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2-21-1861

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 33): February 21, 1861

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 33): February 21, 1861" (1861). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 708.  
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SHE WOULD BE A HEROINE.

Everybody is tired of living—you are, so am I, and so are our neighbors; nevertheless, if we were told that we must die to-morrow, how differently things would look and the ones who had been loudest in declaring their contempt of all earthly joys, would be the most ferocious in their moans at the idea of resigning them.

Susan Carter—I beg pardon for her ugly name, but I was not her god-father—was miserable among the rest; more miserable than any body in the world, she thought; just as you and I have done a score of times, and shall again. We are as great fools as Susan, as mankind in general, only we do not believe it any more than Susan did, or than do the people whose follies she can discern so plainly from under the beam in our eyes.

Susan was eighteen—an immense age in this era of the world, particularly in the blessed portion of it where the angel of life has set its foot down. Susan was pretty, but that did not satisfy her; she had bright eyes and red cheeks, she had longed for orbs which possessed a mournful meaning, and the delightful pallor described in romances. She was ridiculously healthy in spite of herself—she desired to lie awake at night, to watch the stars out and so on, and she never could. Sleep would come, appetite would follow the next morning, and Susan tried to go without her breakfast and be sentimental, the consequence was that she had what the doctors called a colic, and was forced to swallow camphor drops instead of weeping magnificent visions.

She had but lately returned from boarding-school, where she had spent so many years, that her mother, as is too often the case, really knew very little of her child's character. But in most things, Mrs. Carter was a remarkably sensible woman; slightly satirical, perhaps; somewhat impatient of folly; yet kind, warm-hearted, and devotedly attached to her daughter.

Susan was beset with a passion for becoming a heroine—she wanted her life to go on like a three volume romance; nothing less would answer. The materials were sadly wanting and Susan's invention at fault. She had been happy as a child, her mother was wealthy, her home pleasant; it really was a hard struggle against reality to twist existence into the shape she wished it to assume.

Susan had been educated as all girls are in boarding schools; probably the hardest study she did was over the superstitious novels hidden away in trunks and all manner of safe places.

Her intimate friend was well adapted to the task of cultivating Susan's romance, and she had omitted no instruction which it was in her power to give.

She was a year older than Susan. She had been sent to school to break up a love affair, of course; there was not a girl but knew it in less than three days after her arrival and worshiped her accordingly.

No plummet could have sounded the depths of the misery which Miss Josephine Mapes had endured. She was old in grief; had a heap of ashes where her heart ought to have been, an immense tomb stone on top; and all manner of restless creatures, blighted memories, thwarted affections, and every other sort of evil-m兆兆兆兆, made a promenade round of her bosom and tore at her soul with their icy fingers.

She made a confidant of each girl in the school under terrible vows of eternal secrecy, she drove them nearly frantic by sipping in the middle of the night, she tried to tumble out of windows and poison herself with red ink and slate pencils. There was nothing she omitted which could have won applause; and her companions idolized and revered her as their icy fingers.

Every girl writes poetry, replied Mrs. Carter, but the sensible plan is to burn it when written. However, read me a few pages of your novel, Susan; if you have any literary talent, rest assured I shall be the first and readiest to acknowledge it.

Susan blushed and hesitated, but at length took up her manuscript and began to read. Her mother did not laugh, although she would have given the world to have done so; and Susan hurried on, believing that her parent was touched and growing quite tearful herself over her heroine's misfortunes.

When she paused and looked up, Mrs. Carter answered the questions in her face, quietly, but with no unkindness.

Authorship is evidently no more your fate, Susan, than it was mine. Take that one expression, 'The very fountains of her being coagulated at his words!' My dear child, if you can't compose better sense and better English than that, the money I have spent has been sadly wasted. Put your manuscript away—a few months hence you will blush for it. You have raised your characters all on stilts, people can't go through the world upon such elevated heels. I don't mean to be harsh, but since you ask my opinion, I must tell you that your story is only laughable; but let it console you to know that I once wrote things just as ridiculous.

Susan threw aside the manuscript in despair. 'Oh! mamma—' 'Mother, if you please.' 'How unsympathizing you are! Josephine views me so differently—she believes in my talent.'

'That was your intimate friend at school?' 'Yes, a noble, darling girl. Such a letter as she wrote me only a few days since, so full of sympathy and tender counsel.'

'Let me hear portions of it, will you?' Susan was determined to soften her mother, the novel had failed to accomplish the work; but Josephine's letter could not help but touch her to the heart.

She took the epistle from her desk. Mrs. Carter shuddered as she saw the innumerable sheets. Susan turned to the passages where the writer detailed her own experience; the tears came into her eyes at the first words; she read the story of Josephine's joyless childhood, her after affections; she reached the heart-rending paragraphs which began, 'The milder of grief has blighted my soul.'

'Hot milk will take it out of linen,' interrupted Mrs. Carter; 'she had better try the remedy.' Susan thrust as many pages of the letter as she could into her bosom, and burst into a flood of tears.

The Eastern Mail.

'Burst your shackles,' wrote Miss Mapes; 'be no longer a butterfly—rush forward to the real life—let your soul expand its wings; and go on for fourteen mortal pages of mixed metaphors and wonderful counsels. Upon the fifteenth page she reached the recital of her own sufferings, which she took from her commencement—back in the desolate childhood—and related to the blighted present. The twenty-fifth page contained vague and terrible hints that death was near the writer, and had sent Truth forth as a messenger; and Susan read on to the thirtieth page, when she was obliged to drop the letter, leaving the half still unread, and give way to a burst of tears and sympathetic anguish.'

The novel was commenced. Susan concluded to let the plot take care of itself, and went to work to bring the heroine upon the stage, and get the hero down on his knees without loss of time.

She had been engaged for several days upon her labors before she concluded to 'take her mother into her confidence. At last the desire to be appreciated, to hear herself praised, conquered all other feelings. So one day, when Mrs. Carter entered the room, and asked the cause of her constant occupation, Susan revealed the whole and waited to see her parent burst into a flood of happy tears, or do something proper for a sentimental mother upon hearing a secret of such importance.

Susan was ready to respond exuberantly, however the love and admiration might be displayed, and she shrank into herself like a sensitive plant, or any other poetical thing you prefer, when her mother said, 'Oh! my dear, are you going to add another to the list of young lady scribblers? I thought you were as tired of them as I am.'

Susan looked injured and grieved. 'If I had thought you could treat me in this manner, mamma, I should have kept my secret to myself.'

