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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 33): March 1, 1855

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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have brought. Perhaps I can sleep, I did not  
rest much last night.' As I spoke I could not  
help thinking how pretty she looked, with her

er'ing the room, had not noticed how ill I was.

arrest us, or to collect the fines imposed upon

and sending them forth to the abolitionists of

We may live without a brother, but not  
 without a friend.



# WORKING HANDS; OR, JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

BY JUNE.

(Continued from first page, unexpedited.)

"I had no proof that Susan loved me; her companionate nature would have dictated all the kindness I had received; but she had pitied me—she did not despise me; and this certainty, with the sweet consciousness of returning health, raised my spirits to their usual level of youth and hope."

"A few days after this—what shall I call it?—reversing of my life, Mr. Kendall came down from the village, with the news that Miss Denyar had returned, and would re-open her school for young ladies, on the first of September."

"Oh! I should delight to go to school there again," cried Cora, with enthusiasm; "I shall go, dear Papa?"

"Why, I was thinking," he said, "as you have been so much already, and Susan never has had a chance to schooling, since she was a little girl, she ought to go now, and you take her place, and help your mother."

"Yes, said Cora, could do anything to help me, she ain't strong enough. It would make her sick, to take hold of the life of the work," said Mrs. Kendall.

"Then we must hire a girl; for Susan shall go to school, that's fixed—if she wants to; hey Susan?"

"I do want to very much, father; and the gratified look which lighted her sweet, earnest face, showed, more than words, the interest she felt. But her mother was not satisfied."

"If Susan was a rich man's daughter, and going into company all her life, it might be worth while; but as 'tis, it does seem a waste of time to be hunting up stones and weeds, and learning hard names for them; besides, if Susan learns all the high-down things Miss Denyar teaches, she wouldn't be a bit different—You'd never know by her ways, she knew anything more than common folks."

"But education's a great thing, wife, we that never had much can't judge about it."

"I know," she replied, "folks are thought more on for being educated, and I'd be glad Susan should have her way, if 'twasn't for the work. Now Cora could be spared just as well as not, and she has a natural turn that way, too."

"As for the work," answered Mr. K., "you shall have plenty of help, so Susan, see that you are all ready to go by September."

"Mrs. K. evidently had her own thoughts with regard to help, but she did not express them, and the subject seemed settled."

"Well, Susan, I should think you meant to do up the family's sewing for at least ten years to come," said Cora, one sultry day, about three weeks after the conversation above recorded, and as she leaned back in her rocking chair, and surveyed the pile of shirts her sister was cutting out.

"Papa won't want any shirts till next summer, if he does them—and the piles of towels, sheets and pillow-slips—" Susan, added the lively girl, suddenly interrupting herself, "a thought has struck me. Are you going to perpetrate matrimony, and housekeep immediately?"

"Not exactly," was the laughing answer; "but I make these things because I've nothing else to do now."

"Why, then, I'd treat myself to a little leisure, what's become of your penchant for hermit walks? You haven't been to the pine woods for near a month."

"It's too warm to-day, I should be melted before I reached them."

"Nevertheless, the work stopped, while she cast one long look at the cool depths and shadows of that magnificent forest, which I had watched, yearningly through many a sultry noon."

"Well, you might read the last Harper; that story of Leticia Arnold which interested you so much, is concluded. I should like to take it over to Mrs. Herrick, after tea."

"Never mind me, I don't care about reading this number; it will have time to finish it before I shall want it."

"And thus it was, for weeks, Susan redoubled her usual industry, hardly allowing herself time to eat. I began to feel professionally anxious about her health, as early and late she slipped the swift needle, or flitted about her household task, often with playful force driving her industrious mother from the kitchen; but her eyes grew brighter, her rose cheeks fresher, and her step more elastic than ever."

"All there was a power which I had not taken into my estimate of the forces of nature—enthusiasm, which none would expect under that calm demeanor; the pleasure with which she looked forward to the opportunity for study and improvement, made heavy labor light to her."

"It seemed as if the utmost hope of her life was about to be realized, and she thought nothing too hard to do for those who might suffer inconvenience from her approaching absence."

