



8-2-1855

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 03): August 2, 1855

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 03): August 2, 1855" (1855). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 418.
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A SONG.

BY INEZ.

Spring birds, pouring your full-voiced joy
Out on the beautiful, balmy air,
O for your wings, that I too might rise
Free and untired to those cloudless skies,
And pour out my wordless gladness there!

The world is beautiful at my feet,
And Heaven is beautiful over my head,
There's a humbling sound on the morning air
Of breathing leaves, and the lowlands fair
Glow with the odors the violets shed.

I gather the daisies and sweet spring leaves,
The beauty of earth I can make my own;
But in vain I look to the purple blue
That melts away from my eager view,
I cannot soar where the birds are flown.

Sing away, birds of the fearless wing!
Sour away, tireless and glad while ye may!
When the daisies bloom over your dead delight,
My soul shall spring to its sunward flight,
Singing forever as ye sing to-day!

Miscellany.

[From the Ladies' Repository.]

THE BOYS AND THE MEN.

BY ALICE GARY.

Jerry Mason had been hoeing two long hours in the garden; the earth was moist and black about the cabbages, the heavy gray leaves of which were heaping a better chance of maturing in the sun; the red seamy leaves of the beets testified to the good culture they had had, but as if they could not say it plain enough, the beets themselves were come up half out of the ground to add their testimony, and the pale spiky tops of the onions stood up like soldiers in straight rows, saying, "Behold there is not a weed among us." The tomatoes, bright with dew-drops and full of young fruit, gave out their pleasant odor most prodigally in payment for the care they had just received, and some few flowers, common to be sure—but what flower is not beautiful?—opened bright and honest in the sunshine, causing Jerry to leave his work for a moment, and leaning on his hoe, contemplate their pinky, and purple, and yellow faces with an ecstasy of joy. He did not believe, for the moment, that the king's garden contained any thing more delightful than did his mother's. But even if that were possible, he thought the king could not enjoy its beauties half so much as he, because his pleasure was more than half derived from the fact that himself had plowed and sowed the garden, and that the fruit and flowers before him were his, as they could not have been if another than himself had done the work. The eyes of the simple soul straight to the truth sometimes, when all the curious speculations of the wise are at fault, and I am not sure but that Jerry was wise in feeling that the king could not be so happy as he.

He did not think of his bare feet half buried in the loose earth; he did not think of his patched trousers, and that his shirt was not linen in the wrists and collar and even, and for a minute, at least, he did not think how hot the sun was shining down upon him, and how tired he was.

"Jerry!" called his mother, leaning from the low window of her little house, "Jerry, my child, you may as well go and feed the old-tired goose, and the change of work will rest you!"

"Yes," answered Jerry, and taking off his straw hat he wiped the sweat from his face and drew a sort of sigh, thinking his work would never be done, and wishing his mother was as rich as Henry Gordon's mother. But Jerry was used to do as his mother bid him, and having hung his hoe in the fork of the pear-tree that stood by the garden gate, he prepared the accustomed food, crossed the barn-yard where the hens were cackling and picking the grains from the chaff that was scattered about, passed along the field where the cow was nibbling the short grass, went over the brook on a bridge of stones he had built the last summer, climbed the slope beyond, and suddenly stood still. The old goose sitting in the hollow of a black stump close by was protruding her neck, flopping her wings, and hissing at a terrible rate. "You are crazy, an't you, you old ugly goose!" exclaimed Jerry, raising up and clenching one hand as if he would hit her if he had anything with which to do it. "Do you think I'm afraid of you? why I have milked our cow on the wrong side, been all the way to mill for mother, and besides that have killed two garter-snakes—one of them half a yard long and striped and checked like a ribbon—shut up your wings you old—when?" and Jerry climbed to the top of the neighboring stump and shouted at the top of his voice—cutting circles in the air with his hat, and beckoning with his hand in great earnestness. Farmer Hix stopped his team in the adjoining field and listened, thinking Jerry was shouting for help; Mrs. Mason put her head out of the back door; she, too, had heard Jerry and feared some bad accident had happened—a moment the farmer stood still, his horses turning their heads in the direction of the call, and the mother leaned and listened in trembling anxiety; but the door closed presently, and the farmer plowed on again—both had heard Jerry say to Henry Gordon, who was seen running with his kite across the field, "Don't you think our old goose has got goslings?"

That was enough to make any boy climb to the top of a stump and shout for joy, Jerry thought. How many she had he did not know, but he would not be surprised to find that every egg was hatched—three of the golden little creatures he saw, and if the old goose would only come off the nest he could soon tell; he would dare get a stick and drive her off; he thinks he would.

"What is it? what is it?" cries Henry Gordon, running as fast as he can run, quite forgetting his kite that drags behind him along the ground, and almost glad, even though it be a misfortune that has broken down the barrier of reserve, and brought an introduction to pass between himself and his young neighbor. He is older by two or three years than Jerry, and has the air of a boy who has never been in a garden nor fed a goose. His boots were of fine leather and polished well, better than Jerry's best ones, which hang over a peg at the head of his bed in his mother's garret, and his hat is so fresh and new, and the ends of the green ribbon tied around it flutter so gayly that Jerry is amazed for a moment, and says the fears Jerry will not be paid for having run so fast, and especially if he has spoiled his fine kite into the bargain; that he has nothing worth showing—some little goslings—that is all.

But Henry has never seen one, for it is only lately that he has come from a great city, and he says the old kite is of no account, he can get as many better ones as he pleases—he rather hopes it is spoiled, and so by its string he winds it up to him, and tossing it at the feet of Jerry he tells him to go and feed the old bird that would have offended him but that he felt in his heart that he was equal to any boy anywhere.

