




7-31-1851

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 02): July 31, 1851

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail

 Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 02): July 31, 1851" (1851). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 209.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/209

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1851.

NO. 2.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
J. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.
At No. 3, 3-1/2 Bowdoin Block, Main Street.
TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50.
If paid within the year, \$1.75.
If paid within the year, \$2.00.
Most kinds of Country Produce, taken in pay.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

THE DUMB CHILD.

She is my only girl,
I asked for her as some most precious thing,
For all she had was love, and love is rare,
And she was lovely, too, with eyes that shone
Like stars, and hair that fell in golden ring.
All that she brought forth I could not see;
How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me!
Oh, many a soft old time
I used to sit to that young maiden's ear,
And listen to the lightest whispering,
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay,
Ah! I should have known, I might have let them play!

'Twas long ere I believed
That this little girl would not speak to me;
I waited and watched God's work how patiently,
How slowly, how surely, how divinely,
Vain Love was long the unyielding power of Faith,
And tender Hope until it starved to death.

Oh! if she could but hear,
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me mother, in the broken speech
That comes from lips that never were to cease,
Alas! those sealed lips never may be stirred
To the deep melody of that lovely word.

My heart is sorely tried
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;

I watched her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost think her dumb;
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breeze, streams, and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted on her, and she knows not of it;
To her, the world of sound a tuneless noise,
While even sense itself has charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eyes beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, or which, in waves of gold,
Her hair is shining round;
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For he who made it keeps the master-key.

Will he the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,
Even that his still small voice and step might be
Heard in the silence of the street;
Through that deep throb of soul, with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve?—O, murmuring heart be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play,
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whom voices cheer;
Touches all hearts, though I had none the fear,
That even her father would not care for her.

Thank God she is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee,
Oh! at such times,
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild—
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

PRIZE STORY.

THE LAME GIRL.

BY J. M. LEONARD.
(Concluded from last week.)
But Mr. Harry Ressler, although not at all an ascetic, and as open to cajolery as other young men, was at the moment, as the reader is aware, too preoccupied in mind to engage with any zest in the pastime of flirting, and thereby saved Mr. Glibb from the pangs of jealousy. He had called, as we all know, not as Miss Fay surprised for the purpose of casting off Grace, and enthroning herself, but to elicit information from the supposed constant visitor and confidant of Miss Lynn, which might suffice to make good the cause of innocence. For which reason, if there was little of the blushing trepidation of a returned lover in his manner, there was abundance of friendliness, when our young lady sallied into the parlor in all the glory and sweetness of perfume, curls, and muslin, and saluted him in this wise, holding out both hands to shake (in one of which, by the by, was a pocket copy of Child's Harold).
'How do you do, Mr. Ressler? I am so glad to see you. Pray be seated; you must be tired after such long travels, you know.' Good morning, Mr. Glibb.
'I am tired of seeing strange faces, at all events. Especially when I find I left the prettier far at home, our hero returned gladly, with a smile.
'Flatterer!' cried Miss Fay, to whom compliments were the broader the better. 'How vain you would be, if I told you I was just reading this dear, romantic Byron in the summer-house among the clustering roses, and fancied you viewing the spots described by Harold's eye and vision as I had described it.'
'Why, that stupid girl of yours told us, you had breakfasted long, and were in the room still, if so, indeed, early for anybody that is privileged to make a call,' Gustavus said to our hero, whose reception had slightly nettled him.
'Oh, no, not for you, and such an old friend as Mr. Ressler. And Jane told you before she came in search of me, I suppose; indeed, I only alluded to my retirement to the summer-house to account for my delay in appearing. Miss Belle Fay returned sweetly, and without the least indication of a blush, although a blush, morally speaking, might have been gratified by the circumstances.
'I don't think I was anywhere the Child was—no, don't think of it at the time, Harry replied in turn; but that doesn't lessen at all the gratification of living in Miss Fay's memory. The truth is, Miss Belle, (with sudden earnestness) I have heard enough of your charity and sincerity in the short period since my return to make me feel very sensibly the honor of your friendship.'
'By George, said Glibb, opening his eyes, how you have been assailed with only my much, too much, Harry answered, with a view to dropping a hint.
'Why, by your adherence to a young lady, whose character has been assailed with only my much, too much, Harry answered, with a view to dropping a hint.
'Oh, you mean Grace Lynn; yes, poor girl, I endeavor to encourage her at intervals; such trials as she has to endure, as my

'Dear sympathizing girl,' Ressler thought, with a kindling glance.
But perhaps if Mr. Harry had been able to surmise what was passing in the mind of Grace's friend, while uttering that acknowledgment of her good deeds, he might have been somewhat slower in arriving at the above conclusion.
'Oh no,' that young lady remarked in confidence with herself, 'he's not quite off with the old love, and wishes to fortify his resolution, eh? He admires social charity, so I suppose I must humor him, and pretend to every good feeling for that little mix.'
'It's a painful subject for a friend, I know,' our hero said; 'but I—she was a former playmate of mine, and I would like to hear better things than the rest of the village seems to believe.'
'I'm sure I wish I could bring them to believe as I do,' Miss Belle resumed; 'but scarcely a soul will listen to me when I tell them I know poor Grace is penitent and reformed.'
'Reformed!' Harry cried, with a pang of grief.
'Good Heavens!' was the thought of his heart, 'can this girl's ingenuo be true, and Grace's repose an after event? But he blushed with shame and self-reproach, as he ought, at the same moment, and looked Miss Belle in the face with something more than composure.
'I declare, the young lady said, with truth perhaps, but coloring less than that cause than because Ressler's eyes seemed resolved to encounter hers. 'Mr. Ressler, you mustn't question me so; you know, with all my sympathy and friendship enlisted, it isn't quite a delicate subject for a lady; is it now, Mr. Glibb?'
'No, by George and the deuce,' Gustavus Adolphus assented with energy. He had been alternately sucking the ivory head of his cane, and rubbing his nose with it, in a state of perplexity, during the conversation, and felt relieved by the appeal to his judgment.
'I beg pardon, our friend rejoined, taking his hat, and rising without removing his eyes. 'Of course, too, you feel that a former playmate—closer and dearer now—should be spared so painful a recital. Let me pay this just tribute to your sincerity and friendship, which last I begin to comprehend. Good morning.'
'Good morning, sir,' Miss Fay contrived to utter, pale with rage and consciousness; and turning away, flung back the lid of her piano, and sat down with trembling fingers on the keys.
'Wait five minutes; I love to hear you practice; and I'm coming straight back,' Glibb cried hurriedly, and followed our hero.
Ressler heard him descending the steps, and halted in rather a savage mood to allow himself to be overtaken.
'Perhaps the fool wishes an apology for my last words; thought he, with a grim smile.
But the errand of Miss Fay's lover was not of a hostile kind. Ressler's valediction had appeared to him a civil speech enough, as superficially it was; and he merely wished to do his friend a good turn.
'I say, old boy,' he said, winking astutely, on coming up, 'you asked so many questions about a certain parson's daughter, in there, it put me into a twitter. I couldn't tell you right out before Belle, you know; but you'd best cut her acquaintance, by Jeepter! She's got a queer reputation. I thought I'd just run after you, and give you a broad hint, by George.'
'Did you?' Harry cried, with a countenance of such concentrated wrath, that Gustavus quailed before it, and very likely would have precipitately retired, if Ressler had not gripped him hard by the arm; 'did you! your kindness is unquestionable, sir, and you fetch and carry for your mistress as faithfully as any of your kind; go back and tell her so; and that I have read her motives, mind! And as for you, sir, by heavens! if you only so much as take again into your prating mouth the name of Miss Lynn, and it reaches my ears, I will horsewhip you through the length of the town. Begone.'
With which unequivocal ending, and a motion of his muscular arm, that caused our well-meaning, poor to face about in double quick time, Mr. Harry Ressler strode off, leaving that gaily dressed young man in a stupor of amazement and indignation.
'By heavens!' he ejaculated, when the other was undoubtedly out of hearing, 'by George! He's a damned blackguard to act in that way to a gentleman; if he had shown himself a gentleman, I'd have challenged him to-morrow, by George! And he returned to the presence of his lady-love, who presently dismissed him on the plea of a headache, which must have been a severe one, for it had made her eyes as red as if she had been weeping.
Meantime Harry walked on, taking little heed of his course, until he found himself skirting the Parsonage grounds, where, calling to mind the promise made his mother, he was in the act of retracing his steps, when old Mahale appeared on a sudden, hobbling as fast as might be in the direction of a gate that opened towards the village. And Ressler paused to learn the cause.
'Oh, it's you, Mr. Ressler,' cried the old woman, when she came up. 'I'm mighty glad for I'm out of breath already, and I know you will run and call the doctor in a minute for Miss Grace.'
'Grace is not sick?' he asked, looking colorless.
'No, but poor little Meta, is most dead—she is very bad. And not a creature with my dear friend; all too good to be with her.'
Whereupon Harry, with a brief reference to the villagers, which was neither complimentary nor implied a blessing, set off post-haste to hunt up the physician.
'Dr. Pestil, in pursuance of a scheme which Miss Belle Fay conjectured looked to the gift of her hand, but which all of us, who value ourselves on sagacity, perceive, by this time, have tended to quite a different end, was depending the steps of that young lady's residence, after an intimation that Miss Fay felt too unwell to receive callers, when our hero hurriedly hailed him.
'Eh, bless my soul,' cried the little man, replacing the jennet's head in his pocket in a trice; out of which he had been thoughtfully helping himself to a pinch. 'Little Meta dying, you say? I thought, as much, I knew it must be soon, sir. I'll be there before you can say Jack Robinson. Going that way yourself, eh?'
'Not now,' Harry answered, and hastened to his own house, where he found his mother up and knitting a purse, her favorite occupation, in the back parlor.
'Grace's mercy, how you startle one!' the