'Please call me mother; you are not a baby, and English is your natural language. But about novel writing—the honest truth is, Susan, I doubt your powers. You can enjoy fine poetry or a pretty romance, but I do not believe that you possess genius; and certainly, my child, you would not wish to write a book that could only take a retired place among the hopeless mediocrities which has flooded our country with so much trash.'

Susan longed to burst forth in an eloquent tirade, and quote passages from Miss Mapes' letter; but somehow, with her mother's sensible gray eyes and somewhat quizzical smile full upon her, she found it difficult to get up heroes.

She murmured—it would never do to write mottos, although that is always the plain English of the dove-cooing expressive word—something about desiring sympathy, soul-freedom, and several other trifles, which American women pine for so much at present, and add the road to which, judging from their conduct, leads through all sorts of dangerous places and ridiculous adventures.

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'Fool! said her mother. Susan's delicate nature revolted! She could have quoted Scripture, wherewith to have annihilated her unnatural parent, only as well as she could remember the passage applicable, it threatened brothers who call such names; there seemed to be no Biblical prohibition against hard-hearted parents giving their offspring any appellation which gratified their cruelty.

Susan did the next best thing which suggested itself; she went into a spasm of hysterics and swept toward the door. But alas! the fates were always adverse to her succeeding properly in any bit of tragedy or romance! She stumbled over the hearth-rug and bumped her forehead against the mantle.

'Amanda with a black eye,' said her iron mother; 'that'll never do, my dear—you will find articles and brown paper in my room.'

Susan wept, and moaned, and made herself miserable during the next two days. But her mother's lecture had one good effect; she went back to her manuscript, read it over, really gained a dim consciousness that it was less admirable than she had supposed, and ended by putting it in the fire.

When Mrs. Carter thought that the girl must have begun to come to her senses, she went up stairs and held a long, serious conversation with her. But Susan was not in a mood to listen to reason, or receive much benefit from advice.

The scintilla fever of American-girl-absurdity was upon her in its full force, and neither allopathic doses, or homoeopathic drops of counsel had the slightest effect.

She desired to believe herself desolate, alone in the world. She would have been glad had her mother put any restriction upon her, or committed some act which she could have construed into oppression and tyranny. But Mrs. Carter refused to turn herself into a female Blue Beard, or play the part which is given to parents in so many novels.

She talked kindly, tried by affection to win Susan back to a reasonable feeling of duty and share of common sense; but Susan was away in her idol world, and preferred rather to listen to Josephine's lofty precepts, than to acquire anything approaching child-like submission and obedience.

They lived upon the outskirts of a large town which considered itself a city, out quite among the fields; and Susan began a system of long walks—solitary rambles, she called them in her letters to Josephine—dark hours of self communion, with nature for her only friend.

Of course the correspondence continued with its former strength and rapidity. A ream of note paper did not last Susan any length of time, and the epistles on both sides were enough to have started their respective grandmothers from their respectable graves.

There was no subject they did not discuss, no feeling they did not reveal, breaking the harshness of English with Spanish sighs, Italian spasms, French groans, German growls, and interjections from every other language that was ever conceived or taught by the high-pressure system of a modern boarding school.

There came a time when Susan's rambles were fraught with a deeper interest than they had possessed at first.

Her dreams took an aim, a visible shape—she met with an adventure and she fell in love.

She had walked a long distance from home and was romantically pacing up and down a pretty grove which she haunted a great deal, when a big dog suddenly sprang down a little slope and appeared fully determined to put an end to her troubles then and there.

Of course she screamed, tried to run, but could not, and was frightened half out of her senses, as any other female would have been in the same position. Before the dog had an opportunity to harm her, even if such was his intention, a young man hurried down the hill and drove the brute away with a thousand excretions.

Susan had seated herself, really faint with alarm; when she was able to think and see, she beheld a handsome young man bending over her, offering her water from the spring in a pocket cup; and everything was so like a scene in a novel, that Susan nearly swooned from delight.

Under such circumstances, could she do anything but fall in love with her preserver, anything but blush and pale alternately, as she listened to his exaggerated self-reproaches for that which was no fault of his?

single paragraph—a valuable lesson to learn. Susan did not bid him go; she wept—she filtered—the turned to depart—he made a gesture toward the river—she shrieked—he fell on his knees—she sank into his arms—he called her Brangelina—the called him Spiridian—they vowed to die together—but first they would let their souls speak and tell of a hard fate and fortune lost on the one side, an unnatural mother and an uncongenial home upon the other.

The next day they met again for the purpose of bidding each other an eternal farewell—he meditated pistols, she poison.

JUSTICE PROSTITUTED.—On Saturday we recorded the fact of the unconditional pardon of John A. Holmes, the unprovoked murderer of a poor, unoffending sailor, by President Buchanan. We have no cause to utter upon Mr. Buchanan. It is absolutely impossible that a man whose time is necessarily occupied by the arduous labors of a position like his, should be able to bestow upon such a case that attention that would make him thoroughly familiar with all its aspects. Neither do we desire to denounce and impeach the motives of those who have been mainly instrumental in procuring from the President an unconditional reversal of the decision of the highest tribunal known to our law. They have unquestionably acted from motives of common humanity—that humanity which was implanted in every human being, and which is Godlike in its nature—when not misplaced.

But we do desire to express the strongest possible utterance of the almost universal, impartial, unprejudiced mind, when that mind first reads the announcement of the unwelcome fact.

Not many miles from here, little more than two years ago, two poor, unfriended, forsaken sailors, were relentlessly strung up between the heavens and the earth, with hardly a pitying eye among the vast throng that assembled, (not much to their credit be it spoken) to witness their dying agonies. Their crime was a heinous one. They had murdered, under circumstances of aggravated atrocity, the officers of the ship they sailed in. Yet these poor wretches had been abused and maltreated by their victims in a manner that would cause a blush to rise upon the face of every merciful man, at the infirmity of our poor human nature.

'Oppression,' said every high authority, 'maketh a wise man mad,' and why should not oppression have maddened, made insane, those poor beings, whose wretched and wicked lives were ended on the scaffold at Auburn? Yet people said, 'we have decreed the scaffold for deliberate murder, and while we pity, we cannot relieve them from the inextinguishable penalty of shedding blood.' If blood for blood be the established decree of Justice, this was well.

But now what do we behold? A captain on the high seas, insane with an unprovoked temper, or with that chiefest of the agents of hell, rum, pursues day after day, a poor lad under his authority, not yet hardly out of his teens, with a Finnish atrocity, an ingenuity of torture, such as would have charmed a Spanish Inquisitor; finally ending the work in his death, under the most brutal and devilish forms. He arrives at this port, is arrested, tried for the crime, twelve of his countrymen listen patiently to his defense by the ablest of our criminal lawyers; but the result is that he is pronounced guilty, and the Judge dooms him to the same fate which Cox and Williams were obliged to undergo. So far, Justice was satisfied. Neither money, influential friends, exalted position, nor the most fervid eloquence could arrest the judgment of justice.

