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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1850.

NO. 1.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 3 1-2 Buttrick Block, Main Street.

TERMS.

It is paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50.

It is paid within six months, \$4.00.

It is paid within the year, \$7.00.

More kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE CHIPPWAY INDIANS.

We saw them—
In the forest of night, and the moonlight
Not in the forest of day and grand
The council-fire shed not the light
Which shone o'er that majestic band.

But in the city's crowded hall
Solemn and strange they stood,
And the city's children pale
Those monarchs of the wood.

In wild, fantastic splendor clad,
How proudly stood those warriors there,
Yet graceful as the eagle plume,
Waving above their raven hair.

Their swarthy limbs, their full black eyes,
Flashing, and keen, and clear,
Their savage arms, their warlike guise,
Thrilled many a heart with fear.

But when the stately "Hero" spoke,
In tones few pale-faced men can boast,
So soft, yet deep—so low, yet clear,
All troubled fancies soon were lost.

He told us of his forest home,
And of his loved ones, and of his
And that they all believe in One
On whom all life depends.

He told us of their ancient power,
And of their swift and sure decay;
He said, "Our council fires must die,
Our forms and customs pass away."

"But, white men, do not boast too loud,
Nor think the world your own,
For o'er another hundred years
You may be overthrown."

That was a timely warning given
In a valiant people's ears;
That nation of the forest river,
Which has most pride and fewest fears.

When they danced a frightful dance,
The solemn dance round the fallen log,
And gave those dismal, dismal yells,
Like shrieks from the dark world of woe.

Then thought I on the day of doom,
When o'er the helpless white man's head
The knife was raised, while round him rung,
And in no sport, that war whoop dread.

When, to avert the fatal stroke,
Even woman's prayer could paught avail;
When maiden's tears no pity won,
And vain the little infant's wail.

Heart sick I shuddered o'er their fate,
And then, with thankful prayer,
Thankfully worshipped God, because
Those days were all passed by.

MISNONDIT.

MISCELLANY.

LOVE IN THE COUNTRY.

BY N. F. WILLIS.

The guests at the Astor House were looking mournfully out of the drawing-room windows, on a certain rainy day of an October passed over to history. No shopping—no visiting! The morning must be passed in-doors. And it was some consolation to those who were in town for a few days to see the world, that their time was not quite lost, for the assemblage in the large drawing-room was numerous and gay. A very dressy affair it was, the drawing-room of the Astor, and as full of eyes as a peacock's tail—which, by the way, is also a very dressy affair. Strangers who wish to see and be seen (and especially be seen) on rainy days, as well as on sunny days, in their visits to New York, should, as the phrase goes, "patronize" the Astor. As if there was any patronage in getting the worth of your money!

Well—the people in the drawing-room looked a little out of the windows, and a good deal at each other. Unfortunately, it is only among angels, and undusted persons that introductions can be dispensed with, and as the guests of the Astor House, on that day, were mostly strangers to each other, the conversation was very dull, and guarded, and any movement whatever extremely conspicuous. There were four or five silent ladies on the sofa, two very silent ladies in each of the windows, silent ladies on the ottomans, silent ladies in the chairs at the corners, and one silent lady, very highly dressed, sitting on the music-stool, with her back to the piano. There was here and there a gentleman in the room, weather-bound and silent; but we have only to do with one of these, and with the last-mentioned much-embellished young lady.

"Well, I can't sit on this soft chair all day, cousin Meg!" said the gentleman. "You must speak to me, Meg!" said the lady. "And what would you do out of doors this rainy day?" "I'm sure it's very pleasant here!" "You don't like the rain?" "Not for me. I'd rather be thrashing in the barn." "But there must be some rainy-weather work" in the city as well as in the country. "There's some fun, I know, that's kept for a wet day; we keep on chattering and grinding the teeth, but I don't think a lot of it." "Well, what now?" "I wish you wouldn't bring the stable with you to the Astor House." "The gentleman slightly elevated his eyebrows, and took a leaf of music from the piano, and commenced attentively reading the mystic dots and lines. "We have ten minutes to spare before the entrance of another person upon the scene, and we will make use of the silence to converse for you, in our magic mirror, the semblance of the two whose familiar dialogue we have just noted down."

Miss Margaret Pittifit was a young lady who had a large share of what the French call *la belle d'âme*—youth and freshness. ("You, why the devil should have the credit of what never belonged to him, it takes a Frenchman, perhaps, to explain.") To look at, she was certainly a human being in a very high perfection. Her cheeks were like two sound apples; her hair was as round as a stove pipe; her shoulders had two dimples just at the back, that looked as if they dived punching to make them any deeper; her eyes looked as if they were just made there, mere so bright and new; her nose looked like a C-sharp; in a new piano, and her teeth were like a fresh break in a cocoa nut. She was insensibly, unobtrusively, deceptively healthy. This fact, and the difficulty of uniting all the fashions of all the magazines in

one dress, were her two principal afflictions in this world of care. She had an ideal model, to which she aspired with constant longings; a model resembling in figure, the high-born creatures whose never-varied face is seen in all the plates of fashion; yet, if possible, paler and more disdainful. If Miss Pittifit could have bent her short waist with the curve invariably given to the well-gloved extremities of that mysterious and nameless beauty; if she could have bent with her back to her friends, and thrown her head languishingly over her shoulder without dislocating her neck; if, she could have protruded from the founce of her dress a foot more like a mincing little muscleshell, and less like a jolly fat clam; in brief, if she could have drawn out her figure like the enviable joints of a spy-glass, whittled off more taperly her four extremities, sold all her vigorous and indomitable roasts for a pot of champagne, and compelled the publishers of the magazines to refrain from the distracting multiplicity of their monthly fashions—with these little changes in her allotment, Miss Pittifit would have realized all her maiden aspirations, up to the present hour.

A glimpse will give you an idea of the gentleman in question. He was not much more than he looked to be—a compact, athletic young man of twenty-one, with clear, honest blue eyes, brown face, where it was not shaded by his hat, curling brown hair, and an expression of fearless qualities, dashed just now by a tinge of rustic bashfulness. His dress was a little more expensive and gay than was necessary, and he wore his clothes in a way which betrayed that he would be more at home in shirt-sleeves. His hands were rough, and his attitude that of a man who was accustomed to fling himself down on the nearest bench, or swing his legs from the top rail of a fence, or the box of a wagon. We speak with caution of his rusticity, however, for he had a printed card, "Mr. Ephraim Bracely," and he was a subscriber to the "Spirit of the Times." We shall find time to say a thing or two about him as we go on.

"Eph," Bracely and "Meg" Pittifit were engaged. With the young lady it was, as the French say, *fait de mine*, for her *beau-idéal* (or, in plain English, ideal beau) was a tall, pale, young gentleman, with white gloves, in rapid consumption. She and Eph were second cousins, however, and as she was an orphan, and had lived since childhood with his father, and moreover, had inherited the Pittifit farm which adjoined that of the Bracelys, and moreover, had been told to "kiss her little husband, and love him always" by the dying breath of her mother, and (moreover third) had been "let be" his sweetheart by the unanimous consent of the neighborhood, why, it seemed one of those matches made in heaven, and not intended to be transvested on earth. It was understood they were to be married as soon as the young man's savings should enable him to pull down the old Pittifit house, and build a cottage, and with a fair season, this would be done in another year. Meantime, Eph was a loyal keeper of his troth, though never having the trouble to win the lady, he was not fully aware of the necessity of courtship, whether or no; and was, besides, somewhat unsuspicious of the charms of moonlight, after a hard day's work at haying or harvesting. The neighbors thought it proof enough of his love that he never "went sparking" elsewhere, and as he would rather talk of his gun or his fishing-rod, his horse or his crops, politics, or of any thing else, than of love or matrimony, his companions took his engagement with his cousin to be a subject upon which he felt too deeply to banter, and they neither invaded his domain by attentions to his sweet heart, nor suggested, thought by allusions to her. It was in the progress of this even tenor of engagement, that some law business had called old Farmer Bracely to N. Y., and the young couple had managed to accompany him. And of course nothing would do for Miss Pittifit but "the Astor."