When the goose had been fed and the goslings, too, Jerry showed his friend the stone bridge across the brook, which bridge, though concluded, might be greatly beautified and improved if they would unite their strength and ingenuity and give a day to the work—he showed him his mother's cow, and affirmed to his entire satisfaction that he dare play her tail

together, count the rings on her horns, or even go up to her on the 'wrong side' if he should choose.

Then they went to the cow-shed where the straw was in which the hens made their nests, and after this to the garden, where Henry pulled off a good many flowers that he might as well have left on their stems. When it was dinner-time and Jerry's mother called him, his young friend went into the house with him, and partook, with great relish, of the simple repast that was spread.

When he went away he invited Jerry to come to his house and ride his horse, and go gunning with him, which Jerry felt would be a great delight to him to do, and which he afterward did many times; for from that day Henry and Jerry were excellent friends, working and playing together every day.

The rich man's son soon lost a good deal of his pretentious sufficiency, or subdued it rather, perhaps, and that which he neither lost nor subdued his generous little friend readily forgave. Often Henry would come and help Jerry in his working of a morning, that his mother might afford to give him a short play spell in the afternoon. Sometimes, indeed, he would throw off his coat and strip away shoes and stockings, and enter with hearty good will into whatever was to be done. They went together to the same school, for there was but one in the neighborhood, and once or twice had hats and jackets alike. They gathered nuts together and berries; made hay together and picked apples; and shelled, and hung, and made whistles, and drove the cows home, one with another. Then, too, O! idle dreaming! they made plans for the years to come—plans of what they would do when they were men. They would always be neighbors and divide whatever they had just as they did their goslings and holy-looks now.

Why don't you come to see my mother? said Henry often to Mrs. Mason, for he could not see why the mothers of such friends should not be friends too. And Mrs. Mason always said she would like to do so if she could get time, but somehow it happened that she never did find time, and never went. Mrs. Gordon rode in her fine carriage to a fine church on Sundays, and wore a silk gown and her hair in curls. Mrs. Mason put her hair plainly under a plain cap, and walked in a path across the meadow to the school-house to attend service. Mrs. Gordon dined sumptuously at five, Mrs. Mason simply at twelve; one lived in a big house and was served by a good many maids and men, the other in a very small house serving herself; the one saw the sun shining through a lace curtain, and the other through rose vines. So it was that Mrs. Gordon said, "Thank you, my dear, it will give me the greatest pleasure when I have an hour to spare," in answer to Jerry's invitation of, "You must come and see my mother." And so it happened that she never found an hour to spare, and never went to see Jerry's mother. Three years went by of the closest friendship between the lads, and all this time they did not understand exactly why their mothers could not find time to visit each other. It was the greatest pleasure to Henry to go with bare feet across the nicely scoured floor of Mrs. Mason, bare and so cool, and to sit with her and Jerry, where the roses looked in at the window, and partake of her home-made cakes and bread, and eat her preserved fruits, which were never so good at home: the wind came in so fresh and sweet from the hayfield below the hollow, and the birds made such music in the garden, and Mrs. Mason, to his thinking, had such a sweet voice and a pleasant way that made the time pass so agreeably—he was sure his mother would enjoy a visit to the cottage if she could only find time; but some way it came about that she never did find time. It was so much harder to cross her own door-yard and go up the narrow path, bordered with flags and sweet-williams, that led to Mrs. Mason's door, than it was to be carried in her coach a dozen miles and up some broad avenue to some brave flight of steps and shining door, it was no wonder she never found time for the visit, though if she could have done so it would have given her great pleasure, no doubt.

Mrs. Mason sat by the fire waiting for Jerry, who had gone to carry a fine yellow pumpkin of his own raising to Henry's mother, that Henry might have just such pies as he was to have—sat rocking and musing before the bright wood fire, wishing somebody would come in and cheer the loneliness a little, for the night was falling and the snow lay cold and smooth everywhere, far as she could see. The straw-roofed shed of the cow was beautified like a queen's chamber. No king could put such a roof on his house as the snow had put on that. The fences seemed made of pieces of snow; the trees to be trees of snow, and all so still and cold. The cock went early to bed and crew listless before the time, fluttering the white show from the limb of the tree that lodged him—fluttering it down as though he did not care for it at all, and turning his bright eyes to his mates that sat beside him sober and uncomfortable enough. He was rather glad, for his part, that so cold and snowy a night had come; it brought out his gallantry and his fortitude. But generally the aspect of things without, in spite of all the beauty, was cheerless. The ten, in the old teapot, cracked and bound with hoops of tin, had been simmering a good while, the fire began to make a little red light on the snow beneath the window, and a candle to be needed in the dim room where Jerry's mother sat, when she heard the creaking of the gate, and, rising, looked out of the window. It was growing quite dusky, and though she saw two boys coming toward the door, she could not at first believe they were Jerry and Henry, so quietly they came, arm in arm, and talking so low and so earnestly.—What could it mean? Of all times this was the one to make them merry, for there is more exhilaration in snow than in wine, and birds and boys are alike fond of dipping into it, and chirping and chattering when it lies over the ground loose and white. Close came the young friends past rosebushes and lilacs all wrapped so prettily, and never once did they turn to look or dash the white weights from the bending twigs. Nor did they step aside from the open path and break their way, plowing off snow-furrows as they came, as boys love to do. No merry voices rang through the clear silence; but soberly and straightforward they came as if the snow had buried beneath it some great joy.

And so, indeed, it had. They were about to be separated for a long, long time. It had been decided that Henry should go away to a military school—go to be made a man of by

trial and training—go to take about him new influences—greater and better influences than home could give him. The parents could not understand that to bear the yoke of honest labor in his youth would be as well for him as any other discipline.

