from her upraised eyes; tears sparkled on her cheek, and her lips uttered,

'My God! I will be worthy of Thy love! Give me what cup to drink on earth Thou wilt! Tenderly and wisely hast Thou led me, and child-like I yield me to Thy divine will.'

I drew the door to quietly, and knelt outside the threshold, weeping the warm echoing prayers that went to the mount of God.

After this evening, Annie seldom spoke of Mr. Corning; the dream of love went down and folded itself within the rose of her heart! He came every evening, and yet a sweet, tender reserve chastened the whole demeanor of my darling;—like some child who now felt that it had at first bounded too lightly into a sacred, beautiful retreat,—an indescribable, graceful timidity characterized all her movements.

But I must not go on, for memory has a world of lovely remembrances clustering about this period.

They were shortly married, and messages of love and joy had ever since been wanted to me from their perfume-breathing nest, and now six years of gladness had flown since my heart's case was a bride, for she was a heart's case to the earth-tainted souls around her.—And now she was visiting me once more, and she was growing old! Ah, my darling, my fairy; the sunshine of the upper world is radiating around you; the sweetest dews are descending; the beauty of existence is laughing about your steps; with smiling eyes you and your soul's mate are gazing towards that world which you will enter ere long. And in the meantime you are God's sweet angels, bringing down the Kingdom of Heaven to hopeless man.

Growing old! No! The angels say,—How celestially young and beautiful they become with the passing hours! Oh, earth, thy sorrows have been God's ministers; they have opened a shining track to the realms of beauty! Earth-weary ones, lift up your brows to God. 'The night cometh, but also the morning.'

(From the National Era.)

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.
We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's sacred line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow;
The blessing of our Mother land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbath of the wild
The music of her bells.

Uphearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our pilgrim gonfalon
Shall float the setting sun!

We'll sweep the prairie as of old
Our fathers swept the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free! J. G. W.

FAMILY VS. COMPANY.
OR, FOUR KINDS OF CAKE.

'It is all folly, wife!' exclaimed Mr. Jotham, a matter-of-fact, plain-spoken sort of a man, to his better half. 'There you have got no less than four kinds of cake, three kinds of pies, two kinds of preserves, to say nothing of the knick-knacks and gim-cracks.'

The fact was that Mrs. Jotham was having the minister, his wife and two grown-up daughters to take tea with her. She had been engaged for three days in the preparations, and such a display of nice things was calculated to astonish the minister and his family—to give them a two-fold surprise, first at the variety and extent of her culinary resources, and secondly at her folly in attempting to make a display beyond her means.

The Jothams were in comfortable circumstances. Mr. Jotham was a farmer, and probably his income might have amounted to four hundred dollars per year.

Mrs. Jotham was a prudent, careful housewife, who wasted no more of her culinary skill upon her own family than was absolutely necessary. But she delighted in making a grand appearance when she had company. Mr. J. and the boys were sometimes so ill-natured as to growl at her careful catering, when the house contained no company; and it cut them to the bone to see such extraordinary preparations for the neighbors. It was "kiss the cook" when they were alone, but the board groined with plenty when there were guests present.

Mr. Jotham Jotham had just come from the sitting room where the table, with its tempting array of viands, was spread. He did not like to sit at the table, and after passing the time of day with the parson and his family he proceeded to the kitchen where his wife was just taking the biscuit out of the oven.

'What do you mean by folly, I should like to know!' replied Mrs. Jotham, somewhat tartly.

'She was a second wife, and having been redeemed from one of the advanced stages of maidenhood, her temper had grown a little sour before she became a wife.'

'The folly of setting such a table as you have,' replied the husband. 'I should think you were going to have the President, or the royal family to take tea with you.'

'I am going to have the Rev. Mr. Meekle and his family, and I will take care of my business if you will of yours,' replied the lady, slamming the oven door.

'Perhaps it is not my business.'

'No! I am sure it is not.'

'I really believe if you were to have your own way, you would have me as mean as the Smiths.'

