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GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in the summer time
Is beautiful to see,
And glorious the many earnest
That glimmer on her cheek;
But gentle words are living hearts,
And better than the fairest flower,
Or stars that crown the sky.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And gentle words are living hearts,
And better than the fairest flower,
Or stars that crown the sky.

With all its world of give,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.
But gentle words are living hearts,
And better than the fairest flower,
Or stars that crown the sky.

Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is such a life,
And brighter than the dew.

Miscellany.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

Every one who attentively considers the state of society in this age, must be filled with a melancholy conviction, that great and unwearied efforts are being made by the enemies of Christianity to undermine belief in the historical truth of its divine origin. These efforts are in many instances especially directed to the class of working-men. Argumentative books, originally addressed to the more educated classes, are explained and abbreviated in lighter publications, which circulate but too widely in our towns. Some of these books are ribaldrous and impure. These will at once be cast aside by all persons of good feeling. But others confine themselves to argument; and the arguments they advance often circulate more widely than the books themselves. They are propagated from mouth to mouth; and many a good man may at times feel himself placed in a difficulty from not knowing how to meet such arguments, though he has an implicit conviction that they are un sound.

The same evil is at work amongst the upper classes. Enquiring minds are in this age perpetually scrutinizing old established principles; and as there is a great affliction of novelty in the attacks lately made on Christianity, while the books containing these attacks are certainly extensively read, it seems certain that the subject of the evidences of Christianity requires to be carefully elaborated.

English literature is very rich in books of evidences; and perhaps not much can be added to what is already contained in these books. They are a great storehouse, and from them the student may arm himself fully with the means of resisting these attacks, which, however they affect novelty, are really made with old weapons. The Christian Church has not grown for these eighteen centuries and a half, in the midst of opposition from all quarters, and of the most incongruous kinds, without having had occasion at one time or another to resist almost every conceivable species of attack. But, though the arguments of assailants may be substantially the old arguments which have been so often answered, still they are re-produced with a show of novelty. Now most of the books of evidences have been written with distinct reference to some particular errors, which they opposed in their own day; and new assaults will generally require a new attitude of defence, though after all it is the old strength of arms, and the old weapons that are to be used.

Hence, probably no greater service could be done to the cause of Christianity by any one who was equal to the task, than to write a book of evidences, adapted to the exact exigencies of this age; and in order to meet the particular errors which are now most dangerous, such a book of evidences ought to be in the main historical. It is in looking back to the history of the way in which the religion of Christ was established on the ruins of heathenism, and in the "diablerie" and "accredited" facts which such history brings before us, that we shall find the best antidote to the vague insinuations of that scepticism, which would represent the whole early progress of the Christian Church as veiled in a dark cloud.

It is not of course meant that clear and powerful arguments, and a skilful exposure of anti-Christian fallacies, will necessarily force conviction on the unwilling or on him whose mind is morbidly given to doubt; but still it is a duty to maintain truth by sound reasoning, even where antagonists will not or cannot appreciate it. And no one can calculate the wide-spread evil, that might follow, if we allowed fallaciousness to have the seeming triumph of being allowed to attract attention and go forth among the rising generation without an answer.

We have said that books of evidences for the present needs of the age ought to be especially historical. Intended to benefit persons of a doubting turn, they certainly ought to contain much more of positive truth than of the weighing of arguments and subtle answers to objections. In this form they will best avoid the evil which has been felt in most books of evidences—viz., that, so they repeat and give currency to the fallacious arguments which they wish to expose, and may lead minds to a great tendency to think more of the plausibility of the answer, even when the answer is most really triumphal. Probably most readers both of Butler and of Paley have at times felt this. The most active defence of Christianity will be found to deal most in those exhibitions of positive truth, which sweep away objections and mingle objections before them as a flood. This would be an argument in favor of throwing our evidences, as much as possible, in the historical form as at times; and in one day, since it is the proof as to Christianity that un-believers are most disposed to resist, we shall do well to join issue with them fairly and manfully on the very point in which they affect to believe that our cause is weak and not good.

We think then that any one might do good service, who, looking to the records of the first two hundred years of the Christian Church, would seize all the great salient points in the history, and bring them, one by one, clearly forward in a popular form. To explain our meaning, we propose in this article to select a few points of history from the volume of Meander which now lies before us. Such a reader as is not familiar with our limits of authority in the present history may be led to the great work which seems so requisite in these days. But still it will accomplish something, if it points out the way to others.

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NO. 51.

refer, the throne of the Roman Empire was filled by Marcus Aurelius, commonly called the second Antoninus. He assumed the reins of empire on the death of the older Antoninus, in 161 A. D. St. John certainly lived to the year 100. Polycarp, a personal friend and disciple of St. John, was living, Bishop of Smyrna; when M. Aurelius came to the throne. These notes of time set forth the exact distance of the point of history now selected, from the birth of Christianity. The first thirty-three years of Christian history are filled by our Lord's own life; the next sixty-seven are those during which the apostles labored in building up the Church, and one after another fell asleep till the list of their deaths was closed by that of St. John, the youngest and most long lived of their company. The next sixty years form the age of their immediate successors, and amongst these Polycarp may be selected as present as the most noted. So that the transition in point of time is easy from our Lord's death to the old age and death of St. John; from St. John to the old age of his disciple Polycarp.

Whoever has visited Rome has mounted the massive steps which lead by an easy ascent to the front of that square of palace-like buildings which occupies the site of the ancient capitol, and will remember fronting him, as he ascended, the majestic bronze statue of an emperor on horseback. In the middle ages this was supposed to be a statue of Constantine. It was therefore carefully preserved. Probably it would not have been so well treated in those rough days, had men known, as is now ascertained, that it represented, not the first Christian Emperor, but a persecutor of Christians, Marcus Aurelius, whose statue this is—was said—ascended the throne in 161 A. D., while Polycarp was living. Some may think it too harsh to call him a persecutor; but he was at least one who allowed the Christians to suffer great persecution, when it was his bounden duty to exert his authority in defending them as his loyal subjects from the violence of the inferior magistrates and of the savage crowd.

The statue, as is well known, is one of great beauty. Michael Angelo, who designed the palace in the midst of which it now stands, is said to have been so filled with admiration of its life-like power, that in ecstasy he called upon the horse to walk. And the figure and face of him who rides it are worthy of his steed. Niebuhr tells us that any one who lives in Italy may easily make a collection of busts of Marcus Aurelius, so as to trace his appearance distinctly from boyhood to his death. His outward form then is quite familiar to the antiquary and historian; and his most secret thoughts in mature age are laid open in the book of his meditations. Niebuhr bursts forth in admiration of him. "If there is anywhere an expression of virtue, it is," he says, "in the heavenly features of Marcus Aurelius; and again, 'No one who reads his works can help loving him; and again, 'He was certainly the noblest character of his time, and I know no other man who combined such an unaffected kindness, mildness and humility, with such a conscientiousness and severity towards himself.' This is high praise from a great judge; and doubtless the man was a splendid specimen of what cultivated heathenism may produce. 'In his correspondence,' says Niebuhr, 'we find him in the happy time of youth, bordering on manhood, in the full bloom of life, and very happy. At the beginning of his reign he was depressed, and felt overwhelmed by the burdens of his office; but he never neglected any of his duties. We also know him as a tender husband and father.' But still, in the book of his meditations, 'there are,' says Niebuhr, 'things, which to one can read without deep grief, for there we find this purest of men without happiness.'