Jerry's mother was sad enough when she heard the news, and to keep the moisture from gathering to drops in her eyes, she rubbed the tin hoops of her blue teapot with the towel till they shone again.

Henry said he was sorry he was to go; but for all of his saying so he was not sorry as Jerry was. He had new boots and a new coat and hat, and a number of other things of which he was fully conscious all the while. Then, too, he would write every day, and it would almost be the same as seeing him, and he would come home often, for Henry had been used to having his own way, and could not think his will could be curbed at all. He did not know how much service he should have to see before he could arrive at any official dignity.

The next day Jerry climbed to the top of the gate-post and watched the carriage, that took Henry from him, drive away. Through tears he caught a glimpse of his little friend, but his little friend did not look toward him.

That was Jerry's first sorrow—no number of yellow goslings could have brought the old light into his red eyes that morning—no pinks nor daffodils, though the garden had been full of them, could have seemed to him bright as the smile of his playmate.

A letter was promised him by the first mail, and all the interval seemed to Jerry a blank, a time of nothing, that he would be glad to push right along and have done with—it would not be seeing his friend, but it would be something—it would be a great thing—he had never received a letter in his life, sealed and meant all for him. He wondered how it would begin and how it would end, and what, in fact, his friend would say, and how he would say it. One thing would be in it, that he knew, that Henry was very lonesome and wanted to see him so bad. That would be in the letter, and he was not sure but that it would be in it a great many times; indeed it was not unlikely the entire letter would be made up of love for him and anxiety to see him. Henry knew so much and would have learned so much, even in three days, at a military school, that he supposed the letter would be a model—and what an advantage to him! he would copy from his example.

And at last the day on which the mail was expected was come, and at last it went by and was time to go to the post-office, two miles from his mother's house. The snow was deep and it was cold after sunset, but little cared Jerry for that; he would run because he could not help it, and that would keep him warm; and, besides, if a boy thought much of a boy and wrote him, he would feel bound to know a boy did not think enough of a boy to go after the letter because it was a little cold. So buttoning the old coat that was outgrown and a good deal worn, Jerry set out, never minding the still air that almost cut his face, as if it tried to thrust him back into the warm house, never minding the white, cold glimmer of the stars that seemed to say, "It's no use, never minding anything, because he was a boy that liked a boy, and he foolishly supposed a boy liked him back, till he learned by experience, as most of us do, how preposterous such suppositions are. He was not long in walking the two miles. He did not once think he might have gone faster and with more comfort if Mrs. Gordon had offered him Henry's pony to ride, when she asked him to bring her letters. He did not think of anything but the pleasure he would have in breaking the seal and reading to his mother every word Henry wrote. The two miles were a good deal longer when Jerry went home, not because he was going home, and not because it was more uphill; it was a good deal colder, too, and his coat seemed thinner; it nearly froze his hand to carry the bundle of letters and papers to Mrs. Gordon, and the sharp wind brought the water to his eyes—he had no letter from Henry. An ugly distrust came into his heart as he went along—the moon might drop right down out of the sky, for all he knew, and he barely thought it unlikely that his mother should have set fire to the house and run away while he was gone—if it was possible that Henry could have broken his word and honor, his 'double word and honor,' what might not be possible?

Henry was not sick, for there in a fair, firm hand was a letter to his parents.

He could not stop at first and ask Mrs. Gordon if Henry were well, and when he said he could write to him; something choked him and he must go home.

An hour he sat on a stool in the corner and cried, and cried in spite of all his mother could say to soothe him; but at last when she told him to wipe his eyes and run over to Mrs. Gordon's and see what was in Henry's letter, he stifled his sobs and obeyed.

Mrs. Gordon looked up from her reading as Jerry went in, in a way that said plainly she was surprised disagreeably and annoyed, and when little Fanny Gordon ran from listening at her mother's knee and offered Jerry a chair at the fireside, she shook her head at the little girl, and afterward caught her roughly by the arm and whispered something which Jerry thought meant he was not her equal, and she must not ask him to sit down. Fanny half hid her face in her mother's lap, but she turned her eyes full of tears and sweet pity toward Jerry, and the frown of the mother lost its power on him, and for a moment he scarcely cared whether Henry had said anything about him or not.

Every mail day all the winter, whether it were gusty or mild, freezing or thawing, Jerry went regularly to the post-office, but there was never any letter for him. Once little Fanny had spoken to him through the fence and told him that her brother Henry had written to know what he was doing nowadays, and said that he would write to him as soon as he found time. She said, too, that when she went away to school, as she was to do in the spring, she would write a letter to him, and she would not tell her mother nor any body else what she wrote.

After this Jerry tried to make excuses for Henry—he was very busy, no doubt, and had as many letters to write home as he could find time to do, and as he worked spading the garden, he was trying to work out a letter in his brain. But he could not tell very well how to begin, nor how to end, nor what to say. To write as he felt was his impulse, but he could not quite make up his mind to do so: a boy at a military school might not feel much like a boy spading in his mother's garden.

(Concluded next week.)

SPEES EST VATES.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

There is a dogma of the ancient sages—
No noble human thought,
However buried in the dust of ages,
Can ever come to nought.

With kindred faith, that knows no base dejection,
Beyond the sages' scope
I see, afar, the final resurrection
Of every glorious hope!

I see, as parcel of a new creation,
The beautiful hour
When every bud of lofty aspiration
Shall blossom into flower!

We are not snatched; it was not in derision
God made our spirits free!
Our brightest hopes are but the dim pre-vision
Of blessings that shall be!

When they, who lovingly have hoped and trusted,
Despite some transient fears,
Shall see life's jarring elements adjusted,
And rounded into spheres!

AN INDEPENDENT PRESS.

