



11-25-1854

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 19): November 25, 1854

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. 08, No. 19): November 25, 1854" (1854). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 382.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/382

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 DOCTOR'S WOOLING.

Strange that the rich, June sun, which gilds the freshest and most beautiful of scenes, should also rise upon petty troubles and small afflictions—troubles which the tragedian passes by with as much contempt as men of war would regard an army of mosquitoes; and yet in their small, stinging way, they are quite as annoying.

The sun, on this particular June morning, shone on the noble trees and extensive buildings of Peach Vale, which name always rightly suggested delicious loads of blushing fruit; but alas! it was now without the useful machinery of servants, every one, except the coachman, having taken it into their heads to depart—and go they did, leaving the two ladies in a dilemma from which extrication seemed impossible.

"The two ladies," in question, were the sisters of Mr. Edward Markwald, the owner of Peach Vale, and both very charming in their different styles. Mrs. Clenholme, the eldest, was very fair and languid-looking, with a die-away expression in her drooping eyes that had been pronounced "very taking"; any exertion beyond that of turning her diamonds to the light, and arranging the numerous bracelets on those stately-looking arms of hers, always completely unnerved her; so, she threw handsome shawls over her shoulders, and played picture-looking with immense disdain on those unfortunate whose lack of charms obliged them to resort to animation. Mr. Clenholme was a person with no particular characteristic save that of wealth; and, as he was quite overshadowed by his splendid wife, people often mentioned them as "Mrs. and Mr. Clenholme."

Susan Markwald was a pretty brunette, with sufficient animation in her dark eyes to contradict her usual expression of indolence. She had always been petted, ever since she could remember; and the grave, elderly brother, for whom she performed the nominal office of housekeeper, was quite disposed to indulge her to the fullest extent. Susan was extremely independent, and received a great deal of admiration without troubling herself in the least about it; her brother's well-known wealth, of which it was supposed that she would eventually become possessor and her own charms were quite sufficient.

But all her relations were as much troubled that Susan should have reached the age of twenty, in a state of single blessedness as though there had been something highly improper in it. Grandma had almost ceased to reiterate the fact that "she was married at seven"—mournfully reflecting that it was out of Susan's power to emulate so bright an example; aunts and uncles wondered when Susan would settle; and the elegant Clarice, the languid proprietress of Paul Clenholme and his money bags, read her lectures innumerable upon the subject.

But every candidate who seemed at all in earnest for the honor of Susan's hand, was treated by them all much as his attendants treated the dishes served up to the Governor of Barataria—there was always some excellent reason why she should not take any; and Mrs. Clarice had set her heart upon so splendid a match, that it seemed more than doubtful if any one ever appeared whom she would consider worthy of her approval.

So matters stood on the morning in question; when the fragrant June air, that breathed around the precincts of Peach Vale, was rudely disturbed by the indignant tones of Biddy, the cook, who tramped down the avenue, calling loudly for "the perlice," and vowing vengeance on Susan, who had declined paying the lady a month's wages, which she had not earned.

But Biddy, whose perceptions were not remarkably clear, evidently considered herself entitled to a reward for going off without any warning; and she informed the birds of her numerous wrongs in a voice which sent the frightened warblers back to their nests. The great gate closed with a bang—a red shawl fluttering in the breeze, like a signal of distress, was the last sign of Biddy—and Peach Vale was cookless, chambermaidless and waterless. Their only hope was Thomas, and his ideas were closed to every subject but horses.

Here was a situation for the mistress of Peach Vale! A place that had an undisputed right to hang out a sign of "Free Entertainment for Man and Beast," for not a day passed but that the hospitable owner brought home several friends to admire his retreat.

Mrs. Clenholme sank into despair, which she probably imagined somewhere in the depths of a well cushioned sofa; and Susan laughed.

"Only to think!" exclaimed Clarice, drawing forth her richly ornamented vinaigrette. "there is that splendid fellow, Eustace Radworth, coming to-day, and what are we to do for dinner?"

"Give him a rural feast of strawberries and cream," observed Susan. "We could spread it under the trees, garnish it with flowers, and call it a fete champetre. As he is such an experienced traveller, he will appreciate originality."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her sister, angrily. "Do wish you would have a little sense, Susan! You seem to forget that this man is one of the most splendid matches in the United States."