One cannot but suspect that the historian is over partial to his favorite; but still Marcus Aurelius was no doubt a very remarkable heathen. He had been educated with the greatest care, and had made all the progress which the most anxious instructors could desire. And all his other studies had been made subservient to philosophy. Philosophy stood to these heathens in the place of religion; the heathen superstitions were hardly to be called religion; for they scarcely aimed at all at producing an effect on the conduct, still less did they power to search the heart and soul; and of the various systems, the only philosophy which in this age had any life in it, was that of the Stoics. About sixty years before a great master, Epictetus, had arisen in that sect, who had breathed new life into its teaching. Insisting much on stern views of duty, and the dignity of human nature, the Stoical system was well calculated to urge the heathen to exertion, and it succeeded certainly in making men as active and energetic in the cause of goodness as they could well be without any distinct knowledge of God and His readiness to help their falling weakness. But Stoicism taught men to rely more upon himself, and think more of his own dignity, than of a view of his whole nature, and especially of his relation to the unseen world; ought to have suggested to the truly thoughtful even of the heathen, Home in his essay on the several philosophical schools, identifies the Platonist with the man of contemplation, the Stoic with the man of action. The Stoical system was always welcome to the character of the evildoer, energetic Roman. As some of the greatest men at the close of the Republic rejoiced to be enrolled in the Stoic sect—so it had been favorite in the worst days of the first emperors, amongst those who sighed for a return of the old times, and longed for some nobler pattern of virtue than could be found in their degenerate age. A stern sense of duty and an untiring energy to fulfil his duty required, and a proud feeling of power in his fulfilment, were the very points in the character of the Romans which had vindicated for them the empire of the world. And the Stoic, who in the middle of the second century filled the throne of the world, was certainly a model of Roman virtue.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, during his philosophical, early tried and arduous career, and his life to a late age, he strove to be a philosopher, and he was a philosopher. He is striking to remark Niebuhr's enthusiastic repetition of the statement that with all his virtues the Aurelius was not happy. He was master of the throne of the world, and he had a soul to appreciate all the vast career of life enjoyment which the world offered. Some of his predecessors had thought of no enjoyment but sensual pleasure. Some had been content with the pleasures of the mind, but he had a soul to appreciate all the vast career of life enjoyment which the world offered.

buttle-field, others had thirsted for power with an intense desire, which left their hearts little rest for the quieter and more refined pleasures. Some of them had indeed been great and good men—the first Antoninus who adopted him, a calm philosophic spirit like himself. But no one of the emperors had ever been placed in this great position, with higher capacities than Marcus Aurelius for appreciating all those enjoyments of the best and purest kind which unlimited empire placed within his reach. Yet he certainly was not happy. His stoical doctrine told him to consider all outward circumstances as of no moment in affecting the happiness of a philosopher. But his wife, the daughter of his predecessor, was quite unworthy of him. Lucius Verus, his adopted brother, who was associated with him in the empire, was given up to all dissoluteness; Commodus, his son and successor, was a monster of depravity. And besides his domestic uneasiness, dark storms seemed gathering over the empire, and in the midst of the vague apprehensions which their approach raised, no philosophy could keep him calm. Niebuhr has said, speaking of this reign, that 'the hearts which were then panting for a purer atmosphere, while paganism was yet prevailing, found peace afterwards in their faith in the Christian Revolution.' It may seem strange that a man like Marcus Aurelius, with the great aspirations after the good and the eternal, with which certainly he swelled, should not have sought consolation in that Christianity with which he was brought into contact. We may not unnaturally think that a good man, with such a feeling of unhappiness, would have been sure, like Cornelius in the Acts, to understand and eagerly embrace the blessings which Christianity offered him. But it was not so with Marcus Aurelius. He knew Christianity and hated it. May we not say that the stoical element of pride pulled his perception of the truth? Though forced to look upon Christianity face to face, he had no heart to love that in which most deserves love.

The point in Christianity which ought chiefly to have impressed the Stoic was that wonderful boldness with which Christians met death. All human systems of philosophy regarded it as their greatest triumph if they were able to nerve men's minds as death approached. Their books are full of exhortations to guide men in that great catastrophe. Marcus Aurelius knew that there was a system spread far and wide through his dominions, which was able to nerve the souls, not of the learned and philosophic only, but of common men and women—often the weakest—to meet death in its most terrific form without flinching. Yet so blinded was he by prejudice that he accounts that to be sheer obstinacy or ostentation in Christians, which he claims in heathens as the highest triumph of philosophy. All will readily call to mind the well known passage in which, thus expressing his contempt of the noble deaths of Christians, he forgoes irrevocably his character as an earnest lover of truth.

The character of Marcus Aurelius, though a great heathen character, was spoiled by heathen prejudices. In comparing the deaths of Christians with those which his own philosophy eulogizes, he speaks in disparagement of the enthusiasm with which Christians died, as opposed to philosophic calmness. He might have known that there was great calmness in Christian deaths; and, as Milman has excellently pointed out, where the spirit kindled from calmness into enthusiasm in the contemplation of an assured immortality, he ought to have seen a proof that in these cases such vague guesses as alone philosophy could supply had ripened into certainty of religious faith—that which the philosopher only coldly hoped for, the Christian felt to be certain and assured truth.

No emperor after the savage Nero, says the calm and impartial Mosheim, prepared more injuries and calamities for the Christians than this much vaunted philosopher. Certainly there was much severe persecution during his reign.

It was most probably in this reign that in Rome itself Justin Martyr was put to death. Justin was a very remarkable man. In the title of his works he is called Justin the philosopher and martyr. He was, in fact, what Marcus Aurelius might himself have become, had it not been for some natural defect in his character as a lover of truth, or for the prejudices engendered by his stoical pride. An ardent lover of truth, Justin, as is well known, tried the various schools of heathen philosophy, and found them all wanting; his mind knew no rest in the search after truth till he embraced Christianity. He was born in Samaria, but brought up a heathen. At the time of the accession of Marcus Aurelius, Justin was, according to one account, about sixty years of age; according to another, seventy at least; according to another, not much more than forty. Devoting himself in his early days to heathen philosophy, he was first attracted by the Stoics; but they could give him no satisfaction, when his soul yearned after the knowledge of God. He passed under the teaching of the various sects dissatisfied with them all, till at last he thought he found rest in Platonism. He rejoiced in Plato's lofty views of the connection of man's soul with the world invisible, and the hopes of going to God when the soul should shake off the body. Very touching is the well known account he himself has left us of this conversion—how, meditating one day on these lofty truths, he went forth to walk alone on the sea-shore, and was followed by an old man of kind and grave aspect; the stranger's conversation corresponded with his appearance; they talked of grave and lofty subjects; the stranger pointed out to him the insufficiency of all human teaching; spoke to him of the prophet whom God had raised up as inspired teachers, and urged the necessity of prayer; if the soul would really learn to know the God of truth. 'Pray,' said the old man, 'that the gates of light may be opened to thee; not that all men do it belong to comprehend the truth, but only to him to whom understanding is granted by God and his Christ.'

This interview made a deep impression on the mind of Justin, and he ultimately took refuge in Christianity. 'astonishing,' he tells us, 'the only safe and profitable philosophy.' Henceforth still, retaining his philosophic spirit, he devoted himself to give upon others that system in which his own soul had found rest. He wrote the defence of Christianity which we find in his works, one addressed principally to the Emperor Antonine Pius, the other to the Roman Senate during the reign of Marcus Aurelius. But his arguments reached M. Aurelius's ears; they failed,

not only to convince him, but even to make him friendly or just to the author. Justin, on his second visit to Rome, was apprehended with several of his friends and disciples, brought before Rusticus, the Prefect of the City, and commanded to sacrifice to the heathen gods. But he had learned even in his heathen days to admire the constancy of the Christian martyrs, and he was not now to be terrified into a denial of the religion which had for years been the joy of his heart. Rusticus, the Prefect, before whom he was summoned, was one of the philosophic teachers of Marcus Aurelius; and Cressens the Cynic, the audience of whose school had been diminished by the teaching of Justin, is said to have urged on his death. The philosophers, it seems, were jealous of the teacher of a true heavenly wisdom such as their worldly minds could not reach. Rusticus pressed Justin to renounce Christ; but the friends, with one voice declared their steadfast faith, and their hope of being preserved at a higher and more awful tribunal, before which all men must stand. Sentence was pronounced on them as refusing to sacrifice, and disobeying the commands of the Emperor. They were all scourged and beheaded; and the faithful secretly carried away and buried their remains. This martyrdom is referred by Milman to the year 166 or 167, the 6th or 7th year of Marcus Aurelius. The Greeks celebrate the last of June, the Latin the 10th of April, in memory of the death of Justin, and tradition points out the Church of St. Lorenzo without the walls of Rome as the place of his remains.