"I saw Beeman to-day," said Mrs. Kendall, "and he says he'll have a gang of hands here to cover my new barn, by the twenty-ninth, I told I couldn't have the frame exposed to the weather any longer; when that's done, I want the east barn shingled over, and other little jobs tended to, so we shall have carpenters here a most all the fall."

"Mrs. Kendall sighed heavily; she was not strong, and moreover, had a special headache that day. Susan looked at her with tender concern."

"If Susan wasn't going away I could be different, but I don't see how I possibly get along and do the work for them."

"Why, Susan ain't the only person in the world that can wash dishes and cook. I'll get you a girl before they come. Miss Herrick says we can hire Mitty Dingwell, that helped there while she was sick. I'll go and bespeak her to-morrow."

"Mitty Dingwell, indeed! I wouldn't have her round the house for her weight in gold—I don't see how Miss Herrick could put up with her dirty ways. Why, I saw her with my own eyes washing the candlesticks with the dishes!"

"Thus with unvoiced energy spoke Mrs. K., who was a pink, I had almost said 'thorn,' of neatness in her domestic affairs. 'I made up my mind, when Irish Nora was here, that I never would have another hired girl in my house, nor I won't, so long as I can put one foot before the other. I can drag through with the work some way or other, she added with a weary sigh."

"That you needn't Susan, I wouldn't have her round the house for her weight in gold—I don't see how Miss Herrick could put up with her dirty ways. Why, I saw her with my own eyes washing the candlesticks with the dishes!"

in a low, constrained tone, with her hand upon the door, through which she immediately passed—could none of them guess why?

"I wish you wasn't so particular, wife, if a pity Susan has to give up everything she likes."

"I don't think Susan cares very much about going to school, she said very little about it," remarked Cora, indifferently.

"You heard her say she'd rather stay?" said the mother.

And so the sacrifice was accepted, without a word of thanks, without the slightest appreciation of the generous deception which concealed her bitter disappointment. Thus ended her weeks of hopeful, unnoticed toil! Dear girl! how my heart yearned to follow her, to tell her how noble and disinterested, how angelic she was. I watched, impatiently for her re-appearance in the morning. How could she help shining through her assumed cheerfulness, the shadow in her eyes, and the tone to her voice, which told so touchingly of secret tears. She had sacrificed, not her pleasure or ease, but her mind—the opportunity of mental development—to serve those she loved. Were they worthy of it! Did they deserve that such wealth of devotion should be poured out for them, the unappreciative, who seemed wholly unconscious that they had received any favor, who returned for her rich love not even a caress.

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## OUR TABLE.

REVIEW.—The January number has just reached us. The contents are—1. Parliamentary opposition. 2. Cardinal Mazzanti. 3. Chas. V. 4. Modern French Literature. 5. Siege of Rhodes in 1480. 6. Private Bill Legislation. 7. Mount Athos and its Monasteries. 8. Marsden's History of the Paritans. 9. The War in the Crimea.

This number commences a new volume. L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold street, New York, republish the Westminster, London, Edinburgh, and North British Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine, at the following rates.—Any one Review or Blackwood, \$3 a year; Blackwood and one Review, or any two Reviews, \$5. Blackwood and three Reviews, \$9. The four Reviews and Blackwood, \$10. Postage on each Review, 14 cents a year; on Blackwood, 24 cents a year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—The enlargement of this magazine has lengthened its weekly table of contents that we cannot enumerate a title of the articles; and while the matter has increased in quantity, its quality is no less excellent than before. No. 361, among other good things, contains an interesting article on the Last Arctic Voyagers, by Dr. Roe; The Waits, a charming Christmas story; The Jewish Subjects of the Czar; a biographical sketch of Anna Saba, &c. &c. No. 362 contains a highly interesting biography of Cardinal Mazzanti, an eminent linguist; a notice of Van de Valde's Travels; The Second Baby, &c. &c. In addition to numerous shorter pieces, poetry, &c., many interesting articles relative to the war will be found in both numbers. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co. Boston, at \$6 a year; 12 1/2 cents a single number. Sixty-four octavo pages of choice reading for twelve and a half cents is not dear.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This is the title of a new claimant for popular favor, the publication of which has just been commenced in Boston. Its aim, say the publishers, will be to represent the American element in the politics and literature of our country, and they promise, if supported, to furnish the handsomest and most readable magazine in the world—"one which shall expand the mind, elevate the thoughts, and make glad the hearts of all who may peruse its pages." Each number will be embellished by a portrait of one of the prominent men in the American organization, accompanied by a biographical sketch. In its pages will be presented national and local news and stories of every-day life; sketches of travel and adventures; incidents, essays, scientific and statistical researches; general intelligence of the day; editorial digest of the various subjects of interest, political and social; anecdotes, whisticalities, &c. A good magazine of this character will not fail of receiving a generous support. Published in numbers of 128 pages each, by James S. Tuttle & Co., at \$3 a year.