"I don't care whether he is or not," rejoined Susan. "I don't see any reason why I should take the trouble to cook him up a dinner. What we are to do, though," she added, laughing, "is more than I can imagine. Of course, Thomas must pitch upon to-day to march off several miles about that mysterious hay business. I find that he had commenced his journey when the revolt in the kitchen took place—we shall not see him again until nightfall. Biddy has taken good care to leave no water, no wood, nor anything at all—dirt being the only article in which she has manifested any degree of generosity. There is no help for it, Clarice—Marie Antoinette and her court played at shepherdesses and villagers, and we shall have to play cook and waiter."

"Don't speak of it!" exclaimed her sister, nestling down among the cushions with the expression of a tragic queen.

Susan laughed at the protracted start of horror, and saw that the need exacted no help in that quarter; while Mrs. Clenholme closed her eyes, and wished in vain for the wings of a dove that she might fly away to Newport. This visiting one's relations in the country had its disadvantages.

"Now," exclaimed Susan, who had been waiting for a remarkable length of time, "as it is decidedly disagreeable to eat oneself in the kitchen, monarch of all one surveys, I intend to extract from the day's misfortune as much amusement as possible—and all that I ask of you, lady-sister mine, is that you will not expose my acting. I intend to have a little comedy, and try the various boxes who make their appearance."

"I do not approve of such plots," said Mrs. Clenholme, grandly, "they are decidedly vulgar."

"Vulgar, or not vulgar," rejoined Susan, "I do not intend to be won by a man, who is capable of being dazzled by wealth—and as you are all so anxious to get rid of me, it is but fair

VOL. VIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

THURSDAY, NOV. 25, 1854.

NO. 19.

that I should have some co-operation in my scheme for going off."

After a short absence, Susan returned to her sister; but, instead of being armed with a receipt-book, and a nice, white apron, suitable for kitchen work, she carried two novels, one of which she handed Clarice, saying: "I intend to make the visitors do the work." Mrs. Clenholme opened very widely a pair of charming eyes; but as she considered it decidedly Yankeeish to ask questions, she was soon deep in the pages of "Shirley." The morning hours sped swiftly on—the luscious hummed in the trees around Peach Vale—and undisturbed quiet reigned within.

The first visitor was Doctor Clefwood, who always came early. The doctor was a tall, fine-looking man, an excellent physician, with an extensive practice in a neighboring town; but very young ladies were impatient enough to term him "elderly," and bolder men were very apt to push him into the background. He was rather shy of ladies society; but he had followed our pretty friend, Susan, with a hopeful perseverance that was certainly deserving of success; and when she gave him a gentle refusal, he mournfully requested to be still regarded as a friend.

Susan had thought considerably on the subject since, and wondered why she could not like him better; but her brother declared that the doctor was too old and grave for her—Mrs. Clenholme scorned the idea of Susan's making such a hum-drum match—and the other relations, having frowned upon so many, had now quite got in the way of it, and considered it their duty to tighten away all candidates.

So, the doctor came the same as ever, and, as he stood there, fastening his horse to a tree, his hand shook nervously at the idea of seeing her whose face was mingled with all his thoughts—those words at their last meeting could have been accurately repeated at the next.

A brighter color came into Susan's cheek, as the doctor walked hesitatingly up the avenue, with the air of a man half doubtful of his reception; and she glanced at the folds of her white dress, and at the white rose on her bosom, as though anxious that all should be right; and then she rose, half-trembling, to receive the visitor.

Mrs. Clenholme's salutation was as though she had concluded to rise from the sofa and then thought better of it, and attempted to bow and thought better of that; for, having done neither one nor the other, she sank languidly back again.

"Doctor," said Susan, with a merry laugh, "do you not pity us? we have no servant."

"No servant!" he repeated, in a tone of the utmost concern. "Is it possible? Is there no way in which I can serve you? Do let me go to town and look for some."

"No, I thank you," replied Susan, with an attempt at embarrassment, "my brother will arrange these things to suit himself. We have been rather unfortunate, lately—but I will explain nothing, now," she added, "and if you will come into the kitchen and shell some peas, you will really do me a very great favor."

"With the utmost pleasure, my dear Miss Susan!" exclaimed the doctor, seeming to put his whole heart in what he said; and, springing from his seat with the greatest alacrity, he followed his fair taskmistress into the kitchen.