But it was in Asia Minor that the persecutions of this time were most severe. Eusebius has assigned the death of Polycarp to Eastern 166. Polycarp, the disciple and friend of St. John, had known others also of the first disciples, and had conversed in his youth with many of those who had seen Christ. He is represented as deploring at his martyrdom that he had been a servant of Christ for eighty-six years. This time is probably calculated from his baptism. He is stated to have been appointed by authority of the apostles, to be Bishop of the Church of Smyrna. And now to the extremity of old age, he was dragged before an infuriated mob of mixed heathens and Jews, that he might be forced to deny Christ, or if he refused, given up to the lions or the stake. And all this was brought to pass, not by the express command of the philosophic Emperor, certainly in consequence of his edicts.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, mortal, boast not thy youth;
Of time and tide that are not now, nor soon;
But think, in one revolving day,
How earthly things may pass away.

To-day, while beauty's lips are smiling,
The youth to beauty's lips may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss,
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed,
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day the clasping hands may drain
The milk stream from its mother's vein;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss,
That bosom current may be still.

To-day the merry heart may feast,
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast;
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow—mortal boast not thou;
Of time and tide that are not now, nor soon;
But think, in one revolving day,
That e'en thyself may pass away.

The Wife. A Running Commentary.

Solomon certainly was a very wise man, said Aunt Nancy, and has left a description of a patient wife, hard to beat; yet I have in my mind's eye, a modern wife, my friend, Mrs. John Smith, who I'd wager a silver tumbler, would have been a model to the very best of Solomon's whole seven hundred. The lady of the olden time seems to have had a smooth sea and fair sailing; for instance: "When she considered a field and buyeth it," we are not told that her husband put a stop to the operation by insisting that he can make a better investment of the money; and when "with the fruit of her hand she planted a vineyard," we have no intimation that he orders it to be plowed up for a potato patch. Not so with Mrs. John Smith—for just let her undertake any such speculations!

"She riseth, while it is yet night," so does Mrs. Smith, and not only after a comfortable sleep, but after rocking and walking the floor with a sick baby till three in the morning, and without having once called on Mr. Smith to take his turn, with a hint that he was quite as strong as she was, and that the baby was as much his as hers; but, on the contrary, making the arguable suggestion, that he had better go into the spare room, where the little thing's moanings would not disturb him, and first stepping in, herself, to see that there are soft blankets on the bed, and pillows to his liking.

"She bringeth her food from afar," so also does Mrs. Smith. After calling up her two maids, she sets one to watch the baby and to wake and dress the older children, and goes with the other a mile to market, in quest of a shilling steak; Mr. Smith making it a point to have a hot steak for breakfast, and repudiating anything but tenderloin, which servants—at least Mr. Smith's servants—can never get to shilling quantities, when they go alone.

"She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms." Mrs. Smith tries to do so, too. Therefore, she never complains of her early morning expeditions, through heat or cold rain or shine, but considering them pretty much her only opportunities of getting the air, she takes them, and is thankful—over though a good deal of the air, she blows over the butchers' stalls and through the fish-market. And to strengthen her arms, she would be perfectly willing to carry the basket herself; never of any great weight, indeed, only that Mr. Smith has certain scruples about appearances.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness." When Mrs. Smith comes home from the market, and meets her husband going out to the barber's, having discovered that keeping razors, and so forth, costs as much as it comes to—though she sees him pick up the damp morning frock, and slip it into his pocket till his return; because he never likes any one to unfold it before him; she does not observe that he need not give himself the trouble, as there is nobody to read it but herself, and she has no time to read the papers, goodness knows! she only smiles sweetly, and hopes he has had a

good night's rest. Also, controlling, not only her own tongue, but her whole body, with wisdom, when, after finding the maid sprawling on the nursery floor, asleep, and none of her children up, she has busied herself with one foot on the crib-rocker, to comb and brush five little heads, and to fasten a gross of buttons, and bolts of strings, and arranged her own hair, and straightened her "washed" breast-pin in her own collar—when, after all this, on going down, Mr. Smith hails her with "pretty time for breakfast—going to eight!"—seven being the hour—she carefully avoids turning her head, or even her eyes toward the clock, lest he might perceive that she knows it has only been going towards the condemned figure for two minutes and a half.

"She looketh well to the ways of her house, and eateth not the bread of idleness." When Mrs. Smith has sent off the larger children to school, and provided the smaller ones with rag-dolls and building-blocks, and attended to the baby, she takes a look out front, to see that the street and pavement, and window-shutters are in proper condition, and also the door-knob, door-plate, and bell-handle. Then she visits the parlors, and brushes away a large quantity of imperceptible dirt, and straightens chairs, and easter-corner ottomans. Next she makes the tour of the chambers, in particular attending to the spare room, the acquisition of which, Mr. Smith may want in the night again, taking off the ruffled pillow-slips—wisely kept for show—and the best counterpane, which might suffer from Mr. Smith's system of tucking. The kitchen breakfast is over by this time, and she goes down to give orders about dinner, which she does with dignity, notwithstanding Minerva Ann screws her mouth and glances at her conductor, Charissy Jane, when she hears that a hash is to be made of the remainder of the beef which made the soup yesterday, after serving as a roast the day before. No one could suspect, from her bearing, how hard Mr. Smith had stared that morning, when she asked for a little market money to get something for dinner; nor that she felt the least disappointed at hearing he had "no change." Perhaps, indeed, he hadn't—being used to it. She then puts aside soiled garments for the wash, arranges closets and presses, and sets down to a heaped up work-bask, fatiguing to behold; and after she has worked away, with her foot on the everlasting rocker, till dinner time, no reasonable person—scarcely Mr. Smith, himself—would say that she had not earned her share of that hash.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle, her hands hold the distaff." These implements being pretty much out of fashion since spinning jennies came in, Mrs. Smith substitutes the scissors and needle, at which she is an adept. Accordingly, after she has made a full set of small clothes for the baby, and a supply all round of coats, socks, and trousers, for the boys, and of frocks, aprons, and sun-bonnets for the girls—when Mr. Smith observes that she seems pretty good at it, and can't have much to do, he believes, he will let her try her hand at some vests and pants for himself, her eyes fill with tears of gratitude at the generous permission.

"She looketh that her merchandise is good." Precisely Mrs. Smith's practice. She is an excellent shopper, and having made her Fall purchases for the six children, a few for her husband, and very few for herself, out of eight dollars and a quarter (on which occasions Mr. Smith always finds a kink in his pocket-book clasp that makes it very hard to open, and draws out the greatest and most suspicious note), she unfolds her little parcels with careful scrutiny, and when she finds that all is right, she congratulates herself that if she has not got a great quantity, nor of the very best, she certainly has a good deal, and that very good for the money.

"Her husband is known in the gates—the sixth among the officers of the land." Such is the case with Mr. John Smith. When an invitation has been received to a wedding or a party, to which almost everybody they know is going, and at which, in heart, Mrs. Smith, who was gay once, and something of a belle, would dearly like to be; she never hints that she would like to go, if she had anything fit to wear, but rejoices that Mr. Smith, at least, has a handsome suit, and brushes his coat herself, and pulls down his black satin vest, and arranges the tie of his cravat; all the time fondly fancying him "standing, respectable, in the doorway, with fathers who have daughters to oversee, or eating a plate of oysters on terra-pine, with equally respectable married men who have left their wives at home."