good lady ejaculated, on his abrupt entrance. 'I thought something had happened; I've dropped I don't know how many stitches. Do take a seat, Harry; you've got your foot on my silk.'
'Something has happened, mother,' Harry said. 'Poor little Meta Lynn is dying, and this too may be turned into scandal by the cursed tongues of this village. Pray go with me to Grace's mother.'
'O my! what language!—and the place you were born to! Dear, dear! I never can consent to give encouragement to such characters by visiting them publicly; I who never did anything that people could talk about in my life.'
'Mother,' Ressler cried, growing very pale with the struggle to appear calm, 'you wrong her as much as you wound me. If you will not go for the sake of Christian charity, I will go alone, and must retail my promise.'
'Oh, of course, don't regard my feelings, nor your word. You'll put me in the grave by your willfulness, one of these days, the widow rejoined, beginning to rock herself and sniff at her salts. 'And her son went out with bitterness at his heart; for which let us be lenient towards him, for who of us is wise at all hours or perfect at any.
'The Doctor was standing alone in the library when Harry entered the Parsonage.
'Too late—all over,' was his reply to Ressler's inquiring look. 'Little Meta's gone home, sir, as the old parson said; and I don't think she could have done better. Bless my heart and soul! where's my handkerchief, some of that snuff has got in my eyes.'
'I suppose I may go in,' Harry said, with his hand on the latch. Glibb nodded.
Grace was kneeling by the low bed, and Harry knelt beside her.
'I know I ought not to weep,' she said, with her head on his shoulders, shedding quiet tears, 'for she is surely an angel at this moment in Heaven.'
'May we all be as surely,' our friend returned, reverentially.
'I wish you had come sooner,' she said strangely wise things for a child before she died, and asked questions hard to answer. She was timid with strangers, though, and I scolded her yesterday because she didn't open her lips while you were here. A little thought after to-day, she would never open them again.'
'I am afraid they would have said ill things of her had she lived; she might not have practiced, dear Grace,' Harry replied.
'Yes,' answered Grace, drying her tears, and looking earnestly at her future husband, 'and—do you know what is said of me in the village, Harry?'
'I know you are an angel, as pure as one,' Ressler uttered from his heart, and put his arms about the kneeling girl.
'I tried to make them believe my story, which was every syllable truth, but no one trusted me; I tried very hard for your sake, darling;—that was at first; as soon as I had sufficiently recovered, you know, to leave the cottage.'
'And since then?'
'I have given it over,' Grace said, with a tremulous smile. 'I stay at home, where nothing painful reaches me, or only seldom. And, perhaps, she added, with an habitual sweet expression in her lifted face, 'it wasn't so much out of fear of injustice as hope in God's promises, and that, if I only waited patiently, all would end well. But it is so much easier to hope than believe truly, so very, very hard to be faithfully a Christian—and I am very glad you are, here, dear Harry.'
'I wish I were half the Christian you are,' Harry said, lowly and humbly, and thought perhaps of the late interview with his mother.
'And you had no friend, all this while, but the Doctor?' Ressler asked, after a pause.
'Grace shook her head. 'But Belle Fay came often,' she added, with her eyes cast down, 'to see me.'
'Did she come for that purpose?' Harry cried quickly. 'Grace, Grace, I know your secret, which you could not put into words yesterday. Something the Doctor said last evening, joined to that simper on Glibb's lips, caused a suspicion of the truth, which her own falsehood confirmed. Even while she was speaking, only a couple of hours ago, the conviction flashed on my mind, and she perceived it.'
'Have you seen her—has she told you the false things she tells me?' Oh, Harry, and you love me yet and believe me? What would I not have done to spare you that pain, the girl uttered hurriedly, and buried her face in her palms.
'Dear Grace,' Ressler returned, 'I did suffer momentarily, for I went to her supposing her the most faithful friend you had, and hoping to find contradiction of the rumors I heard elsewhere; that is past. But it was not to strengthen my faith in you, dear Grace, that I went.'
'I am sure of that; I think I have been very weak, but I had no one to advise me. I have prayed for strength to bear this cross complainingly, and more earnestly, that some means might show itself to save my good name for your dear sake.'
'God is just,' Harry said. 'And here a girl was heard in the next room, and the Doctor's usual ejaculation of surprise: At the same moment the door was opened, and a tall figure passed swiftly to the farther side of the dead child, and fell on her knees with a choking sob. Harry took Grace by the hand, and both rose.
'Come out, Pestil, whispered behind them, and shut the door when the three stood in the library.
'Bless my heart and soul! Glibb then ejaculated, looking from one to the other. 'I suspected as much all along—I may say, I knew. But what a piece of brazen impudence to come here at a time like this! it's equivalent to a public acknowledgment.'
'It shall be one before she leaves the house,' Ressler recorded, below his breath.
'She will make it herself,' Grace returned from between her hands. 'I am sure her spirit is broken—I am sure she is penitent. I heard her sob as if her heart was breaking.'
'Heart!' the Doctor uttered contemptuously. 'Pho! And he took snuff. 'But, by Jeepter! you're an angel, my child,' he exclaimed, after a musing pause, looking at the Doctor's daughter with great tenderness and admiration.
'It was my mother, our hero had said more than once himself, and was then meditating. 'With a wife so faithful to God and my unworthy self, so meek, cheerful, and calm; so patient in suffering, so even-tempered at all times—I would be worse than I am if I failed to be