But now began that phase of the affair which has finally culminated in the unconditional pardon of the murderer. Nobody was found to intercede to arrest the penalty of the law upon the two poor foreman hands. Friends they had none—money they had none. The mitigating circumstances in their case—and there were mitigating circumstances—were not pressed home upon the President for a pardon. They perished, and were forgotten, by the few relatives and friends interested in the terrible tragedy. But the case was far different with the master of the quarter deck. Eloquent counsel, petitions, ingenious arguments, and long continued entreaties have succeeded, and John A. Holmes is once more a free man, cleared of guilt, so far as his conscience, if he has any conscience, will allow—and at full liberty to commit again the very crime whose terrible penalty he has just so narrowly escaped. Is he insane? Is that the ground on which an unconditional pardon has been granted him? If so, will he be put inside those walls where such insanity belongs? Or is he to go abroad again with the almost certainty of his destroying another life?

The effect of this pardon will prove most detrimental in our opinion, to the due respect and obedience to that law, in this and other communities, which should be the synonym of justice every where. In effect it proclaims a limited freedom to the officer to commit all sorts of brutality, even to death, upon the men under his command; while the example of Cox and Williams shows that no mercy is to be expected towards the sailors. However it may be glossed over, this is the conclusion which every straight forward mind will come to. And as the unperverted instincts of our people exist, so sure will this pardon lead the way to the ever to be deplored resort to that substitute for regularly and properly constituted Courts which must always exist in all communities where justice is perverted.

ROMAN CATHOLIC TESTIMONY FOR THE BIBLE.—A Roman Catholic periodical of Paris, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says 'Much may be said on Protestant diversities and sects, but one fact remains certain: it is, that nations were the Bible circulated and is read have preserved a strong, deep, and enduring religious faith; while in the countries where it is not known, one is obliged to deplore a moral superficiality and want of principles, for which a splendid uniformity of rites cannot compensate. Let the learned theologians discuss on certain passages on the authenticity of such and such texts; what are such miseries compared to the beautiful and pure atmosphere which the Bible spreads, wherever it is read, whether in low or elevated classes?'

The democrats used to be 'fond of two old sayings, one of which was, that 'the world was governed too much, and the other, 'the best government is that which governs least.' According to the ideas embodied in these sayings,

the best government the world has ever seen is that of Mr. Buchanan, which certainly governs least; and so little, that it may be said not to govern at all. A dramatic poet mentions a voice so fine, that nothing lives 'twixt it and silence, and what that voice was to silence, that is the Buchanan administration as a government.

THE DRUNKARD.—Professor Wilson, the celebrated 'Kit North' of Blackwood's Magazine, has drawn the drunkard's portrait. How faithfully the picture is painted! How clearly every feature glows upon the canvass! Tippler gaze upon it. Tippler, cease your tipping, or ere many years have passed the portrait will do justice to your features.

Drunkard, says Wilson, stand forward, that we may have a look at you and draw your picture.

There he stands! The mouth of a drunkard, you may observe, contracts a singular, sensitive appearance—seemingly red and raw; and he is perpetually licking or smacking his lips, as if his palate was dry and aching. He might as well drink the air. His whole being burns for a dram.

The whole world is constructed into a canker. He would sell his soul in such extremity, were the bottle denied him, for a gulp. Not to save his soul from eternal fire, would he, if left alone with it, refrain from pulling out the plug, and sucking away at destruction. What a snout he turns up to the morning air! Inflamed, pimpled, snubby and snorty, and a nob on the end—'n't like one carved out of a stick by the knife of a schoolboy—rough and hot to the very eye—a nose which, rather than pull, you would submit to be in some degree insulted. A perpetual cold harrasses and exhausts him, and a perpetual expectoration. How his hand trembles! It is an effort even to sign his name; one of his sides is certainly not by any means as round as the other; there has been a touch of the palsy there, and the next hint will draw down his chin to his collarbone, and convert him, a month before dissolution, into a slavering idiot. There is no occupation, small or great, insignificant or important, to which he can turn for any length of time, his hand, his eye, or his head.

THE CENSUS OF 1860.—Tables showing the population of all the States, according to the census taken last year, have been published. At that time the aggregate population of the United States amounted to 31,641,977, an increase of 8,449,921, as compared with 1850. This amount was divided into free men, 27,642,624, and slaves, 3,999,353, the former showing, during the last decade, an increase of thirty-eight and the latter of twenty-five per cent. As respects the different sections of the Union, the figures stood thus:

Table with 2 columns: Section and Population. Free States: 18,802,124. Slave States: 12,439,853. Territories, &c.: 405,845.

The first show a total gain of 5,847,651, inhabitants since 1850; the second 2,820,539, including 795,040 slaves; the third have advanced three hundred and thirty per cent; but from these is to be deducted Kansas, (now a State,) with a population of 143,645, less the number of settlers near Pike's Peak. The District of Columbia contains 75,321, which is a gain of more than fifty per cent, over 1850.

The State which has made the least growth in population is Vermont, showing a gain of only 1,707. New York shows the largest aggregate gain, having added 754,169 during the decade; but in respect to ratio of increase, California stands highest, having more than quadrupled her population. Iowa has 250 per cent, more than in 1850; Texas, 180; Arkansas, 115; Wisconsin, 150; Illinois, nearly 100; Michigan, July 90. The others are all below 50 per cent of an increase, except Minnesota and Oregon, which are omitted as not having been States in 1850. The former has now 172,196 inhabitants, and the latter 42,566. No wonder Senator Lane is eager to secede with such a powerful community at his back.

In the Northern States the growth of population is confined nearly altogether to the coast, the lower courses of the principal rivers, the four East and West railroad lines, with the iron and coal regions of Pennsylvania and Maryland. Our mines, our manufactures and commerce, including railroad transportation, have absorbed all the increase, and will probably do so for years to come.