"Her candle goeth not out at night." Neither does Mrs. Smith's. After she has closed the door behind Mr. Smith, she never sits, musing by the flickering light, thinking that marriage is a lottery, after all—that a woman might be just as happy with any one of the half-dozen men she rejected as with the one of her choice, and wondering if she had taken Ned Cheerly, who had turned out to be such a wholly devoted husband, she might not have a brighter, smoother life of it—no, indeed! She settles the light so as to "heat" her eyes, which have been long weak, and tries to work re-lining, and re-picketing, counting, and darning immense yards in stocking, till Mr. Smith comes at one, complaining that the champagne has made his head ache, and declaring that it might have answered as well to have let the fire go out at a seasonable hour, even if she had to get out of bed in the cold to let him in.

"She covereth herself with tapestry—the raiment of silk and purple." Most assuredly Mrs. Smith's would do the same. If she could get it. She is a person of very nice taste, if she had an opportunity to indulge it, yet, when after long consideration she ventures to say to Mr. Smith, that the gown she has worn five years begins to look a little old-fashioned and shabby, and that her bonnet of three Winters' use will hardly hold out another, he answers, "Poh! poh! I don't care about your being fine, and as to other people who ever looks at an old married woman with a troop of children?" She only turns the dress a third time, and lets clean strings for the bonnet.

"She stretcheth forth her hand to the poor, she reacheth out her hand to the needy." Though I cannot say that Mrs. Smith's hand is often stretched out, yet I know that her good-kind spirit delights in acts of mercy. Cold victuals are not abundant in their pantry, and if they were, Mr. Smith, standing outside that no paupers are to come upon the premises, and prefers that the children's cast-off clothing should go to the clothes

man, to repair the annual breakage in pressed glass tumblers, or even to the rag man in trade for shoe blacking. Yet when a tale of woe reaches her, if Mrs. Smith is fortunate enough to have three shillings laid by to purchase a new ribbon, one of them is brought forth, and she wears a cheaper ribbon above a happier heart.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed." So do Mrs. Smith's—her husband also, he (I mean Mrs. Smith's) rather resents that she is getting thin and pale, and tells her it is plaguily strange married women can't keep themselves as good-looking as when they were girls.

FANNY FERN.—The following is an extract from an article which we find in the N. Y. Tribune, from the pen of Fanny Fern, in reply to an article in the N. Y. Times rather depreciating female talent, and attributing the success of the writings of Fanny Fern, Miss Wetherell, and others of the same class, more to the prepossession of the public mind in favor of any good thing the ladies undertake to do "than any real merit their works possess," &c. After defending female authors with a good deal of spirit, Fanny closes with the following strong language which, being probably something of her own early experience in writing for the public is the more impressive:

"Has she a flowery path, who, reared in luxury—shrinking, delicate, sensitive—suddenly finds herself thrown by misfortune upon her own exertions for daily bread for herself, and her little ones, and casting a timid eye about her for the best means of support, finally resorts to her pen? who, ignorant of the avenues to public favor—ignorant of the chords to which the public heart vibrates—tremblingly takes her first manuscript, and finding her way, hap-bazard, to some office, blushing hands it to the editor, who, with his heels higher than his head, and a cigar in his mouth, leisurely finishes the story he is telling to other heels and cigars, before attending to her request. 'Has she, think you, Mr. Editor, no difficulties to surmount?' And when she 'cal's again in the course of the week,' and finds the same smoking party convened, and encounters the same broadside of curious glances, and the added disappointment of a rejected manuscript, only to renew that experience a second, a fourth, a sixth, or a twelfth time in other places, returning to her gloomy room at intervals to weep over her humiliating children—'is there nothing in this, Mr. Editor, to test the fortitude and courage of a woman? Was the 'stuttering of Demosthenes,' or the 'deformity of Byron' harder to bear than this?"

Do successful literary ladies always pen their contributions with a golden nail, in a damask chair, on a tapestry carpet, inhaling the luxurious aroma of hot house plants, clad in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day?

No, no, no, Mr. Editor. I tell you, with a dark picture of suffering indelibly daguerrotypied on my memory—no! Oh, Man, be magnanimous! Be just to woman. As far as any remarks relate to me, it matters little; but, in God's name, drive not, by this tone of patronizing tolerance, one literary female applicant (more easily discouraged) back to 'The Song of the Shirt.' Pluck not one leaf from a woman's laurel wreath; gathered too often 'mid the night shade of sorrow, and whose enervated perches, in the bright hour of her triumph, may press an aching brow.

FANNY FERN.

EXCOMMUNICATION OF CATHOLICS BY CATHOLICS.—The Trustees of the St. Louis Church in Buffalo, having steadily refused to give up to the Catholic Bishop of Buffalo the control of the church property in accordance with the decision of a Nuncio of the Pope, who was sent on from Rome to investigate the matter, they have received sentence of excommunication from John J. Bishop of Buffalo. The sentence is in the following words:

"I then declare the said Trustees of St. Louis Church in Buffalo, to wit: Messrs. Martin Roth, Alexander Allenbrand, Michael Messner, Jacob Wilhelm, George Fischer, Nicholas Ottonot, J. P. Meschaue, to be excommunicated with the major or greater excommunication, and through the authority given to His Church by the Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I do hereby, then, excommunicate them; declaring further that all who may hereafter accept the office of Trustees in St. Louis Church, to continue the present unholy opposition to Church discipline, will, ipso facto, that is, by the very fact, incur the same major excommunication. Pray for their conversion, that they may return to Catholic unity, and that their souls may be saved in the day of Judgment."

For this major excommunication, the fearless gentlemen were undoubtedly prepared. They probably understand perfectly that a church excommunication carries with it no penal sanction, either in the eyes of God or in the estimation of the intelligent and religious portion of this people, unless occasioned by moral dereliction on the part of the excommunicated; or in other words—that among us Republicans Christians, punishment for no crime is no punishment at all. And it is quite possible, that even the bishop of Buffalo himself will find out this important fact ere long.

FAST.—In his lately published volume of lectures on the moral aspects of city life, Rev. E. H. Chapin says of Young America: "There are young men, whose sole conception of enjoyment is concentrated in the word 'Fast'—who grow fatter, fast, fast on the track of destruction, with their own folly for a motive, and champagne and brandy for the steam power converting themselves into liquor tanks, prepping up door posts, hanging over railings, and staring the dull ear of night with rickety melodies and drunken war whoops. There are others, half fat and half thin, who divide their time between the favorite race and the pet pugilist, and whose idea of a millennium, probably, would be that of a protracted fourth of July."

The disregard of human laws, and the consequent insecurity of human life, usually attendant upon a crude condition of society, still prevails to a sad extent in the State of Texas—nowwithstanding its rapid advance in population and apparent civilization. Out of ninety-four murder cases which have come before the courts within the last six months, it is stated that not one of the murderers has met the full penalty of the law. They have been "accounted" found guilty of manslaughter only, made their escape from jail, or been pardoned by the Governor.

THE SON OF PATRICK HENRY.—The death of Nathaniel Henry, the youngest son of Patrick Henry, has been announced. We learn from the New York Observer, that he died poor and without friends, in a public house in Floyd County, Virginia. A year before his death he earned a scanty living by teaching school. Although an old man he remembered his father perfectly, and was pleased to talk about him. His clothes, though old, were all very clean, and his life seemed to be a perpetual struggle between poverty and pride of ancestry. At length his health failed, and he was offered a home in a public house, where he remained a year or more, his host presuming that his relatives would defray his expenses. He died of dropsy on the chest.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JULY 6, 1854.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions, at the rates as required by us. His office is at No. 10 State Street, Boston. Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

The Fourth in Waterville.

