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THE NEW KNIFE

A Story for Boys.

A brighter, rosier, happier face, was never seen than that of Harry Willett, as he sauntered, one sunny afternoon in May, down the winding lane that led from his father's green farm, and took the road to the village. The warm breeze tossed his brown locks lightly, and the merry sun peeped saucily now and then through the torn trim of his straw hat, into his frank blue eyes, and flashed into the dimples of his happy mouth.

A fine face Harry had—not a pretty face, if you like, but a very nice one, with features, and great, handsome, long-lashed eyes—but an open, a kindly, truthful, generous face—such a one as made you think with a quick, warm glow at your heart, that a comfort and pride he must be to his mother, and that her eyes must brighten whenever his shadow fell upon her through the sunny days.

But Harry's face, contented and smiling as it usually was, a peculiarly gratified expression to-day, that something very delightful had occurred there could be no doubt. He was altogether too happy to whistle, and he sauntered along with his hands in his pockets, and those glad blue eyes of his full of pleasant meditation.

If you had been walking with Harry in the stillness of that warm afternoon, you might have heard an occasional very pleasant jingling in that right trowers pocket of his, and if good Betty, the maid at the farm, had been there too, she would doubtless have told you what a budget of old nails, and bits of lead, and tin, and all sorts of trumpery, Harry always carried in his pockets, gratified to the wear and tear of said pockets, and of the home patience in mending them. But ah, Miss Betty, something rather better than old nails and lead sinkers, and tin whizzers, rattles there now!

Nothing less than two big, bright, silver half-dollars, all Harry's own, to spend as he likes! Now and then he takes them out and looks at them, to be sure that they are safe, and a reality, and with the utmost content in the confirmation his eyes give to the fact, drops them back again into the jingling pocket.

The truth was that the possession of this wonderful treasure, was the greatest event in the money way, that had ever happened to Harry, and it needed the witness of all his senses to keep up the conviction that it was really his own. Harry's father, although a thrifty farmer, who gave his little boy good clothes and all home comforts, had seldom any money to bestow for his own especial spending.

Harry's utmost ambition and success having heretofore extended to a bright dime, an old friend of his father's from a distant city, spending a few days with them, had dropped into Harry's hand that morning in passing, the gift of two bright half-dollars, to buy anything he might happen to want.

Happy to want! Oh, how much and how long Harry had wanted a knife! how long he had wished and hoped—and wondered when the time would come that he should own such a treasure! Twelve years old and no knife, had been a damper more than once when he tried to follow with the big boys at school, and you may be sure there was not a moment for indecision as to how and when his money should be spent.

For a knife that very afternoon, it should go—that was settled at once.

What boy does not remember the pride and pleasure that came with his first knife—the dignity and manliness its ownership conferred. What boy will not appreciate the glad thoughts that filled Harry's heart, as he walked alone through the warm dust of the highway to the village. He could not quite decide whether it should have a white handle or dark one, but at all events it must have two blades—and would not he show Jos Smith next day that some boys could make whistles as well as others—and couldn't he mend little Sam Martin's lead pencil for her, instead of seeing her go up to the master every time it wanted sharpening.

Oh, how few the boy's sources of happiness must be, when the breaking of a simple knife could put such a desolate look into his face! Excitement, as it usually did, had made Josey a little faint, and while he lay back with his eyes closed, for a few moments, his mother fanning him with her broad palm-leaf fan, Harry slipped away.

It was late in the afternoon, when he came again toward the house, on his return from his long walk to the village. The soft light of the setting sun fell about Josey's low window, and the pale boy lay looking out on the rose and golden clouds in the western sky. There was still a sad look on his face, but he smiled when Harry came up, and listened pleasantly to the boy's gossip he had brought from the village.