And now, perhaps, the reader is ready to be told whose carriage is at the Vesey street door, and who sends up a dripping servant to inquire for Miss Pittifit.

It is allotted to the destiny of every country girl to have one fashionable female friend in the city—somebody to correspond with, somebody to quote, somebody to write her the particulars of the last doleful event, somebody to send her patterns of collars, and the rise and fall of *tournures*, and such other things as are not entered into by the monthly magazines. How these apparently unlikely acquaintances are formed, is as much a mystery as the eternal youth of post-boys, and the eternal dandiness of donkeys. Far be it from me, to pry irreverently into those pokier corners of the machinery of the world. I go no farther than the fact, that Miss Julia "Hampson" was an acquaintance of Miss Pittifit's.

Every body knows "Hampson & Co." Miss Hampson was a good deal what the Fates had tried to make her. If she had not been admirably well dressed, it would have been by violent opposition to the united zeal and talent of milliners and dressmakers. These important vicereges of the Hand that redresses to itself the dressing of the butterfly and fly, make distinctions in the exercise of their vocation. We do not an unlovely woman, if she be not endowed with taste and grace. She may buy all the stuffs of France, and all the colors of the rainbow, but she will never get from those keen judges of fitness the loving hint, the admiring and selective persuasion, with which they delight to influence the embellishment of sweetness and loveliness. They who talk of "anything looking well on a pretty woman," have not reflected on the lesser providence of dressmakers and milliners. Woman is never mercenary, but in monstrous exceptions, and no tradeswoman of the fashion will sell taste or counsel; and, in the superior style of all charming women, you see, not the influence of manners upon dress, but the delicate tribute of those dispensers of elegance to the qualities they admire. Let him who doubts, go shopping with his dressy old aunt to-day, and to-morrow with his dear little cousin, Miss Pittifit.

array, indeed, seemed the harmonious work of the same maker. How much was nature's gift, and how much was bought in Broadway, was probably never duly understood, by even her most discriminating admirer.

But we have kept Miss Hampson too long upon the stairs.

The two young ladies met with a kiss in which (to the surprise of those who had previously observed Miss Pittifit) there was no smack of the latest fashion.

"My dear Julia!" (This was a romantic variation of Meg's which she has forced upon her friends at the point of the bayonet.)

Eph, twitched, remindingly, the *jeune* of his cousin, and introduced him with the formula which she had found in one of Miss Austen's novels.

"Oh, but there was a mock respectfulness in that courtesy," thought Eph, "and so there was—for Miss Hampson took an irresistible cue from the inflated ceremoniousness of the introduction."

Eph made a bow as cold and stiff as a frozen horse blanket. And if he should have commanded the blood in his face, it would have been as dignified and resolute as the eloquence of Red Jacket—but that rustic blush, up to his hair, was like a mask dropped over his features.

"A bashful country boy," thought Miss Hampson, as she looked compassionately upon his red-hot forehead, and forthwith dismissed him entirely from her thoughts.

With a consciousness that he had better leave the room and walk off his mortification under an umbrella, Eph took his seat, and silently listened to the conversation of the young ladies. Miss Hampson had come to pass the morning with her friend, and she took off her bonnet, and showered down upon her dazzling neck a profusion of the most adorable brown ringlets. Spite of his angry humiliation, the farmer felt a thrill run through his veins as the heavy curls fell idly about his shoulders.

He had never before looked upon a woman with emotion. He hated her—oh, yes! for she had given him a look that could never be forgiven—but for somebody, she must be the angel of the world. Eph would have given all his sheep and horses, cows, crops, and haystacks, to have seen the man she would fancy to be her equal. He could not give even a guess at the height of that conscious superiority from which she individually looked down upon him; but it would have satisfied a thirst which almost made him scream, to measure himself by a man with whom she could be familiar. Where was his inferiority? What was it? Why had he been blind till now?—Was there no surgeon's knife, no caustic, that could carve out, or cut away, burn or scarify, the vulgarities she looked upon so contemptuously? But the devil take superfluities, nevertheless!

It was a bitter morning to Eph Bracely, but still it went like a dream. The hotel parlor was no longer a stupid place. His cousin Meg had gained a consequence in his eyes, for she was the object of caress from this superior creature—she was the link which kept her within his observation. He was too full of other feelings just now to do more than acknowledge the superiority of this girl to his cousin. He felt it, in his after thoughts, and his destiny, then, for the first time, seemed crossed and inadequate to his wishes.

(We hereby draw upon your imagination for six months, courteous reader. Please allow the teller to introduce you into the middle of the following July.)

Bracely farm, ten o'clock of a glorious summer morning—Miss Pittifit extended upon a sofa in despair. But let us go back a little.

A week before a letter had been received from Miss Hampson, who, to the surprise and delight of her friend Margerine, had taken the whim to pass a month with her. She was at Rockaway, and was sick and tired of walking and the sea. Had Farmer Bracely a spare corner for a poor girl?

But Miss Pittifit's "sober second thought" was utter consternation. How to lodge fifty elegant Julia Hampson? No French bed in the house, no boudoir, no ottomans, no hassles, no baths, no *Payche* to dress by. What vulgar wretches they would seem to her!

What insupportable horror she would feel at the dreadful inelegance of the farm. Meg was pale with terror and dismay as she went into the details of anticipation.

Something must be done, however. A sleepless night of reflection and contrivance sufficed to give some shape to the capabilities of the case, and by daylight the next morning the whole house was in commotion. Meg had fortunately a large bump of constructiveness, very much enlarged by her habitual cleanliness. A boudoir must be constructed.

Farmer Bracely slept in the dried apple-room, on the lower floor, and he was no sooner out of his bed than his bag and baggage were piled up stairs, his gun and Sunday whip were taken down from their nails, and the floor scoured, and the ceiling white-washed. Eph was by this time returned from the village with all the chinks that could be bought, and a paper of tacks, and some new straw carpeting; and by ten o'clock that night the four walls of the apartment were covered with the gayly-flowered carpet, the carpet was nailed down, and old Farmer Bracely thought it a mighty nice, cool-looking place. Eph was a bit of a carpenter, and he soon knocked together some boxes, which, when covered with chintz, and stuffed with wool, looked very like ottomans; and with a handsome cloth on the round-table, geraniums in the windows, and a chintz curtain to subdue the light, it was not far from being a charming boudoir; and Meg began to breathe more freely.

But Eph had heard this news with the blood hot in his temples. Was that proud woman coming to look again upon him with contempt, and here, too, where the rusticity, which he presumed to be the object of her scorn, would be a thousand times more flagrant and visible? And yet, with the certainty on his mind, that his cousin would refuse to receive her, his heart had checked the utterance—for an irresistible desire sprang suddenly within him to see her, even at the bitter cost of a thousand humiliations.

But, as the preparation for receiving Miss Hampson went on, other thoughts took possession of his mind. Eph was not a man, indeed, to come off second best in the long pull of wrestling with a weakling. His pride began to show its claws. He remembered his inde-

pendence as a farmer, dependant on no man, and a little comparison between his pursuits, and life, such as he knew it to be, in a city, soon put him, in his own consciousness at least, on a par with Miss Hampson's connections.