happy,' was his thought. 'I will take her away from this neighborhood, as soon as the truth is thoroughly brought to light, and make it my care, God willing, to stand between her and misery for ever after. Good heavens! it makes my heart ache to imagine what she must have endured, and to save yonder frivolous wretch the cost of her sinning.'
'Hark! the Doctor cried, 'I thought I heard the window close,' and turned towards the chamber.
But Grace had already opened the door, and uttered a faint exclamation.
'She's gone, bless my soul! Pestil exclaimed over her shoulder. 'Why she must have stepped out of the window! Ay, to be sure, there she sneaks away,' he added, peering out into the approaching evening.
'She has left this paper here,' Grace said, with streaming eyes; 'she left it in place of the rosemary I put in Meta's hands.'
Ressler took the bit of paper hastily written over in pencil.
'I write this,' it began, 'because the sight of my dead child breaks through all fear of the result. I am grateful for the care taken of it, and sorry, yes, I am sorry, for the pain I suppose you have endured. But it was your own fault; if you hadn't come out that wild night I chose to come down this way; you wouldn't have been lame for life, and I would have carried the child to some other door; for I was on watch, you may be sure. I saw you when you took it up; but not when you afterwards fell on the ice, as you say you did. I was obliged after that to join the cry against you, or I would not have been able to come down here to see my child without suspicion. Then you wanted to fool me by playing the hypocrite, and pretending to be cheerful, when I knew what you felt in secret. It made me hate you; it was as if you set yourself up to be better than I. I don't mind saying (I suppose you have guessed as much by this time) it was I who kept on foot the scandal about you, as I'm sorry for it, and in less than an hour's time will be on my way to a place where it won't matter what she is said of. I.F.'
'I must hurry down and stop my shop-boy from selling her landum,' the Doctor uttered, in great trepidation, on reading the last line.
'She doesn't mean that her person is far too dear to her,' Ressler returned, bitterly, turning away, and knelt by his betrothed.
'Oh, Grace,' he said, 'you're weeping so, and now innocent before all the world.'
'If she had only gone away really sorry—really penitent—not to me, but to her God,' the Doctor's daughter made answer, sobbing.
'Lud bless my soul! I don't believe she ever thinks of herself,' Dr. Pestil murmured, in the highest state of admiration.
Our hero was right in his conjecture: Miss Fay did not commit suicide. But she joined her husband—as she wrote to console her mother some weeks after—formerly an English baronet by self-election; but at the time being, following the bent of his versatile genius in the mysteries of hocus-pocus and ventriloquism, under the veil of Italian nomenclature: such was her scornful statement of the case. The letter came without address or postmark, but it took a weight off the hearts of some who read it: 'She was not (thank God) an abandoned character; it was a wretched match only, that was to be deplored.' It came, too, when, by force of contrast, the unhappy mother most needed such comfort, when everybody in the neighborhood—even the widow Ressler, who had been slow to convince, but once convinced, never tired of talking of her daughter-in-law's perfections—were saying, with one another in crowning with love and honor, the heroine of this story; and when innumerable presents of domestic manufacture—among which were no less than six white satin toilette-cushions, with 'WELCOME THE BRIDE' stuck in pine—found place in the chamber of Ressler and his young wife.
'Does any one sneer at this event of submissive endurance, or challenge the sequel of the story as unlikely? Consider a moment. Is God ever unjust? And when was heaven ever shut to one that prayed and waited?'
'Mr. Gustavus Adolphus Glibb was not at the wedding; he was the only one of the village elite absent; but it was not because Ressler bore him any ill will; there was no room in his heart now for anything of that sort, of course. Gustavus had been unable to meet the shock to his self-love with magnanimity, and had gone off the day after the affair became public, to improve his mind in traveling.'
'By George! it's the first woman that ever made a fool of me,' was his parting confidence to his cook. 'But perhaps Mr. Gustavus was mistaken.'
The Wife's Night Cap.
Mr. who does not live more than a mile from the post-office in this city, met some 'Northern friends with Southern principles,' the other evening, and in extending them the hospitality of the 'Crescent City,' visited so many of our princely saloons and 'barber-halls,' imbining spiritual consolation as they journeyed, that when he left them at their hotel at the midnight hour, he felt, decidedly felt, that he had a 'brick in his hat.' Now, he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, and finds but one fault with him. That is his too frequent visit to the places where these 'bricks' are obtained.
After leaving his friends, Mr. who paused a moment, took his bearings, and having shaped a course, on the principle that continual angles meet, made sail for home. In due course of time he arrived there, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled when he came in. That also she always does.
'How are you, dear B?' she said, 'you said out so late, that I feared you had been taken sick.'
'He ain't sick, wife; b-but I don't you (b-but I'm—I'm a little tight—)
'A very little, perhaps, my dear—but that is nothing you have so many friends, as you say, you must join them in a glass once in a while.'
'Wife, you're too good—in the truth is, I'm d-d drunk!
'Oh, no, indeed, my dear—I'm sure that even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a nightcap, dear.'
'You are too kind, my dear by half—I know I'm d-d drunk.'
'Oh, no—only a julep too much, love—that's

Yes—juleps—McMasters makes such stiff ones. Well, take a glass of ale at any rate—it can't hurt you, dear. I want one before I retire.'
The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she placed two tumblers before her on the side-board, she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the glasses with the foaming ale, she handed one to her husband.
Suspicion came doubtfully upon his mind. 'She never before had been so kind when he was drunk. He looked at the glass—raised it to his lips—then hesitated.
'Dear, won't you just taste mine, to make it sweet—sweeter?' said he.
'Certainly, love,' replied the lady, taking a mouthful, which she was careful not to swallow.
Suspicion vanished, and so did the ale, emetic and all, down the throat of the satisfied husband. After spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foot-b of water before an easy chair, as if she intended to bathe her beautiful little feet. But small as were those feet, there was not water enough in the tub to cover them. The husband began to feel, and wanted to retire.
'Wait only a few minutes, dear,' said his loving spouse, 'I want to read the news in this afternoon's Delta. I found it in my pocket.'
A few minutes more elapsed, and then—oh ye gods and Dan o' the lake, what a time! The husband was placed in the easy chair. He began to understand why the tub was there; he soon learned what ailed him. Suffice it to say, that when he arose from that chair the brick had left his hat. It hasn't been there since. He says he'll never drink another julep; he can't bear Scotch ale, but he is death on lemonade. He loves his wife better than himself.
Readers, this is a truthful story. Profit by the moral.—[N. O. Delta.]

JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO FEEJEE.
U. S. SHIP PALMOUTH,
HOWA Roads, Feejee Islands, March 17, 1851.
The Island of Ovalau, one of the Feejee group, is about twenty-four miles in circumference, and is much broken into peaks, valleys, and ravines; but the deep verdure with which it is clothed gives to it a pleasing and fertile appearance. Its highest peak is about 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. Its population was estimated by Capt. Wilkes, in 1840, at 8,000, but according to the best information obtainable at this time, three thousand is a high estimate. The population of these islands can only be conjectured, as the people are continually at war, precluding a possibility of anything near to a correct or reliable census being taken. The principal town, Levuka, is situated on the eastern side of the island, on a harbor of the same name, and consists of thirty or forty grass houses. A Feejee house is, in form, like a country hut in the United States, except that the sides are very low and the roof long; in other words it is almost all roof; it is about eighteen by twenty-five feet without partition or separate apartment whatever; substantial pillars of coconut or bread fruit support the fabric, the interstices closed in with lashed bamboos, the roof made of small poles of the hylicus crossed with fine bamboos, lashed with the ridges and corners, in some instances, are covered with fern leaves; the sides are thickly lashed in the same manner, except a few openings about three or four feet high for doors, commonly four or five. The doors are made low as a protection against the entrance of enemies, or to club them, while creeping in, should they attempt it. The floor is made of earthen sand, or fine gravel, strewn over with cocoa-nut leaves and covered with mats; one end of the floor is raised about six inches higher than the rest which is called the bed place; where they sleep, it is generally covered with a double layer of mats. Their pillows are made of a round stick or bamboo about the thickness of a hot handle with pegs about four inches long stuck in it for feet; some of these are sufficiently long to accommodate six or eight persons and others adapted to one or two. Towards one corner of the floor a space about six feet square is enclosed by four large squared logs of hard wood; this enclosure is the hearth or general cooking place. The principal cooking utensil is a large clay jar or boiler, nearly the shape of a common stone pitcher without the handle, except that the bottom is spherical; it is permanently fixed on its side near the bottom at an angle of about thirty-five degrees from vertical, with a space under it to admit of a small fire. This boiler and a circular hole in the ground near it, lined with small stones or pieces of broken pottery, as a fire-place, constitutes their whole cooking range. Over the cooking place, in every house, there is a sort of lumber loft of sticks, poles, spears, clubs, and things of every kind found about a Feejee house; on this they dry and smoke much of their provisions, and smoke-stain some of their tapa for particular purposes. As they have no chimneys, and the doors so low, it may be readily supposed that a Feejee house is strongly fettered with smoke. Tui Levuka, the principal chief of the island, resides at this place. His authority extends over seven or eight other towns. A few white male residents are located here, generally English; three or four are Americans. They all have native wives and their children are raised like the natives in nakedness and ignorance; indeed, they have all become degenerated into savages themselves. I think I was in every house in the village, and in no one did I see a chair, a stool, or a table. I saw one bedstead which I am certain is the only one in town, and that is in the house of a native. Three of the foreign residents are carpenters by trade, who might make for themselves, as timber is plenty, chairs, stools, and a table to eat off and bedstead, however rough on which to repose; but they eat, sleep, and sit on the dirty mat floor like the savages with whom they associate in slovenly indolence. The Feejees are the most savage and unattractive looking people to be met with in the Pacific or perhaps anywhere else. They are personally well formed, muscular and good sized; their color they are nearly as dark as the Africans, but grows longer, the nose is generally broad and flat, and instances of thick lips are by no means rare; their eyes are black and penetrating; treachery, ferocity, and deceit appears in every lineament; they are like no other people on the globe, and it is difficult to give them a proper place between

the black and copper colored races, they stand near the former, that they would sell readily in a slave market.
They have a custom of blacking their neck and chest with a sort of lampblack, decorated with beads and feathers, which gives them a disgusting appearance. This custom, however, is only observed in time of war. The people of Levuka have been at war for some years past with the people of the Mountain District, burning each other's towns and killing a few stragglers by treachery and ambushes, which is their cowardly mode of warfare. Often at that dead hour of night that precedes the dawn, a band of these savages will pounce upon some unsuspecting family of famlet and make an indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children. A man and his wife going to cultivate their two patches, may be surprised by a hundred warriors, carried off, cooked and eaten, as a warlike achievement. The word war in its common acceptance seems to convey an erroneous impression when applied to the dissensions in these islands; they are carried on entirely by deceit and treachery, brutal murders, kidnapping, assassinations, tortures and cannibalism. A brave, fearless meeting of hostile parties in the open field to decide their disputes by deeds of noble daring, never takes place. Hence their cowardliness keeps up a state of murder and plunder, called war for years, that might be decided in a day, if they were not arrant cowards.
Native weapons are now but little used, every tribe has its fighting men armed with Queen Victoria or Uncle Sam's muskets; some have double barreled guns and even Colt's chambered rifle and six shooters. At times they turn out in banding mode, but their address keeps them so far apart that they burn gunpowder in vain. A whole day is often spent in firing at each other from opposite hills, and no one hurt; perhaps some one from a brave; than the rest advances too far on his own hook; gets captured, cooked and presented to the Spirit; and is afterwards eaten in triumph. Such a victory on one side and defeat on the other, will probably be sufficient to stop hostilities until the bread-fruit of the next year is ripe and gathered. Such is the nature of a seven years war in Feejee, and a three years war now existing in the Samoan group.
From what I have seen, I think it would be a mercy and a blessing to those people, for some civilized power to conquer them, and bring them into subjection and order. It would be a cheap, easy and expeditious mode of civilizing them, and at once putting a stop to cannibalism and all other barbarities that shock the sensibility of the moral world by the bare recital.
Our war steamers with about five hundred troops and a few light field pieces, stationed at some convenient depot in the South Pacific, visiting the several groups of islands at short intervals, say once in three months, would be amply sufficient to put an end to all the foolish dissensions and cruelties of the natives; give them good chiefs, and salutary regulations and laws. Encouragement would thus be afforded to industry of every kind, and safety to person and property.
The Mountain and Levuka parties concluded a peace a short time since, and on the day after our arrival at Ovalau the Mountain party, in proof of their good faith, brought a present of provisions to the people of Levuka. It was a novel and singular sight to witness from two to three hundred of these savage mountaineers, with their faces and shoulders painted a dirty black, and color, in bands of fifteen or twenty, under their respective chiefs, striding down a path in Indian file along the rocky cliffs, and rugged paths of the mountain's declivity, each one armed with a musket, club, or spear, and carrying yams, taro, pigs, bananas and the event to be remembered. As each band it arrived at a public space in front of the houses (pronounced Doory), or Spirit houses, and deposited the provisions they carried in the general pile, filed off under their chief, in a short distance and squatted on their haunches. When the last band had placed what they carried in the pile and had taken their places in the ring outside, the Ambani or Priest of the Mountain party advanced to the centre, and leaning his knees against the conical pile of provisions with outspread hands, spoke for a few minutes; the multitude frequently clapping with their hands and clucking with their mouths in token of approbation. I understand that the speaking of the God Spirit for a blessing on the provisions he was offering as a gift. When he had concluded the Ambani of the other party advanced, and after the same manner and form, returned thanks and accepted the offering. After which the pile was quickly distributed by managers, who I have no doubt took to themselves the lion's share, as managers commonly do in civilized life.
The harbor and anchorage of Levuka is good, of easy access and well protected from the swell of the sea by an extensive coral reef, but it is exposed to high winds and hurricanes that prevail at certain seasons of the year.
The U. S. ship Palmouth came to anchor in the harbor on Thursday the 27th of February. Her position at anchor as ascertained by accurate observations was long, east 178 deg. 62 mi. 40 s. lat. south 37 deg. 40 m. 46 s. On the first of March the U. S. Co. Col. J. B. Williams Esq., who resides temporarily on the island of Vewa, about twenty-five miles distant, came on board and received the customary salute, and as no American vessel of war visited this group of islands since the exploring squadron was here in 1840, it may readily be supposed, the consul had a long record of aggressions, wrongs and outrages on American commerce and interests by Feejees; all of which he contends, is justly chargeable to a powerful chief who resides at the island and town of Mban, (pronounced Bod), named Thakombau, or Tui Viti, (which latter name, signifying King of Feejee, he has recently assumed). On the ground of having been committed by him or his subjects, whom he had the power to restrain, punish or cause to make restitution.
The Consul was, therefore, desirous the Captain would take the ship to Mban and demand satisfactory reparation; but the winds being light and variable, with frequent calms, and the reefs, shoals and rocks in the channel to Mban highly dangerous, the captain declined going. On the 8th of March the ship got under weigh, with the consul on board, for Howa Roads, about forty-five miles distant, and next day came to anchor in that beautiful harbor, on the south side of the east end of the island of Viti Levuka, (pronounced Viti), meaning 'Land of Feejee. This island as its name indicates, is the largest of the group, being upwards of three