It was not for some minutes after Harry had bid him good bye, and he had ceased to watch his stout little figure hurrying up the road that Josey discovered in the far corner of the window, a closely folded package of white paper, directed to himself, and as he slowly and wonderingly unrolled it, there dropped from it, heavily upon his couch, a big, beautiful knife, stout, and handsome, then the one he had lost, and with two fine blades. Josey trembled, and his eyes grew so dim, that he could not read the words on the inside of the wrapper, and all in wonder, his mother came and read these lines, written in an unformed, boyish hand.

Dear Josey: Please to accept this knife from me, because I would rather you should have it, to make up for the one you broke, than to have the handsome knife in the world. I bought it with my own money, on purpose for you. Your sorry and affectionate friend, HARRY.

Poor Josey! The tears that had been kept back all day, now came, and like a little child he hid his face against his mother's breast, too glad and grateful for words.

There was no pleasant sounding silver in Harry's pocket, when he went to his room that night, no strong, beautiful knife, better than the silver, to take for place, but his mother's kiss was tenderer than ever, when she bade him good night, and angels of peace and love hovered about him, with blessings promised to those who lay up treasure to Heaven.

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dropped into the pocket that held the two half dollars, but he looked at Josey's face, and with worn, patched clothes, and something in his hair, restrained him from parading his newly-acquired wealth.

'Don't stop working, Josey,' he said. 'I want to see how you get on it—this is such a puzzle to me how those beautiful things are made. I am sure I could never do it in a lifetime.' 'Oh, perhaps you could if you would nothing else to do,' said Josey, pleasantly; but the words made Harry sober, as he thought of his own strong limbs, and vigorous frame, and those ways of amusement, and he stood looking at Josey, as he worked in silence. It was curious, indeed, to see how skillfully he cut and carved, and how smoothly and gracefully the rough wood came into form, under his touch. The work evidently interested him greatly; but now and then his hands trembled, and his shortened breath showed how fatiguing even a little exertion was; but he talked pleasantly to Harry, explaining the why and the wherefore of everything he did, seeming to enjoy his admiration and sympathy very much.

'What a sharp knife that is of yours, Josey,' said Harry. 'It cuts like a razor.' 'Yes,' said Josey, 'that knife was my father's. The little blade was broken when I first had it; but this one bids fair to last a good many years; and, luckily, for I don't know what I should do without it.' And he plunged it into one side of the box, where he was hollowing out a groove. There was a quick, low snap, and Harry started and leaned into the window. Ah, it was too true; in Josey's quick, excited motion, the knife had broken! The blade, snipped near the top, still stuck fast in the wood, and the smooth, worn handle was left in his hand. Poor Josey turned very white, and lay back on his couch, and into the hollow eyes came the big tears; but he crushed them back under the thin eyelids, and put up his hand, as if he would smother the contraction of his forehead; but a look of pain had fixed itself in his face, and he could not put it away.

'Josey, dear boy,' said his mother; and she came up and put her arms around him, and drew out the broken blade from the wood. 'Her tears she did not try to keep back; but, pitying him as she did, she could only weep and soothe him. She could not say the words she would rather have said than any other—that she would soon have replaced his loss.

'Don't cry, dear mother,' said Josey faintly; 'knives can't last forever, you know; and if this must break, see how nicely it has come off, so near the handle. I can use the blade for a great many things, and one of your knives will help too. I can get along nicely, I think.'

But Josey found it hard to comfort his poor mother. She knew how many lonely hours that knife had cheered—how many dull ones it had brightened—how much delight his work had always been to him—how impossible it was for her to get him another, for a long time—and she remembered, too, that on these slight earnings of Josey's she was dependent for the means of procuring for him those little luxuries that were almost necessities, when he was feeble and suffering.

Harry could not speak, but his blue eyes were full of tears, and a great pain filled his heart, as he caught the look, more touching than all the mother's words, with which Josey gathered up the severed handle and blade, and put them into the drawer of his little table.