This point once attained, Eph cleared his brow, and went whistling about the farm as usual—receiving without reply, however, a suggestion of his cousin Meg's, that he had better burn his old straw hat, for, in a fit of absence, he might possibly put it on while Miss Hampson was there.

Well, it was ten o'clock in the morning after Miss Hampson's arrival at Bracely farm, and, as we said before, Miss Pittifit was in despair. Presuming that her friend would be fatigued by her journey, she had determined not to wake her, but to order breakfast in the boudoir at eleven. Farmer Bracely and Eph must have their breakfast at seven, however, and what was the dismay of Meg, who was pouring out their coffee as usual, to see the elegant Julia rush into the first kitchen, courtesy very sweetly to the old man, pull up a chair to the table, apologise for being late, and end this extraordinary scene by producing two newly-batched chickens from her bosom! She had been up since sunrise, and out at the barn, down by the river, and up in the haymow, and was perfectly enchanted with everything, especially the dear little pigs and chickens!

"A very sweet young lady!" thought old Farmer Bracely.

"Very well—but hang your condescension!" thought Eph, distrustfully.

"Mercy on me!—to like pigs and chickens!" mentally ejaculated the disturbed and bewildered Miss Pittifit.

But with her two chickens pressed to her breast with one hand, Miss Hampson managed her coffee and bread and butter with the other, and chattered like a child let out of school. The air was so delicious, and the hay smell so sweet, and the trees in the meadow were so beautiful, and there were no stiff sidewalks, and no brick houses, and iron railings, and so many dark speckled hens, and funny little chickens, and kind-looking old cows, and colts, and calves, and ducks, and turkeys—it was delicious—it was enchanting—it was worth a thousand Saratogas and Rockaways. How anybody could prefer the city to the country, was to Miss Hampson a matter of incredulous wonder.

"Why you come into the boudoir?" asked Miss Pittifit, with a languishing air, as her friend Julia rose from breakfast.

"Boudoir!" exclaimed the city damsel, to the infinite delight of old Bracely, "no, dear, I'd rather go out to the barn! Are you going anywhere with the oxen to-day, sir?" she added, going up to the gray-headed farmer carelessly, "I should so like to ride in that great cart!"

Eph was a little suspicious of all this unexpected agreeableness, but he was naturally too courteous not to give way to a lady's whims. He put on his old straw hat, and tied his handkerchief over his shoulder (not to imitate the broad ribbon of a royal order, but to wipe the sweat off his forehead while mowing), he begged her to be ready when he came by, with the team. He and his father were bound to the far meadow, where they were cutting hay, and would like her assistance in raking.

It was a specimen morning, as the magazines say, for the air was temperate, and the whole country was laden with the smell of the new hay, which somehow or other, as every body knows, never hinders or overpowers the perfume of the flowers. Oh, that winding green lane between the bushes was like an avenue to paradise. The old cart jolted along through the ruts, and Miss Hampson, standing up and holding on to old Farmer Bracely, watched the great oxen grinding their sides together, and looked over the fields, and exclaimed as she saw glimpses of the river between the trees, and seemed verily and unaffectedly enchanted. The old farmer, at last, had no doubt of her sincerity, and he watched her, and listened to her, with a broad, honest smile of admiration at her weather-browned countenance.

The oxen were turned up to the fence, while the dew dried off the hay, and Eph and his father turned to mowing, leaving Miss Hampson to ramble about over the meadow, and gather flowers by the river-side. In the course of an hour, they began to rake up, and she came to offer her promised assistance, and, stoutly followed Eph up and down several of the long swaths, till her face glowed under her sunbonnet as it never had glowed with walking.

Heated and tired at last, she made herself a seat with the new hay under a large elm, and with her back to the tree, watched the labors of her companions.

Eph was a well-built and manly figure, and all he did in the way of his vocation, he did with a fine display of muscular power, and (a sculptor would have thought) no little grace.

Julia watched him as he stepped along, after his rake on the elastic sword, and she thought, for the first time, what a very handsome man was young Bracely; and how much more finely a man looked when raking hay, than a dandy when waiting; and for an hour she sat watching his motions, admiring the strength with which he pitched up the hay, and the grace and ease of his movements, and postures; and, after a while, she began to feel drowsy with fatigue, and pulling up the hay into a fragrant pillow, she lay down and fell fast asleep.

It was now the middle of the forenoon, and the old farmer, who, of late years, had fallen into the habit of taking a short nap before dinner, came to the big elm to pick up his whetstone and go home. As he approached the tree, he stopped, and beckoned to his son.

Eph came up and stood at a little distance, looking at the lovely picture before him. With one delicate hand under her cheek, and a smile of angelic content and enjoyment on her finely-cut lips, Miss Hampson slept soundly, in the shade. One small foot escaped from her dress, and one shoulder of faultless polish and whiteness showed between her kerchief and her dress. Her slight waist bent to the right, and her legs, throwing her delicate and well-molded back into high relief, and all over her neck, and in large clusters on the tumbled hay, lay these lovely brown ringlets admirably beautiful and irresistibly sweet.

And Eph looked on that dangerous picture of loveliness, the passion already lying dormant in his bosom, sprung to the throne of heat and reason, and aghast at the consequences of this visit of Miss Hampson to the country, it would require the third

volume of a novel to describe all the emotions of that month at Bracely farm, and bring the reader, point by point, gingerly and softly, to the close. We must touch here and there a point only, giving the reader's imagination some gleaming to do after we have been over the ground.

Eph Bracely's awakened pride served him the good turn of making him appear simply in his natural character during the whole of Miss Hampson's visit. By the old man's advice, however, he devoted himself to the amusement of the ladies after the haying was over; and what with fishing, and riding, and scenery-hunting in the neighborhood, the young people were together from morning till night. Miss Pittifit came down unwillingly to plain Meg, in her attendance on her friend in her rustic occupations, and Miss Hampson saw as little as possible of the inside of the boudoir. The barn, and the troops of chickens, and all the out-door belongings of the farm, interested her daily, and with no diminution of her zeal. She seemed, indeed, to have found her natural sphere in the simple and affectionate life which her friend Margerine held in such supreme contempt; and Eph, who was the natural mate to such a spirit, and himself, in his own home, most unconsciously worthy of love and admiration, gave himself up irresistibly to his new passion.

And this new passion became apparent at last to the incredulous eyes of his cousin. And that it was timely, but fondly returned by her elegant and high-bred friend, was also very apparent to Miss Pittifit. And after a few jealous struggles, and a night or two of weeping, she gave up to it tranquilly—for a city life and a city husband, truth to say, had long been her secret longing and secret hope, and she never had fairly looked in the face a burial in the country with the pigs and chickens.

She is not married yet, Meg Pittifit—but the rich merchant, Mrs. Hampson, wrecked completely with the disastrous times, has found a kindly and pleasant asylum for his old age with his daughter, Mrs. Bracely. And a better or lovelier farmer's wife than Julia, or a happier farmer than Eph, can scarce be found in the valley of the Susquehanna.

The Jesuit and the Puritan.

In this, his distinctive trait of character, the Jesuit stood as the moral antipodes of the Puritan. In the latter, the Reformation presented its principles, the right of private judgment as displayed in its barest, broadest shape. While, in the Jesuit, the man was naught, and the community was everything, with the Puritan, on the contrary, the society was comparatively nothing, and the individual all. With him religion was, in its highest privileges, and its profoundest mysteries, a personal matter. He studied his Bible for himself; to aid in turning its pages and loosening its seal, God the son, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, stooped over him as he read; and to reveal its inner lessons, God the Spirit whispered in his heart, and brooded over the depths of his soul.