hundred miles in circumference. From the shore the eye ranges over a continued forest of the richest verdure, until at about forty miles off it rests on the azure peaks of an extensive range of mountains, from four to five thousand feet high, covered, I understand, with verdure to their summits; copper ore and plumbago have been found in them, in considerable quantities. Other minerals may be discovered hereafter.

The valleys are beautiful and fertile, and in some places well cultivated; yams and rice are the principal crops. Bread fruit, cocoa nut, ephi, or chestnut tree, and many others affording food for man, are abundant; plantains, bananas, papawa, custaro apple, pine apples, oranges of inferior quality, and most of the tropical fruits and vegetables are abundant. Sugar cane grows spontaneously and of excellent quality. I saw fields of it under cultivation, ten or twelve feet high; the natives do not make sugar, but manufacture large quantities of coarse molasses; they also raise pigs in great numbers, and turkeys, muscovy ducks and chickens.

The harbor of Rewa in lat. S. 18 deg. 50, and long. E. 178 deg. 37, is formed by two islands and their adjoining reefs, the larger one named Nukalau (the last syllable pronounced low), is less than half a mile in its greatest diameter, the other is Mukalevu. Both are covered with cocoa nut and forest trees. From Nukalau to the main shore is three miles. The land from the shore for a considerable distance is low and marshy, covered with mangrove and other trees; many smaller creeks, large enough for small boats or canoes, intersect these low lands, that might under a state of civilization be useful to commercial or agricultural pursuits.

A large picturesque serpentine river called 'Wailevu,' named by the exploring squadron 'Peale's river,' takes its rise in the mountains about fifty miles inland, and falls into the ocean opposite Nukalau. This river is of such magnitude as to contain islands a mile in diameter. On one of these the town of Rewa stands, containing two hundred houses. The natives say that this river takes its rise from a lake or fountain on the ridge of the mountain, and falls off in equal size on both sides; that a large shaddock tree grows at the fountain or middle of the river, whose fruit falling in the stream are floated to the ocean on opposite sides of the island. Some time past, the Consul purchased from the Chiefs the island of Nukalau, and a point opposite to it called Laulhalu. (Ndrak-ei Point, on Capt. Wilkes' chart.) Upon the island he built a large house, in which he put his stores for trading and for household purposes, during a temporary absence, last year, on the island of Vevu; he left a man named John Foster, a native of Dumfries, Scotland, in charge of his flag, store and premises. Foster, like most white men in the islands, had a native wife; they having no children adopted a little boy, son of a man named Paul Burrows of New York, now dead, and a Feejee woman. A Feejee man and woman lived with them, which constituted the entire inhabitants of the island. On the 4th August, 1850, a party of natives in three canoes, armed with clubs, hatchets, etc., came from a fishing town named Utia, subject to a mountain chief named Ngarangio, (signifying the cave the sharks go into), and pushing into the house, struck Foster on the right temple with a hatchet, clubbed the Feejee man and the two women, and carried them off in the canoes, nearly dead; the half-caste boy was left on the beach, with his head severed from his body. The canoes were then loaded with all the goods and effects in the store, after which they tore the flag into strips, and set fire to the house, leaving Foster to be burned in it. He had, however, strength to crawl out of it, and survived his wounds a few days; the house was burned to the ground. Such is a brief account of the outrage and murder on Nukalau.

On the Falmouth coming to anchor in the Roads, the Rev. James Calvert, chief missionary of the English Wesleyan Society in Feejee, came on board. Having resided here over twelve years, he speaks the native language fluently, and is intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the people. Early in the morning of the 10th, Mr. Calvert, by request, went to Mbau to invite the chief, Tui Viti, to visit the ship; and at the same early hour the Consul, Lieut. Moore and Lieut. Devlin went to the mountains to seek the mountain chief, Ngarangio, (called by foreigners 'Long-fellow' on account of his height), and bring him on board if possible. The parties took supplies for two days expecting some trouble and delay in finding the chief in the mountains. But they had the good fortune to accost a native while ascending a small river called 'Sonumbulla,' who informed them that Ngarangio was then at a village, some distance in the country, to which he agreed to guide them. The native was taken into the boat and the river ascended about two miles, opposite to the village the native referred to. After a caution to the officer of the boat, Midshipman Armstrong, and crew, to be vigilant and rest on their arms, the Consul and the two officers, the latter armed to the teeth, followed the guide through devious paths, over hills and valleys, swamps and defiles, the ground very slippery from the night dew which was not yet dissipated by the rays of the morning sun, until on a beautiful hill side about a mile from the river, a village of about forty houses and two large mures or spirit houses, came full in view. The name of the village is Gunabakau (meaning short bamboo). The guide directed the party to one of the largest houses into which they crawled. The Consul, who speaks Feejee, saluted and shook hands with a noble looking chief who sat on the mat covered floor, surrounded by twenty-seven sable-colored, robust, savage natives. The chief, who was no other than Ngarangio, was introduced to the officers by the Consul, and after a friendly greeting all took seats, like tailors, on the mat floor. The cooking place, in which was a brick little fire of dry bamboo, sent forth a haze of smoke that was most disagreeable, though the natives did not appear to feel it. After a long talk with the Consul the chief got to his feet and commenced getting himself and suite dressed to appear on board. His hair and beard were submitted to the barber, a consequential personage. Every hair was twined or twisted with great precision. Over his mop of hair a smoke colored tapa as thin as tissue paper was tightly fitted, having a finish at the top resembling the surplus gathered ends of a tied bag; this article is called 'sala' and is peculiar to chiefs. He then took a string of fish bones resembling a string of small white beads, and wound it round each brawny leg below the knee, so as to have the appearance of head garters about four inches wide; his mure, or girdle, was changed unceremoniously, and over it he wound many yards of fine white tapa, four or five times around him, leaving one end of it trailing to the ground or supported under his left arm; this garment is called 'resu.' Upon his neck he wore two strings of the Cyproea Ovula shells, with the convex sides of the shells so close together, that they resembled the ruffs seen in the portraits of Queen Elizabeth's days.