A CAPITAL DOG STORY.—Mr. Edwin Barnes, of Berlin, Ct., furnishes for the Hartford Times the following very excellent story, illustrating the wonderful sagacity and perseverance of dogs.—The story goes to show that the dog is a rational being. Mr. Barnes says:

'Some years ago my father had a large dog, that he had learned to send from the field to the house for anything he might want. It happened one day that he was at work about half a mile from home, and wanted an axe; he told Carlo, (the name of the dog,) to go home and get the axe; the dog started off, and after being gone a considerable time, came sneaking back, but without the axe. My father bid him go back and get the axe. The dog went the second time, and after being gone as long as before, returned, bringing a heavy bundle. My father now became satisfied that the dog could not find the axe, and went himself, and found it sticking firmly into a large log, the beetle gnawed from one end to the other, by the faithful animal, in trying to extricate it from the log, and being unable, he had taken the beetle as a substitute.'

THE SLAVE STATES.—The Philadelphia North American deduces some interesting facts from the late census. That enumeration shows that in the entire South the free population has gained largely upon the servile element, for while the former has gained 2,021,792, the latter gains but 798,941. In 1850 the slaves were just half as numerous as the free population. Now they have fallen behind 434,000. The gain of free population is chiefly in the border States. In Missouri the free people have nearly doubled in two years, and the slaves, who in 1850 were as 1 to 7 of the whites, are now as 1 to 9. Kentucky in ten years gained 178,853 free people, and lost 14,509 slaves. Slavery in Delaware and Maryland shows a decided decrease in number. In Kentucky and Missouri it is evidently being overwhelmed by the large and steady increase of the free population. In Virginia,

large as the slave population is, its hold is growing weaker. In 1850 the excess of free people over slaves was 476,605; it is now 601,547, the increase of the free element during the decade having been 148,240, and of the slaves only 29,298. It is apparent that in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri the peculiar institution is ebbing away before the mighty power of free emigration. In South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana the institution maintains its strength and preponderance. In North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas it is strong and progressive, but the free element is largely in the ascendant. Slavery is clearly moving towards the tropics, and if suffered to do so, will pass away from the States north of 36 30. [Boston Journal.]

The Unlucky Throw. When I was a boy, like most other boys, I often did idle and foolish things. One day, for instance, as I was walking up street, I saw a broken china tea cup in the road. Picking it up, instead of letting it alone, as I ought to have done, I began to toss it into the air.—This I did several times, trying to throw it higher with each new effort.

At last, thinking, to toss it as high as the cornice of the houses, I threw it with great energy. Alas for me! My arm struck my side, and the unlucky piece of china went crashing through the window of a dwelling-house.

Without thinking of my duty, I took counsel of my fears only, and ran home as fast as my feet could carry me. Nor did I either pause or look until I turned a corner.

Shortly after this misfortune the son of the man whose window I had broken came home from school. Seeing the window broken, he stood outside with his hands in his pockets looking at it. A man passing said: 'Your father will think you broke that window, my little fellow, and he'll tickle your back with a raw hide.'

'No, he won't,' said the boy calmly, 'for I shall tell him I didn't do it.'

'You may tell him so, but will he believe you?' rejoined the man.

'To be sure he will. He always believes what I say.'

That was nobly said, and it was just so.—That boy wore a diamond called truth on his heart, and his father knew that he could safely trust him.

Where was I? Well, I sneaked home, feeling that I had done a mean act in not going right to the owner of the house and confessing my misfortune.

For several days I carried my secret with me. It was like wearing a bolt of brass round my waist. It pained me badly. I was in torments, too, lest somebody had seen me, and should after all, tell my father.

At last my secret was dragged out. A person who knew me had seen me break the window and had told the owner of the house about me. That gentleman knew my father, and the first time he saw him told him what I had done. My father paid for getting a new square of glass, and on his return home called me to his side.

His face wore a stern expression. I trembled and blushed like a culprit, for I guessed he had found me out. Looking right in my eye, he said:

'Peter, did you break Mr. Comerford's window a few days ago?'

'Yes, sir,' I replied holding my head.

'What did you do that for?' asked my father, with less sternness in his manner.

'The worst of my load was now gone. That secret mill-stone which had been crushing me was now rolled off, and I told my father all about the affair.'

The Eastern Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... FEB. 21, 1861.

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING,' or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

A BARN FULL.—A good farmyard and barns, well filled with stock and hay, and having a neat and cheerful man for the overseer, constitute as good a winter scene as an honest man need look upon. When all these good points are made a little extra, then the "prospect" becomes extra too. So we thought a few days ago, while looking over the premises of our friend Ira R. Doolittle, the farmer, on the Kendall's Mills road. We knew by the size of his barns—Tom Moore "knew by the smoke"—that there must be a good stock of cattle there, for Ira never built those barns for mere show. Unluckily the owner was not at home; though the usual rule of counting this a bad sign for the farm, was set aside after we saw what was going on in the barns. Thirty-two horses, of all qualities and all degrees of aristocracy, opened the first scene. A deal of room, a pile of hay, and some oats, are among the things to be thought of when thirty-two horses board in one family. Only a few of these belong to Mr. D. The rest are boarders, and are owned in Boston and other places. They are of all ages, from the venerable "mother horse" of 29 years, down to the yearling colt. Here they eat and drink and sleep, and do nothing—while many of their owners are occupied in the same way, till the return of spring again gives the word "go!"

A beautiful white saddle pony, that seemed both young and old, playful and gentle, was pawing and stamping, and neighing and clamping, at every opening of the door, as though homesick for the half dozen merry boys and girls for whose benefit he was recruiting. He was a darling; because one could not look at him without seeing the shadows of a household all around him. Here are the young bloods of some of the most distinguished horse families in the country, being fed and "reared up" in the horse boarding school. In one apartment, warm and well bedded, were two venerable, motherly looking animals, one 29 and the other a few years younger, who had been sent to spend their last days in quiet country retirement. Though homely and weather beaten, they had a humble and thankful look, such as we see in a poor relation who has been helped to a place in the custom-house; and we could not help querying how far the pronoun was limited when it was said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these!" Mahomet allows a heaven, for asses; and if the horse is less favored, he has at least the privilege, as in this instance, to aid his owner in reaching a point to which he cannot aspire himself.

Here in a long tie-up, lying as quietly as so many children in a trundle-bed, are a dozen choice recruits for the dairy—tapering all the way from the full grown cow down to the calf of last Spring. Fat, clean, and of choice blood, their owner might almost feel the patriarchal pride of a Kentucky friend of ours, who said he owned "niggers all the way from great-grandfather down to the baby."

Mr. D.'s flock of sheep counts a little over two hundred; and though marked with no strict breed or system of breeding, is one of the very best flocks we have seen in Maine. With a few years of good management, such as he understands, he will be selling largely of such sheep as his neighbors in Kennebec will find it an object to buy.