MESSRS. MAXHAM AND WING.—In your paper of Jan. 25th, you did me the favor to publish, without comment, the following pledge; it is an affair of my own, which I intend to prosecute during my natural life, before the close of which I hope to have the pleasure of seeing our Government administered by the men committed to this Pledge:

The undersigned, citizens of the United States of America, believing that oppressive government is the legitimate offspring of Ignorance and Wickedness in the governed, and that Education is the only remedy for the former, and a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures the best remedy for the latter, pledge ourselves and our sacred honors, each to the other, to our country and the world, that each in the exercise of his own judgment as to means, we will severally and collectively use our influence and endeavors to provide for the education of every human being in our land, and encourage the reading of the Holy Scriptures, consisting of the Old and New Testaments; and we further pledge ourselves never to vote for any candidate for office, whether town, county, state, or national, who will neither subscribe to the sentiments above expressed nor practically enforce them in the discharge of all official duties which he may be elected to perform.

The Eastern Argus of the 19th inst. contains a copy of the same, taken from your paper, with a half a column of comments, which show the morbid condition of the Argus, supported by and acting as a tool of Franklin Pierce, or his administration. Why should the Argus publish such a pledge with such comments unless it is to show its zeal to condemn all that is good, and more especially anything which might not be approved by its Southern masters? The Argus man sees at once that if a majority of the voters of this State should be pledged to vote in accordance with the principles of this pledge the electoral vote of Maine never could be given for any Southern candidate for the presidency, who might be the owner of human chattels, from whom the means of learning and the opportunity of reading the Bible would be withheld—also, that the office-seeking Roman Catholic who would keep the ignorant Irishman from the light of the scriptures would find no favor with our people. But the publishers of the Argus are like the silver-smiths of Ephesus who cried out: "Great is Diana," for by their worship of the slave-power, and support of foreign influence in our midst, it is that they get their gains.

However corrupt the Argus man may be, he is not without discernment; he knows that "Great Oaks from little Acorns grow," and that this pledge may take a few voters from his party at some future election. Of this, however, he need not have much apprehension, for from present indications we may expect his party in a short time to consist only of himself and the attendants of the Custom Houses and Post Offices.

But the object of this pledge really is to change, in time, the character of our officeholders from Maine to Florida; and a few votes—even one—may do all that. One vote can choose a representative to our State legislature and determine the character of a United States Senator—one vote may choose a representative to Congress and determine who shall be President of the United States, and thereby give character to an army of officeholders over our whole extent of country; and let any considerable number of men plant themselves upon this pledge, then office-seekers will endeavor to conform to their wishes. If we try we can soon have all our Federal offices filled by men who will not employ any persons who cannot read, nor one who at the commands of wicked priests will refuse to read the Bible. Such things as these cannot be expected from the present Administration, hence the zeal of the Argus in its efforts to check any move which looks like giving knowledge and light to all, of every color, class and creed. The writer of the Pledge once was so unfortunate as to belong to the Argus party, and voted for Franklin Pierce for president, for which act he now asks to be forgiven by every good man. He is no whig fusionist either, as the Argus

calls him, but he intends in future to exercise due care that he is not otherwise seduced by the professions of any party or office-seeker.

FACTS ABOUT MAINE.

Somebody, writing to the New York Tribune, imports the following items of information in regard to our State. What is said of the Elmwood Hotel will be heartily endorsed by all who have sojourned beneath its roof and partaken of the hospitality of its courteous proprietor, Mr. J. L. Seaver.