'The Smiths are as good folks and as liberal, as any in town; and I'll warrant Parson Meekle thinks a heap more of them than he does of you with all your four kinds of cake.'

'You are a fool, Mr. Jotham!'

'I am fool enough to know that folks are not judged by the quantity of sweet cake they put upon the table when they have company. I repeat it; there are no better people in town than the Smiths.'

'It's just not; but they had nothing but cold biscuit and molasses gingerbread when we took tea there.'

'That's no good as they can afford; but it is no better than they have every day, and I admire their independence.'

'They're contemptible mean folks, there!'

'Why? Because they do not attempt to make folks believe they live better than they do? For my part I don't think it is any better than hypocrisy to make such a parade of victuals as you do, especially when it is hard work for me and the boys to get a decent meal of victuals.'

'Did anybody ever hear the like,' roared the lady, who had by this time arrived at the pitch of excitement when tears are more effective than words.

'Perhaps they never did; but if ever I see anything of this sort again, they will be pretty likely to hear of it,' replied Mr. Jotham, throwing off his blue frock and commencing his preparations for taking tea with the minister.

The plate of hot biscuit was placed in the midst of the profusion of fancy eatables with which the table was crowded. The minister and his family were duly seated and the ceremony was proceeding decently and in order.

Mrs. Jotham had not wholly recovered from the excitement of the interview in the kitchen and her hand trembled slightly as she handed Mrs. Meekle her tea. Mr. Jotham had donned his best blue coat with brass buttons, which had done duty as a Sunday garment for fifteen years.

He seemed to be somewhat uneasy, and the minister and the minister had always been on the best terms, his answers were too short and crusty for a courteous host.

'Won't you pass the biscuit to Mrs. Meekle, husband?' said Mrs. Jotham, with her sweetest smile, albeit not very sweet at that.

Mr. Jotham did pass the biscuit to Mrs. M., and she took one; but when he passed them to Mr. Meekle, he smilingly declined.

'No! I thank you, Mr. Jotham; I never eat hot bread. It does not agree with me,' said he.

Mrs. Jotham passed the cold bread, thinking all the time how very unwell it was in the parson to refuse the hot biscuit she had taken so much pains to prepare.

But Mr. Meekle was very respectful to his stomach; for he found when insulted and imposed upon, that it was tyrannical and disagreeable; and he paid more deference to his digestive organs than he did to the feelings of his vain parishioners.

'My biscuit are not very nice; I did not have as good luck as I generally do,' suggested Mrs. Jotham, as Mrs. Meekle took a second cake.

'Better!' interposed Mr. Jotham. The lady looked at him with very evident marks of displeasure.

'They are very nice,' said the parson's wife. 'Take a little more of this quince preserve, Miss Meekle. I dare say it is not so nice as your mother makes; but the truth is—'

'It has stood too long,' interrupted Mr. J., 'the jar has not been opened since you were here last fall.'

Mrs. S. looked daggers; but the parson very considerably asking Mr. S. if he was done planting, just at that moment, her anger evaporated without any unpleasant effects.

'Husband, won't you pass the cake to Mr. Meekle?'

The farmer's nose contracted, as before re-

lated. "Where is the meat I sent home?" "Hanging in the well."

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he believed her name was Parker, but he had

no time to look after school matters!

The following resolution published by the Board of Health of St. John, N. B., where the Cholera rages with great virulence, shows the estimate which they put upon liquor selling in these times when the Lord is visiting them.

"Be it resolved, that all places where liquors are sold be declared a nuisance; and that any person selling or giving liquor to any person or persons, excepting by order of a medical man shall be liable to a fine of five pounds for the first offence, and ten pounds for the second offence, and the house closed up."

This is now a Maine Law which those having the charge of the public health are compelled to adopt to preserve the lives of the people. Liquor selling, for a beverage is a nuisance everywhere and always, and so to be proclaimed. The seeds sown are death and they produce death, moral and physical.

The Eastern Mail. WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 24, 1854.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL. V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us.