But we did not intend to make so long a note of so short a call. A well ordered farm is as rare as a well ordered family, and deserves as much praise; and though our friend would not thank us for calling him a perfect pattern, yet we venture to say it will do some farmers good to look at it. What his farm will in time become, with these facilities for dressing, is easily seen.

Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy, has been represented as a conservative man, but judged by his opening speech at Alabama, he must be set down as a regular fire eater. After some preliminary remarks, he briefly reviewed the position of the South, and said the time for compromise had passed. "We were now determined to maintain our position and make all who oppose us smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel. If coercion is persisted in he had no doubt of the result. We will maintain our right to self-government at all hazards. We ask nothing and want nothing. We will have no complications. If other States join our Confederation they can freely come in on our terms. Our separation from the old Union is complete—no compromise, no reconstruction can now be entertained." Subsequently, Mr. Davis spoke again, in response to enthusiastic call. He said in case of necessity he would again enter the ranks as a soldier.

The outrage on a British captain, at Savannah, it is said, was perpetrated by the "Rattlesnake Club," a lawless crew like the Dead Rabbits and other bands of desperadoes in our northern cities. As the injured person in this case is a British subject, and not a northern man, the citizens of Savannah find it politic to manifest a great deal of indignation and offer a reward for the detection of the rogues. Forcible have always enjoyed better protection at the South than citizens of the free States; and if the Union were divided, perhaps we might be treated as well as other foreigners.

OUR TABLE.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR JAN. This number, which is unusually full, commences with an article on Canada and the North-West, in which the present condition and resources and future prospects of that magnificent colony are set forth in most encouraging terms. In the article, The Welch and their Literature, will be found many interesting extracts from Welch authors, with appreciative and illustrative comments. Mr. Motley's History of the United Netherlands is reviewed with marked commendation, fortified by a variety of extracts. The Iron Manufacture furnishes a brief and well-digested history of the rise and progress of that branch of industry, from the insignificant beginnings about which there are no certain data to the enormous estimated product of the United Kingdom for the past year of 4,000,000 tons. The paper on Italy is rather more sympathizing with the recent extraordinary events in that country than would naturally be expected from the usually conservative tone of this Review. The Dogs of History and Romance is intended to be the light article of the number, but the writer has hardly done justice to the subject, being probably oppressed by the ominous title which immediately succeeds—The Income Tax and its Rivals, with none of which is any peculiar satisfaction expressed. The "great gun" of the number is a well known work, "Essays and Reviews," which, being compiled by several Oxford professors, has given rise to much discussion in England. This same volume has recently been noticed at considerable length and in favorable terms by the Westminster Review, and those who wish to see what can be urged on both sides of the many important religious questions which come into the discussion will find their time well bestowed in the perusal of these manifestoes of the opposing parties.

This number commences a volume. The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum (any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U States will be 24 cents a year for "Blackwood," and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—The following is a list of the pieces of music in No. 99 of this cheap publication:

- Polka Redona. By A. Wollenhaupt. Why do I Love Thee Yet? By George Linley. I am far away from Thee. By Leop. Meyer. Ah! gently guide my Steps. Prayer from Anna Bolena. By Bellini.

Our Musical Friend" is published monthly, each number containing 12 large pages of music, at \$1 25 a year or 15 cents a single number, by C. R. Seymour & Co., 438 Broadway, New York.

What Shall We Do?

This question is asked to day, alike by men of opposite parties and with widely differing views and feelings. It is, indeed, to all, both North and South, the question of the hour. The patriot, whose love of his fatherland is a part of his very soul, whose mind feeding, from earliest childhood upon a history—not long but rich in glorious achievements and noble lives, has derived from the example of the pure unselfish patriots of the times that tried men's souls—the pabulum necessary for the development of like sentiments and qualities in itself; whose heart has ever swelled with pride as his eye caught the gleam of the stars upon the blue field of his country's banner, feeling his heart sink with grief and his cheek flush with shame as he sees those stars, one by one leaving their accustomed places and shooting in erratic courses into the "outer darkness," asks earnestly, "What shall I do to preserve from destruction the country for which my fathers died, and which has been the pride of my boyhood and the glory of my manhood?" The man, who without local attachments looks apathetically upon the throes which convulse the nation, and, caring for nothing but his own ease and safety lacks, that government in which these are best secured, asks "What shall I do? Shall I risk again by remaining here? Will it not be safer for me to seek shelter under a more stable government? The man whose base soul is incapable of patriotism and honor, and whose selfish love of power is so strong as to lead him to plot against the very government which he has sworn to support, and by whose patronage his daily bread is supplied, and strike with obdurate malice at the breast which has warmed him into life, looks with apprehension upon the power he has outraged, and asks, half in fear and half in malice, "What shall I do? What may I dare to do? How far may I presume upon the cowardice or stolidness or forbearance of those opposed to me?" With the second class of men, the indifferent and apathetic, we have nothing to do. They are but cyphers anywhere, and may be left to carry out their neutral doctrine without danger. With the third class, unfortunately too large in this country at this time, we want nothing to do. They are traitors and of the blackest dye,—men in whose presence even Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold might hold up their heads in the consciousness that they were among at least their equals.

But the Northern States, at least, are full of men of the first class—men whose love for freedom and their country overbalances every other feeling of their souls—men who are willing to sacrifice everything to patriotism and to liberty, and with them we ask the question, What shall we do?

In attempting to find a solution of this question, we shall find it necessary first to look about ourselves, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances of our position, answer first the question, What can we do?

The Gulf States have taken a position which places them entirely beyond the reach of any concessions which the most abject and doughty of compromising dough faces could be bullied into making. The position of the remaining slave States seems to be this:—They do not complain of any real grievance sufficient to cause or justify revolution. They make no valid and specific complaints of infractions of the Constitution. The only real trouble with them is that it has become apparent from the result of the last Presidential election, that that construction of the Constitution which makes it a pro-slavery instrument is not to be admitted by a majority of the people of the whole Union. It is not an infraction of the Constitution in its letter, or in its spirit that

they fear, but that it will be carried out in both. As it has become certain that their construction of the Constitution is in opposition to the moral principles of a majority of the whole nation, and that they cannot make it "carry slavery wherever it goes" in its present form, they are determined so to alter its form if possible, as to make it what they wish. Heretofore they have been able by the aid of Northern demagogues, (not Northern men with Southern principles, "but with no principles") to carry out in a great degree these doctrines. The popular majority against them at the late election shows them the futility of attempting to amend the Constitution in a legal way, and consequently they hope to gain their object by threats of force. While they were in force the majority must govern, but the rule is one which they repudiate as soon as it acts against themselves. In a word their position is this:—"So long" say they, in effect, "as the government could be under our control, so long as we could prevent the expression of the honest convictions of the North, by our votes, by bullying or the bludgeon, and thus make the Union a great corporation for the propagation of slavery, and the Constitution the axis of wrong, injustice and oppression, we were content. But the case is now different. The sceptre is departing from us. The anti-slavery party, never in majority, has now become strong enough to assume—legally and in the exercise of its constitutional rights—the reins of government, and although they avow attachment to the Constitution, and there is really no cause to fear that they will attempt to infringe upon it, we cannot submit to be governed by it."—They are indeed very much in the situation of a fellow who being arraigned for some crime was observed by his counsel to be very much dejected. "Don't be afraid, my good fellow," said the lawyer, "you shall have justice done you." "Ah, that is just what I'm afraid of," returned the criminal. The fear of the intelligent South is not that the Constitution will not be observed, but that it will be—nor that the laws will be disregarded, but that they will be enforced, that the rights of all will be maintained.