It is proved by the prayers and teachings of his pastor, given liberally for his support, and received reverently at his hands the sacramental symbols; but he believed even this his beloved guide, companion and friend, but a fellow-creature, whose help could not supersede his own private studies, and his individual faith. He valued his fellow-Christians, communed with them, prayed with them, shared with them his last loaf, and falling into their ranks, raised with them the battle cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" But away from pastor and from fellow-Christian, the Puritan turned in the trying hour to his God. It was the genius of this system to develop the individual; and in every emergency, to throw him in the last resort upon the lonely communings of his own soul with its Creator. It taught him to make religion, in the affecting language of one of the later Platonists, "the flight of one alone to the only One." To the place of audience the petitioner went by no deputy, but the individual man was brought to confront for himself the one Mediator, and to hear for himself the response of Heaven to the prayer of faith.

When mind was thus thrown upon its individual responsibility, and came forth from its solitary meditations to the place of conference and action, there was frequent dissonance in opinion; and a collision in action, often more apparent than real, threatened, at times to rend the social bonds, to break up all concert, and to destroy all power. Yet conscientious men were not likely to differ widely or long. And, on the other hand, take from such a community its spiritual guides, and how soon were they replaced. Persecute them, and how indomitable was their faith. Scatter them, and how rapidly were they propagated. Jesuitism gathered more numerous and united societies; but they were societies of men without consciences and without a will, whose judgments and souls were under the lock of the confessional, or were carried about under the frock of their Jesuit pastor. Kind he might be and faithful, but did death remove him, or persecution exile the shepherd and disperse the flock, they had no rallying power. Like the seeds from which the industries and arts have removed the germinating principle, the largest bond, when scattered, brought no harvest.

How THE JACK TOOK THE ACE.—During the recent session of the Michigan Legislature, as is stated in the Detroit Advocate, it became necessary for one of the Detroit banks to receive a little legislative aid—a kind of stimulus which institutions of that kind are very much in the habit of needing. The bill was all right in the House, but in the Senate just one was lacking to pass the bill. In the extremity of their despair, the bank officers applied to C. B. B.—a most indelible bore, and he sought him to give the aid of his genius, to help them out of the dilemma. B., after some hesitation, agreed to do it. Waiting for opportunity, at the moment when the "unfashioned business" was in order, he stepped up to the chair of Senator B., from whom he said:

"Come, there's nothing doing here; let's go and take a home brew, and then we'll do it." B. yielded to the inducement, and took his hat and went out.

The bank officers and their friends were on the alert, and understood the whole move, and the moment B. came back, they rushed upon him, and asked a reconsideration, which was not and passed on. Just at this moment, B. had been a most bitter opponent of the bill entered, took his seat, and inquired of Finley, who sat near him, what they had been doing while he had been gone?

"Oh, nothing," said Finley, "we have passed that bank bill you have been fighting all winter."

"The devil you have! Mr. President, I move to reconsider."

"Down came the hammer."

"The gentleman from Swine Creek will come to order," a motion to reconsider has been lost.

"I looked around in despair for B., who had seduced him out to drink; but he was not to be seen, and the bill passed."

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"I looked around in despair for B., who had seduced him out to drink; but he was not to be seen, and the bill passed."

Security of Property.

The prosperity of nations can generally be measured by their increase in wealth and population. That country is most miserable in which there is relatively the least wealth and the most population. In order to stimulate the production of wealth, the rights of property must be carefully guarded, by wise and stringent laws. These rights are recognized and protected in the "eight commandments of the decalogue," "thou shalt not steal," and in the tenth—"thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's." All civilized nations, in all ages of the world, have numerous laws defining and regulating the acquisition, enjoyment and transmission of property. They tie at the very basis of society. Even the rude barbarians, when he has shaped a bow from the elastic wood, connected the ends with a string, and pointed the end of a reed with bone for an arrow, calls them his—holds the exclusive possession, use and enjoyment of them—and they are his, by laws human and divine, recognized by savage as well as by civilized man.

It is for the protection of life, liberty, and property that governments are organized. The constitution, which is the fundamental law of our state, has provided that private property cannot be taken, even for public use, without just compensation. Excessive taxation is only an infringement of the right of property, and has long been looked upon in this country with just abhorrence. The half-civilized, half-barbarous times from which Europe has emerged, were distinguished by the immovability of property. They were followed by a more enlightened period.

But in these days of "progress" downwards, and "higher laws," when the Bible as well as our Constitution, is getting behind the times, property has come to be regarded as an enemy of liberty, its honest acquisition as a crime, and the owner of it a robber. Restrictions on its accumulation, and a repeal of the laws which secure its enjoyment, are called for. A division of it is even demanded. Society is discovered to be all wrong, and human nature too, and both are to be modelled over. In the estimation of socialists, a community of property, and a new system of education, would cure the many ills that flesh is heir to, and usher in the millennial dawn. The national reformer thinks a division of land would produce nearly the same result. Another class would accomplish it, by compelling the capitalists to pay more for less work; and so bring about an equality. Quite as sensible as any of these, is the Millerite, who dreams the "crack of doom" is about to go away with all distinctions, and lift the whole human family into paradise at once. He is quite as sensible as any of the lot, and has evidently got ahead of them in the journey of "progress."—*Albany State Journal.*

Query for Scientific Men.—In what manner does a diamond act upon glass so as to cut it? That it does not penetrate its substance is obvious to any one who will attend to its operations, for it only divides the exceedingly attenuated pellicle on the surface, and penetrates no deeper. The best cut of a diamond is when it makes the least noise in passing a line, and it cuts in the same manner the thickest as well as the thinnest pieces of glass. The Encyclopedia Americana says: "It is very remarkable that only the point of a natural crystal can be used; cut or split diamonds scratch, but the glass will not break along the scratch as it does when the natural crystal is used." Again—the crack is often found to follow the diamond after it has passed several inches.—"That it does not cut it by dividing the pellicle is clear, because a piece of quartz will do the same by passing in the same line repeatedly, yet it will not break true."—Then how does the diamond cut?

CLASS OPINIONS.—A Fable.—A Lamb strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited much discussion among other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of a friendly gossip, the goat praised him.

"Pooh!" said the lion, "this is too absurd." The best is a pretty beast, enough, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and by the manes of my fathers, when he roars, he does nothing but cry *ba-a-a*!" And the lion bleated his best in mockery, and bleated far from well.

"Nay," said the deer, "I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough until I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and with all his skipping gets over but very little ground."

"It is a bad beast altogether," said the tiger. "He cannot roar, he cannot run, he can do nothing—and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and in politeness to the new comer, offered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted, and say, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.'"

"So the beasts criticized the Lamb, each in his own way, and yet it was a good Lamb, nevertheless."—*Household Words.*

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.—If you wish to be happy and have peace in your family, never reprove your wife in company—even if the reprover be ever so slight. If she be irritated, speak not an angry word. Indifference will sometimes produce unhappy consequences. Always feel an interest in what your wife undertakes, and if she is perplexed or discouraged, make her by your smiles and pleasant words. If the husband is careful how he conducts, and speaks, and looks, a thousand happy hearts would cheer and brighten our existence; where now there is nothing but clouds of gloom, sorrow and discontent. The husband, above all others, should study to please his wife and make home attractive.

Said and Done.—Once upon a time, on a Sunday afternoon, a lady was so late in her motions that she did not get to the church-door till the congregation were coming out, and he said to the first man he met.

"What is it all about?"

"No, said the man, it's all about me. I'm thinking it will be a long time before it will all do."—*Dayspring.*

Funeral of President Taylor.

"Can this be death?—then what is life or death? Speak!—but he spoke not!—Wake!—but still he slept. But yesterday, and who had mightier breath? A thousand warriors by his word were kept in awe; he said, as the Centurion said, 'Go, and he goeth; come, and forth he stepp'd.' The trump and bugle still spoke words of death; And now nought left him but the muffled drum!"