From the Mountains. Tip-Top House, Mt. Washington, Aug. 17. DEAR MAIL:—Let any one of your readers ascend this mountain—3 1/2 hours in the saddle and one on foot—and he will then be prepared to appreciate the full force of the first words of the following lines:

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world."

And then, I have no doubt, on the day following such an achievement he will feel 'flat,' and, with good accommodations, will be inclined to lie 'flat' on his back.

Here, in a room about 25 ft. by 10 are huddled together some 60 famishing men, women and boys, shivering with cold, waiting for the 'agitation' of the dinner bell. Old Spaulding, the proprietor, or one of the proprietors, of this and its near neighbor, the Summit House, is moving about with a very self-satisfied air, cracking his jokes with all hands.

"It is, it is the—not 'canon's' roar"—but, roar of candidates for seats at the dinner table, just roused by the call of the bell. And such a stampered! My arm is seized by my better half, and fortunate for me it was. We begin to think that the usual rules for civilized men and women are to be suspended on this occasion. But no, we are mistaken. This is only that uneasy, nervous excitement occasioned by an apprehension that one will not be able to satisfy the cravings of appetite. But all fears of that kind are dispelled by the sight of a table supplied with just such substantial as suit our condition, cold boiled beef, bacon, chicken, new potatoes, hot biscuits, hot coffee, and cetera. For my part, I found it good to be there, and we tarried long at the table.

There is undoubtedly great satisfaction in knowing that one stands on the highest point of land in New England. We are 6280 feet above the level of the ocean—just 1000 more than a mile. We look down with contempt on the surrounding hills that are only 4 or 5,000 feet. Indeed they are much diminished in size since we have come up so far above them.

We have now a larger view of the world than we ever had before. To the West of us, beyond the Connecticut, rise the Green Mountains. To the East, we have a view of an almost innumerable number of mountains, peak rising above peak in endless succession. I heard a lady, who had visited the Alps, say that the mountains in this direction more nearly resembled the Alps than any she ever saw. But Mt. Pleasant is undoubtedly the best stand-point from which to obtain a sight of this Alpine scenery. At that place you are more nearly on a level with the surrounding mountains, and their heads stand up more prominently than when you are so much above them. The different estimate one places on the height of mountains according to the point from which he views them—appearing much more elevated when viewed from below—illustrates a moral truth relating to the petty differences that exist among men. When we are able to get above the influences of wealth, office, and birth, how insignificant they appear! But when we look up to them, they fill a large place in the eye.

Our party of 13 are about leaving for the splendid Fall of the Wild Ammonoosuck, Crawford's Notch, the Willey House, and your humble servant must 'shut up.'

But before doing so he wishes 'to speak a good word' for mine host of the White Mountain House, Mr. Moor. He has not been here before this season, but he evidently understands how to cater to the wants of travellers and does not cheat them either—a thing that cannot be said of all the hotel-keepers in these regions.

LEE. THE DROUGHT.—From all sections we hear the same account of extreme drought. Corn and potatoes are the crops generally mentioned as suffering most; but the effect upon pastures touches deeply upon butter and cheese, and beef and mutton. Butter is everywhere scarce

and the price rising. A good rain would bring it rapidly down; and those who have it will see the propriety of putting it at once into market. Wheat was harvested before the drought commenced, and the crop is everywhere unusually large and good. Still the price of flour keeps up, though the foreign demand grows less. The cause of this is not easily shown, though it is generally thought to exist in the combined interests of railroads and the large wheat and flour dealers. Unless prices speedily go down, public attention will be drawn more and more pointedly to the danger of monopolies in this direction. It is now but little comprehended, though light will gradually fall upon it, as stocks pass from the hands of the many to those of the few.