While all this was going on, the Consul, who is sister to Tui Viti, with her maids attendant, numbering six or seven, with no other covering, under a tropical sun, than a scanty liku, (pronounced leak), or girdle like a fringe of leaves or grass tied to a string, were busily employed with small hoes, some of iron and some of wood; tearing up luxuriant grass that grew in the court space around the house. The members of the suite made as much ado about dressing as dandies preparing for a ball—their vanity of personal appearance was very amusing. Each one put on a clean mure and beyond that their garments were various. Some wore strips of black bark tied like black ribbon below the knee. Others wore rings of the trichus shells, as armlets, above the elbow, and some wore a 'sua-sui' (a girdle of small roots or fibres like black fringe) over the mure. Thus costumed, the chief and twenty of his followers sallied forth for the boat, the Consul and officers leading the way. None but Ngarangio and his second chief, Lingilevu, (pronounced Lingli, signifying large hand), took seats with the Consul and officers—the others went in a large canoe. In a short time the boat reached the ship and the canoe arrived well on after—the chiefs and suite appearing well pleased with their visit.

Mr. Editor:—I notice an interesting communication in the last Maine Farmer on the subject of raising winter wheat, from Friend Moses Taber, of Vassalboro'. Mr. Taber having been for many years a practical and successful farmer, and having had five years experience in raising winter wheat, is prepared to give many valuable hints on this subject to the farmers in this section.

As every practical man's experience costs him something, so when that experience is communicated to others it is valuable in proportion to the benefit conferred on those to whom it may concern. It is desirable that all important facts pertaining to the raising of bread in Maine should be communicated to and kept before the people, because such facts concern all the farmers and all the bread eaters among us. The subject of raising winter wheat is quite new in most portions of our State, and consequently we are under the necessity of learning of one another the best method of treating it.

There will be probably during the month of September next some hundreds of acres of winter wheat sown in Maine that are now in corn. The corn will doubtless be ready to come off from the first to the twenty-fifth of Sept., and then the sowing should be done as soon as may be. Now what is the best method of preparing this ground and sowing the wheat? In the absence of some practical farmer, and in the spirit of Yankeeism, let me guess in regard to this matter—always standing corrected.

I assume that the ground has been well hoed and is free from grass and weeds; then let the stones be removed if the ground is stony; a heavy harrow put on, the hills trow to pieces and the ground leveled; the dressing then put on if any is used; then from four to five pecks of wheat sown to the acre, and plowed in five or six inches deep; then harrowed lightly, to prepare the ground for the reception of the grass seed in the spring. As there is some complaint among farmers in this quarter that they did not get their wheat in deep enough to secure it against being hove out by frost, I infer that there is not much danger of getting it in too deep on dry land. As lime in the culture of wheat is highly recommended by chemists and practical farmers, I should be glad to know the best method of using it—how much good rock lime is proper for an acre, and if we slack it should we plow it in with the wheat or should it be put on to the surface? I hope my friend Taber has not told us all he knows in his "Hints on the Culture of Winter Wheat," but will continue to keep the subject before the people; for we must all agree with him that it is of vital importance to the State that we raise our own bread.

Respectfully yours, ANDREW ARCHER.
Fairfield, July 28, 1851.

Mr. Editor:—In a ramble about town a few days since, I noticed an object which was to me very interesting. I refer to the "old block-house" at "Fort Point," on the other side of the river.

I am informed that this building was erected nearly a hundred years since, and that the early settlers were in the habit of fleeing to it with their families, to defend themselves against the Indians. Such mementoes of the trials and hardships of our forefathers are, in this vicinity at least, rare, and should be protected and preserved with religious (?) care. Will not some of our good citizens move in the matter of trying to preserve this ancient relic? I am quite sure your readers would also be highly interested at seeing in your columns something relative to the early history of the "old block-house."

These old monuments are passing away, and with them those who may be able to write anything of their history; and may we not hope to see some of our older citizens striving to rescue from oblivion the history, while the younger portion are endeavoring to protect in some substantial manner the building itself? Who will have the honor to be foremost in this thing?

AN ADOPTED CITIZEN.

How They Think and Feel in Portland.
We have always contended that the business men of Portland entertain kind and honorable feelings towards the A. & K. Railroad. The opposite sentiment, indicated by the course of the A. & K. St. L. Railroad, originated with a few, and is sustained only by the few. The following article, from the Argus, sustains this opinion.

At St. L. Railroad.—A New Board of Directors.
We are glad to learn of a movement for a new board of Directors, and a president who is not looking after a Collectorship, or the receiving as president of the Road two thousand dollars a year; who will favor low fares and an increase of speed; a new Central Depot at the foot of Main street—opposite spending the stockholders' money in building stores and hotels, selling bonds at 85 per cent. bearing 6 per cent. interest, to pay for them—paying dividends not in scrip but in cash—and of accepting the very liberal proposition of the A. & K. R. R. Company. The Atlantic & St. Lawrence Company can afford to accept one half their liberal offer and make money. Once let the proposed connection be made with the Boston & Maine Railroad, and farewell to the growth of Portland! They have every thing to gain with their connection with the Boston

and Maine and York & Cumberland roads. Their stock would be likely to come up to the Boston & Maine, 4 per cent. above par. If their offer is not accepted, let the Atlantic propose a lease for 100 years, paying them 6 per cent. on their whole cost of two millions. The Atlantic directors say they cannot make a bargain. Let them give way for a new board. Who does not know that the whole increase of trade to Portland has come from the Waterville Road?

The Kennebec county is the very garden of our State. The people living on the waters of the Kennebec are the bone and muscle of our State. Where do you find such cultivated farms, such thriving towns, where will you find men who will go farther, and who always reach where they look for.

Why, Messrs. Editors, all this show off by the Atlantic Road through the papers, of how fair that Road has been towards the Waterville Road? Sirs, if one half the money spent in feeling lawyer B. for his riddle about the scenery and views at the public house the Atlantic Company have built, had been paid toward bringing about good terms and fellowship with the good people along the line of the A. & K. R. R., there would have been some sense in it; and the people of Portland would have been still more unwilling to lose their valuable acquaintances along the line of this increasing Road.

PORTLANDER.

Mr. Editor:—By a vote of Waterville Lodge it becomes my duty to forward the following resolutions to you with a respectful request for their insertion in the Mail:

WHEREAS it has pleased the Grand Architect of the Universe, in the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, to remove from us, by death, our much esteemed and worthy Brother HALL, CHASE; and as the affection we entertain for him demands from us an expression of our feelings on this occasion, be it therefore unanimously resolved, That we deeply deplore his death, and that our Society has lost a most valuable citizen, the Masonic Fraternity, an estimable, efficient, and worthy member, and we all a warm and devoted friend. As a Mason, he was pure, zealous, and faithful, and ever devoted to the Order; as a friend, always true, frank, kind and generous; and as a citizen, prompt and efficient in the discharge of his duty.

Resolved, That the Lodge be put in mourning for the usual time, as a testimony of respect and esteem for our departed worthy Brother, and as a token of our deep regret at his loss.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the widow and family of our deceased worthy Brother, in the irreparable loss they have sustained in his death.

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Lodge forward a copy of this preamble and resolutions to the friends of the Order; and also that a copy be forwarded to the Freemason's Monthly Magazine, at Boston, and to the Eastern Mail, with a respectful request for their publication.

Yours truly,
JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND,
Secretary of Waterville Lodge.

A Pair of Useful Books, for Everybody.