Yesterday (says a correspondent of the Journal of Commerce) was a solemn day at the Capitol. The galleries were crowded. Deep stillness pervaded the Senate, interrupted by the low hum of voices, conversing on the melancholy event of the previous night. Senators of both the great parties were quite intermingled. They all seemed like brother Americans, and all looked sad. The majesty of Death, the invisible, appeared in that vacant chair. The hour of meeting was passed when the Secretary of the Senate arose, and with a faltering voice read a communication from Millard Fillmore, now made President by the act of Death, stating the fact, with suitable allusions to Divine Providence, and his readiness to meet the two Houses at 12 o'clock, to take the oath of office. The same letter was addressed to the other House. All was tranquil. No excitement, except that of deep feeling occasioned by the event, existed in any breast. In ill-regulated, unsettled governments, it would have been the moment for the ambitious to strike a blow. But who thought of that? The shield of the Constitution spread itself over all. The majesty of law maintained the ascendant. All the legislators met as if to transact the ordinary business of the nation. The candidate for the oath, who had been invested by death with the robes of office, came forward, equally guarded on the right hand and the left, with Whigs and Democrats, and in a firm, yet fervent voice repeated the brief but expressive oath of office. No pomp, no ceremony, no display of the ensigns or attributes of power, no firing of cannon, no rejoicings. All this was done while the bells were tolling abroad, and flags everywhere drooping at half-staff. It might be compared to a baptism or funeral. What distinguished simplicity moves our republican institutions! When Chief Justice Cranish, sinking under the weight of years, bearing the hoary crown of more than eighty years on his head, administered the oath, it was taken with great solemnity—almost with religious earnestness—by the comparatively young President, whose age must be kindred with that of the late President Polk, though his hair might betoken more advanced years, being a handsome grey, and having somewhat the appearance of being slightly powdered. Addresses from members of both Houses succeeded the administration of the oath, marked, of course, with that degree of sincere and serious eloquence, which on such an occasion so spontaneously pours itself forth. Byron says: "How peaceful and how powerful is the grave!"

No sooner had death laid his hand on the victim, than all opposition, all censure ceased by a charm; and there commenced a contention who should heap highest the honors of the epitaph on the head that now lay low. The manifestations of sorrow are frequent and striking. Stout men burst into tears on learning the news. None can describe the grief of the family. There is love, deep and undiminished. General Taylor was exceedingly happy in his domestic relations. He had an affectionate as well as a brave heart. He was fond of children, at any time a good sign, a noble testimony for a man. But he sleeps the dreamless sleep of death "that knows no waking." The tears of a nation will fall on his ashes. The benedictions of a nation will be shed on his memory.

The remains of the late President were deposited in state in the East Room, upon a magnificent catafalque of black velvet, trimmed with white satin and silver lace. The body was in a lead coffin, inclosed in one of mahogany, with silver decorations. The late President's countenance remained unchanged. He lay as if in a calm sleep, and immense crowds visited it during the day, to take a last look at the old hero.

Fagnani, an Italian artist, sketched General Taylor, just before the body was put into the coffin. No cast was taken, his family being unwilling that the skin should be disfigured.

At the Presidential mansion (says the Tribune) thousands upon thousands were thronging to get a view of the mortal remains of the President of the United States as they reposed, in state, in the famous East Room.

The body looked almost as natural as in health, when moving, as I have frequently seen it, through the now gloomy apartments of the Presidential mansion. The features were full and firm, with no signs of decomposition whatever. Its preservation was no doubt referable to the refrigeratory process to which it had been subjected. It may be said to have been literally frozen.

The remains were placed in a neat mahogany coffin. The shroud was trimmed with fluted satin of snowy whiteness, which showed very neatly through a pane large enough to expose the entire face, neck and breast. The coffin was lined first with thick lead sheeting, and then with white satin. The exterior was covered with fine black broadcloth, and ornamented with eight silver eagles. Over the coffin was thrown a pall of the same material, trimmed with heavy silver fringe, and heavy silver tassels attached. To the coffin eight heavy mounted silver handles were attached—two at each end and two on each side. On the top of the coffin was the usual memorial plate, presenting the dates of birth, death, &c.

The funeral was appointed for Saturday. The weather was cool, and the morning opened with a clear sky and a welcome breeze, both continuing throughout the day. Funeral salutes were fired at sunrise; all the stores were closed; and very soon the sound of the drum was heard—the military were in motion, and the streets began to be thronged with horsemen and vehicles of all descriptions. The lines of railroad brought such trains of cars as are seldom witnessed for numbers, and all densely crowded. The city resembled some hive, alarmed, and astir for a general move; and yet, with all the bustle and movement, there was mingled a prevailing quietness, a chastened abstinence from tumultuous noises, which reminded one of the Sabbath.

The troops hastened to their appointed rendezvous, the various civic associations to their respective halls of meeting; while the whole population, with a countless addition of strangers from all the adjacent States of the Union, grouped themselves at intersections of the streets with the main avenue, or at the open windows of houses where the procession was to pass. From these latter the ashes were in many cases removed, and story above story, clustering heads, with eager look, were peering out upon the scene. In some places the very roofs were literally filled with human heads. It is estimated that no less than a hundred thousand human beings were concentrated in the city on that memorable day. The avenue itself (we mean of course Pennsylvania avenue) was, by the activity of Marshalls, pointed from point to point along its whole length, kept entirely clear of all vehicles and horsemen, such as formed a part of the funeral cavalcade.

Never has it been out lot to be present at any scene of such solemnity and dignity as that which the East Room of the Presidential mansion offered on this occasion. Here lay in state the venerated dead; and here the last ceremonies of the Church were appointed to be performed. Beneath the spacious sable canopy the mortal remains of Gen. TAYLOR lay cased, and around those remains were clustered a host of the distinguished living. At the foot of the bier sat in sadness the Successor to the honors and the responsibilities of the President; at its head were the Ministers of Religion, in the habiliments of their high office; to the right, occupying the southern portion of the room, were the distinguished Chiefs of the Army and the Navy. The General-in-Chief of the Army, Winfield Scott, with his staff; Naval Commanders; Officers of the Marine Corps; the Major General of the Militia, with his Aids, and Officer of the Engineer Corps, presented a spectacle of imposing grandeur, greatly heightened by the brilliant array of Foreign Ministers in their official costumes. On the left, in close proximity to the lamented dead, were seated world-renowned Statesmen. But they thought not of eminence to be attained in this sphere. An inscrutable Providence had given their minds a direction to the grave. There sat in sorrow, among the designated pall bearers, Statesmen long distinguished by public service in both Houses of Congress, whose names have become familiar as household words to the People. There, too, sat, on the opposite side, the immediate relatives of the deceased: Col. Taylor, his brother, Dr. Wood, Col. Bliss, the Hon. Jefferson Davis, and others who were nearly allied, all furnishing painful evidence of

—How too great to be expressed, Which broods in silence and corrodes the heart. The western part of the room was occupied by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Members and Officers of both the bodies, Heads of Bureaus, and a large body of clergymen of all denominations.

All being seated, under the well-conceived instructions of the Marshal of the District, by Aids who performed their office with prompt attention and noiseless tread, an amateur choir from several churches, under the direction of Professor Berlyn, sang, in solemn cadence, the anthem:

"I heard a voice from Heaven saying, write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors. Amen."

The Ritual of the Church, "Lord, let me know my end," was impressively read by the Rev. Mr. Pyne, the responses being given by the Rev. C. B. Butler, in which other clergy and laymen joined. The latter gentlemen then read a portion of the fifteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians:—"But now is Christ risen," &c.