Mrs. Clenholme was surprised beyond expression, but her look of inquiry was only answered by the arch smiles from Susan; and having established Doctor Clefwood on one side of a wooden table, with a tin pan and a pile of peas before him, the young lady seated herself demurely on the other with a corresponding pile.

For some time no sound was heard save the rattling of the peas; but at length, the eyes of the workers met, and both laughed.

"Why, Miss Susan," observed the doctor, "you shell as dexterously as though you had always been used to it."

"It is well to adapt oneself to one's circumstances," replied Susan gravely, "I may have harder work than this."

At the mention of hard work, the doctor glanced at the small, beautifully moulded hands that gleamed so whitely among the pea-pods, and his eyes repeated the offer he had made before; but Susan could see nothing of the kind as she shelled away with new vigor.

At length the peas were ready for the pot; but there was no water for the peas, and no fire to heat the water—so, the doctor was despatched in quest of both. He looked supremely happy to be employed under Susan's direction; and the culinary department was progressing finely, when another help arrived.

This was a pretty-looking young man, who giggled as decidedly as any girl, and who indulged in a stream of small talk as monotonous as the roaring of the surf. "Mr. William Patterson," he called himself—"Billy," was the undignified sobriquet bestowed upon him by society in general.

Having once established himself in any house, as a visitor, he seemed to take firm root there, and to defy all attempts at expulsion; but those upon whom he thus fastened himself took good care to make him as useful as possible. Young ladies thought nothing of sending him out on commissions to buy sewing-silk, and all sorts of small wares; but, after being allowed to conduct attendance upon them for an indefinite period, had Billy asked any of them what their intentions were, they would have been extremely astonished. As to Billy's having any intentions of his own, the idea never entered their heads.

Notwithstanding the unflattering light in which he was received, the young gentleman was quite apt to boast of his conquests; but as he was useful and good natured, people were willing to put up with him, and only alluded to these revelations as "some of Billy's stories."

Mr. Patterson affected great flippancy in the choice of a wife; but, at Susan's feet he struck his colors in surrender, and, having considered her various advantages, decided that she was in every way worthy of him. Susan had to be sure, pronounced a very emphatic "no" to this presumptuous offer; but as he intended to make several more, this troubled him very little.

On excellent terms with himself and the world generally, he now arrived upon the scene of action; and Susan without the least feeling of remorse, immediately gave him the cloth to lay for dinner.

Billy was rather staggered at first, by the lady's implied poverty; but Susan looked so pretty and animated, as she issued her orders, and the doctor's undisguised admiration so excited his jealousy, that he magnanimously resolved to waive that consideration; and try again for the prize.

The doctor and Billy were both industriously

at work, when a superb-looking individual came sauntering up the avenue, as if impressed with the conviction that it required a great many improvements to be good enough for him to walk in. This was Eustace Radworth, Esq., the brilliant drawing-room illumination, before whom all other lights paled—the man who had travelled in all quarters of the globe—and whose chief recreation seemed to be that of despising every thing he saw!

A pair of intensely black eyes gleamed out from a mass of black hair, like those of a cat in the dark; and a mysterious aperture, as much concealed as those hidden entrances in the Arabian Nights, now and then opened to display interminable quantities of splendid teeth, through which issued a voice self-opinionated in the extreme.

Mrs. Clenholme was nervously agitated, at the state of affairs, when she beheld the pompous Mr. Radworth; and that gentleman evidently considered that he was condescending when he seated himself at her request.

Susan returned his greeting with perfect composure; and inwardly pronouncing him "detestable," went back to her assistants.

Dr. Clefwood felt very moderate ideas of happiness, for he felt very sorry to think that the dinner would at some period of the day, be finished; and Susan dilted around with a brighter face than usual.

Last of all, "brother Edward" made his appearance; and having shaken her head at her sister, and made a great many Masonic signs, Susan beguiled the gentleman of the house into a retired spot, and so seduced him with her eloquence, that he promised to swear to all she might choose to tell.

Dinner was soon announced; and Mr. Radworth felt considerable contempt for his entertainer's cuisine when he beheld the simple shoulder of lamb, and green peas, with which the table was set forth.

"Our servants left us very suddenly," said Mrs. Clenholme, apologetically, "and in the country, it is not easy to supply their place."