It is a fact, and one which all the railing and ranting of Southern slavery propagandists, and Northern dough-faced demagogues cannot hide, that there is an irrepressible conflict between freedom and slavery, a conflict that can never cease so long as the conflicting elements exist. It is the conflict of right with wrong, of truth with falsehood, of justice with oppression, of civilization with barbarism, of good with evil. The champions of the right have achieved a victory, and their defeated opponents demand a relinquishment of all the benefits of that victory, and enforce their demand with threats of revolution and bloodshed. We of the North have been laboring, in carrying out our honest convictions of right, to prevent the spread of a great political, social and moral evil, into territory under our common jurisdiction where it does not now exist; and now having made some progress toward the attainment of our end, they ask us to go back to, say even beyond the point from which we started, and not only give up the labor of years, but by a solemn and binding compact pledge ourselves never to make any further attempt to oppose the progress of slavery, wherever it may choose to go. They ask us to make slavery national and freedom only the consequence of local law. This is the true intent of the "Crittenden Compromise Resolutions," which "Union Saving" demagogues North and South are so pathetically urging us to adopt.

And what concessions do the South propose to make as their part of the "Compromise?" for the term necessarily implies mutual concessions. Do they propose to establish freedom of speech or even of opinion in the South? Do they propose to render it safe for a quiet, harmless, Northern man to travel there? Do they propose to afford any protection to those who may be merely suspected of doubting the Divine right of men to work and whip and sell or murder even their own sons and daughters, simply because they are the illegitimate offspring of women with a tinge of African blood in their veins? Do they propose to repeal the unconstitutional and barbarous laws imprisoning seamen, citizens of Northern States, for no crime but a shade of color in their faces or a drop of African blood in their veins? Do they propose to cease their violation of the mails, or to remove any one of the many grievances of which we have for so long a time had just cause to complain? Not one of these. They are fully determined and committed against any concessions whatever. What they ask of the North, then, is not Compromise, but base ignoble submission—not a yielding of minor points but a total abandonment of principle. It is that we muzzle the press, gag free speech, abolish free schools and allow our thinking and legislation to be done for us South of Mason and Dixon's line. They ask us to give up honor and self-respect and submit to a degradation which would place us on a level with the most ignorant and abject of their slaves. It is plain, then, that—to say nothing of the futility of such a course—we cannot adopt any of the so-called compromises. What can we do? and what shall we do? come then to be in effect one and the same question. There is but one course that we can, with souls as patriots and freemen as men take, and that is to stand firmly upon the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws "as our platform, and in the face of treason to maintain the right. If any of our laws conflict with the Constitution they should be repealed, for it becomes us first to cast the mote out of our own eye, though we could not fail even with a sand-bar in our organ of vision to see clearly enough to pluck out the forest of beams that blinds our neighbor. If we can save the Union only by doing wrong, let it go—it is not worth saving,

and we may be sure that we can never suffer any real evil as a consequence of doing right.

Let us then, trusting in the Great Ruler of Nations, stand up firmly in the right, not with bitter or uncharitable feelings in our hearts toward our brethren of the South, but with all charity for them, yet determine that by no act of ours shall the cause of human freedom ever be driven to make one retrograde step.

Progress of Events.

On Wednesday of last week, the quiet count of the electoral votes was made at Washington, and Abraham Lincoln officially declared to be constitutionally chosen President of these United States, for four years from the 4th of March next, with Hannibal Hamlin Vice President for the same term. About the same time the President-elect started for Washington. On his journey he has been everywhere met with a reception most enthusiastic, and the crowds that have waited upon him have been largely composed of political opponents. To these he has made several speeches, which, as they doubtless foreshadow his policy, have been listened to with peculiar interest. That our readers may judge of his views, we make extracts from these speeches, confident that they will find favor with Union-loving men of every party.

At Indianapolis, after thanking the people of Indiana for their support of a true and just cause, he said—

"Coercion and invasion are terms much used now with temper and hot blood. Let us not misunderstand their meaning nor the meaning of those who use them. Let us get the meaning from those who deprecate the things they would represent by their use.—What is the meaning of those words? Would marching an army into South Carolina with hostile intentions be invasion? I think it would be, and it would be coercion if the South Carolinians were forced to submit; but if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts, collect duties or withhold the mails where they are habitually violated, would any or all of these things be invasion or coercion? Do professional Union lovers who are averse to coercion understand such things? If they do, their idea of preserving the Union is exceedingly thin and dry.

In their view the Union is a family relation, and it would seem to be with no regular marriage, but a sort of free love arrangement, to be maintained by personal attraction. In what consists the special sacredness of a State? I speak not of the position assigned a State in the Union by the Constitution, for by that bond we all recognize that position, however, a State cannot carry out with it. By what rightful principle may a State, being not more than a fiftieth part of a nation in soil and population, break up a nation and then coerce the larger division of itself?

Mr. Lincoln said in conclusion that he was not asserting anything, but asking questions for them to consider and decide in their own minds what was right and what was wrong.