The Rev. Mr. Pyne then delivered a Discourse adapted to the occasion, characterized by that earnest devotion to his sacred office which must have been remarked in him by any one who has ever heard him; in the course of which he did justice to the high personal qualities of the deceased—independently of his military and civil services, however great—such as his perfect integrity, conscientiousness, truthfulness, love of justice, discharge of duty under all circumstances, and all times—preferring his own conviction of right to any transient popularity, which had secured to him the great hold which he had upon the confidence and affections of the People. These principles the Rev. gentleman evidently conceived had influenced the whole course of action of the illustrious dead, to such an extent that, as far as possible for merely mortal man, he acted as a man should do he expected at any moment to be called to his last account. The practical duty which it appeared to be mainly the object of his discourse to inculcate upon each of his hearers, was, so to live from day to day as to be ready at any time to "go to his last account."

The benediction closed the Funeral Services at this place, and the body was removed to the carriage prepared for it in the order of procession, the infant Eberbachs mingling their sweet voices with the measured tread of the marines, who bore the body to the car, as they sang—His triumphs are o'er—he's gone to his rest—To the throne of his Maker, the home of the blest. How peaceful and calm he now rests on the bier! Each heart drops in sadness, each eye sheds a tear. The hero, the statesman, his journey is done. All his cares now are over, his last battle won; Now sweetly he rests from his sorrows and fears, And leaves a proud nation in sadness and tears.

It was past one o'clock before the ceremonies at the Presidential Mansion closed; and soon after, the procession began to move. We enjoyed a favorable post of observation, having a fair view of both the civic and military portions of it; and the impression was that of a solemnity every way worthy of the occasion. How the troops may have borne the criticism of a military eye, we pretend not to know; to us, certainly, they appeared well-trained and soldierly in their movements, and neat, tasteful, and striking in their many different and constraining uniforms. They were drawn up in line on the avenue, fronting the Presidential Mansion, with their officers posted in military order; and when the Funeral Car made its appearance, it was received with the highest military honors amid solemn sounds of martial music. The mingling dirges filled the air, and seemed impressively to chant to each other the poet's immortal strain,

"The path of glory lead but to the grave."

The *Catafalque*, or moving bier, which bore the mortal remains of the late President, was drawn by eight white horses, splendidly caparisoned, each lead by an attendant groom in a white turban and corresponding dress. The car, large and elevated, covered with black, and hung round with festoons of white silk, was surmounted by a canopy, above which was seen the American Eagle, deeply shrouded, in fact almost hidden, in black crepe. The coffin occupied a conspicuous position, and was fully exposed to view. But all eyes were drawn even from this solemn sight to one still more calculated to touch the feelings of a promiscuous assemblage; it was the General's favorite horse, the far-famed "Old Whitey," so well known to every soldier who served under the brave old man through the perilous and glorious Mexican campaigns. He was led by Mr. Schwartzman, a clerk in the Post Office Department, who claimed this honor in consideration of past associations. He served thirteen long years with Gen. Taylor in the Indian wars—part of the time as an Orderly Sergeant.

The Procession extended nearly two miles, the rear being at the President's House when the Military Escort, which occupied nearly a third of the entire length, had passed the Capitol. It slowly wound its way over the high grounds East of the Capitol, pursuing the broad and lately improved avenue which leads to the Congressional Cemetery. All the way along that distance, from the starting point to the place of interment, were stationed private carriages, horsemen, groups of citizens, families of children, and a mixed collection of expectant people, patiently awaiting (many of them for hours) the coming of the mourning train. Every shady spot was availed of; but, the

being soon occupied, as well as every window, roof, or tree that would command a view of the procession, numbers sat or stood in the burning sun, so great was the desire to witness the solemn spectacle.

Arriving at the grave yard, the artillery were posted on a rising ground, the troops drawn up in a double line, and the coffin, preceded by the Clergy, and attended by the Pall-Bearers, passed through the centre gate, and slowly reached the front of the receiving vault, which had been tastefully decorated with festoons of black, and was guarded by sentries to keep off the pressure of the crowd, which had already filled the enclosure. Here, the bier being set down, the Rev. Mr. Pyne read the solemn and beautiful service for the dead appointed in the Episcopal liturgy; when the body was taken up and deposited in a place appointed for its reception.

Thus has a grateful nation performed its last duty, and yielded the latest of many last-earned tributes to the honor of ZACHARY TAYLOR. Of the tears that have embalmed his memory, many fell from eyes unwont to weep, and many from those whose relentless party ties, or whose stern convictions of political duty, placed them in the ranks of his decided political opponents. Opponents they may have been, enemies they could not. So much obvious honesty of purpose, so much true devotion to the country's cause, so much unpretending but unyielding bravery, so much unaffected kindness of heart, united to so much manly sense and clear discernment, could excite the enmity of nothing that deserves to be called a man. If such a feeling could ever live, it is now dead—buried in his tomb. On that sacred tomb will flourish ever only the laurels of his military glory, mingled with all those milder wreaths of fragrant gratitude which are the meed of every social virtue.

Stacking Hay.

In many portions of our country more than one half of the hay is 'stacked out,' especially is this true of the newer portions of this state. Now, effectually to secure this vast amount of fodder is an object greatly to be desired. For thirty years I have been in the habit of stacking hay. I have observed also the method by which others put up their hay. The common way is to build a stack, top it up, and let it remain a week or two, until it has become somewhat flattened by settling; then put another top upon it, and still, perhaps, the third, before it is left to remain for winter use. By this method, from half to three quarters, and even a ton, is often spoiled for the use of stock. The philosophy of the thing is this: The sweat of the hay rises to the surface of the stack, and lodges on the outer or upper surface; putting on the second top shuts this moisture in, and the hay of the first top is spoiled in consequence of it. The second top is spoiled by its exposure to the weather; thus a double loss is sustained by the overcautious farmer to protect his hay. My method is to make but one top. If the weather is fair, build the stack to the 'shoulders,' (that is, to the point where the top begins to form,) let it remain a day or two to settle, then finish the stack; a little swamp is best for the top. When built in this way, I have found, on removing the first lock in winter, the hay below as bright as when it was first put up. If there is a prospect of storm, some boards may be placed on the stack so as to protect it while it is being settled, as farmers say. If no boards are to be had, and bad weather is at hand, top up your stack; or, if you get a tolerably fair top, never touch it again; if not, throw off your whole top when the weather becomes fair, and finish out your stack. In this way, you need not have any hay injured in the least, only just so much as is exposed to the weather. R. R. Jr.

CLINTON, TENNESSEE CO., MICHIGAN, 1850. —[Phil. Del. Newspaper.

Management of Animals.

In breaking or managing a horse, however intractable or stubborn his temper may be, preserve your own. Almost every fault of the brute arises from ignorance. Be patient with him, teach and coax him, and success in time is certain. There are tricks, however, which are the result of confirmed habit or viciousness. A horse accustomed to starting and running away, may be effectually cured by putting him at the top of his speed on such occasions, and running him till pretty thoroughly exhausted.

A horse that had a trick of pulling his bridle and breaking it, was at last reduced to better habits, by tying him tightly to a stake driven on the bank of a deep stream. With his tail pointing to the water, he commenced pulling at the halter, which suddenly parted, over the bank he tumbled and after a summer or two, and floundering awhile in the water, he was satisfied to remain at his post in future, and break no more bridges.

A ram has been cured of butting at everybody, by placing a yielding object in a similar position; when the sudden assault, on a windy day, resulted in tumbling him ramship into a cold bath, which his improved manners took good care to avoid in future.

A sheep killing dog has been made too much ashamed ever to look a sheep in the face, by tying his hind legs to a stout ram, on the brow of a hill, while the flock were quietly feeding at the bottom. On being set free, and somewhat startled on setting out, in his haste to rejoin his friends, he tumbled and thumped master Tray so sadly over the stones and gullies, that he was quite satisfied to confine himself to cooked mutton thereafter.