Mr. Radworth made no answering remark, but treated the company to a Barmecide feast, in which he warmed up the soup and fricasees of Paris with so much enthusiasm, that Susan felt not at all concerned at his want of appetite for the dinner before him. Such a mind was a continual feast.

Mr. Patterson, having discovered a white apron belonging to the last waiter, had chosen to discard his coat and adorn himself with it—fully confident that he possessed fair distinction which could not be mistaken, even in a servant's garb; but Mr. Radworth, whether purposely or not Susan had her suspicions, ordered him about as though he had been the genuine article, and invariably misunderstood all explanations. Poor Billy found his office no secure; and was placed in so ridiculous a position that the company could scarcely restrain their laughter.

After dinner, those who were inclined strolled through the grounds; and Susan most unwillingly found herself paired with Mr. Radworth.

"This must be excessively unpleasant," observed the travelled man, referring to the departure of the servants; "now, in Paris, one is not subject to anything of that sort."

"Paris and America are different places," replied Susan, with a smile; "but in any place servants expect to be paid—and if my brother is not able to support so expensive an establishment, I am perfectly willing to reduce it."

Mr. Radworth looked at the speaker in surprise. Mr. Markwald's wealth had been his chief inducement for the trouble of paying a visit to Peach Vale; and if this had taken to itself wings and flown away, the sooner that he followed suit the better. He entertained a perfect horror of an active, enterprising American girl; Mrs. Clenholme suited his fancies much better; and wishing that she were single, with an income of twenty thousand Mr. Radworth took his departure.

Her sister was seriously angry, and upbraided her in no measured terms; but her brother declared that she was perfectly in the right of it, and he was glad that the fellow had been dismissed; and Susan turned to the doctor with a light in her eye that almost put hope in his timid nature.

Mr. Patterson had also taken his departure—his dignity had been seriously ruffled; but Dr. Clefwood stayed to get tea. He and Susan had a charming moonlight ramble down the old avenue of elms; and, when they returned, the rose that had bloomed on Susan's bosom was transferred to the button hole of her companion.

He could not help it—he had not meant, he said, to tire her with his unwelcome suit again—but, perhaps, her brother's misfortunes might have troubled her—and so—

But Susan looked up at him with a smile that thrilled through his heart; and leaning her hand on his shoulder, as though it were a most natural resting-place, she laughed, as she told that their only "misfortune" was the faithlessness of their servants.

And the two walked on, as though they feared it was all a dream which a return to the house might break; but "brother Edward" came quite unexpectedly upon them, to the embarrassment of both parties; when, finding that he could not pretend to see it, he wrung the doctor's hand, and declared that he was the only one who really deserved Susan.

Mrs. Clenholme was incoherently and bewailed Susan's fate as though she had been bewitched by some Othello; but her sister would laughingly tell her that, with such a husband, servants might act as they pleased—she would never be obliged to get dinner.

The relations said "they had always prophesied that Susan would go through the field, and pick up a crooked stick at last; and they were very certain, if she had taken their advice she might have done better."

Mr. Radworth, having repented his haste when too late, kept up his search for a fortune until he found himself linked to a wife with an income of twenty thousand a year, whom he was ashamed to introduce anywhere.

He often passed the doctor, looking so proud and contented, with Susan beside him; and wished in vain that he had possessed that gentleman's talent for shelling peas.

A NEW ART.—Mr. L. Whipple of Boston, has just patented in almost every civilized country, a method of printing on glass, which opens up a wide field for mechanical industry and ornamental taste, by re-producing rapidly and cheaply on the surface of glass, vessels of any usual form, or even upon ordinary window glass, any device, motto, landscape or portrait, which may be desired. This method of en-

graving is purely mechanical, no acid or other corroding agent being employed except the preparation of patterns. The articles ornamented are exactly alike, the method being capable of transferring to glass fine lines or points, and even delicate shades, with a fidelity approaching closely to wood engraving. Ordinary glass globes, whether cylindrical, conical or hemispherical, are printed with equal facility; a globe being completed in from three to ten minutes. Inequality in the surface are no obstacle to perfect work. It is estimated that one girl will be able to attend to four machines, thus engraving from two to seven dozen per hour. The machine itself is the perfection of simplicity and durability.

THE SABBATH.

Fish glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing tail,
How motionless and still.