"Every Man his own Lawyer," is a little book of great use. It is compiled by a lawyer, with much care, and published in cheap form by E. B. Simonton, Brown's Corner, Me. It embraces a system of book-keeping, a table of gold and silver coins, interest tables, and a great variety of practical forms for all kinds of business writings. Price 25 cts., and worth ten times the money.

A similar book, in another department, published as above, is entitled "Every Man his own Physician." It gives the causes, symptoms and cure of almost every mentionable disease, with the description, place of finding, preparation and dose of the medical plants of the U. S. diet and management of the sick room, &c. It is a book of great convenience.

FAIRLY BEATEN.—A miss as good as a mile. We have placed alongside of Mr. Wentworth's wheat a cluster of stalks from a field of Mr. Cyrus Wheeler, of West Waterville, that looks down upon it by about half an inch. This is but little, added to 6 ft. 4 inches, though reputed to be considerable in a man's eyes.

Friend H. C. Archibald can only be accounted for by the fact that he cultivates free soil.

WRITING. We understand that Miss Barrett proposes to engage another class in writing, to commence the coming week. Ladies will rarely find such an opportunity to improve their handwriting—and they, more than men, need such improvement. Among our correspondents, they stand second best. It is a fact.

Rarely a woman writes a good, strong, plain, bold hand. It need not be so; and with those who take lessons of Miss Barrett it will not be. Her style is extremely beautiful, and her manner of instruction agreeable to the learner.

NEW POTATOES. Mr. Andrew Archer, of Fairfield, has favored us with a mess of new potatoes—the "Kennebunk Blues" of good size and most excellent quality. This is a new kind, introduced into Fairfield by Samuel Taylor, Esq. Those sent us were nearly ripe, we should think. Mr. Archer has our thanks for his favor.

A WHOLESALE JUDGMENT. Mr. Littlefield, of the Clarion, thus compliments the citizens of Lewiston upon their late celebration of the Fourth:

"The day appeared to have been spent in a drunken debauch, if we are to judge of the whole by those who took care for Waterville and intermediate stations."

We should take brother Littlefield to be a wholesale slanderer and liar—if we might judge him by Judas Iscariot—though we doubt the moral right to do so.

The Exhibition of Birds, advertised in another column, promises to be highly amusing. If it teach the girls and boys—and some of the adults—to love the birds as they ought, it will also be highly profitable. Such boys as destroy birds' nests and shoot birds should not be permitted to attend—unless their parents think the exhibition will teach them to be less wicked.

KEEP OFF THE PLATFORM.—A case involving the right of enforcing rules prohibiting passengers standing on the platform of cars, when in motion, was brought before a magistrate in Waynesville. A passenger on the up train from this city on Monday, refusing to leave the platform, was forcibly moved by the conductor, and on showing resistance was put off the cars, before arriving at the station to which he had paid his fare. A warrant was served upon the conductor, and after a full hearing, the magistrate dismissed the suit, at the cost of the passenger—a righteous decision. [Cincinnati Nonpareil, 18th.]

MR. SAGE.—Our witty neighbor of the Sentinel is the popular College Post this year. He began with the New York University, where his performance elicited high praise.

He goes next to Hamilton College, New York, then to Dartmouth, N. H., then to the Wesleyan University, Conn., and concludes at Bowdoin Maine. This is "going it with a rush." [Burlington Courier.]

THE AUGUST ELECTIONS.—The following sets forth the dates of the elections which are to be held during the month of August next: Kentucky, Monday, August 4th. Indiana, Monday, August 4th. Arkansas, Monday, August 4th. Missouri, Monday, August 4th. Illinois, Monday, August 4th. Iowa, Monday, August 4th. North Carolina, Thursday, August 7th. Tennessee, Thursday, August 7th.

RAMBOULET SHEEP.—Of this celebrated flock, Messrs. Walker and Upham, of this town, had fifty-five pounds of unwashed wool, shorn from two bucks and one ewe. The sheep were fifteen months old. One buck's fleece weighed twenty and a half pounds, one nineteen pounds, and the ewe sixteen pounds. The buck that sheared nineteen pounds was shorn last October, in France. Said sheep have been recently imported from the flock long and carefully bred upon the Rambouillet Estates, in France. [Claremont Eagle.]

ATTEMPT TO MURDER AND SUICIDE IN CORNISH.—Mr. Stephen Linscott, of Cornish, who has been a habitual drinker of intoxicating liquors for a long time, while in a paroxysm of delirium tremens, made an attempt to murder his wife on Monday of last week, inflicting on the side of her face and throat a deep wound with a razor, exposing the wind-pipe, but did not from the position of her face reach any large vessels, so as to cause her death as he intended, and then with a broad axe cut his own throat, dividing the windpipe and the soft parts in the front of the neck, back to the vertebra, or spine, causing almost immediate death.

He had in his family, besides his wife, his wife's mother, and five children. He gathered his family together in the house, closed the doors and windows, probably to prevent the escape of the family, from which fact it is evident that he intended to have murdered the whole family, and called his wife into the room, who came in and seated herself on the side of the bed where he lay. He having provided himself with a razor, and broad axe, which he had concealed, seized his wife and inflicted the wound above described; but his wife seized the razor and wresting it from his hand, threw it out of the window, and fled from the room, and screamed for help. He finding that he had not killed his wife and was likely to be defeated in his plan, cut his own throat with the axe. We learn that Mrs. Linscott is not expected to live. He had in his possession some six quarts of rum at the time the deed was done. This is another illustration of the baneful effects of intemperance. [Limerick Repository.]

A COSTLY SMOKE.—The other day a young gentleman of this city was enjoying a fine cigar near the corner of Court Street and the Square, in defiance of the by-law made and provided. A person near by, whom he took to be a police officer, tapped him on the shoulder and informed him that he was breaking the law. The young man pleaded ignorance without avail, the pseudo officer declaring that unless a five dollar bill was forthcoming, he should find it necessary to commit the offender to jail. Very reluctantly and after a good deal of talking, he took out a ten dollar bill, received five back and was allowed to depart. It was not long, however, before he ascertained that his quondam captor was not only no officer, but that the five dollar bill he received from him in exchange was a counterfeit, thus leaving him out of pocket just fifteen dollars by the operation. [Traveller.]

LOSS OF STEAMER GOVERNOR.—We exceedingly regret to learn that the Steamer Governor, which plies between this city and Bangor, and which left here on her usual run on Friday evening at ten o'clock, was lost on White Head, near Thompson, on Saturday morning between two and three o'clock, in consequence of the thick weather. We have not obtained full particulars, but learn there were no lives lost. The boat will be a loss, with part of her furniture saved. The Governor was an excellent steambot and cost a good deal of money. We sincerely regret to hear of her loss. We shall have further particulars in our next.

P. S. Since writing the above, we learn that the Steamer ran on to a rock, stove a hole in her bottom, but afterwards succeeded in running five or six miles, and got into Seal Cove, where they got the mables out, and she sunk, leaving her upper cabins just above water.

The Steamer Boston, on her way to Bangor, came up soon after the disaster, and rendered what assistance she could—and took the passengers and baggage aboard, and conveyed them to Bangor. [Portland Argus.]

GOING, GOING, GONE.—This phrase, so familiar to attendants at auction, has passed out of use in many cases. At a recent sale, the auctioneer first exhibited to the audience a sand-glass through which the sand occupied fourteen seconds in passing. If a person bid, the glass was held up in view of all, and if no person advanced on the bid before the sand had passed through, the sale was made. This plan dispensed with the everlasting "going, going, gone," that is the general accompaniment of an auction. The idea is novel here, though it has long been practised in Europe.