An independent press! What an admirable thing is an independent press, how every body loves an independent press, how strange it is that we don't have an independent press, when everybody is so in love with the idea! Every thing else is independent; men speak their opinions, irrespective of the feelings of their neighbors, and act without reference to what others may say of them—of course they do! It is only the editors who are servile, poor chicken-hearted fellows! Afraid of what? Afraid of losing subscribers, patrons, bread and butter? Well—we must put up with it; and yet it is strange that all the moral cowards in the community are the editors. The lower surface of a dough-face, and the upper surface of a tripod, seem to have an affinity for each other. There is magnetism somewhere. Is it in the chair of the incumbent? Does the seat attack the dough-face, or the dough-face the seat? Here is a question of physico-morality for you, or for our contemporary of the Cincinnati Times to solve. There is a truth somewhere—at the bottom of the chair—perhaps. True.

Why don't you pitch in? Into what? Into everything and everybody. Expose all the knaves, reform all the abuses, and let the river of your indignation flow into and purge this Augean stable of society. That's the way to make yourself popular. Everybody will take your paper and read it, and everybody will sustain you in it. Fair and softly, friend—who is to pay the bill? When we are sued for libel—the virtuous and eloquent Squire Blunderbuss, with a five hundred dollar fee buttoned snug and safe in his pocket, rises before the jury and pours the vials of his pious indignation upon a licentious press, and paints the horrors of its ravages, in uprooting the reputation of the just, and blackening the fair fame of the innocent, don't you all grow virtuously indignant, that so awful a pest as a newspaper should be permitted to exist?—don't you wonder that editors should ever presume to interlard where the characters of people are concerned, and doubt, if justice does not soon overtake them at the hands of man, Providence will speedily mete out, in their case, the fate of Korah and Dathan?

A man steals into his neighbor's house at midnight, and blows out his brains—another sends to his friend an infernal compound, by whose explosion a family is sent to eternity—the newspapers get hold of the facts, and lay them before their readers—the criminal is arrested, indicted, and arraigned for trial—and what next? "Gentlemen of the jury," inquires his well paid counsel, "have you read any of those infamous reports against my client, which have been published in the papers, for the purpose of securing his conviction? The public become outraged at the conduct of the newspapers, and like a man who swallowed a rotten oyster, would be glad to throw up what they read with such an appetite the day before, if they could. Counsel finds that his client has no case, no defence. What then? Make a drive at the newspapers. He is an injured, persecuted man—the victim of a conspiracy—the vile, venal, vulgar press has determined that he should be convicted. Gentlemen of the jury, you bow your heads in slavery to this new tyranny in the State? No! Not guilty! Let the oppressed go free.

Discount Sweatcloth, Esq., came to the city and brought, for capital, a rogue's reputation. As the easiest mode to render his rogues available, he took up the profession of banking and religion. He threw, gave splendid dinners, banked in one palace and lived in another, was a leader in church, and a pattern among the snobs. He ended as any man of sense must have known he must end, by swindling thousands and running away with their money. You knew this, saw what the end must be before it came—Why didn't you expose him? Honest, innocent, near-sighted, unreasoning individual! Suppose we had said that Discount Sweatcloth was a knave, what a hubbub would have been kicked up in the church! The appearance of Anti-Christ, horns and all, would not have excited half so much commotion.—We should have been denounced as an infidel, an atheist, with an especial grudge against God's chosen people. Suppose we had said he was unsound and insolvent, what a stir there would have been on Third street, and how many gentlemen suspecting themselves to be in the same ticklish condition would have had their sensibilities wounded by our arrogance. Who would have helped us to pay the exemplary damages that he might have waited long enough to recover, or have hesitated to respond to the verdict, "Served him right?"

Belial Smooth is a calm, quiet, sanctimonious, domestic tyrant. No man appears in the newspapers more than he, as the patron of some movement for the spread of the gospel, the relief of the indigent, or the promotion of the cause of philanthropy. Yet beneath this, all is false and hollow, and these professions conceal a heartless wretch and detestable hypocrite.—His wife sleeps in her grave, sent there by a cold and careless persecution, and his daughters were driven from his house by his solicitations and abuse. Why don't you unmask the hypocrite, and show him up in his true colors, as the editor of an independent journal should do? Restrain your temper, Mr. Simplicity—you don't understand what you are talking about. Suppose we should do it, who, sooner than yourself, would join in a complaint that a licentious press should penetrate the sanctity of the domestic circle, and deprecate the holy scenes that cluster around the family fireside? This will never do.

Oh, it is easy to complain about the servility of the press. We have thousands who are ready enough to get us into a difficulty where there is one willing to aid in helping us out.

Widow Flighly is out of patience with Widow Flirt, who lives on the third floor opposite, because the latter has wiled away her lover, and is perfectly convinced that we have no independence, because we will not permit her, for the benefit of society, of course, to lampoon her rival through our columns. Dr. Calomel and Dr. Waterpower each thinks it would be vastly for the benefit of mankind if we would permit him to annihilate the false, erroneous, unphilosophical system of the other by the aid of our types and ink, and has but a poor opinion of our courage because we look upon it in a different light. If we should only take the advice of old friends, subscribers and patrons, we could readily have quarrels enough on our hands to keep a forty horse-power threshing machine in constant employment, and exhaust the wealth of the mines of California in the payment of damages.

An independent press is an excellent thing, but to tell the plain simple truth, the love which men bear for it is usually in proportion to the extent to which it agrees with themselves in opinion. Every man is willing that it shall be not only independent, but *impudent* to the rest exactly with his own views and interests, and takes a reverend care not to touch himself.

As we cannot be thus complaisant to all of our readers, it is not probable that we shall gain much credit as an independent journalist; and if we should ever secure such credit, it will most likely come at a time when it is least deserved. Such is the way of the world, and it is not for us to complain. We don't.

Brothers.