A Run Case. Isa. M. Furbush, of Belgrade, attended by a couple of officers, came before Justice Heath of this place, a few days since, charged with selling a glass of rum at a certain time. Probably Furbush had no strong doubt in regard to the fact, but nevertheless he insisted upon the proof. This was forthwith presented, to his satisfaction, and an assessment of fine and cost followed. Of course he appealed; and while he busied himself in procuring bail his keepers were equally busy in preparing a second sticking plaster, which they applied as soon as the patient was at leisure. Isaiah met the second case with a dubious suspicion that the end was not yet; but as this was only surmise, and His Honor refused to accept, excuses for delay, he finally plead guilty and proposed another appeal. Here was another chance for his 'persecutors,' who forthwith stepped aside to prepare a third edition. This was putting philosophy out of countenance.—As soon as their backs were fairly at the door, the poor martyr threw the Justice a double X in pledge either for fine and cost or an appeal, and followed after. When the insatiate agents of the Maine Law came on their third errand their bird had flown; and on being told by the Court that he went down stairs looking very much like a man who didn't intend to return, they put on a similar look and went down stairs too.

'Time rolled on,' till the twenty-four hours allowed for entering an appeal had nearly expired. 'A miss is as good as a mile,' said Isaiah to himself as he pulled at Justice Heath's bell at just two and a half minutes before four o'clock in the morning. 'Justice never sleeps,'—and Justice Heath opened the other eye, took the bond, and refunded the double X.—What followed is not written—except that nobody followed the culprit, while he followed his nose in the direction of Belgrade, looking as though he didn't care a fig if he never saw Waterville again. And so mote it be.

GOOD.—A hearty looking woman, of the 'our folks' stamp, who had to hold the reins of a quiet old horse while her companion stepped into one of our stores, very coolly reeled herself upon one end of a large half-yellow cucumber. One of the b-boys, passing along, inquired—

"Aunt, did you know there were two deaths by cholera down at the Head of the Falls yesterday?"

"Well," said the woman, after swallowing twice instead of thinking twice—"Well, may be there was, and I can't help that; but if there's anything in this world that I do like it's a good ripe cucumber!"

The following advertisement, clipped from the Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal, would seem to show that a good deal of amalgamation had been practiced down south, and that some slaves were not so very black, when it is found necessary in describing a fugitive, to give the apparently superfluous information that he is 'dark complexioned.' The enumeration of his wives and children also shows us with what sacredness the marriage relation is regarded among the slaves.—

\$100 REWARD. I WILL pay the above reward for my negro man HENRY. Henry is of black complexion, 35 years of age, weighs 150 pounds, has gray hair on his forehead, and all his toes off, as can be seen by his walk. He has belonged to Harman, near Napoleon, Arkansas, and has a wife near Somerville, Tennessee, and has also a wife and children in St. Louis. Address me at Aberdeen, Arkansas.

S. W. BOYER. AMUSEMENTS.—If cheerfulness and merriment are good for cholera, as everybody believes, our village has a dose on hand that promises to drive its faintest symptoms out of town.

This evening Prof. Gurnette, the famous king of the magicians, performs a chapter of wonders at the Town Hall, such as none but a native Hindoo can equal.

Saturday evening at the same place, a company of Indians promise to amuse and instruct a full house—and they have the reputation of being well able to do so. See their advertisement.

Lastly on Friday of next week, comes Sands' famous Circus, of which everybody has heard, the world over, and which everybody is glad to see. Their advertisement tells the particulars.

PECULIARITIES OF TRADE.—Who ever thought of seeing shovel handles carried over the A. & K. and St. L. Railroads to Montreal? But they go from Bloomfield to Montreal by this conveyance. It is not surprising, however, that they are accompanied by Nourse any Nourse's shovels; as these are destined to find their way to all markets, on account of their excellence, as fast as they can be produced.

A GOOD EFFORT.—We are glad to see a movement for a good instrumental Band in Waterville. It is proposed to furnish by subscription some of the more costly instruments, which are to be retained here subject to the use of the Band. The expenses of music, tuition and instruments are considerable, and may with propriety be divided between the members of the Band and the citizens generally who think the enterprise a worthy one. We hope the proposition will be liberally met

so that the members of the band may feel encouraged to qualify themselves to meet the demands of good musical taste.