The State of Maine, so much of it as comes under the observation of the ordinary traveler, presents no greater economical inducements for settlement than may be found in most parts of New England; but on passing beyond the usually traveled routes, and penetrating the Somerset counties (Aroostook, Piscataquis, Somerset and Franklin), we strike a soil of the greatest fertility. Aroostook county, especially, offers rare inducements for settlement. The public lands may be taken up by actual settlers, in sections of 100 acres each, and paid for at the rate of fifty cents per acre, by making a road through the centre of the section. Some of the crops raised here were almost fabulous. For instance: In October last, I was informed by many farmers about Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield, that they had just taken in crops of about the following magnitudes: potatoes, 400 bushels per acre; wheat 30 to 45 bushels per acre; oats, over 100 bushels per acre, &c. These are fully equal to the largest crops of the vaunted West; and instead of being obliged to sell at low prices, as in Ohio, and other Western States, the farmers of Aroostook find in the large lumbering operations, the basis of a market, equal, if not superior to that of New York City. Last fall, potatoes were sold at 40 cents per bushel, (\$160 per acre); oats, at 50 cents per bushel; and wheat at \$2.50 per bushel; while hay had been sold the winter before, at \$40 per ton. In fact, the country is not sufficiently settled to produce all of the provisions required by the lumbermen, and as a consequence, the price of produce is regulated by the market of Bangor, Calais and St. Johns, and the price of tanning from these localities. The North of Maine is peopled by intelligent, social men and women, from the western part of the State, and it has been their universal experience to meet with pecuniary success in their farming operations. The winters are long and cold, but they are dry and cheerful. The farmers say they are a drawback, but not sufficiently so to outweigh the fertility of the soil and the fun of sleighing.

Let some of our unemployed strike for Aroostook County, begin as farm laborers, and persevere in their exertions, and they cannot fail to become in a short time independent and happy farmers, quiet possessors of 160 acres of a soil equal to that of the much-praised Miami Valley, and the recipients of a bountiful reward for their labors. Drough is there almost unknown—"hard times," and "soup kitchens," totally so. I only write that I know from having visited the country, and learned the experience of many of its inhabitants.

Sportsmen might find a worse field than Eastern Maine. One day's stinging, of sixty-two miles, (they will be short ones, if we sit on the box with Sam Crocker), the takes us from Bangor to Mattawamkeag, on the Penobscot River, where there are comfortable accommodations; and within a short tramp of the hotel may be found deer, trout and partridges, in quantities to suit. With an Indian guide and a good canoe, one may soon reach the moose districts, and try his nerves with worrier game. Health seekers and tourists will find about Mount Katahdin, Pleasant Mountain, in Cumberland County—Moosehead Lake, Sebago, and Long Pond, &c., ample compensation for the journey. These bits of advice may be out of season now, when northern skies are deserted, even in thought, by our traveling friends; but let them be recollected until June, and then let them be regarded. If any poor dyspeptic is mourning over the effects of confinement and late supper, let him abolish his dietary and his indigestion together, start for a logging-camp in Maine, and then spend two weeks, on snow-shoes by day, and on hemlock boughs at night, and he will return to his old haunts a better man, physically, mentally, and perhaps, morally. The loggers will give him a hearty welcome to their camp, and may lead him to a well stocked yard of moose and deer. Maine offers fair accommodations for travelers in her country inns. Portland, one of the most beautiful cities in America, has thus far been disgraced by her taverns, but a hotel is at last being built which will rival those of New York or Boston. The Bangor House, at Bangor, and the Elmwood, at Waterville, are well kept and commodious, while in the beautiful capital on the Kennebec, the Augusta House, (kept by Major Baker) will afford, as agreeable, a resting-place, and as sumptuous a table as the country can wish.

Sand your nature-loving rovers to the hills and lakes, to the clear atmosphere, and wild sports of Maine, for there they may be satisfied with all that is most delightful, and if you cannot induce your poor, starving workmen without work, to emigrate, to Aroostook or Piscataquis County, you will render them more service, than in the distribution of cargoes of unearned bread.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.

The steamship George Law, reached her dock about half past 8 o'clock this morning, bringing dates to the 1st inst., and 11,130,000 in specie, and 804 passengers, including Gen. Echiquique, president elect of Peru.