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CHIEF JUSTICE JAY'S VIEW OF SLAVERY. In a letter, written in the year 1780, when in Spain, to his friend Robert Benson, who, at that time, was the Attorney General of New York, he says: 'An excellent law might be made out of the Pennsylvania one for the gradual abolition of slavery. Till America comes to this measure, her prayers to Heaven for liberty will be impious. This is a strong expression, but it is just. Were I in your legislature, I would prepare a bill for the purpose with great care, and I would never cease moving it till it became a law, or I ceased to be a member. I believe God governs the world, and I believe it to be a maxim in his, as in our court, that those who ask for equity ought to do it.'

In another letter, written at a later period, he observes: 'It is much to be wished that slavery may be abolished. The honor of the States, as well as justice and humanity, in my opinion, loudly

call upon them to emancipate these unhappy people. To contend for your own liberty, and to deny that blessing to others, involves an inconsistency not to be excused.'

PRAYER FOR US ALL.

I God of the mountain, God of the storm, God of the flowers, God of the worm, I pray for thee, O God, and bless thee. Hear me and bless me. Forgive and redress us. Teach us content with thy favored blessings. Teach us to love thee. To love one another, brother his brother. Free from the shackles of ancient tradition. Free from the canon of man for his neighbor. Help us much one to fulfill his true mission. And show us the God-like laborer, who will not harm us.

God of the darkness, God of the sun, God of the beautiful, God of each one, I pray for thee, O God, and bless thee. Clothe us and feed us. Illumine and lead us. Show us that service holds us in the hand. That the land is all thine and thou givest to all. Scatter our blindness. Help us to do right all the day and night. To have mercy and kindness. Help us to conquer mistakes of the past. Show us our future to cheer us and arm us. The upper, the better, the mansion thou hast. And God of the grave that the grave cannot harm us.

Distinguished Drunkards.

'Shut up the low groceries,' say many; 'prevent the sale of bad rum, preserve the poor and ignorant from intemperance, and we are with you; but the educated classes need no law; regard for their own character is a sufficient protection to them. Strange delusion! Inexplicable blindness to the facts of history and the occurrences of every day! Without referring to books, memory, unassisted, supplies us with a catalogue of well-known names, the bare mention of which refutes the plea we have quoted.

Alexander the Great, one of the three greatest spirits of antiquity, one of the three greatest generals of the world, whose tutor was Aristotle, who slept with the poems of Homer under his pillow, conquered the world, and died of a drunken debauch in the thirty-third year of his age.

The fall of the Roman Empire was precipitated by the drunkenness of its emperors; as human nature was eternally dishonored by the enormities committed by them in drunken fury. Of the ten sovereigns who have reigned in Russia since the accession of Peter the Great, all but four were beastly drunkards. Of the Empress Elizabeth, it is written, 'she was completely brutified by strong liquors; from day to day, she was almost always in a state of bacchic ecstasy; she could not bear to be dressed; in the morning her women loosely attached to her some robes, which a few cuts of the scissors disengaged in the evening.' And the passage gives an idea of the general condition of the Russian Court for more than seventy years.

The present King of Prussia, whose neighbor instructed and praised, thanking God on his knees for giving Prussia so wise and noble a prince, is a notorious drunkard, the contempt of his subjects, the scoff of Europe.

The late King of the Sandwich Islands, upon whom a corps of missionaries exhausted their eloquence and skill, was a drunken caricature of the kingly office to the last.

The City of Washington, where the elite of the nation is supposed to congregate, is the most drunken town in the Union. Champagne is one of the great powers of the country, a thing relied upon to corrupt the very men who are sent to Washington under the impression that they are our wisest and our best.

Daniel Webster has been known to present himself before the people in a state of intoxication so advanced that he could talk little other than gibberish. We have seen him do it.

Hannegan, a Senator of the United States, was an abandoned drunkard, and when sent abroad as plenipotentiary, disgraced the country by the most continuous and outrageous drunken debauchery.

Some of the most important enactments ever passed by Congress, enactments involving the welfare of future empires, have been passed while the floor of the House was strewn with honorable and intoxicated members.