LIQUOR SEIZURES.—Officer Kimball made a descent upon the rum shop of A. P. Stevens, on Tuesday afternoon. Nelson M. Morse, who had charge of the shop during a brief visit of Mr. Stevens to Augusta, was first arrested, and requested by the officer to surrender the key for the purpose of opening the shop. This he refused to do, and the door was forced open. Quite a variety of liquors were found, but each in small quantity. A partly emptied barrel, some demijohns, decanters, and bottles, were arrested to serve as witnesses in the case.

Arrest of Criminals. Charles Scribner, one of the men charged with participating in the outrage upon the Smith girl, and who escaped from keepers soon after, has been re-arrested. He was pursued by Sheriff Nye, of Fairfield, who traced him to Lowell, Mass., and thence some forty miles to Wilton, N. H., where he was engaged in lumbering. Gray continues absent, though under bonds for his appearance.

The grand jury having found bills against Charles Scribner, Augustus P. Stevens and Joseph Hasty, they have all been committed to jail at Augusta, as participants in this affair. Scribner and Hasty are indicted for rape and for adultery, and Stevens for adultery only. Hasty procured bail. The others had not done so when last heard from, and remained in jail.

Thus have the principal if not all the partners in this outrage been brought within the reach of such justice as the law permits. The efforts of officers Nye and Kimball, as well as of the magistrates acting in the matter, since the procurement of tangible testimony, seems to have been efficient, and to meet general approbation. Public indignation has been thoroughly aroused by the enormity and boldness of the crime, and should now leave the matter to "the law and the testimony."

CRIME.—The indictments before the grand jury at Augusta constitute the following summary:

Table with 2 columns: Crime and Count. Assault with intent to commit rape, 3; Rape, 2; Adultery, 3; Open and gross lewdness, 1; Riot, 1; Malicious mischief, 1; Cheating, 1; Assault on an officer, 1; Uttering forged papers, 1; Larceny, 4; Common sellers, (none in Waterville), 6; Procuring abortion, 1.

YOUNG MAN SHOT IN MERCER.—On Friday evening last, as a party of young people were returning from a walk, they were suddenly fired at by a man named Mann, and one of them, a young man by the name of Ruel Greenleaf, shot. The gun was loaded with shot, which took effect in his right arm and shoulder. Seven or eight shot have been extracted from the wound. The young man is seriously but not dangerously wounded. The party were passing Mann's house at the time, talking and laughing among themselves, when he rushed out, fired, and then called his wife to bring his other gun, which was afterwards found in the house loaded. The attack was wholly unprovoked, although Mann declares they were 'making fun of him and his place.' Mann is a Spaniard by birth, and served in the Mexican war. He is said to have been somewhat intoxicated at the time. He was arrested on Saturday, and after an examination before Justice Burns, was committed to the Norridgewock jail to await his trial. The party had a marvelous escape, and had it not been for a fence between them and Mann when he fired, it ten should have been much more serious, as eight or ten shot lodged in the fence. [Port. Adv.]

SIX AT ONCE.—A German woman in a one horse wagon passed through this city on Tuesday, going from her residence a few miles west of town on a visit to her husband, who had been taken sick at the place where he was working in the country east of town. She had with her in the wagon, snugly propped up, in a wicker-basket, six children, all the product of one birth. They were not much bigger than apple dumplings, but seemed to be wide awake and kicking. They were six months old, all boys and all as near of a size as possible, except the runt of the party, which is described as being the smallest mortal of its age ever seen.

We state this case with serious misgivings of its truth, relating it as it came to us at second hand from an eye witness—a lady of character in this city, who saw and counted the children and had the mother's word that they were all hers at a single birth. [Deyton Gazette.]

A WORD TO BOYS.—You were made to be kind and generous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.—If there is a lame boy, assign to him some part of the game which does not require running.—If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances, how much better it is to have a great soul, than a great fat.