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain,
A God hath made thee free.

Ah, tender was the law that gave
This holy respite to thy breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentler glide,
What image charms to lift thine eyes!
The spirit reflected on the tide
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its noblest worth,
This rest from mortal toil is given;
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth
And pass—a guest in heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with justice rare,
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath soothed the hour;
Each one that claims power in Man,
But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven at least,
The bright republic shall be known;
Man's world while hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims his own.

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall;
The seventh the Father opens the door,
And bids his feast for all.

Politics and the Pulpit.

We have no doubt that a rigorous landlord, having sharked it all the week, screwing and gripping among his tenants, would be better pleased on Sunday, to doze through an able Gospel sermon on Divine Mysteries, than to be kept awake by a practical sermon that might treat of the duties of a Christian landlord.

A broker, who has gambled on a magnificent scale all the week, does not go to church to have his practical swindling analyzed and measured by the "New Testament" spirit. Catechism is what he wants—doctrine is to his taste.

A merchant, whose last bale of smuggled goods was safely stored on Saturday night, and his brother merchant, who, on that same day, swore a false invoice through the custom-house—they go to church to hear a sermon on faith, on angels, on the resurrection. They have nothing invested in those subjects, they expect the minister to be bold and orthodox.

But if he wants respectable merchants to pay ample penance, let him not vulgarize the pulpit by introducing commercial subjects. A rich Christian broker owns largely in a distillery, and is clamorous about letting down the pulpit to the vulgar of temperance sermons. Another man buys tax titles, and noses about all the week, see who can be slipped out of a neglected lot. A mechanic who plies his craft with the unscrupulous aplomb of every means that will win, he too, wants doctrine on the Sabbath, not these secular questions.

Men with two departments in life—the secular and the religious. Between them a high wall and opaque is to be built. They wish to do just what they please for six long days—Then stepping on the other side of the wall, they wish the minister to assuage their fears, to comfort their conscience, and furnish them a clear ticket and insurance for heaven. By such a shrewd management, our modern financiers are determined to show that a Christian can serve two masters, both God and Mammon at the same time.—[Rev. H. W. Beecher, in Independent.]

WHO ROB ORCHARDS.—In a certain village of the far West was an Atheist. He was a great admirer of Dale Owen and Fanny Wright but he could see no beauty in the Sun of Righteousness. This man, of course never entered any place of worship. Indeed, in fruit season, he was specially busy on the Sabbath in defending his orchards from his great enemies, the woodpecker, and the idle prodigal persons of the village, who on that day usually made sad havoc among his apples and peaches.

One day, while at work with his son-in-law—an Atheist like himself, although a more kind and courteous gentleman—as a pastor of a congregation was passing, he very duly accosted the minister, thus:

"Sir, what is the use of your preaching?—What good do you by it? Why don't you teach these fellows better morals? Why don't you tell them something about stealing in your sermons, and keep them from robbing my orchard?"

To this the minister pleasantly replied:

"My dear sir, I am sorry that you are so annoyed, and I would most willingly read the fellows who rob your orchard a lecture on thieving, but the truth is they are so like you and the Major here, that I never get a chance."

"Good, good," replied the Major laughing; on which the elder Atheist, blushed a little, and in an apologetic tone, said:

"Well, well, I believe it is true enough, it is not the church going people that steal my apples."

THE MORMONS.—While we are talking of popular sovereignty in territories, and the unconstitutionality of governmental interference therein, it will be well to consider what is soon to be done about Brigham Young and his Mormons. Shall we suffer them to set up a Turkish government for themselves, and defy any governor, judges and other magistrates sent out to them? Shall Young be borne with in his threat, that every man who comes to impose upon his people, whoever he may be, and by whomsoever sent, thereby lays the axe to the root of the tree to kill himself, and had better be careful how he comes to Utah, lest he shall meet his little finger?

Has not our government a right to govern in the territories, and crush this insufferable insolence and dangerous anomaly? Shall Utah ever be admitted to the Union, so long as polygamy continues to be the abomination of Mor-

mon legislation? These people must be shown their duty and place decidedly, firmly. [Newark Advertiser.]

SELF-POSSESSION.—Years ago an unknown correspondent to a city paper gave the following anecdote of the olden time:—

"When the town of Woodstock, Connecticut, first began to be settled, there was a time when the few and scattered families were filled with the dreadful apprehension of being taken and perhaps killed or carried off by the Indians."