The Tea-room of this city, established for the convenience, not of the city's vagabonds, but of the city's fathers and head men, was for many a disgraceful year, a scene of drunkenness.

It was when maddened by drink that Dr. Graham committed murder. Hartley Coleridge, a man abounding in amiable qualities, who inherited much of his father's genius, with all his father's infirmity of purpose, could never master his propensity to drink. He was a scholar, a gentleman, a poet, and a drunkard.

Edgar Poe—but why speak of him! The story of his miserable end is more familiar to the people even than the melancholy refrain of the 'Bells.'

Charles Lamb, the gentle Charles, the kind, the tender, the beloved, could sacrifice so much for his sister, but could not help being carried home and put to bed in inebriated drunkenness.

They are food alike for tender nurlings and for strong men. They do not excite us to any prodigious heights of admiration, perhaps they do not often stir any profound depths of emotion within us; but we always sympathize with them, we are always grateful to the poet. The sound sense and good morality of his writings open wide every door to him and aware or unaware, we may be sure that we entertain an angel. And what fame is more to be coveted than this? Is not such a reputation, more to be desired than gold, yes, than much due gold? What is a great poet, who is not also a great teacher? It is the proud distinction of William Cowper that he never led any man astray—that no one ever studied his writings without being wiser and better for the study, that no thoughtless person in his sound senses ever hesitated, or ever will hesitate, to place Cowper's poems in the hands of his child.

We are thankful that there is a sufficiency of good healthy English taste and feeling amongst us to keep alive the popularity of such writers as William Cowper.

We are not unmindful of the claims of the poets of another class. They write under another influence, and they have their reward. Even the writers of what is styled the 'spurious school,' are entitled to some consideration, and may be too severely handled. But let what schools may rise and fall, come jauntily into fashion for a little while to be hoisted and belittled down as quickly, the good English poet and English diction of William Cowper will still keep their place amongst us; and still as we speak reverently and affectionately of him who did so much to swell the happiness of others, but could never secure his own, it will be our boast that the most English of our poets was emphatically the most Christian.

Beauty of the Spirit rather than of the Form. What is beauty, after all? Ask the lover who kneels in homage to one who has no attraction for others. The cold looker-on wonders that he can call that unelastic combination of features, and that awkward form, beautiful. Yet so it is. He sees, like Desdemona, her living within shines through the external uncomeliness, softens the irregular and glorifies it. That which to others seems common-place and unworthy of note, is to him, in the words of Spencer:

A sweet attractive kind of grace, A full assurance given by looks, A Continental comfort in a face, The refinement of gospel looks.

Handsome is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls!—was the language of old Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers who are sorrowing foolishly, because they are not in all respects like Dulcible Bess, or that statue of Venus which enchants the world, could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give. That mirror has no heart.

But quite another picture is yours on the retina of human sympathy. There, the beauty of goodness, of purity, of that inward grace which passes show, rests over it, softening and melting those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness. Hold up your heads, girls! Repeat Primrose, why should you not? Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourself in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Leodard, suffering in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the distinctive, smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovingly to the homeless heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Bogo, as they sang their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind his corn. 'O talk to me of beauty as a thing to be cherished from marble, or wrought out on canvas—speculate as we may upon its colors and outline, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind—looking through the outward it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.'—G. Whitman.