AN EDITOR'S APOLOGY.—The Western Atlas, published at Phelps, Ontario County, comes to us this week short of editorials, with the following apology by the editor, which will be readily understood: "During the week an interesting occurrence in our domestic circle, has superadded the duties of father to those of editor, and taken from our paper the attention it deserves.—Although not a very weighty affair—something under ten pounds avoirdupois—it approaches too near the common designation 'a crying evil,' to admit of anything like a serious effort at editorializing."

AMUSINGLY HONEST.—The Boston Herald tells a good story about a country bank that has recently gone into operation. The commissioners came in, previous to the opening of the bank, to count the specie in its vaults, as the law requires; but proceeded with their duty so leisurely, that the cashier was compelled to hasten them every few moments, saying, "we are very anxious to open in the morning." And besides, added a director, (a plain honest farmer in the village,) "the expressman is anxious to take the coin back to Boston in this afternoon's train!"

BREAKING UP OF A DISORDERLY HOUSE.—EXCITING SCENES.—Complaints having recently been made to Capt. Turnbull of the Eighth Ward Police, that the house No. 34 Mercer street, kept by one Mary Clark, was of a very disorderly character, and in fact, a nuisance, he, on Tuesday night with a force of his men, made a descent upon the place, and captured the proprietor and fifteen of the inmates, among whom were merchants, clerks, brokers, book-keepers, milliners, seamstresses, would be ladies, &c., all of whom were taken to the station-house to await examination.—The scene there can better be imagined than described. Some of the unfortunate were crying for fear of being exposed, and imploring the captain to let them go, promising never to be caught in such a place again; others were hiding their faces to prevent recognition, while others, more resolute, stood it out, waiting for something to turn up. Among the females was a married woman, from Brooklyn, who had taken advantage of her husband's absence to play truant from home. The whole party were furnished with lodgings for the night, and on the following morning were taken before Justice Clark, who after reprimanding them, allowed them to go, with the exception of the keeper of the den, and one A. B. Jackson, who was held to bail in \$1,000 for trial.—[N. Y. Mirror.]

It is curious to see what a vast difference it makes with some men whether it is 'your ox that was gored or mine.' The editors of the Harrisburg Union, the Pennsylvaniaian, the Evening Argus, and other would-be Democratic papers, in all parts of the country, are intensely horrified at recent developments by which, as they say, politics and religion are commingled. The 'Know Nothings' come in for a large share of their animadversion and abuse. It is a dreadful thing to mingle things sacred and secular. Well, bad as it is, we call to mind a notable instance when this very thing was not attempted, but was openly done, and these same editors had not a word of rebuke to offer. The thing then injured to the benefit of the Democratic party. In 1844 it will be remembered that Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk were the Presidential candidates of the two great parties. The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, one of the purest and most estimable men of the country, was on the Clay ticket for Vice President. Mr. F. was President of the American Bible Society, an institution not exceeded by any other for its benevolent aims and the multiplied blessings, which it confers upon men. A Papist paper published in Boston, came out a few weeks previous to the election, with a most violent assault upon Mr. Frelinghuysen, on account of his official relation to the Bible Society. No other charge was preferred against him.

What was the result? The entire Romanist vote was against the ticket which embraced his name, and it was defeated—defeated not because it was the Whig ticket, but because Mr. Frelinghuysen was President of the American Bible Society!

The editors who are now filled with holy horror at mingling politics with religion, had not then a word of warning, remonstrance or rebuke; it was all right and proper, just as it should be! Then it was 'your ox that was gored,' now 'it is mine!' We would respectfully remind these disturbed editors, that they should be a little more cautious not to condemn in others, upon the mere suspicion, the very faults they have openly practiced themselves. There is also a great truth which they will do well to ponder in their distress, which is, that 'they who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind.' Present appearances indicate that the whirlwind is on the way.

PHILADELPHIA SUN. SOMERSET AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—The work on this road is fast progressing.—The road is now graded, and nearly ready for the superstructure, and the workmen will commence laying the rails in a few days. The eastern span of the bridge for this road across the Kennebec, at this place, is being raised a number of feet to admit of the free passage of the river steamers at high stages of the water. We hope to see the 'iron horse' walking into our streets over the Somerset road, before the snow flies.—[Maine Farmer.]

SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.—A letter from the Paris correspondent of the Tribune, on the Spanish Revolution, says that "so soon after the revolution broke out in Spain, Mr. Soule with his family left Madrid for a journey of pleasure to the Pyrenees. In regard to Mr. Soule's view on the pending questions, I may be permitted to say this much, that since Espartaco has come into power he has no hopes of a favorable settlement of the Cuban question, unless aided by decisive measures on the part of the Government at Washington. He does not believe that the Queen can hold her power long, and has strong faith in the ultimate success of the republican cause. No proposition of any kind has ever been made by the Spanish Government to sell the island of Cuba, and it is not anticipated that under the present regime any will be made.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN BRADFORD.—Last Monday afternoon, the village of Bradford, in Penobscot county, experienced a severe loss in the destruction by fire of eleven buildings.—The fire took in the roof of the tavern stand occupied by Messrs. Bradford and McFarland and owned by H. E. Prentiss, Esq., of this city, which was consumed with nearly all the furniture.—There was a high wind at the time and the fire spread with great rapidity, burning among other buildings Nathan D. Shaw's new dwelling-house, a house owned by Dr. Bean and occupied by Mr. Booker, and a house occupied by Mr. Welch, the furniture in all three of which was mostly saved. Whole loss estimated at \$4000. Mr. Prentiss had an insurance of \$500 in the Penobscot Mutual.

IRISH ROW.—Last evening, about half past 6 o'clock, a large number of Irish assembled near the Depot. After having attended some three funerals, they were a little the worse for liquor. One of their number struck an American child, being returned, brought about a general melee between the Yankees and Irish. At one time, five Irishmen lay on the ground. Mallets, stones, and missiles of all descriptions, were used. The police arriving on the ground seized a number of the ringleaders—all Irish—and conveyed them to the lock-up. They are to have their trial this afternoon. Quite a number of gentlemen showed the Yankee girl, and entered into the ring in true Yankee Gardner style, which made the heads of the rioters ache again.—[Salem Journal.]

NEGROES NOT CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, understands that a fugitive slave from the United States, in a foreign country, applied to our minister for a recognition of his citizenship, either in the way of protection from some injury, or for a passport, and that the minister refused this recognition, even as far as to give a consular passport.

The Sun's correspondent adds: "The question, it is understood, will be presented to the Administration in the form of a complaint against the Minister. It is presu-

ed the Executive will maintain the doctrine that the Federal Union is a confederacy of whites, and not a 'mixed Republic.'

CHURCH MUSIC AT THE PRESENT TIME. A writer in the Musical Times remarks, with great truth that, "Operatic taste, under female guidance, is now moulding what should be congregational singing, led by an effective choir of men, into contemptible solos, in which we are at a loss whether to despise the display of vanity, or to pity the deluded victim of popular applause. City churches are mostly to be blamed for the commencement and continuance of this outrage on sacred music, as an element of devotion in the house of God."

THE WESTERN ELECTION.—There is not much to add respecting the recent State elections at the West. Missouri has elected an Administration Democrat to Congress, with six whigs. No party has a majority in the Legislature, but it is supposed that the Administration Democrats will vote for the Whig candidate for U. S. Senator, to defeat Mr. Benton.

In Arkansas the two Democratic candidates for Congress are elected, and the same party control the Legislature.

IOWA ELECTION.—The returns received at Galena to Aug. 18, render it certain that Grimes, (Whig) is elected Governor by 3,000 majority. Thorington (Whig) is elected to Congress in the Dubuque District, by 1500 majority, over Hemptead (Dem.) The Legislature is whig, and Anti Nebraska, by a large majority of both branches. Clark (Whig) is reported to be elected to Congress in Dennis District. The result is an overwhelming 'Anti-Administration triumph.'

ARREST.—The Lynn Reporter says that Wm. O. Eaton, formerly editor of the Boston Museum, was lodged in Salem jail last Friday evening (15th) for an attempt to kill his wife. He has had difficulty with her for two years past, and on Thursday came down from Boston with two pistols in his pocket, and after having some words with her, fired one of them at her, the ball from which grazed the back part of her neck.