FIRE IN PITTSFORD.—On Friday night last about 12 o'clock, a destructive fire occurred in Pittsford village, directly opposite this city. It took in a two story dwelling house occupied by M. O. Connor. The house was consumed with most of its furniture. Loss \$1200. The fire immediately communicated with a dwelling house, in the basement of which was a grocery store on the west, both owned and occupied by Dea. J. Follansbee. Building burned, goods and furniture mostly saved in a damaged state. Loss \$1000; insured on house and goods \$800. On the east was a large stable owned by Capt. J. Jewett and occupied by Messrs. Millikin & Clark as a livery stable; building burnt, but contents mostly saved. Loss \$500, no insurance. A dwelling house near the stable, owned by Mrs. Allen, and occupied by C. Millikin, was very much damaged. Goods damaged by moving. Loss \$300. Insured.

DESTRUCTION OF LIQUOR.—Five barrels, two kegs, one box and thirty-six demijohns of various kinds of liquor, seized at the store of Messrs. Child & Co., were emptied of their contents on Saturday afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, in front of the watch house, by the City Marshal. The liquor was poured into the gutter, probably in all hot for from two hundred and fifty gallons. [Portland Advertiser.]

SUICIDE.—Miss Phebe Knight, aged about 37 years, living in Falmouth, hung herself on Wednesday evening of last week. She took part of the rope where the children had been swinging, made a hitch about her neck, and swung forward so that her face was within

three feet of the ground, and thus hung till life was extinct. Being quite poor, and having no other resource but the poor house to which she was about being taken, she took her life rather than go there—having said she would do so. [Port. Argus.]

Constitutionality of the Liquor Law.

In another part of our paper, will be found the opinions of our eminent Judges on the constitutionality of laws prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits. This of course does not apply to details or forms of any law, some of which may be erroneous and unjust, while the basis of the law itself is wholly right. The idea of republican law, in our estimation, is, that any community has the right, as it is its humane duty, to abolish any substance, article, or traffic which is found to be destructive to the peace and happiness of that community, even if it is at the expense of individual pockets, (for as a general rule, such individual pockets are filled with chrysalis extracted from the very tears and bitter agony of the wretched man.)

A man has "liberty" only in part to injure himself, and when he exceeds the bounds of his own castle, with pestilence and death-dealing scourges, he may be held in check—nay, as in cases of the small-pox, he be ever so virtuously inclined—and few rum-sellers are thus!—he cannot even have the liberty of his own premises, when such liberty, in the judgment of the people, is dangerous to them; and he may be confined or removed to an obscure place, consistent with public safety. So, in our view, it is all nonsense to say our Legislature has not the "right," or that it is not "constitutional" to suppress the sale of intoxicating liquors. The sovereign People have a right to veto any business, when that business is dangerous, demoralizing and disastrous to their best interests.

Our laws may impose restraints upon any man who scatters even the filthy breath of vice, by profane swearing, for instance, which, while it sows moral disorders, injures no hair on its recipients' heads; for, though a "higher law" has given man the use and discretion of speech, yet it does not authorize him to utter unclean things, and it is this sentiment of a law, restraining moral law, which forms the basis of all human restraint, by human laws. Therefore, if for this a man may be restrained, fined and punished, who shall say, that for his direct agency in a traffic which not only pollutes the moral atmosphere of the State, and crushes industry, but lays its murderous hands upon the wretched mothers and their unfortunate offspring, should he not be dealt with, and his traffic broken up? Suppose it is his bread and butter, are there not other methods of earning food? There would be a thousand other avenues to wealth opened by the very energy and industry which would awake from the torpor of tipping! And if there were not—if what we think is not possible—the rum-seller should starve—is it not better that one of our members should be cast off, rather than the whole body should be cast into hell?

We have no great faith in this or any other law to reform the people thoroughly—all law comes too late, for that; still, it may change the outward form of a man, and the temptation out of his way, his better nature may finally triumph. So mote it be. And we hope the law will everywhere be fully put in force, upon the rich dealer by the punchon, as well as the drivellers by the glass, so that if it fails to do all its sanguine friends hope for, it will not be for want of a thorough trial.

FIRE IN RICHMOND.—A fire broke out about 4 o'clock on Sunday morning last, in a building owned by T. J. Southard, which was damaged about \$500. Insured. The store was occupied by J. P. Sylvester, whose goods were all destroyed. Loss estimated \$2500. Insured. There was \$75 worth of flour in the store which belonged to Capt. J. A. Southard, destroyed; no insurance. The upper story was occupied by the Masonic Lodge. Their furniture was all damaged. [Claremont Eagle.]

SHAMEFUL.—A room in the Adams House, Boston, was entered on Wednesday morning, and robbed of \$8000 worth of gold dust. It was the property of three returned Californians named W. M. Brown, George and J. C. Dudley, of Hampden, Me., who came passengers in the Crescent City, and were proceeding homeward. The dust was in a carpet bag, which was out open. Everything was undisturbed at ten o'clock that morning, when the gentlemen left their room to look round the city. On their return, a few hours after, they found the door forced, the carpet bag cut or torn completely open, and the packages gone. A trunk containing \$500 worth of dust escaped. The property stolen was valued half by the Dudley's and half by Brown, and the latter, by this misfortune, is left quite impoverished. His health, too, has been much impaired. [Ad. Mail between New Britain and Boston.]

LOSS OF A NOBLE BOY.—On Tuesday, the 8th inst., James T. Wheeler, of Waukegan, Mass., was drowned while bathing in company with others. A heroic little fellow, named Nickerson, made three attempts to save the deceased, but without effect. When young Nickerson became convinced of the inutilty of his efforts to save him, he told him that unless he instantly relaxed the clutch, he had fixed upon him (Nickerson) that both must be drowned. The noble youth let go his hold and sank to rise no more alive. Such a sublime instance of thoughtfulness on the part of a drowning boy, but fourteen years old, is truly wonderful.

KOSUTH.—It is reported in English papers that "Kossuth and his party have received authorization to prepare to quit their uncomfortable quarters at Kutleya by the 1st of September." A government steamer will convey them as far Malta, where they will be handed over to the British authorities. The latest date from Constantinople is about the 25th of June. A letter from Kossuth to the U. S. charge at Constantinople, dated at Kutleya, May 4, says "I am doomed to perish here, to fall a victim to abominable Austria; and he has not the slightest faith in the assurance of the Porte that he will be released 'on such a day in September.'"

IMPROVED SHOE KNIFE.—Mr. J. J. Daddman, an ingenious mechanic, has lately invented a knife which is called, "New and Improved Guard Shoe Knife," which, though small and unpretending, is truly a curiosity. The knife is attended by a guard, which renders it impossible, in paring off the edge of a sole, to cut it upon the upper leather. Wherever used, it may do the paring with great rapidity and great exactness. It seems to us exactly such an implement as every shoemaker needs, and we think it is one with which all such artisans will soon supply themselves. It occupies less space than a common knife, can be easily sharpened, will not easily get out of order, can be easily set to any thickness of paring, and adapts itself to any shaped sole. The cost is one dollar for a single instrument. It can be inspected at our office and cannot fail to be generally adopted. The patent for it will pending. [Boston Cabinet.]