The transit of the Isthmus was regularly made from ocean to ocean by Railroad. The formal opening of the line was to take place on the 20th inst.

The principal matter of interest has been the explosion of the steamer Pearl, near Sacramento, on Saturday, by which about 70 lives were lost. 53 dead bodies have been found, and upwards of 20 are missing. There were 122 persons on board, and only 14 escaped uninjured. Among the killed were about twenty Chinamen. The Captain and Mate were both killed, but the engineer escaped uninjured. Col. Alexander Anderson, a distinguished lawyer of Nevada, was also killed. He was a native of Vermont.

It is asserted that at the time of the explosion, the Pearl was racing with the Enterprise, but this is denied by the Agent of the steamer.

Both boats were on their way from Sacramento to Marysville. A large amount of treasure in charge of Adams & Co's Express and Wells & Fargo's Express Messengers, was on board, but was recovered upon searching the river. No register of the passengers names was reported, and it is impossible to give a list of the killed. Amongst them, however, was Charles Crowell from Maine, Judge Hinckley of Shasta, Judge Wm. O'Connor of Long Bar, Samuel Randall, mate, formerly captain of steamer Plumas, Wm. McBride of Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, Charles Jewell of Maine, freeman, and numerous others.

A large number were wounded, amongst them the following: David Munroe, deck passenger, slightly; Phillip Riely, deck hand, leg broken; Nicholson, badly wounded; E. D. Nichols, badly scalded; Emanuel Levin, of the firm of Bach & Co. of Shasta, not seriously.

The boat was commanded by Capt. E. G. Davis, who belonged in Augusta, as did also the Mate. The Chas. Jewell, freeman, who was killed, was a brother of Capt. Jewell of this town. Charles Crowell was formerly of Waterville. Edward B. Springer, formerly of Augusta, was badly wounded. He was barkeeper on the boat. The bar was totally demolished and Mr. Springer's watch was crushed upon his person.

In a letter picked up on the river, written by Anna S. Annable, of Augusta, Maine, to her husband, was found a bill of exchange for \$50, drawn in her favor.

The funeral of the dead was attended by 3600 persons, and the procession was over a mile in length.

Wadleigh, the engineer of the Pearl, was arrested by the discharged evidence that he was a careful observer, and that the explosion was occasioned by some cause beyond his control.

The Indian troubles in the neighborhood of Klappah River, are becoming somewhat alarmed. A number of white men have been killed six certainly, and about 80 Indians.

It is feared that there is to be a general rising among the Indians of the north.

The rain had once more set in.

A week's steady rain would add millions to the plagues.

The commercial summary in the Times and Transcript says, we have but a meager account of sales on which to base a market, reference for the week unlivings since the sailing of the last steamer. Business has been extensively languid, and the scarcity of money never more severely felt. There are few country orders for goods, and little money coming forward in liquidation of dues. The absence of rain had kept the miners idle, and indeed every department of business in a state of stagnation.

Through the politeness of our former townsman, Mr. E. L. SATTIS, now of San Francisco, we have received the February number of the Pioneer, a literary magazine just started in that city, for which and other favors he has our thanks. In character and appearance it resembles the Knickerbocker, and as a first effort is something of which our far-off neighbors over the mountains may well be proud.

From the 'Editor's Table' we select the following 'specimen bricks':

There is a French lady of my acquaintance in San Francisco, who is making strenuous and laudable exertions to speak our language. When she hears an English word pronounced, she immediately repeats it down in order to impress it upon her memory. A day or two since, she asked a friend what was the word for 'gemine'; "he told her 'Gemine'." She repeated it over two or three times—"I will be sure to remember it," wrote it down in her 'tablets.' "Is there any French scholar who will not be pleased with this characteristic of her most natural speaking? It is a little bit of a 'p' in 'gemine' and a 't' in 'gemine'—this reminds me of a French gentleman, to whom we dropped a hint, one day, touching a change in his address, which we thought might be a little 'p' in 'gemine' and a 't' in 'gemine'—he said, 'I will be sure to remember it,' wrote it down in his 'tablets.' "Is there any French scholar who will not be pleased with this characteristic of her most natural speaking? 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