No man retired at night without first having his gun well loaded and placed over his head where he could seize it instantly. With these and other precautions, one of these brave men and his no less brave companion on a certain night retired to bed. In the dead of night they were simultaneously awakened by an unusual noise around the house. They listened; presently they heard it again; it sounded like a slight knocking against the window shutter at the opposite end of the house. The man seized his gun and boldly entered the apartment whence the noise proceeded, and in thunder tones demanded:

"Who's there?"

A gentle voice, which he well knew, replied: "I am your neighbor, and have come to get some medicine for one of my children that is sick."

He lowered his gun and turned to go and replace it over his bed, almost in vain struggling as he went to let his courage down and to calm his perturbed feelings, as he entered his bedroom, he discovered his wife deliberately changing her inner garment.

"Pray, what are you about," he exclaimed, "at such a time as this?"

"Why," she replied, "you see what I am about don't you? I wasn't a going off among the Indians without clean clothes on, I would have you to know."

The following anecdote reminds us of the late Rowland Hill; it is told of a celebrated dissenting minister at Cambridge, the Rev. Mr. Robinson:

Upon one occasion when he was preaching, he dropped the immediate subject of his discourse, and made this observation: "It is a rule with me never to use an expression which the humblest of my hearers cannot understand. I have just made use of the term *ocular demonstration*; I will explain it to you. I look in the table-pew, and I see a young man in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat fast asleep."

On pronouncing the last two words he raised his voice considerably, and all eyes being attracted to the unfortunate sleeper, he added in a lower tone, "Of that I have *ocular demonstration*." He then resumed his discourse in his accustomed manner.

EVILS OF WAR.—I cannot now, as I once did, talk lightly, thoughtlessly, of fighting with this or that nation. That nation is no longer an abstraction to me. It is no longer a vague mass. It spreads out before me into individuals, in a thousand interesting forms and relations. It consists of husbands and wives, parents and children, who love one another as I love my own home. It consists of affectionate women and sweet children. It consists of Christians united with me to the common Saviour, and in whose spirit I recognize the likeness of his divine virtue. It consists of a vast multitude of laborers at the plough and in the workshop, whose toils I sympathize with, whose burthen I should rejoice to lighten, and for whose elevation I have pleaded. It consists of men of science, taste, genius, whose writings have beguiled my solitary hours, and given life to my intellectual and best affections. Here is the nation which I am called to fight with, into whose families I must send mourning, whose fall of humiliation I must seek through blood. I cannot do it without a clear commission from God.—[Channing.]

THE RIGHTS OF THROUGH RAILROAD PASSENGERS TO THEIR SEATS.—The New York Tribune notices an important decision recently rendered by the Maine Court in that City, in reference to the rights of through passengers to their seats in Railroad cars:

"Two men sued the Hudson River Railroad Company for \$500 damages each for assault and false imprisonment. The facts are, that they came on the cars at Sing Sing, where they had drunk more rum than was necessary to improve their manners. The seats in the cars were all occupied, but a gentleman had left his seat to enjoy a cigar in the baggage car, and this seat the plaintiffs took possession of and refused to give it up when called upon, and when applied to by the conductor used profane and obscene language, offensive to ladies. Upon this the Conductor, with necessary assistance, ejected the parties from their seats, and to prevent their challenges confined them in a small room until the train arrived in the city. For this the action was brought. The Court justified the action of the conductor and dismissed the suit."

MR. BARNUM AND HIS HUMBUGS.—We are pleased to see the comments of many of our contemporaries upon Mr. F. T. Barnum's recent impudent speech before an agricultural society in Connecticut. He paraded his shame in that address, in a manner the most audacious. His success in making money by practicing on the honest credulity of the community, already has had, doubtless, a very pernicious influence upon the young. And now, if he is encouraged by the press, and by religious teachers, in narrating in a volume how he deceived the public by brazen misrepresentations relative to Joyce Keth, the Fejee Mermaid, the Woolly Horse, &c., the consequence may be most injurious. Shall we see the attempt made to teach our youth that a lie is a very harmless thing, so it "pays"—and not rebuke it with a voice of mingled contempt and indignation? For our part, we would almost as lief put poison into the hands of a child, as a volume based upon that meanest of all principles—Make money, honestly if you can, but make money!—[Sat. Eve. Post.]