THE AMERICAN STATION IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—Two incidents in connection with the American department of the Exhibition in this city have been the cause of considerable merriment, this week, to the 'palace-building' States, which was placed alongside the United States, was allowed a space much too small for the exhibition of her products, while the United States had too much. Canada therefore asked for annexation, and she has consequently been regularly annexed to the United States. Her commissioners were anxious for the annexation, since her products are generally classed here and understood as being American products. The other incident referred to was that the American part of the exhibition thus far is clear of boxes, and the spot being in the centre of the building and in every way appropriate, it was chosen as the place for the morning ceremonies. In consequence the working men now engaged erecting on American ground two imposing thrones for their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of France.—*Ch. N. Y. Tribune.*

The young gentleman whose locality is 'about town,' is seldom seen gracing ladies' society. He is somewhat hairy about the face, dresses in alarming patterns—big-bustioned coats, and fancy colored vests. He is great at whistling and at dodder, while his cigar is ever in his mouth. A jolly loud oath adds emphasis to his language, and slang expressions are his great delight. He designates a woman as a 'petticoat,' and a man as a 'chump.' His watch word is 'turpiss,' his hat a 'till,' and his boots are 'kickers.' He knows all the fast horses, fast saloons, theatrical and fighting men and women, and introduces himself as 'one of 'em.' Give him rope enough!

SONG OF THE BLUE VIOLET. Down by the brook's side, Gently and sweetly away to the sea, Lying my tiny self, I will be, Up from its leafy bed, There is my birth-place—the dwelling for me.

There, where the wild-bird's song, Chants through the summer long, Strains of affection exchanging and true, I sought for a faithful mate, Claiming no care, I stand Wooing the sunbeams and quaffing the dew.

Not where the diamond gleams, Nor where the wine-cup struts, Nor where the revels bowers that I breathe; I sought for a faithful mate, Pleased by no pride at all, Care knows no signs on the pure air I breathe.

'Killing Time.' Almost every body says it—quite everybody does it, and so we set it, as in duty bound, in double commas, 'Killing Time.'

Nothing and nobody were ever so abominably labelled and caricatured, and butchered outright, so many times over, as Time.

To begin with, everybody talks about him as 'old,' when he is as young as the last dawning; as 'cruel,' when he is as gentle as a wedding day; as 'stern,' when he is as genial as Jane; as 'penurious,' when they waste sixty of his diamond seconds—in fact a full jewelled minute—in saying so.

They call him 'relentless,' when he is softly smoothing down the mound that reminds them of their sorrow, and covering it all over with flowers. They speak harshly of him, even while he is drawing a thread of silver here and there through the dark locks of their hair, for whom Time loveth, he honoreth, and confers upon him ornaments of silver. They complain of his rudeness, while tenderly as a mother, he is mantling the northern caves and forest-trees with green mosses, to save them from the storm-wind that comes out of Labrador.

They charge him with forgetfulness, while he is always reminding them of the past in his twilight, and the sweet Springs in his Autumns. They make him out a Vandal, though he wakens the young tree that lay asleep at the roots of the old, and gives the world a young moon in an old moon's arms. They say he is a foe to the pencil and the graver, though with artist-hand he adorns the hills we have come over, and glides the yesterdays we have expended, until those look like curtains let down from Heaven in a roll, and these like the days we dream of in Paradise.

They declare him 'grim,' though he opened a blue eye in a violet, that went into society only a morning ago, and smiles in a pair of them; in a willow cradle over the way. He ripens the clusters of the old vintage; he endears us to old books; he blesses us with old friends.

They are not content with the labels, and so they paint him as a bald and seythe-bearing old harvest. So much like death do they make him, that the conceit should be completed, by mounting him upon the pale horse, and posting him a field.

That inlaying the cheeks of youth with the leaves of red roses as time does—that building a temple with a handful of acorns, if you will, have patience to wait for him—that softening of the pulse of age down to the dying point as he can—that ripening into diamonds of to-day, the rude and uncut coal of yester-day—these are no tasks for a poor painted old husband.

Who has not heard in his time, a pair of lips, that cherry themselves did cry: 'Talk in the doleful manner imaginable of 'Killing Time? Just as if she had not been their owner's next best friend? ever since he was born—clothing her with beauty as with a garment, and stroving her path with blessing. Just as if the hour had not come with thousands as fast as she, when they would have surrendered the roses of York and Lancaster, only for a little while, with Time—when they would have pleaded in earnest tones for the rescue of his moods if only he would linger.