Man's reason was given him to control the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, by other means than brute force. If he will bring this into play, he will have no difficulty in meeting and overcoming every emergency of perverse instinct or bad habit in the dumb things, by his superior cunning.—[American Agriculturist.

VIRTUES OF SMART WEED.—It is almost a sure remedy in a case of colic. Steep and cure the same as in any other herb tea. In the next place, it is worth five dollars per hundred for a stock of cattle, if it is cut and well cured when in full bloom. Give an ox, cow, or horse one pound per week during the time they are up to hay, and it will keep their bowels and hide loose. It is an excellent physic. If a horse has one pound per week, there is no danger of his having bots or worms of any kind; and they will eat it sooner than they will the best of hay.

NEW METHOD OF CONSTRUCTING GATES AND DOORS. We have inspected some models of gates and doors constructed on Mr. Shepard's plan. The method he adopts is—Instead of hanging the gates and doors the usual way by hinges, or running them backward and forward on wheels, he suspends the gates or doors to bars of iron extending over the gate or door. Attached to the top of the gate are two wheels; whose wheels rest immediately on the top of the bar mentioned. When it is necessary to open the gate or door, the bar is raised a little in the centre of the doorway by means of turning a key round and round, which unlocks the gate, and at the same time raises the bar sufficiently to form an inclined plane, upon which the gate or door, by means of rollers or wheels, runs back by its own weight into a suitable recess in the pier or wall at each side made to receive it, and thus opens the gateway clear of all obstruction. When it is necessary to close and lock the gates, the bars upon which the gates or doors are depressed a little at the ends, and the gates or doors run along the bars until the gateway is closed and locked. It appears that the London and Northwestern Railway company have adopted this plan at one of their stations, and find it to answer much better than the ordinary mode,—this method requiring but one man to open and shut the gates, while the ordinary method required six. We were shown several testimonials from architects and engineers, recommending the adoption of the invention, from the ponderous gates of a fortress or railway station down to the highly-finished door of a mansion.—[Herepath's Journal.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JULY 25, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Portland, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.
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. His offices are at Congress street, Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.
S. M. PETERSON, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 St. Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

A Great Project.

Time is admitted to be money; and time and distance, in commercial transactions, are so closely related, that if time is money, distance is money too. With a view of converting both to the most tangible form of this desirable article, a petition has been presented to the legislature of this State, for the survey of a railroad from Waterville—(some papers say Bangor, several routes having already been surveyed between Waterville and Bangor)—in the direction of St. John, N. B., having in view a continuous line to the eastern part of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, to connect with steamers running to Galway, in Ireland. Great interest is exhibited for this enterprise, especially in the Provinces. A mass meeting is to be held in Portland, on the 31st inst., to which large delegations have already been appointed from Halifax, St. John, and other places. A most enthusiastic approval of the great plan is said to exist, so far as it has come to the notice of the people, all along the entire route. The Executive Government of the Province of New Brunswick at once ordered an exploratory survey from St. John to Calais. It is stated, in the argument for this project, that passages from New York to Dublin could be made in seven days, and the sea passage in five days; and that consequently all the travel, for pleasure, business and emigration, and all freight of the richest and lightest manufactures, would pass this way.

From an article on this subject in the Railway Times we clip the following statements and estimates:

With this line established, a fleet of fourteen steamers will easily make a daily mail line between the Old and New World, running with nearly the same precision as between Boston and New York. The price may be reduced to three cents per passenger a mile, or less than twenty pounds sterling from London to New York. This would give the Railroads more than the average charge of the two countries; and the steamers by more frequent trips, more room for passengers and freight, and saving of fuel, would secure ample remuneration.

At the present time, the travelers by steam between the two countries are nearly six hundred per week, or fifty each way per day. In addition to the Collins and Cunard line we have had the Glasgow, Galway, and Bremen Steamers. It is safe to assume the reduction of time, fare, exposure to sea-sickness and risk, would more than double the business and give a hundred passengers daily each way. The local travel of Maine and the provinces may be safely put at more than an average of fifty daily in each direction, for this would be the great route to Bangor, Calais, St. John, Picton, and Halifax.

England and America are now paying about eight hundred dollars annually for the Mails between the two countries; one fourth of this would appertain to the railroad from N. York to White Haven.

The light freight by each steamer and local freight must greatly exceed fifty tons per day or five cars in each direction at three cents per ton a mile.

What then would be the earnings of a railway from Waterville to White Haven at the outset—would it pay?

Let me estimate the average earnings of one mile of such Railway:—
Assume passengers 300 per day for
one year 93,000 at 3 cts. \$2,817
Freight 100 tons, 13,800 939
Mails at \$200,000 for 850 miles, 235
Express at very low est. of \$9 per day, 9
Total Receipts, \$4,000
Expenses for two trains only, daily each way at 40 per cent., 1,600
Net Profit, \$2,400

The profits will pay eight per cent. on an estimated cost of thirty thousand dollars per mile.

This is evidently one of the boldest projects before the country; and from the prompt manner in which the public mind promises to apply itself to the investigation, there can be no doubt of its success should such investigation prove satisfactory.

PROMPT. Our readers will recollect that at the late annual meeting of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance at Boston, a vote was passed, 74 to 6, declaring the admission of colored men to the benefits of the order to be "improper and illegal." This vote was thought necessary, by some, to give the order success at the South. The Grand Division of Massachusetts, at its late quarterly session at Newburyport, disavowed and protested against that action, 87 to 101. It voted also, to maintain the right of subordinate divisions in that State, to receive all members, of suitable character, without regard to color! The Grand Division of Rhode Island have also administered a similar rebuke; and we predict that the Grand Division of this State, which holds

a quarterly session at Calais next week, will assert the same sentiment of equal rights, without regard to the color of the skin.

A Good Idea.

There is not, and never has been, any lack of good ideas for the improvement of our village. The difficulty has been to carry them out;—and even on this point there is more room for commendation than censure. Only a few things are lacking, to put the village of Waterville in a condition to boast that it is behind none of its neighbors. It is now pretty well furnished with trees; the streets are tolerably dry, wanting only a few crossings; three good halls are every day approaching completion; and the multitude of little improvements almost daily developed, will soon render it an object of pride if not of boast.

This favorable state of things renders it more important that one or two obstacles in the way of its perfection should have attention. One of these, in particular, we are glad to hear, is exciting the attention of individuals whose influence, if well directed, will insure its execution. This is the construction of a good, and suitable sidewalk from the depot to the vicinity of the Hotels. This would add greatly to our good name abroad, to say nothing of own comfort. If it were not plainly for our interest that this should be done, it might be said to be due to the public. But while so large a portion of our citizens are interested in attracting the traveling public to the business portion of the village, it would be seen that very little argument would be necessary to effect this improvement. The three Hotels near the corner of Main and Silver streets could better afford to do the work than have it done. Few travelers will pay their quarter to a hackman, or travel half a mile on a bad walk, when good accommodations may be had without either.

The Fusible Plug again.

The Committee of our legislature on Interior Waters have for some time past had before them the subject of a bill for the prevention of explosions and fires on steamboats. The simple fusible plug, inserted directly in the plate, was suggested to the Committee not only by its perfect success in France, but by its recent adoption, after careful scientific investigation, by the State of Massachusetts. There can be but little doubt that its perfect simplicity, added to its almost self evident safety, will ultimately secure the favor of that intelligent committee. The recent awful calamities, both from explosions and fire, demand that the public should be no longer hoodwinked by ignorant and opinionated engineers. It is useless to say that nobody is to blame when hundreds of souls are hurried into eternity by a catastrophe that every body sees might have been avoided by a proper degree of prudence. Public sentiment is demanding in thunder tones that something shall be done—something that shall commend itself to common sense and be within the reach of common observation.