At Cincinnati, after expressing his gratitude for the magnificent demonstration in his honor, by all parties, and his hope that our political troubles would soon be over—he said—

I have spoken but once before this in Cincinnati. That was a year previous to the late Presidential election. On that occasion, in a playful manner, but with sincere words, I addressed much of what I said to the Kentuckians. I gave my opinion that we as Republicans would ultimately beat them as Democrats, but that they could postpone that result longer by nominating Senator Douglas for the Presidency than they could in any other way. They did not in any true sense of the word nominate Douglas, and the result has come certainly as soon as I expected. I also told them how I expected they would be treated after they should have been beaten; and I now wish to call or recall their attention to what I then said upon that subject. I then said: "When we do, as we say, beat you, you perhaps will want to know what we will do with you. I will tell you, so far as I am authorized to speak for the Opposition, what we mean to do with you. We mean to treat you as near as we possibly can as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison treated you. We mean to leave you alone and in no way to interfere with your institutions, to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution, and in a word, coming back to the original proposition, to treat you so far as degenerate men, if we have degenerated, may, according to the examples of those noble fathers, Washington, Jefferson and Madison. We mean to remember that you are as good as we—that there is no difference between us—other than the difference of circumstances. We mean to recognize, and bear in mind always, that you have as good hearts in your bosoms as other people, or as we claim to have, and treat you accordingly.

Fellow citizens of Kentucky: Friends, brethren, may I call you by my new position, I see no occasion and feel no inclination to retract a word of this. (Applause.) If it shall not be made good, be assured the fault shall not be mine. (Applause.)

And now, fellow citizens of Ohio, have you who agree with him who now addresses you in political sentiment—have you ever entertained other sentiments toward our brethren of Kentucky than those I have expressed to you. (Long and continued cries of "No.") If not, then why shall we not, as heretofore, be recognized and acknowledged as brethren again, living in peace and harmony one with another? (Cries of "We will.") I take your response as the most reliable evidence that it may be so, along with other evidence, trusting that the good sense of the American people, on all sides of all rivers in America, under the Providence of God, who has never deserted us, that we shall again be brethren, forgetting all parties—ignoring all parties. My friends I now bid you farewell. (Long and continued applause.)

At Pittsburg, in addition to remarks upon the troublous times upon which we have fallen, he gave some hints of his position in regard to the tariff. We quote—

Allusion has been made in nearly every short address that I have delivered to the present distracted state of the country, and you naturally expect me to say something upon this subject. But to touch upon it at all involves an elaborate discussion of a great many questions and circumstances, requiring more time than I can at present command, and might unnecessarily commit me upon matters which have not fully developed themselves. (Cheers, and cries of "God! that's right!") The condition of the country is extraordinary, and fills the mind of every patriot with anxiety. It is my intention to give this subject all the consideration possible before spe-

cially defining my position in regard to it (cheers), so that when I do speak I may be as nearly right as possible. When I do speak I hope to say nothing in opposition to the spirit of the Constitution, or contrary to the integrity of the Union, or which will prove inimical to the liberties of the people or the peace of the whole country. (Great cheering.) And, furthermore, when the time comes for me to speak upon this great subject, I hope to say nothing to disappoint the people generally throughout the country, especially if their expectations are based upon anything which I may have heretofore said. (Applause.) Notwithstanding the troubles across the river (pointing southward to the Monongahela river and smiling), there really is no crisis except an artificial one. (Laughter and applause.)

What is there now to warrant the condition of affairs presented by our friends over the river? Take even their own views of the questions involved, there is nothing to justify the course they are pursuing. (Voice—"that's so!") I repeat, there is no crisis excepting such as may be gotten up at any time by turbulent men, aided by designing politicians. My advice to them is to keep cool. If the great American people will only keep their temper on both sides of the line the trouble will come to an end, and the question be settled just as surely as all other difficulties of a like character which have originated in this government have been adjusted.

Let the people on both sides keep their self-possession, and just as other clouds have cleared away in due time, so will this great nation continue to prosper as heretofore. But I have spoken longer on this subject than I intended.

As this is the first opportunity I have had to address a Pennsylvania assembly, it seems fitting to indulge in a few remarks on the important question of the tariff, a subject of great magnitude and attended with many difficulties owing to the variety of interests involved. So long as direct taxation is not resorted to, a tariff is necessary. A tariff to Government is what meat is to a family.

This admitted, it is still necessary to modify and change its operations according to new interests and circumstances. So far there is little difference in opinion among politicians, but the question as to how far imports may be adjusted for protection to home industry, gives rise to numerous objections. I don't understand the subject in all its multifarious bearings, but I promise to give it my closest attention, and fully to comprehend it. And here I may remark that the Chicago platform contains a plank on the subject which I think should be regarded as law for the incoming administration. (Immense applause.) In fact, this question as well as other subjects embodied in that platform, should not be varied from. [At the request of Mr. Lincoln, his Secretary here read the Tariff (12th) section of the Chicago platform.]

Mr. Lincoln continued—I must confess there are shades of difference in construing even this platform; but I am not discussing these differences, but merely give you a general idea of the subject. I have long thought that if there be any article of necessity which can be produced at home with as little or nearly the same labor as abroad, it would be better to protect that article. Labor is the true standard of value. If a bar of iron be got out of the mines in England, and a bar of iron taken from the mines of Pennsylvania at the same cost, it follows that if the English bar is shipped from Manchester to Pittsburg, and the American bar from Pittsburg to Manchester, the cost of carriage is appreciably lost. (Laughter.)

If we had no iron here, then we should encourage shipments from foreign countries, but not when we can make it as cheaply in our own country. The treasury is in such a low condition as to demand the immediate attention of the new Administration. The tariff bill now before Congress, may not pass the present session. I cannot do not understand the precise provisions of this bill. It may or may not become the law of the land; but if it does, that will be an end of the matter until modifications can be effected. If it does not pass—and the latest advice I have as to this effect—it is still pending, and the next Congress will have to give it their earliest attention.

According to my political education, I am inclined to believe the people should have their own views carried out through their Representatives in Congress. No subject should engage the attention of your Representatives more than the tariff. If I have any recommendation to make, it will be that every man who is called upon to serve the people in a representative capacity should study the whole subject thoroughly, as I intend to do myself, looking to all the varied interests of the country, so that when the time for action arrives, adequate protection shall be extended to the coal and iron of Pennsylvania, the corn of Illinois, and the reapers of Chicago. Permit me to express the hope that this important subject may receive such consideration at the hands of your Representatives that the interests of no part of the country may be overlooked, but that all sections may share in the common benefits of a just and equitable tariff.

FIRE IN ALBION.—The dwelling house, barn and shed, of Dr. A. P. Fuller, of Albion, was burned last Sunday afternoon, together with part of the furniture, hay, &c. A horse and two cows were also burned. Loss \$1000. Insurance \$700.