The truth may as well be told, that there was little patriotism left in Waterville after the firemen took their departure. Nothing beyond the magnitude of an India cracker was heard to tell the glories of the day. Indeed, we had not the stamina for a respectable 'hurra!' when the victorious 'Waterville' came back in triumph with her silver trumpet; and the 'manifestation' had to be deferred to a more convenient season. The day was ushered in by the usual efforts to make night hideous with all imaginable noises. At 12 o'clock the din commenced, and the sick and the sleepy were compelled to live through the night as best they could, in order that a gang of boys and worthless young men, drunk and sober, whom their parents could not control, and whom the selectmen have never seen fit to punish, might show their ignorance of the origin and meaning of our national jubilee. Thus went the night—but the day was a sober one. Its ruling events were the explosions of crackers.—One of these badly injured a little son of Mr. Dunn; another wounded the eye of a son of J. M. West, and a third set fire to Ticonic Bridge. What further, we know not, except that a considerable number of red cents were scraped in to the till of a few penny-wise dealers, who cheated the children and abused the parents by selling this most trifling and useless of all nuisances. May the continued patronage and kind regards of their neighbors be their reward.

The population of our village was only large enough for immediate necessities; the excess having gone to Livermore, Augusta, or some other attractive place. Railroad, boats and stages pocketed our loss. 'Old Ticonic' found a few prompt friends, and responded to the call from Ticonic Bridge; but danger was gone before her arrival. A violent thunder shower about sunset put out the crackers and put in the boys; and that lasted of all days in the year, 'the day after the Fourth,' brought to our relief the fine music of the Winthrop Band, heralding the return of 'Waterville, No. 3,' with that Silver Trumpet! This was no surprise. We expected as much—though after looking at the beautiful trophy, we don't see how we could expect more. Certainly Captain Drummond bore it with most Roman dignity in the triumph procession; and the gratification of our citizens was as evident as the victory that secured the trophy.

Party Nominations.

The list of candidates for Governor seems now to be full, the Free Soilers having nominated Mr. Morrill, at the Lewiston convention yesterday. We see no difficulty now in finding a candidate adapted not only to regular party lines, but to the leading peculiarities that come to the ballot box. Mr. Parvis takes such of the regular democracy as deposit their votes, 'without a why or wherefore' except the Shibboleth that comes from Washington; and Mr. Reed is doubtless as true to the old Whig platform as either Thomas Jefferson or John Adams could desire, were they to be candidates for the next presidency. Mr. Morrill's platform covers the entire ground of the Maine Law and anti-slavery—so far at least as to be acceptable to the regular Free Soilers, who are taken to be good judges on both these points. Mr. Cary goes ardently for rum and slavery; and with those who have faith in his creed he ought to be accepted as a bold and independent champion, for none but a bold man would dare take his position.

Now comes the tug of war; for if Greek is not sure to meet Greek this year, the time for such a contest will never come. At the same time that watch is kept for the salvation of old party lines, new principles and new platforms come up from the solid ranks of the people, with an advocacy that cannot be winked out of sight by wire pullers, office seekers, dough-faces or 'dumb dogs.' Such men have ruled in high places till all alarm promises to bring the people to the rescue; and the preliminary conventions everywhere indicate that now, indeed, 'the people are coming.'

GEOGRAPHY.—Adam doubtless had a very simple and plain mode of getting his lessons in geography, that probably answered his ambition till after the forcible extension of his borders. Then he sent Cain out on an exploring expedition; but he, like one in later times, married a wife and could not come back to make report. What mode of study the old gentleman adopted is not known, though the triumphant son is recorded as having obtained a tolerable knowledge of the boundaries and divisions of the state of matrimony. Though he afterwards became somewhat distinguished, there is no positive evidence that he ever taught geography. Still this branch of education made rapid progress, and passed numerous grades of advancement down to the time of Malte Brun. At the present enlightened age the very best system known is that taught in Waterville by Mr. GILLAN. Wherever he has taught his classes no attempt at improvement has been made. He is now engaged at the Academy with his second class, and we can hardly doubt that a third and fourth will follow. The public examination of his first class was exceedingly interesting, and gave proof of a degree of success in fixing geographical facts upon the minds of his pupils, that we have never seen attained by any other teacher. The morning and evening exercises of his present

class may be witnessed by parents and others who desire to do so; and none who improve the opportunity can fail to be convinced of the economy and advantage they offer for acquiring a knowledge of geography. We respectfully suggest to the school agent the expediency of securing a course of lessons in our village schools, if it can be done. It seems important that so rare an advantage should be brought within the reach of all.

The Celebration at Augusta.

Augusta papers give us no details, but everybody says the Fourth was a glorious day at the capital. After the old programme peculiar to the day, the Floral Procession and Fire Companies were the chief objects of attraction. The trial of engines excited much interest; and though it becomes not us to boast of the result, we are bound modestly to mention that 'Waterville Engine Company No. 3,' with their new 'Button' engine, took the first premium of a silver trumpet, valued at one hundred dollars. Six companies were present, but only three competed for the prizes—the Fire King, Gardiner, the Tiger, Hallowell, and Waterville, the two first Hunneman machines. The distance thrown was as follows:

Waterville	190 feet,
Fire King	165 "
Tiger	161 " 8 inches.

The main point of rivalry was between the Hunneman and Button engines. Two years ago, at Hallowell, the Torrent, of Bath, a Hunneman engine, took the prize with a play of only 173 feet, and the Button Boys' have been anxious for another trial. The Torrent did not enter the contest this time. The Atlantic, of Augusta, a Button engine, which did not compete for the prizes, played 194 feet.—The Atlantic played for the prize two years ago against the Torrent, but burst her hose three times, and failed to win. The result is a pretty strong triumph of Button over Hunneman.

[Some resolutions adopted by the Waterville Company are necessarily deferred to our next.]

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Temperance, Industry and Long Life.

Winslow contains a population, of some less than two thousand souls, of different ages.—Three of that number are more than ninety—the oldest being ninety-five. Thirty-two have passed their three score and ten years, and are between seventy and eighty. The remainder of the population are less than seventy years of age. We do not write this to convey the idea that persons do not attain the ages of 70, 80, or 90, in any other towns but Winslow.—But we have another motive; which is the reason why so many in less than 2000 persons have lived to so great an age. In nearly every instance those who have lived more than 70 years have been persons of industrious, steady and temperate habits; laboring with their own hands, doing their own business, and living peaceably with all men.

The names of the above mentioned old people can all be given, with the exact ages of nearly all.

K.

PROP. TAYLOR.—The friends of this distinguished elocutionist will be gratified to learn that he is expected to arrive in town to-day and that a series of public readings, and probably a course of instruction in classes, will be offered to our citizens. He has just returned from a professional tour through the south, and his present visit to Maine will probably afford the last opportunity, for a long time, of enjoying his instruction. We trust it will be improved, not only by his former friends, but by all who love to listen to chaste and cultivated public readings.

The District and County Whig Conventions, for this county, meet at Augusta to-day. Delegates from Waterville, Samuel Plaisant, T. O. Saunders, H. F. Crowell, W. H. Hatch, E. H. Piper, S. Frye, N. R. Boutelle, T. W. Herrick.

The gathering at Livermore on the Fourth, in the name of Freedom and Temperance, is variously estimated at five to ten thousand persons. John P. Hale was the principal speaker.

At Lewiston, on the 5th, the Free Soil State Convention was very fully attended. An address from John F. Hale, and the nomination of Anson P. Morrill, were its main features. A letter from Mr. Morrill to Dr. Holmes was read, and the nomination followed by acclamation.