PASTE THAT IS PASTE.—Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water, when cold add as much flour as will make the consistency of cream; then strain into it as much powdered rosin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves, boil it to a consistence, stirring all the time. It will keep for twelve months, and when dry, may be softened with water.

Gov. Washburn has issued a General Order, reprimanding the Irish companies of Boston for their riotous and turbulent conduct on the 19th ult., at Long Island. He says: "In clemency, however, to what is understood to be their first offence, the Commander-in-chief forbears to exercise the rigor which might be justified on this occasion, and hopes that this public expression of censure of conduct so disgraceful, will prevent its recurrence hereafter."

FOUR OF THE WARD JURYMEN INDICTED FOR PERJURY.—The grand jury of Elizabethtown, Hardin County, Ky., have found a true bill for perjury against four of the Ward jurymen, and they are held to bail in \$1,000 each, to appear at next circuit court to be held at that place. It is said that several other jurymen who served on the Ward trial would have been indicted on the same charge, but the grand jury could not get the sheriff to bring up the witnesses. This may lead to a discovery of the whole affair.

At a County Senatorial Convention of the regular democrats for Kennebec, the following nominations were made: For Senators—Paul H. Chandler of Waterville, Phillet T. Lally of Gardiner, and Moses Whittier of Readfield. For County Commissioner—E. L. Getchell. For County Treasurer—Daniel T. Pike.

DISINFECTANT.—The papers are every where urging the free use of copperas as a disinfecting agent. It is a cheap article, costing only a few cents per pound, and can be found at the druggists and many of the larger grocery stores. A couple of pounds may be dissolved in ten quarts of hot water, and the solution poured into sinks, gutters, cess-pools, and all other filthy places, with good effect.

CHEAPER PAPER.—The New Orleans Bulletin says: "We are inclined to believe that the okra plant of the South is destined to alleviate the grievous evil under which all publisherdom labors. We have seen specimens of strong white rope manufactured from its fibre. If it will make paper the present exorbitant prices must come down materially, for the supply of the raw material will be 'as inexhaustible as cheap.'"

At a regular Democratic Caucus, held in Bangor on Saturday evening, George M. Weston, Esq., formerly editor of the Augusta Age, offered a resolution, calling upon Judge Paris for a statement of his views on the Nebraska question; at the same time he declared he should not give him his support for the Governorship if he continued silent. The resolution was tabled.

CHILD DROWNED IN A PAIL OF WATER.—The coroner held an inquest yesterday on the body of a child named Richard Miller, aged six months, who was drowned in a very singular manner. The mother of the child was in the habit of retiring to bed every afternoon, after dinner. On Wednesday she retired as usual, and went to sleep with the child in her arms. When she awoke she missed the child, and on looking for it, discovered to her horror that it had crept to the edge of the bed and fallen into a pail of water, in which its head was immersed, its legs hanging over the sides. She hauled the infant out of the pail but it was dead. The jury returned a verdict of 'accidental drowning in a pail of water while its mother was asleep.'—[N. Y. Post, 18th.]

CATCHING FLIES.—The Prairie Farmer tells how they catch flies in England. It is done by 'fly papers,' and the process is called 'fly-torture,' on account of the manner in which the insects have their feet fastened in the 'stocks.' The article used is rosin and sweet oil mixed, and spread over the surface of a newspaper, and then slightly sprinkled with sugar dust. The moment the fly pats down his foot he is fast. They are thus caught with great rapidity. The 'torture' appears to consist in want of liberty to go where they please.

VIRGINIA SILK IN LONDON.—A medal awarded by the London World's Fair, to John W. Gill, of Wheeling Va., for his domestic silk, has been received by that gentleman. The letter accompanying it says: "The corner staple products in the United States were expected, and it caused no little surprise to see silk coming from the 'wild West' that rivaled the finest fabrics from the looms of London and Lyons."