'Killing Time! When he has filled the basket, and crowded the bowl with jewels—great noble diamonds of days, and glorious circles set round with hours. He lavishes upon us from childhood to maturity, all his treasures of Beauty and strength and opportunity, and just as we should love him too much, and cling to him too closely, he gently takes away from us, almost without our knowing it, gift after gift, that we may not be encumbered with the 'Impediments' as Caesar called it—the baggage of life, on the journey we must by and by be taking. He thins out our wishes, and turns them gray and silver and white, and we come to think it is about as well as the dark locks we were once. He takes away the springing step of youth, the firm tread of manhood, and makes us love the sweet repose of home. We begin to think as much of the twilight as we did of the noon. Then he loosens a little the silver cord, and the broken pitcher returns no more from the fountain, and the wheel is out of repair at the cistern, and we are ready to go to bed.

But (time against whom we have plotted, lives on, and the golden hands upon the dial of Heaven must stand still, ere his great mission of beauty and mercy will be ended.

STUMPS.—A Mr. Carr, in the Maine Farmer gives a method he pursued to rid himself of half a dozen large white pine stumps that stood in a partially cleared field of one and a half acres, the soil of which was covered with mosses, knolls and grass. He commenced with three men, clearing the earth away from one end of the stumps so that fire could have free access to the larger portion of the stump.

The surface roots were cut off and piled around the stump. The smaller stumps, rubbish, etc., were collected and heaped closely around the stump also, and when completed the pile was covered with the turf from the knolls. All the stumps were served in the same manner, and then set on fire, care being taken that whenever the turf covering was burned through its place was supplied with more. Thus the fires were kept burning some ten days, when the six heaps were raised upon the pine stumps found to be nicely and completely charred through, except the ends of the roots that extended some distance into the ground. From the whole he obtained over 200 bushels of good charcoal, and more than 1000 bushels of ashes from the bark, rubbish and turf. With these he dressed his meadow, and besides spread a quantity on a piece which was nicely plowed in the fall for spring planting.

ing. Thus he cleared his piece of land, got completely rid of the stumps, and found himself a gainer in the account, as he estimates the labor and results:
Dr. To 30 days labor of men \$30 00
To 1 1/2 days plowing with team 9 00
\$39 00
Cr. By 100 bushels charcoal \$10 00
By 500 " " 30 00
\$40 00

Being a gain of \$1 00 to say nothing of a cord of first class wood in the shape of coal brands. Perhaps Mr. Carr's experiment may serve as a useful hint to some reader.

An acquaintance, a young man of intelligence, tells me that an uncle of his had a method of ridding his fields of pine and other stumps by boring one or more holes into them with an auger, and filling the cavity with saltpetre, and plugging the hole up again. In a year or so it will have penetrated the stump, when, if in a dry time a fire be kindled about it, it would consume without difficulty even to the extremities of the roots. We give it for what it is worth. Its merits are easily tested, and at very little cost or trouble.

ATTENDS THE BALL.—Among the Americans who attended the late ball given at the Hotel De Ville, Paris, was Jack Spicer, of Kentucky. Jack rushed the dress somewhat strong, and sported epaulettes on his shoulders, large enough to start four Major Generals in business. Jack was the observed of all observers, and got mixed up with a party that his friends could not account for. Wherever the Marshals of France went, these went Jacks, and when the Marshals sat down, Jack did the same, always taking the pot of honor. The day after the ball Jack called on his old acquaintance, Mr. Mason, our Minister to France, who started up a little conversation in the following manner:

'I hear, Jack, you were at the ball last night.'

'I was, sir, and had a high old time.'

'For which you were indebted, I suppose, to the high old company you got mixed up with? By the way, how came you associated with the Marshals?'

'How I by virtue of my office—they were Marshals of France, while I am nothing else than a Marshal of the Republic. I showed my commission and took post accordingly.'