A committee of the Peace Congress at Washington has reported the Gutbrie proposition, which provides that all the territory of the United States shall be divided by a line from east to west on the parallel of 36.30 north latitude; and in all territory north of that line involuntary servitude, except as punishment of crime, is prohibited whilst it shall belong to the United States or be under a Territorial government; and in all territory south of said line involuntary servitude is recognized as it exists in the Southern States of the Union, whilst such territory shall belong to the United States or be under the territorial government; and neither Congress nor the territorial government shall have power to hinder or prevent emigrants to said Territory from taking with them persons held to labor or involuntary servitude, according to the laws and usages of the State from which such persons may be taken, nor to impair the right arising out of such relation, and be subject to judicial cognizance. It also provides that States formed from the Territory either north or south of the proposed line shall be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, with or without involuntary servitude or labor, as their constitutions may provide. Also, that Congress shall not have the power to abolish slavery in any State, or in the District of Columbia without the consent of Maryland and

Virginia. The African slave trade is forever prohibited, and the paragraph of the fourth article of the Constitution is not to be construed to prevent any of the States from the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law. It is not thought probable that this proposition will be accepted, and many conservative men despair of the Union in consequence.

AGRICULTURAL SURVEY OF SOMERSET COUNTY.—A novel feature of the Report of the Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture for 1860 is "An Agricultural Survey of Somerset County," prepared with much care and ability by Samuel L. Boardman, of South Norridgewock. It gives "an outline of the geography and geology of the county, together with some notice of its agricultural capabilities and remarks upon its staple productions," and is a very interesting document, not only to the inhabitants of the county but to the people of the whole State. We suppose it is in contemplation to have this followed by surveys of the other counties, so that we shall eventually have within our reach a proper showing of the agricultural resources and capabilities of our whole territory.

A copy of the "author's edition" of this interesting document—issued separately—has been received at this office, for which Mr. Boardman will please accept our hearty thanks. Every farmer in Somerset should have one.

The reply of Mayor Thatcher, of Albany, N. Y. when petitioned to prevent the meeting of the abolitionists in that city, is in marked contrast to the craven, vacillating course of Mayor Wightman, of Boston. He said he had neither authority nor inclination to interrupt freedom of speech; that he had no fear of a riot in Albany, and the best way to treat the abolitionists was to leave them alone, and give them no capital by creating an excitement about them.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.—An order was introduced in the House, on Thursday, inquiring into the expediency of repealing the act regulating the fisheries on Kennebec River. Let friend Crosby and our member keep an eye on that.

A resolve favoring the extinction of slavery in the Border States by purchase, is on its passage.

The House has passed a resolve giving Arletta A. Brown \$60 a year, to be expended under the direction of the Judge of Sagadahoc County.

A petition for a tax on dogs has been presented.

Resolves in favor of Maine Medical School have finally passed; also bills to unite the towns of Skowhegan and Bloomfield, and providing for Normal School.

A resolve appropriating \$20,000 in aid of Kansas was presented in the House on Thursday.

The Personal Liberty bill was under consideration yesterday, but with what result we have not learned.

BITING OFF THEIR OWN NOSES.—The seceding States of the lower Mississippi, by their interference with the free navigation of that river, are driving the western States to seek other channels of intercourse with the outside world. In addition to an increased business on all the railroad lines leading north and east, they have revived an old project for the improvement of the Illinois and Michigan canal, leading from Chicago to Peru, which would give them communication with the Eastern States and Europe, through the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, every way preferable to the long and dangerous route by way of the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.

FARM CLUB TRIUMPHANT.—The very first chance has been taken, and the Waterville Farm Club yet lives. The meeting on Tuesday evening, at Mr. Shores' brought together a house full of the practical farmers, and the evening's discussion was highly interesting. A variety of practical questions and answers occupied the first half hour, after which followed a free and easy talk upon the kind of education adapted to the practical farmer.

The next meeting, on Tuesday evening next, will be at the house of Mr. Ruben Eaton, near the colleges. Subject, "What farming system is best calculated to make farming pay?" Homer Percival appointed to preside.

Vice President Hamlin left for Washington, on Monday last. He was escorted to the car by many of his friends and fellow citizens.

Col. Fremont is in New York, and will probably be in Washington on the 4th of March. Isn't he wanted in Lincoln's cabinet?

A little boy in Lewiston having got possession of a nickel cent, put it into his mouth and accidentally swallowed it. Although mean and insignificant, it was current coin of the realm, and the little fellow soon passed it without difficulty. Strange that people will allow their children such dangerous playthings when harmless ones, in the shape of silver dollars, are so plenty! But we cease to wonder when we learn that the boy belonged to a poor devil of an editor.

KANSAS.—At the Kansas Relief meeting on Saturday last, a committee were appointed to solicit contributions, who, we are pleased to learn, are meeting with good success.

The Union ticket is overwhelmingly triumphant in Missouri—all but ten counties voting for anti-secessionists. So far as heard from, Arkansas, too, is all right.

"Give the devil his due," is a good motto. We call the attention of the anti-democratic objects to the Republican platform to a single fact, and that is that the Chicago platform, of the negro question takes precisely the old whig ground, and does not go one iota further than the entire whig party of the free States did in 1848. Was the whig platform of that year sectional? We put this question to whigs. Democrats opposed the platform then—they oppose the same platform, under a new name, now.—[Bath Times.]



MISCELLANY.

The Hebrew Bard's Lament over Jerusalem.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou city of our God—
Thou'rt fallen as all the palaces where Judah's monarchs
reign'd.

expostulate this matter in any future time
that is more suitable than now. He may talk,
sir, of the Herculaneum revolutions, where
republics are hurled into arctic regions, and
the works of centuries refrigerated to ashes; but
sir, we can tell him, indelibly, that the
consequences therefrom, multiplied subterraneously
by the everlasting principles contended
for thereby, can no more shake this resolution,
than can the roar of Niagara rejoinate
around those walls, or the howl of the mid
night tempest conflagrate the marble statue
into ice. That's what I told them.

ARTHUR WARD ON WESTERN BANKERS.
—Recently the great showman took a trip
through the West, and speaking of the financial
affairs up there, he says:
They've got a panick up this way and re-
fugee like Western money. It never was
worth much, and when western men, who
know that it is, refuse to take their own
money it is about time other folks stop stand-
ing it.

CONSUMPTIVES.
An equal and normal circulation of the blood is health.
An abnormal circulation, or any excessive deficient circulation,
or stagnation of the blood, is disease. To illustrate—torpidity
of the liver is caused by stagnation of the blood in that organ;
dyspepsia, indigestion, inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis,
the heart, &c., by the same cause, viz: Improper circulation;
and from the same cause spring all minor forms of disease,
and directly or indirectly, cause those diseases, so an
equal and normal circulation of the blood is the first
and most necessary requisite to health.

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No. 64 Middle Street
PORTLAND.

DRUMMOND & WEBB,
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