We have seen a curious and nicely polished piece of machinery, submitted to the committee by a gentleman from Massachusetts, which is represented to contain among its givings the principle of the fusible plug. We see no such principle in it. The main feature of this principle, as we understand it, is the positive exclusion, in any emergency, of foreign interference. We have no doubt that Evans' Safety Guard, and perhaps the invention before the committee, is a protection against explosions, if its perfect operation could always be relied upon. That this cannot be the case with either invention, is evident to the most obtuse mind. No such objection can be made to the plug inserted directly in the plate. It is beyond the possible reach of the engineer, and nothing but the failure of an established law of nature can prevent its fusing in season to prevent an explosion.

It has been objected to this form of the fusible plug, that the boat might possibly be deprived of steam at a moment when it was peculiarly necessary—for instance, when buffeting rips or passing through Hurl-gate. Which is preferable, to be caught in Hurl-gate without steam, or blown into eternity without notice? Such argument is mere fudge. Who would expose himself to the horrible scenes of the Griffith, in order that the fireman might avoid the danger of having ashes blown in his face? Whose fault, but the engineer's, if the fire is put out in the midst of Hurl-gate? Then let the engineer be put under a monitor that shall see that he makes sure of his duty;—one that he can neither gar nor avoid, and that, instead of merely whistling at his neglect, shall administer a rebuke that he will remember and fear.

PROF. WEBSTER. The fate of this wretched man seems at length to be sealed. The Executive Council have decided, with but one dissenting voice, not to commute his sentence, and have assigned, Friday the 30th of August for his execution. Governor Briggs, in expressing his concurrence in the decision of the Council, alludes as follows to the distressed family:—"I hope it is not necessary for me to say that it would have given me unspeakable pleasure to come to a different result; and that I would do any thing in my power, short of violating duty, to alleviate the sufferings of a crushed and broken-hearted family."

Public sentiment, there can be no doubt, will settle quietly into an approval of this decision. The few who object will hardly feel disposed to be severe upon those who have been compelled to decide a question of such painful interest. The execution, we believe, by the present law of Massachusetts, takes place privately in the prison yard.

The Whigs of Vermont have nominated Hon. Chas. K. Williams, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State, as their candidate for Governor. The Democratic candidate is Hon. Lucius B. Peck. Both are strong men, and popular with their party.

LIBERAL. A friend in Sidney, in detailing the progress of temperance principles in that town, states that, on a recent occasion, a clergyman who appeared to give a temperance

lecture on Sabbath evening, was refused admission to the school-house! Our correspondent vouches for this fact with his name. The people of that school district must be making great progress in morality; designing, perhaps, to be counted shoulder to shoulder with the National Division! We hope both will find leisure to become ashamed of their want of liberality.

LEAD MINE. We have on our table, thro' the kindness of a friend, a sample of the ore from the newly discovered lead mine in Prospect, in this State. We are told that arrangements are in progress to commence working this mine in the Fall. Good judges predict that it will yield a handsome profit, and add an important item to the business of our State.

THE LOST POET. John G. Saxe, Esq., the poet, is a candidate for State's Attorney, for Chittenden Co., Vermont. Who would swap a poet for a lawyer, when the former are so few and the latter so cheap? Defeat attend thee, friend Saxe!

TELEGRAPHIC.—Morse's line has been extended to Augusta, within eighteen miles of it. When will the 'linked lightning' reach Waterville?

WE have received from Redding & Co., No. 8 State street, Boston, who are wholesale and retail agents for the sale of the work, No. 2 of the *The Illustrated Family Bible*. It is a beautiful work and must command a rapid sale. Call and examine it at Mathews's.

LONGLEY & CO.'S EXPRESS.—A change has lately been made in the time of running this Express, and it now leaves Waterville in the morning train of cars instead of the noon train as formerly. Since the opening of the railroad we have had an express that well deserves the name, and which has received, as it has richly deserved, the confidence and patronage of the public. For the reputation it sustains in this section it is in no small degree indebted to the labors of Mr. C. R. PHILLIPS, its gentlemanly agent here, and the promptness and faithfulness of its messengers, Messrs. H. A. COOK and J. C. BARTLETT.

The ladies and gentlemen of Bath have made arrangements for a picnic excursion up the river as far as Gardiner. Could anything tempt them to come on to Waterville? The Phoenix and Balloon would doubtless feel honored, as well as profited, in giving their aid; and our village always stands dressed for company.—Brother Mirror, will you ask them to come and see their "country friends"? You seem to have an interest in the matter, and we know you for a right gallant gentleman.

The following paragraph confirms what we have several times asserted:

THE "QUINCY HOUSE," BOSTON. The Quincy is a strictly Temperance House of the first class, and we are pleased to know it is well sustained. Here every thing is divested of formality, and one is not forced to remain at the table an hour or more, for form, whether he will or no. We have stopped at the Howard, in New York, and paid two dollars a day; also at Barnum's in Baltimore, at the same price, and in various other cities at high rates, but the Quincy, with its moderate rate of \$1.25 per day is inferior to none of them. We therefore most cordially recommend it to the traveling community.—[New Jersey Weekly Visitor.

The following is our theology exactly; and we are glad to find it in a shape so much to our liking. See how you like it, friend.

REAL CHRISTIANITY.—It is not Christianity merely to give assent to a set of dogmas; for this is often done while the character remains unchanged. The devil believes and trembles. It is not Christianity merely to be baptized, to partake of the eucharist, to submit to rites and ordinances of the church; for this is not necessarily attended with a character. But plainly, it is Christianity to be imbued with the spirit of Christ, and to live as he lived.—This is the great idea—Christianity is a life. Not a mere outward life, but an inward spiritual life, leading to a corresponding outward life. The inward life is the power and principle; the outward life the exponent, the development, the fruit. Creeds and dogmas are a logical construction—a theological science. Rites and ceremonies are symbolical institutions. This life is the reality. The most diverse forms of character—the good and the bad may unite in the former. Only one form of character—only the good unite in the Christian life. The unity of the life, therefore, is the highest unity, the only real and essential unity.—[New York Evangelist.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, which may be supposed to understand the views of Mr. Fillmore as well as any other paper in the country, says:—

"Mr. Fillmore is known to be a conservative Whig—free from those ultramas which have brought the country to this present crisis. He is a firm friend of freedom—possesses an ardent attachment to the Union, and believes in carrying out the constitution as it is, and in doing right toward all sections under it. Coming into the Executive Chair with such a reputation, we look for a favorable influence in restoring the distracted controversy which, through seven months of the session of Congress, has disgraced the nation, and alienated the affections of different sections of the Union, and which has so much threatened the integrity of our institutions. We look, therefore, to the future with hope,—with a strong confidence that the clouds which now are dark and threatening in our political sky, will be dissipated, and that calm and sunshine will take their place."

AN EDITOR IN BAD COMPANY. The editor of Bell's Life in London was referred in a recent pugilistic contest for what is called 'The Championship.' Bendigo and Paddock were the combatants, and the former receiving a foul blow was declared the winner. Immediately a party of fellows, with bludgeons, attacked the unfortunate editor, who had some difficulty in making his escape. He has declared in his paper, that as every vestige of respect has departed from the ring, he will no longer support it and report its proceedings. The people of Nottingham, who supported Bendigo, burned publicly every copy of Bell's Life they could purchase. The editor, it appears, by his own account, has frequently been insulted, assaulted, and robbed. Now that he has resolved to keep out of his company, he will probably stop further injury.—[Suffield Independent.