"According to my observation, any persons can do business together better than brothers," said a voice near me, as we were detained in a crowd when passing out of a city church. I looked at the speaker in amazement, almost expecting to see the uniform dress of some charity institution or House of Refuge, where foundlings grow up without feeling the deep, yearning affection which God has given to brothers and sisters; but instead, I met the keen, intelligent gaze of a middle aged man, who looked as if he had learned what was in the human heart without becoming a misanthrope. He passed on, but his words remained in my mind, and I found myself more than once saying, "If such is the fact, why is it?"

Why should brothers, born and nurtured at one fireside, sharing each other's inmost thoughts, looking up to one another's face for sympathy and love, during the most impressive years of life, why should they become as strangers? Then my mind ran back to the old farmhouse, my early home, where I had grown up beneath the overshadowing love of brothers and sisters; and I saw my noble brother, standing with a large sled drawn up before the door; his pantaloons tucked in his boots; and his fine, manly face radiant with generous excitement, all ready for Jerry and Lucy to ride to school; and my mother's gentle face, as she followed us to the door with a caution not to let Jerry get hurt. Hugh was not the oldest, but Jerry was a delicate boy, who could not face the winter wind; so his brother gladly lent his strength, and was fully rewarded when at evening the long, hard sum and difficult lesson were made plain and easy by the thoughtful elder brother. That blessed partnership continued till Jerry was beyond our care and love.

Those brothers and sisters unlike, and yet each so perfect in their way, as I counted them like jewels when asked "how many" we were; who grew up so united, so ready to help each other, must they change? That night when all were sent for, one from college, one from his clerkship, and one from school, to see mother die; when they stood with bleeding hearts, as one by one she begged us to meet her in heaven, and bade us not to let her absence weaken the bond which linked us; when she besought the thrifty, managing son to counsel and help the one too lavish; when she committed to our trust the young daughter whose mind she had hoped to mature and train for heaven; and then with a look of trust in the mourning band around her, closed her eyes in death; that night in its bitterness, and the succeeding days of loneliness, when the center and sun of our existence seemed shrouded in darkness, came over my mind with new power. Can hearts so firmly linked in joy and grief grow cold?

What if the brother lacks the faculty to get along, or has a wife you cannot like, or lacks the "polish" you have acquired? cast him not off—help him. Are you not of one blood? Are not his very faults common property?

The sister may be poor, or plain, when compared with the companions of your prospered years; but remember she is that unprotected one on whom that dying mother's eye lingered longest. Why not be a brother, born for adversity? What if, to cement the family bond, you sacrifice a portion of money or fame?—You will be repaid by a wealth of love which outlives the world's neglect and scorn, and will fill your heart with healthful joy, when life's fever past, you long for the pure and unselfish love which blessed your childhood. Can that noble school-boy, who lifts up and protects his fallen brother, who generously shares the rare fruit, and when the new toy cannot be divided, throws it in his sister's lap, and says with true love, "It's as much yours as mine;" can he love, with indifference upon the misfortunes and the faults of one of these precious friends of childhood? Alas, he may!

"Why is it?" I look in vain for a reply, and am again reminded of a scene of my childhood. One day, with tearful eyes, I carried an empty robin's nest to my mother, and eagerly asked where the birds were gone, and if the little ones that had nestled so lovingly together had forgotten their old home and tender parents.

Yes, they are no more to each other than any strange birds, now that they are old enough to provide for themselves. This touched my inmost heart, as I sorrowfully inquired, "Mother, why is it?" Because they have no souls, my child, was the answer.

Brothers and sisters, is there not a moral for you in this brief reply?—[N. Y. Evangelist.]

PRESERVING SUMMER FRUITS.—Such fruits as strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and the like, may be preserved in the following manner cheaply, and their flavor be retained:—Put sugar over the fire, at the rate of half a pound to a pound of berries, add a little water, and when hot take up the fruit in a skimmer and dip it into the sugar, holding it there for half a minute perhaps; then take it out and spread it on the tins. Go through the whole lot in this manner. Then boil down the su-

gar to a thick syrup, and pour it over the fruit. Set the tin either in the sun or in a warm oven till the berries are dried through in their gelatinous cakes. When thoroughly dry, put the cakes in a bag, and hang it out of the way.—The cakes will keep as long as wanted, and may be fitted for the table in a few minutes, by the addition of a little hot water—more sugar being added if necessary. The beauty of this mode is that the flavor of the fruit is retained, while there is no danger of its spoiling by fermentation. Fruits, when preserved in the usual way—pound for pound—are made too sweet, and lose their distinctive flavor so much that it differs little whether it is preserved peach or potato. Besides, without care, preserves are apt to ferment and spoil. [Prairie Farmer.]

AN INCIDENT IN SCHOOL-TEACHING.—One day, I saw a little fellow with his arms about a little witch of a girl, endeavoring, if I interpreted the manifestations right, to kiss her.

"Tommy," said I, "what are you doing there?" "Nathin sir," spoke the bright-eyed little witch, "he warth tryin' to kith, that he warth, thur, and she eyed him keenly."

"Why, Lucy, what prompted him to act so ungentlemanly right here in school?" I asked, anticipating some fun.

"Oh! he kithed up here and then he wanted me to kith him, and I told him I wouldn't kith such a thumphy boy as he ith, then he thed he'd kith me, and I told him he dathn't, but he thed he would do it, and I told him I would tell the mather if he did, but he thed he didn't care a thnap for the mather, and then tried to kith me the hard, and the little thing sighed."

"Why didn't you tell me, as you said you would?"

"Oh! I replied with a naivete I did not often see, 'I didn't care much if he did kith me and the I let him.'"

Here the whole school, who had been listening intently, broke out in an uproarious laugh, while our little hero and heroine blushed deeply. [Cincinnati Times.]