THEATRE.—The N. York Company, who have been playing in Portland and the Kennebec cities, open at the Town Hall to-night with the plays of Charles II. and Paddy Miles, promising Uncle Tom's Cabin and a 'sensation of novelties' hereafter. We notice some good names in the Company.

ROBBERY.—The dwelling house of Mr. Lemuel A. Stillson was entered yesterday forenoon, in the absence of the family, and robbed of a valuable shawl, a bonnet, six dollars in money, and various other articles. No clue to the robber. The Clarion mentions several similar cases in Skowhegan; and possibly the rogues have come this way.

QUERY.—Mr. William Baxter, late of Oldtown, is requested to inform us of his present whereabouts, as we have notice from the postmaster that he has left without giving direction relative to his paper. We feel a little interested in Mr. Baxter's prosperity.

CHANGE OF TIME.—The A. & K. Railroad has changed the time of running passenger trains. Cars now leave at 4.40 and 10.30 A. M., and arrive at 1.45 A. M. and 5.07 P. M.

Now-a-days.—We save our readers the trouble of inquiring the meaning of an advertisement in another column, consisting merely of the word 'Now-a-days,' by assuring them that we don't know. It has been extensively sent to the press in Maine, with a dollar to pay for insertion; but nobody explains its meaning.

The State Mass Temperance Convention at Portland endorsed the nomination of Mr. Morrill for governor.

RAILROAD DISASTER.—A telegraphic dispatch from New York to the Boston Traveller reports a sad collision on the Susquehanna railroad, near Baltimore, by which 24 persons were instantly killed and 33 badly wounded.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman now at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, dated June 20, 1854:

"I fear we are to have an exciting struggle about slavery. Pro-slavery men are on the alert here, and evince a great deal of sensitiveness and determination. They have been aroused by the movement at the North, to make most extraordinary efforts, and now if the men of the North, who have talked about facilitating the immigration of freemen here, back out, or allow their ardor to cool, slavery will triumph in Kansas. There is no doubt that New England men can prosper here. I trust, you will start out a few."

CURE FOR CHOLERA.—The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal recommends for cholera attack, a prescription which being translated reads as follows:

Laudanum, two drachms. (two teaspoonfuls) spirits of camphor, one drachm; sweet tincture of rhubarb, four drachms; aqua ammonia, (barbours) half a drachm; oil of peppermint 15 drops. Take a teaspoonful in hot sweetened water every fifteen minutes, to allay the vomiting and pains.

WORDS 'FITLY' SPOKEN.—The St. Louis Intelligence lectures the people of the North after the following fashion:

"Instead of killing U. S. officers who are discharging a sworn duty in trying to execute the laws you hate, you would show more sense and justice in hanging a few doughface knaves that you habitually send to Congress to make such laws. Who is responsible for the so-called Nebraska perfidy? Who, but men of the North, sent to Congress by the votes of northern people? They have the numerical majority, they could easily have defeated the Nebraska perfidy. But they did not do it. They bartered your votes and their souls, according to your account, to Franklin Pierce, Stephen A. Douglas and the devil."

We wish we could say that there was no truth in this.

John Mitchell, who escaped from Australia, speaks in this wise of Bostonians who do not like the Fugitive Slave Law:

To compel a lazy, woolly-headed negro to return to his master, and to work for a living, is the highest crime known to the 'higher law.'

But if the traitors only received their deserts in this world, the position to which they would be elevated is a gallows higher than any steeple. We rejoice that so far the majesty of the law has been vindicated, even at the point of the bayonet; but it would receive a higher and more salutary vindication, if the rebels had been shot down like dogs, and to this complexion it must come at last!

AMERICAN WOMEN.—The following charming passage is from 'Rural Hours,' by Miss Cooper, daughter of the late J. Fenimore Cooper. It so beautifully expresses the sentiments of all women of pure feelings and correct principles, that it should be widely circulated:

We American women certainly owe a debt of gratitude to our countrywomen for their kindness and consideration of us generally.—Gallantry may not always take a graceful form in this part of the world, and mere flattery may be worth as little here as elsewhere; but there is a glow of generous feeling toward women in the hearts of most American men, that is highly honorable to them as a nation and as individuals. In no country is the protection given to woman's helplessness more full and free—in no country is the assistance she receives from the stronger sex so general—and nowhere does her weakness meet with more forbearance and consideration. Under such circumstances, it must be woman's own fault if she be not thoroughly respected also. The position accorded to her is favorable; it remains for her to fill it in a manner worthy her own sex, gratefully, kindly, and simply; with truth and modesty of heart and life; unwavering fidelity of feeling and principle; with patience, cheerfulness, and sweetness of temper—no unfit return to those who smooth the daily path for her.

FACT VS. SPECULATION.—Some very fine spun theories respecting creation have recently been manufactured on an alleged fact that the fossil skeleton of a man, of the conformation of our native Indians, was discovered in the course of some excavations in New Orleans, at a depth of sixteen feet, lying below a succession of four fossil cypress forest trees, to each of which the age of 14,400 years is given.—Agassiz is said to have accepted this fact, and based upon it his assertion that man existed upon the earth at least 150,000 years ago. If Agassiz has accepted this fact as a fact, of which we doubt, it but proves that even the most careful speculative philosophers are liable to be led away by a plausible statement; when it coincides with or supports a favorite notion. Every reader has heard of the learned discussion in the Royal Academy, why a dead fish weighed more than a live one. An experimentalist, who was for proving facts before he established theories, weighed the fish, and found the alleged phenomenon to be untrue. The fossiliferous man is in the same predicament. No such skeleton was found, the world is no older than it ought to be, and the speculations based upon the error have no more substance than moonshine.—[Herald.]

A MAMMOTH FARMER. Jacob Strawn's homestead in Illinois consists of ten thousand acres. The number of acres of corn he has this year, is twenty-three hundred. His last season, he gave ninety-two thousand bushels. The corn fed to cattle is not husked, but is cut up and fed to them on the stalks. Another farm is owned by the same man, which is six miles long and four broad. Last year he paid out ten thousand dollars for fencing materials. He has also large tracts of improved lands. Strawn is an immense dealer in cattle.

GARRET.—The American Agriculturist says the best remedy for garret is to let the calf run with the cow and suck it as often as possible. The next best is to take the roots of the bitter-sweet—which is common in all our forests—cut them up fine and steep them in hot water, making the decoction quite strong. Pour off the liquid, then mix it half and half with lard, and rub the cow's udder and teats well with the mixture twice a day, and milk her at least three times each day.

WRATHY. If 'Know Nothing' victories continue as of late, some of our Democratic editors will go mad with rage. The Pennsylvania, fairly frothing at the mouth, some days ago denounced the order as a 'secret band of conspirators against the rights and liberties of the American people'; and the Washington Union, the Administration organ, anathematizes them after this fashion:

"Our word for it, its leaders, who happen to be anti-Catholic, will offend the inside of a tavern that of a church, and are quite ready to let foreigners vote if they would only vote on their side—promising to them if they will all the offices which the 'know-nothing' philosophy primarily refuses to them. 'Know Nothing' may suit the ROWDIES of a great city, who insult the Sabbath with their drunken orgies, and make night hideous with their revels, but it's a badge that a true man will fling from him with contempt. We cheer our privileges with such follies, and help our foes to laugh at us by these crude schemes, meaning 'nothing' but proscription, and everything but patriotism and common sense."

What a power of 'rowdies' they must have had at Washington last Monday a-week! and in Philadelphia the next day! Nor is that the worst of it—judging from appearances, the whole country is likely to be over-run with them before long. Alack! the day is—[Pottsville Journal.]