K. N. MEETING IN WORCESTER.—On Monday evening there was a large and enthusiastic meeting of our K. N. citizens, in the City Hall, to receive the election returns, as they came in from the other parts of the State, and to congratulate one another on the result of the election. The hall was crowded, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Mr. H. K. Flagg was called to the chair, and several gentlemen made stirring speeches.

There was one episode of the meeting which is worthy of especial notice, as indicating the sentiment of the audience on the question of slavery. Mr. Watkins, assistant editor of Fred-

eric Douglas's paper, made a few remarks, which were received with cheers by the audience. He stated that the colored citizens generally, had voted the "American" ticket in Massachusetts, on Monday; and he wanted to know, in return for their voting, how this meeting felt on the subject of slavery. The chairman stated that the American party knew no distinction amongst American citizens, no matter what was the color of their skins, or their condition in society. This sentiment was received with loud applause.

The tone and spirit of the meeting were of the most radical anti-slavery character. Harshness in all its forms and phases, was condemned, and the words of freedom were hailed with much cheering. It was one of the most spirited anti-slavery meetings that has been held in our city for the last year.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.—The armament now building to operate against the Russians in the Baltic at the opening of the Spring campaign includes 35 vessels; namely five floating-batteries, the decks covered with iron plates eight inches thick, rendering them perfectly ball and bomb proof (these vessels will be armed with six of the long range guns on the Lancaster principle); 10 bomb-vessels, to be armed with from two to three mortars of the most powerful description; and 20 gun-boats, drawing about four feet of water, the latter being specially intended for service in the River Neva.

The Emperor of Russia, before his sons, Michael and Nicholas, left for Bessarabia, gave them his solemn blessing, in the presence of 30,000 men forming the reserves of the Imperial Guard. After the ceremony was over, the Emperor knelt down; his sons imitated his example, and at the word of command the 30,000 guardsmen did the same.

Reinforcements to the number of 4,000 were to be sent from England, within a week (Oct. 30th.) to make up for the casualties of the campaign, this will bring up the British contingent to the strength originally sent out, namely, 30,000 infantry, with the usual proportion of cavalry and artillery. "Without," says the London Observer, "being too much disposed to take a gloomy view of the subject, it is impossible to deny that great casualties must have taken place in an army of little more than 30,000, from war and pestilence, to require to be recruited by 4,000 men to fill up the deficiencies caused in the ranks. So it is however."

TUFTS COLLEGE.—Rev. Otis A. Skinner makes the following announcement in the Christian Freeman:

The following gentlemen are to constitute the faculty of Tufts college for the first year: Rev. Hosen Ballou, 2d, D. D., President, Professor of History, Ancient and Modern Geography, Natural and Revealed Religion.

William F. Drew, B. A., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages.

John P. Marshall, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences.

Benj. F. Tweed, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric, Logic, and Education.

Enoch C. Rolfe, M. D., Professor of Hygiene and Physiology.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.—The Bangor Mercury tells the following anecdote of Richardson, of Illinois:

"But Richardson, although he put the Nebraska bill through the House in many respects a gallant fellow. We remember having heard an anecdote of him, referring to one time when he was prosecuting attorney in one of the counties in Illinois. A wealthy rascal had been indicted for some offence, and before the case came on trial, the offender came into Mr. Richardson's office, and laying on the table a \$50 bill, said—'I reckon, Squire, that little indictment had better be *no-prod*.' 'I got up,' says Richardson, 'and thrust the fifty dollar bill back to him with one hand, and took him by the collar with the other, and put him down stairs full as fast as he came up. I was glad I did so quick.' He added humorously, 'for I was short about that time, and the \$50 bill looked mighty good.'"

AN ILLUSTRATION. A visitor going lately into a free school, in New England during the half yearly examination, noticed two fine looking boys, one of whom had taken the first prize and the other the second.

"Those are two fine looking fellows," he said to the teacher; "I suppose they belong to the higher class of society."

"That is not the way we class our boys," the teacher said; "we follow the old maxim of 'handsome is who handsome does.' The boy who took the first prize is the son of the man who saws my wood; the one who took the second is the son of the Vice President of the United States."