'By right of your office! what do you mean?'

'Read and see.'

Here Jack presented Mr. Mason with a whitey brown paper, with a seal big enough for a four pound weight.

'What in the name of heaven is this?'

'My commission of 'Marshal'—I received it in 1850, when I assisted in taking the census in Frankfort.'

'You don't mean to say that you travel on this?'

'I don't mean anything else. That makes me a 'Marshal' of the Republic, and I intend to have the office duly honored.'

Mr. Mason allowed that Jack was doing a large business on a very small capital. We should not wonder if the reader did the same. A census marshal of Frankfort mixing in with the Marshals of France is certainly reading matters in a manner that requires no such brains as epaulettes. Jack, we are happy to say, is equal to the requirements.

READY FOR THEM.—Geo. W. Brown, the editor of the 'Herald of Freedom,' in Kansas, is a man of Herculean proportions, and spirit, accordingly, as will be seen in his last editorial remarks.

It was said by the rioters in Parkville last Saturday, that the destruction of the Luminary office was designed as an example to others, and it was very knowingly hinted that ours will meet with a similar fate. Very well, we have concluded to give any number of persons who wish to perpetrate such an act of folly, a free pass to a 'kingdom come,' and we pledge them every assistance in our power. Probably many of them never look an upward journey, and would like to try the experiment of sailing in a blaze of glory, such as a couple of kegs of gunpowder exploded at an opportune occasion would furnish. We have not a member in our family, ourselves included, who would not deem a transit into the future life with companions on voyage of a goodly number of printing press destroyers as a favor rarely to be met with. Should the Herald of Freedom Office at any time be invaded for the purpose of destruction, we give this timely warning to all, both friend and foe, that unless they wish to 'go up' they had better keep aloof from its immediate vicinity, for our purpose is fixed, and the consequence cannot be prevented.

We have prepared a duplicate copy of our subscription books, and that subscribers may not be losers by any contingencies that may arise, we hereby authorize and depute our esteemed friend and general agent, H. A. Billings, Esq., to remove the publication of the Herald of Freedom, should it be suspended by violence, at such place as he may designate, and we further donate to him our entire efforts in Kansas, Pennsylvania or elsewhere to prosecute the publication of said paper, with this one condition, that he shall give the advocates of slavery particular 'Jesse' during the balance of his life.

WASHINGTON THE FATHER OF KNOW NOTHING.—An Irishman walked into Donnell's periodical store the other day, and looking up to the portrait of Washington, which adorns one of the shelves, exclaimed: 'Ah! you're Know Nothings here, are you? Why, what put that in your head?' asked Donnell.

'And are, isn't that the picture of the Father of Know Nothingism; and there, too, isn't that—pointing to the portrait of one of the Miss Batemans, in the character of a new-boy—another little devil of a Know Nothing; ah! you needn't be after fooling me, and be treated out of the store in high dudgeon.'

We thought there was more truth than poetry in the Irishman's remark, after all—that Washington was the Father of Know Nothingism.—*Times.*

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—The Concord Statesman thus describes the leading Democratic candidates for the Presidency: 'Mr. Buchanan is too cautious, and hesitates cut his own throat by signing the Ostend document. Gen. Cass has reached a garrulous old age. If in the Presidential chair his messages would probably make from fifty to seventy-five columns solid bragging. Douglas, besides his Nebraska infamy, carries a sort of sailor boarding house odor about him, caused by liquor and cigar smoke.'

A WITNESS AGAINST HIMSELF.—A sun paper denounces the N. Y. 'Herald Law,' because it makes a drunken man testify against himself whether at the bar of justice, or where else. This paper also, incidentally, says that the passage of a 'personal liberty bill'—the Maine Law is a 'personal liberty'—would be the highest and most important measure in the history of the nation.

Embarrassing, indeed, is a desperate argument, and that law, which frees men from the pillage of a torturous, degrading power, may most properly be called a 'personal liberty' law.