THE NEW POSTAGE BILL.—We wish we could tell our readers exactly what the new postage bill passed by the House of Representatives on Thursday, is. The telegraphic reports are not, it is said, correct; but we believe that the prominent changes from the present law are briefly as follows: Instead of paying, as we now do, 3 cents, we are to pay 5 cents for single letters any distance under 3000 miles, and 10 cents for any distance over 3000 miles. And the same rates are to be paid for letters to and from foreign countries, or when conveyed in part or wholly by sea, excepting when different rates have been or shall be established by postal treaties. Further, the postage except from foreign countries, must be prepaid, and from Jan. 1st, 1855, by postage stamps. Drop letters, for delivery only, 1 cent. Advertised letters an additional cent.

[Boston Traveller.]

PRINCIPLES AND VIEWS OF THE 'KNOW NOTHINGS.'—A member of this organization, who furnishes the New York Times with a powerfully written but ultra and quite radical epistle, thus 'sums up.' The italics and capitals are his own:—

"But the great principle, the great interest involved, are beyond the limits of a communication like this, and I turn to the more practical and more easily understood matters which the Know-Nothing's purpose to accomplish. In the first place, the Naturalization laws as they are, must be rigidly enforced, until they can be reformed; in the second place, the Common School system must be preserved as it was formed, as a means for the intellectual and moral cultivation of the children of the State; in the third place, Americans must be allowed to govern their own country; and in the fourth place the Roman Catholics, who, by their creed and practice, are everywhere aliens, must submit to the restrictions which their obligations to a foreign monarch and the profession of a creed which is a perpetual secession, shall render necessary; and the laws must be enacted and enforced, giving to each parish authority in its own affairs, divesting the Bishop and King of Rome of all titles to any real estate in this country, punishing with the severest penalties the every-day exaction of tithes for the support of Romanism from the poor and ignorant, by threats of ecclesiastical or spiritual penalties; and, as has been found necessary in Great Britain, a proper scrutiny of nunneries and regulations of bequests for religious purposes.

Enough for to-day; but I am ready to meet you, or any of your correspondents on the reasonableness or necessity of any proceeding here suggested. Meanwhile I am content to say—

But God, Liberty and our country.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.—A correspondent of the Greenfield Republic relates the following interesting instance of maternal affection in animals:

A few days since, Mr. Joel Rice, of Conway, discovered on a tree, what he supposed to be a crow's nest. On examination, he found, instead of a brood of unfledged corn-pollers, a litter of flying squirrels. Not a little pleased with his booty, he thought it a fine opportunity to secure an acceptable present for his children. Having descended from the tree, he stood at the foot, contemplating his prize, when the old one made her appearance. A mother's tenderness, when her offspring are in danger, knows no limits. She jumped upon his head, crawled down to his hand, seized one of her young ones, and endeavored to take it away. For a moment, R. R. resisted her claim—yet only for a moment. Sympathy for a parent's agony made an appeal, and was successful—his better feelings triumphed, and the dam gathering into her furry folds a little one, sought a new home for her family. After a short time she returned, and then again, till she had taken them all away!

INTOLERANCE REPUDED.—The Shepherd of the Valley, the organ of the Roman Catholics in St. Louis, has been discontinued for want of support. This intolerant organ was the one which gloried in stating that if Popery ever gained the ascendancy in the United States, as it undoubtedly would at some future day, religious toleration would be at an end; and also solemnly declared in substance, that popular education and the general diffusion of knowledge was a curse rather than a blessing.

The Buffalo Sentinel, a Roman Catholic paper of kindred sentiments, has also been discontinued. The publisher says the expenses of the paper for the past year have been \$60 per week, and the receipts \$13. The aid and comfort of the Archbishop of St. Louis, who headed the columns of the Shepherd with his own name and sanction, could not save it from perdition.

DISOLUTION OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.—Though such near neighbors, and holding very important relations to each other Canada and the United States do not know each other as well as they ought. Our readers are generally aware, probably, that the Canadian Parliament has just been dissolved by the Governor General, and an appeal made to the country for another Parliament. The reason for this was, that government found itself in a minority, and was compelled either to change its policy or throw itself on the people for support. Believing that the people of Canada generally approve of the Liberal and progressive spirit of its administration, and that his course was in accordance with the views and policy of the home government, Lord Elgin has wisely decided to throw himself on the country for support.

The opposition in Parliament, it is true, complain of specific acts of neglect on the part of the Government, viz: that they have not acted more promptly on the Clergy Reserves

Bill, and the Seigneurial Tenure question. They complain, also, of the new Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, which, as it is one of mutual concessions, very naturally gives rise to apprehensions on either side, that the opposite party has got the better part of the bargain.

These and other lesser matters are the ostensible grounds of opposition to the Canadian Ministry; but it is altogether possible, that these are not the true grounds of the opposition after all, but only their excuses; for they object simply that the opposition is more liberal and progressive than the Government; whereas it is asserted by those who profess to understand this matter, that the very reverse of this is true.

MAINE MEN IN MINNESOTA. In the St. Paul's Minnesota, for June 14, we find the following article concerning some of our Maine men, who have recently emigrated to that flourishing portion of our country:—

"STILL THEY COME. Among the late arrivals on the boats, from Maine, we are happy to meet our friends, Hon. Judges Fansworth, Thomas C. Jones and B. F. Baker, from Norridgewood, Jotham S. Malbon and brother, of Skowhegan, on the Kennebec—all gentlemen of enterprise, influence and means; just such men as are needed to engage in the opening enterprises of our young growing Territory. We learn that they have all made purchases and investments, at St. Anthony and Minneapolis. Mr. Jones goes into the brick making business, and his bricks will have the ring to them. For beauty and durability, Mr. Jones' bricks have never been excelled in Maine. Bricks are in good demand here, and a good article will command high prices.

The Messrs. Malbons have taken farms on the Reserve in the vicinity of St. Anthony, where they are doing a fine business at farming. They have selected very desirable locations, and such soil as would be a treat to our Eastern farmers to look upon."

RICH SPEECH.—The Indianapolis Journal gives an account of the speech made in that city recently by a Mr. Robinson, who was there as a delegate to the Democratic Convention. The speaker took high grounds in favor of the Nebraska bill, proving most conclusively that the Missouri compromise was no compromise at all, and that its repeal was no breach of faith. The Journal's account of what the speaker said on the whiskey question is rich, and we append it:

"Now is the time," says Mr. Robinson, "for the Democrats to take ground on this question. Shall we now help whiskey, which has so long helped us, or shall we basely leave the field and see our friend guttered before our eyes? Shall we not stand together, must we not stand together, since none of us can stand alone? Shall our party be sundered by the cry of sobriety or the fanaticism of decency? No! When my eyes shall be turned for the last time to behold the glass in its rounds, may they not see my friends distressed with differences and recklessly wasting, it may be, fraternal whiskey? May they not look upon a country blasted with cultivation, cursed with industry, and the barrel that holds its glory burst or even in ruin? But, on the contrary, may I see their banner, not defiled with those words of delusion and folly? What does all this liquor do, but blazon on all its ample folds, wherever it flutters in the town or in the country, that sentiment dear to every Democrat, 'Whiskey and Democracy, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

ONE OF THE MULES. We believe it was Triestam Burgess who stood with a Southerner on the steps of the Capitol, as a drove of mules was passing by, when the Southerner remarked, 'there goes a lot of Nankies!' 'Yes,' replied Triestam, 'they're going South to teach school!' One of that kind has lately turned up, as appears by the following delectable advertisement in the Richmond Examiner of June 9th:—

"A young man who has never read Uncle Tom's Cabin, and who will graduate in a private tutor or teacher of a classical school in some one of the Northern Southern States. He would prefer to be in or near a large village or town. Satisfactory references given both for character and ability. Address J. L. H. box 41, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me."