CURIOUS SLAVE CASE IN KANSAS.—The Van Buren Intelligencer says that it has recently been decided by Judge Ringo, of that State, that slaves are not recognized as property by the laws of the United States. The case upon which his decision is based, is briefly this:—

"Two negroes had been convicted of larceny in forcibly rescuing and taking away a slave woman from two gentlemen in the Creek nation. A motion was made by counsel for the accused in arrest of judgment, on the ground that slaves were not known to the United States laws as property, which motion was sustained by the Judge, and consequently the two negroes were turned loose.

"Another negro, indicted in the same case, was also turned loose, a *nolle prosequi* being entered in this case, after the decision of the Judge had been given."

The Intelligencer says that this decision "is undoubtedly law, but it is a bad state of affairs for those owning slaves in the Indian country; because there is no law to prevent the stealing of all the negroes in the Indian section, if men are disposed so to do." [Boston Journal.]

LOSSES BY MAIL.—The following from the Postmaster General is of interest to all who have occasion to send money by mail:—

"By a highly important regulation it appears that in every case of loss by mail whether supposed to be the result of causality or depredation, the department should be informed without delay of all the circumstances connected with it. Particular care should be taken to state the name of the office in which the letter was placed; the day on which it was so placed, and whether by the writer himself or by another person; the day on which, if at all it was actually mailed; the name of the writer and the person addressed; the amount, and, if practicable, a particular description of the valuable enclosure; the amount of postage marked on the letter; the office to which addressed, and whether mailed direct thereto or to another office for distribution; and the route by which it was sent, with any further particulars that may aid the department in its investigations respecting the cause of the loss.

ABOLITIONISM IN KENTUCKY.—Cassius M. Clay recently delivered a spirited abolition address at Mount Vernon, Ky., in the course of which he spoke of the severe treatment which John G. Fee had received at the Dripping Spring, in Lincoln county, and said that they had applied to a Court of Justice for redress and had been refused, and that—

"He now intended that Mr. Fee should go to the Dripping Spring and there speak his sentiments, as a free man; and he intended to go with him and stand by his side; and if any man or set of men, took him down, they should do it over his dead carcass. He then called on the crowd to know how many there was on the ground who would go with him, when a number of voices were heard that they were ready and willing to go. He told them to furnish their rifles if they had any; if no rifle, their double or single-barreled shot guns, their Colt's revolvers—and if they had neither, then their kitchen-butcher knife, for the thing had to have a beginning, and it had as well begin at Dripping Spring as any other place. He said the time for the meeting would be set in a few days, of which they should have due notice; and then they would meet and consult, and they would not meet in a barn, out-house or any secret place like the Know Nothings, but in open daylight, like freemen. He said that the pro-slavery party, both in word and action, give the lie to the Declaration of Independence, but he would say, in the language of Patrick Henry, 'Give us liberty, or give us death.'"

NOT A BIT OF DIFFERENCE.—The Liberator at Arcostock County, at Houlton, on the 4th proclaimed the following:

Resolved, That the frank and manly attitude assumed by the recent Democratic and Whig State Conventions in the adoption of platforms opposed to the pernicious doctrines of the Fusion party, and in favor of liberal legislation, merits and receives our cordial approbation; and that their approval of the principles for which the Liberal party have always contended, renders any nominations by us at present inexpedient and unnecessary.

GREAT REMEDY.—The Plymouth Rock announces a great medical discovery, entitled "Syrup of Bat's Wing and Quininess of Wharf rat." Its effect on the system is thus described:—

"The Bat's Wing, flies into the brain, kicks up a row with the ills of the head, driving them out at the ears, while the 'Wharf Rat' dives into the stomach, and from thence makes diligent inquiry into disease through the whole thirty feet of hose pipe which lies coiled up in the human system."

TO COOK NEW POTATOES.—No matter how small new potatoes are, they may be cooked so as to be most delicious and healthy summer vegetable. After boiling, they should then be chopped into a wooden bowl, and chopped with a slicing knife, but not very fine. Put them into a frying pan and let them warm over a slow fire, adding a lump of butter and milk sufficient to moisten well. Season while warming, with salt to suit the taste. [Ohio Farmer.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, ... AUG. 2, 1855.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

P. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper and is authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His office is at No. 10 State St., Boston, Mass. Third and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia; 8 W. Cor. North and Fayette Sts., Baltimore.

F. M. PERKINS & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Western Correspondence.

Iowa City, Ia., July 18, '55.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

I find I am falling behind the times in my scribbles, and that unless I hurry up my cokes I shall never get them baked.

I allow (no guessing out here) to give you a local item, in this batch; if you don't like it—why, you need not cook it.

The all absorbing topic, now before the people of this section (the one that engrosses the attention of all classes, ages, and sexes, is the weather! Every one exclaims 'How hot it is,' 'O dear! I shall roast,' &c., &c. Some, who feel more intensely than others, exclaim, in the language of Henry Ward Beecher's text, 'It is a d—d hot day!' and a few provoking sinners in passing an acquaintance, mockingly admonish him to 'keep cool!' which always brings the afflicted individual up to the boiling point, and causes him to bubble just half an hour by the steelyards. Yesterday, the thermometer was up to 101 degrees in the shade, and to-day to 98 degrees. O, ye gods! how can one write at such a temperature? Seven-fifths of every idea goes off in the form of gas vapors, and nothing remains but a negative quantity of skeletons. P-h-e-w! It is no use, gents, I cannot proceed; the perspiration trickles down my finger ends and soaks the paper, my shirt and pants (I haven't on anything else), are wet through and stick to me like a dishcloth to a pudding stick; my boots are full and running over, and, in fact, I am rather sweaty myself! Excuse me while I empty my boots and pack myself in ice.—Nothing else can prevent a dissolution of this individual.

June 19th.—Weather getting more comfortable—thermometer to-day indicates only 95—with a good little breeze blowing. The heat does not seem so oppressive to me here, as the same degree in the east, as generally there is more or less of a breeze blowing, that makes it more endurable. The harvesting of wheat here is going bravely on and farmers report a good yield. Corn which has been backward is now springing rapidly forward; being generally at the 'silking out' point. Garden corn is fit for roasting and boiling and was in the market nearly a week ago. We had new potatoes the last of June. Crops of all kinds in this vicinity look exceedingly well, and promise a reduction of prices in the provision line.

But let us back to Dubuque. This is the largest city on the Mississippi above St. Louis, and has a population of between 11000 and 12000. Burlington claims to be nearly as large. Dubuque is decidedly a well built town the buildings generally, being of brick or stone. The site of the place is not so beautiful as some other towns on the river, being on a bottom or interval, between the river and high, precipitous bluffs which are too steep for building upon (i. e. on the side facing the town), or to run a street up; however they afford commanding sites for residences, and are approachable through the frequent 'runs' that make down to the 'bottom.' The precipitous (east) side of these bluffs, are turned to account by some for vineyards, being graded into terraces for that purpose. The bottom on which the city is built is from a fourth to a half mile in width, and has sufficient area for a city of 5 or 6000; which area is being increased nearly one half by the filling up of a slough between the main land and an island, lying in front of the city, whereby the landing for boats will also be much improved. The city is soon to be lighted with gas, the arrangements for which are nearly completed. Dubuque is to the lead regions of Iowa what Galena is to that of Ill. These lead mines are a source of vast wealth to her; men make fortunes there in a brevity of time that throws California operations into the shade—but, like gold mining lead mining is uncertain. A man said to me, 'I knew an Irishman here, when he could not get trusted for fifty cents, and I knew him six months after when he could get credit for \$50,000 or to any amount. He had struck a 'lode' and made a fortune at once. The claim to anything of a lode will sell for \$50,000 to \$100,000—but they are not struck every day; and of the ore is washed out of the dirt, that is drawn out by the tub and bucket-full at which good wages are made.

In my opinion, D. is destined to be the largest city in Iowa and indeed of the upper Mississippi. It has no near rival on the Iowa side, and none at all save Galena, which on account of its out of the way location, can hardly be reckoned such, much longer.

It has a large up river trade, extending to Minnesota, and a vast extent of back country to support it. Railroad travel to the N. W. now terminates at Daulton, opposite Dubuque; but soon the iron horse will be coursing the prairies of Iowa in various directions from Dubuque, and first of all, probably North-westerly toward Minnesota; for which 'land of promise' (Maine) seems to have a great liking. We found them in crowds at Galena and Dubuque waiting for the first 'up steamer' to take them to St. Paul; and they were gratified while I was there. The 'War Eagle' fitted up for said place but expected to get no farther than lake Pepin on account of the ice. You should have seen the crowd on that boat. It just swarmed with men of all grades, and of various nations, all eager to be first on the ground to secure the best chance for a farm or a speculation. Among the number I found several acquaintances—one a former pupil of mine from Newport. But the observed of all 'were a delegation of Native Americans just returning from Washington, (they had been to consult their pale-faced (?) chief the President! The dress of the pale face and the native were strangely commingled; but they were wholly unconscious apparently, of their remarkable costume. For a while they moved around with dignified silence; then wrapping the omnipresent blanket about them, sat down to a pleasant 'smoke.'

We found it good for us to be at the Julien House. It is an excellent, ay, super-excellent hotel; the rooms are spacious and elegantly furnished and prices are such as will satisfy one that he has been stopping at a first class house! The Key City House we heard spoken of as a fine one, with moderate terms, and there are numerous others sufficient to accommodate all who may travel that way. During our stay in D. we made the acquaintance of two 'wielders of the quill' to wit: Doct. Thomas of the Observer, the champion of the K. Ns., and 'Friend Harkley' of the Tribune, and a firm believer in free soil and Wm. H. Seward, whose name he long since run up for the next President. Mr. H. treated us with much courtesy, gave us many valuable hints and items of information in regard to the State, the people &c., &c. If any of your readers wish to become posted in regard to northern Iowa, and the west generally, I know of no better paper for them, than the Dubuque Tribune. When we were there D. supported three daily papers and the same number of tri-weeklies and weeklies.

The land in the immediate vicinity of the city is rather broken, but a few miles back the lay of the land is beautiful and there are excellent farms. Upon the whole we were much pleased with the enterprise and business prospects of Dubuque; why we did not settle there I will tell you in my next; for there are objections to the place. I am at the bottom of my sheet and must stop.

LOOKSHAW RAMBLEROUND.

PISCATORY.—Fishers of men!