We willingly give the 'young man,' whose principal qualification as a teacher appears to be the fact that he never read Uncle Tom's Cabin, the benefit of our columns, and hope that he may be hired soon by some slaveholding family or corporation, as he is evidently one of those 'pliant and degenerate Greeks,' lately mentioned by the Examiner, who escape the effects of free institutions, are ready to be the flunkies of slaveholders, and whom the North can not get rid of too soon!

He leaves his country for his country's good!

We regret that his name can not be rescued from the obscurity of initials and given to the eye of the sun. It may be set down, as the dearest of dead certainties, that he is known to classmates particularly, as having grown fully in everything that is sneaking and menial, until he is a rotten ripe for change.

Like a peach that's got the gall, with the meanness basking out!

The Examiner lately said that the killing of Yankee schoolmasters was a highly meritorious and necessary act, and if the editor had this particular typed in his mind's eye, and only meant to include in the generic term of 'Yankee schoolmasters' such creatures as he, we are really disposed to be, charitable, with the judgement, and are almost tempted to agree with him.—[Boston Commonwealth.]

A SMART BOY.—Dr. Wayland, of Brown University, had a boy, about six years old, who was anything but a fool. The doctor placed him under the care of one of the students, with the charge that he should not go out, without permission from his tutor.

"May I go out?" at length inquired, poor

No, was the laconic reply.

A few minutes' pause followed.

"May I go out?" again inquired the boy.

No! was again the response.

The miniature edition of the doctor slowly rose from his seat, took up his cap, and pushed for the door.

"Stop," said the tutor, "do you know what

"No," means?"

"Yes," said Charley, "it is a particle of ragation, and two of them coming together are equivalent to an affirmative."

His wit was his passport.

At a meeting of Missouri slaveholders, held at Westport, it was resolved to take and hold lands in Nebraska and Kansas, and that they would take with them their slaves, and hold them, peacefully if they could, and by force if necessary. The movement was started expressly to effect the free emigration movement at the North. They recommended an organization throughout Missouri and Arkansas, to the same end, and to proceed to take and hold lands.

The steward and his wife named Allison, who were to be faithfully injured by the infernal

machine in Cincinnati, but he died.—It is said that a fellow named Conwell committed a murder some time since, and that Allison was acquainted with the fact—consequently it is supposed that Conwell desired to take Allison's life.

Reveries of the Church Sexton.

"Splendid day! Well, have quite a turn out. There's nothing like sunshine to draw an audience. It's better than all the popular preachers that ever were born. Oh! there's my memorandum book; I'd like to have forgotten it, and if then directions hadn't been tended to, most likely I should have lost my place. Let's see. [Takes out a memorandum and reads.]

"By order of Judge R. the woman who squints and chews cardamon seeds is not to be put in the seat in front of him."

"By order of Judge R. the young man who ogles his daughter and wears plaid pants is to be put somewhere on the other side of the church."

"By order of the vestry Miss Prudence Prim the young man whose clothes smell of cigars and brandy, shall be set behind her."

The request of Mr. A. mechanic, that strangers be not shown into his parlor to be attended to, if convenient.

"Quite a chapter, anyhow. But people are beginning to streak in. There's two young women waiting. Common sort of folks I guess, gentility don't come quite so early as this.—Have a seat, marm. She says with a bow, if you please, sir. No matter, politeness is a cheap article, it don't cost nothing. So here goes the two women into one of the back wall pews. Here's two more birds of the same feather; woolen shawl, straw bonnets, and cotton gloves; wall pew, from the door good enough in all conscience."

"Ah! there's a bride, satin velvet, and white kids; fine broadcloth and white vest.—Shall I have the pleasure of showing you some seats? They must have some first-rate seats, for they are evidently somebody. What a difference there is in folks!"

"Now there's a dressmaker and a school-mistress, nobody. Back seats good enough. Two young lawyers—somebody; I must find a seat in the middle aisle. A rich widow—somebody—middle aisle. A broken down minister, coat rather seedy, cravat rather coarse—nobody—side aisle. Six fashionable boarding school girls—somebody—middle aisle, if possible. Roughed cheeks, but a splendid silk cloak, somebody—middle aisle. An apprentice boy, decent looking, but a nobody—side aisle."

"Wholly say I ain't a judge of human nature! Don't know who a man is the minute I see him."

"Now there's one of our best old fellows coming. Don't I set him down as a nobody, and won't he be glad to get any kind of a seat? I'll show folks that I understand my business. Have a seat, sir."

"Confound my ill luck, just as I was putting him into one of the poorest seats in my house, along comes Judge R., who, spying him, comes up and says, 'Ah! how do you do, Governor R.?' Takes a seat with me, sir; my wife will rejoice to meet you. Shaking hands with the seedy coat, he looked daggers at me, and I, but a forerunner I've long my place. You'd better thought the old fellow was an ex-governor? But that comes of looking as much as a schoolmaster, and dressing like a wood sawyer. Why don't folks as might so, hold up their heads and be somebody?"

Riot in Manchester, N. H., July 5.—On the night of the 3d and morning of the 4th a serious riot took place in this city, between the Irish and Americans, which resulted in destruction of property and personal injury.

About midnight, on Tuesday, the Irish kindled bonfires in the part of the city they most inhabit, and Americans passing were attacked and insulted. At 2 A. M. on the 4th an American was knocked down with a brick and nearly killed. The Irish next proceeded to break windows in a building owned by Marshall & Cheney. About 500 Americans then gathered and attacked the Irish, breaking into some twelve or fifteen houses, destroyed the furniture and compelled the Irish to leave. They then attacked the Catholic Church, and broke in all the windows before the riot ceased. Seven or eight Americans were injured in the fight, but no one fatally. The authorities have taken prompt measures to preserve the peace.

"OLD PRAX." Some of the students of the Indiana State University were suspected to be in the habit of drinking brandy. Where they obtained it was a mystery. Dr. Dyer determined to ferret out the mystery. "Calling into a small drug store, the proprietor asked him 'how that sick student, Mr. Carter, came on?' Smelling a rat, the Doctor answered in an evasive manner, and soon drew out of the apothecary that students under suspicion had been in the habit of purchasing brandy for a sick student by the name of Carter; that he was quite low, and was kept alive by stimulants; that the young gentlemen seemed very much devoted to him. 'Now the secret was out! This Carter was a scoundrel character, and the doctor had the secret! However, he kept his own counsel. The next time the students assembled in the chapel for prayers, he cast his eye over the crowd and satisfied himself that Carter's wires were all present. The devotion were duly conducted, and then he called the attention of the students, remarking that he had a maternal task to perform; as President of the University it became his duty to announce the death of their fellow-student, Mr. Carter. After a lingering illness of several weeks, a portion of which time he was only kept alive by stimulants; he had breathed his last! He had no doubt this announcement would fall heavily on the ears of those who had so faithfully reflected upon the oft repeated words 'Memento Mori'—that he would no longer detain, but leave them to their own reflections! The result of this announcement was startling. None of the professors, and but few of the students, had ever heard of Carter. Who he he? was whispered. None knew but the kind friends who attended him, and they wouldn't tell; and the President seemed so deeply affected they didn't like to ask him.

DO SWALLOWS KILL BIRDS? I noticed an article in the Ruralist, from D. N. Glass, stating that swallows would kill bees. This is undoubtedly so; they will kill the drones, which are about twice the size of the workers, and have no stinger, but they will not kill the workers, as the stinger, in my opinion, would cause death. The drones leave the hive from 12 till 3 o'clock, at which time you will see the swallows selecting out their game. Swallows never meddle with bees until the drones make their appearance, which is about the 1st of June; they are the worst in July. I have kept bees for ten years, and believe swallows to be a benefit to bee men rather than an injury.

FRANK THE SKAT ON WAX.—The arrival of the American at Halifax yesterday morning was telegraphed to the Portland Advertiser. The principal item of news is the raising of the siege of Silistra and the defeat of the Russians.