'Fishers of men'—we are content to be fishers of fish. So were those men who were 'mending their nets' on a certain occasion, till they found better employment; better for them, though for us, but 'comparisons are odorous,'—fishy. Still, whether those good men fished as we fish, with the same appetites—not for the fish but for the sport—the same bait, live or dead, fly or worm; and whether the wormy contortions, or the fishy ditto, touched their hearts, and their fingers, just as they do ours;—these are great theological (because apostolical) questions, and belong not to hands that glitter with fish-slime. But fish are fish, and men are men; and the 'mere men' and 'mere fish' of these days cannot differ much from the mere fish and mere men of those. 'Mere wigglers, all—theology aside, for these ideas are mere 'philosophy,' and fish philosophy, at that. We said men are men. Doubt I speaking after the manner of fishermen. Was a fisherman ever anything but a boy?—we mean a leaner-born, John-and-James fisherman; one who mends nets, puts on sinkers, and digs worms;—one who ranges tall grass and tramples taller corn on a rainy day, to reach a hole where the red fin of a trout moves to and fro under a rotten log? Look at him as he walks by the shore or crosses a bridge; see how he peaks and stares and winks and squints down into the water in search of fish. So the boy, so the man. So did Daniel Webster, and so does little Peter, the French boy. The sculptor did well to carve a 'fisher boy.' There never was a fisherman—a hard-hearted, iron-faced, bold, patriotic, dignified fisherman. There are many, many, old, gray-headed, cheerful, playful, kind, merry—aye, good—fisher-boys. God bless them! we have seen them a thousand times. Here comes one of them—'Boy, are there any fish in this brook?' Now, boy,—you little ragged, bare-foot, dirty fellow—step right up to him, for he's 'one of ye.' Tell him where the fish are, and offer to dig worms by the quart; he'll pay a boy generously, for he is a boy himself; possibly an old one, possibly rich or great, but still a fisher-boy—like Gov. Hubbard, maybe, when he went up to the Lakes! Ahem!

This is mere sophistry—mere fish philosophy; but we wanted a word of preface to a simple fact. Mr. Benj. Witham, near the most south-easterly bay of East Pond, keeps a very neat boat for such as desire to angle in a sensible way. This is not generally known, and we mention it by way of explaining why we always return from East Pond with at least a hundred fine pickerel and white perch, while some of our friends, not in the secret, come home empty. For further particulars inquire of one who has been there.

Conductor Pitman contributed not a little by his prompt management and agreeable address to the satisfactory nature of the occasion. He approved himself a worthy officer, and we trust his face will never be missed on the road.

So says the Bangor Journal, in detailing the incidents of the opening trip over the Pen. & Ken. Railroad. Most heartily we say, Amen! We doubt not the P. & K. road will as gladly make a 'fixture' of Conductor Pitman, as did the A. & K. road of their very popular conductor, Messrs. Barrell and Bodge; whose praise, for their kind and gentlemanly treatment of passengers, is heard from all who travel that road,—which road, by the way, boasts of having had the early training of Mr. Pitman in his present line.

POTATOES.—If the rot does not prevent, the potato crop must be abundant. New ones, of good size and quality, have for some time been in our market. The first, we think, were brought in small quantity—say, about enough for our dinner—by Mr. Eleazer Hutchinson, of Winslow. They were of good quality, but easily put beyond competition by a little better from the same source—in which last article that dairy was long since marked No. 1.

OUR TABLE.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.—This is the title of a new monthly, issued by Little, Son & Co., of Boston, each number of which will contain 144 pages of the choicest reading to be found in that part of periodicals, Little's Living Age. It will be furnished for \$3 a year, and thus be within the reach of many who cannot afford to take the Living Age. We copy from the prospectus, 'Every number of this work will contain articles of leading interest; grave and earnest, yet not heavy; popular, and yet of abiding value. To these will be added, in profuse abundance and great variety, Tales, Poetry, Voyages, Travels, and whatever—within the bounds of sound taste and good principle—may be included under the large head of Light Reading. But mere light reading soon becomes wearisome, unless there breathe into it spirit and heart-life and soul. We promise a magazine that shall be more and better than mere amusement; a book suited to the leisure of the old and wise, and yet abundantly attractive to the young and ardent. It will freely provide for the imagination as well as for the Reason and Memory.'

The initial number, which is before us, abundantly redeems the large promises of the prospectus, and we doubt if as much reading of equal excellence, was ever before offered for the same money. We will not enumerate the articles, but invite all to examine the work for themselves.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—Contents of the July number.—The Imperial Policy of Russia, part I. Zaiden, a Romance, part 7. Notes on Canada and the North-west States of America, part 4. Letter to Eusebius—Once Upon a Time, part 2. Modern Light Literature—Theology. Vernier. The Story of the Campaign—written in a tent in the Crimea, part 7. Two years of the Condemned Cabinet—Administrative Reform—The Civil Service.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of Subscription.—Any one Review or Blackwood, \$3 a year. Blackwood and one Review, or any two Reviews, \$5. The four Reviews and Blackwood, \$10. Four copies, \$30.—Paying on the four Reviews and Blackwood to any Post Office in the United States, only 50 cents a year. Viz: 14 cents a year on each Review, and 24 cents a year on Blackwood.

New volumes of the Edinburgh, Westminster and London Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine commence with the July numbers.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.—We have received No. 8 of this series of charming juveniles, from Fetridge & Co., of Boston through the hands of J. G. Moody, at whose counter it can be obtained. It is entitled 'Timothy and Joliba,' and, like all those previously issued, is very prettily embellished. It is a good book as well as an attractive one, and richly worth the 25 cts. charged for it.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—No. 684 has the following long articles—Sister Anne, part 2. Austria's Last Act of Friendship. Oppressed Nationalities—Yes or No? Ships too great for use. Cyrano de Bergerac. The Great Carnage. Sydney Smith. Charles Kingsley as a Lyric Poet. Now or Never. Austrian Atrocities. A great number of short articles and some choice poetry will also be found. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., Boston at \$6 a year, and sent to any part of the country free of postage.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—From Fetridge & Co., of Boston, we have received the August number of this popular monthly. Among the attractions of this number may be mentioned the third part of Virginia Illustrations, Scott's Battles in Mexico, Sketches in the East Indies, a few more chapters of The Newcomes, &c., &c., with the usual Monthly Record, Literary Notices, Editor's Table, Easy Chair and Drawer, Comicalities and Fashions. For sale at J. G. Moody's.

For The Eastern Mail.

LINES

Suggested by the perusal of letters of the Rev. Doctor Drickwilde, of Kentucky, predicting an invasion of the North by the Southern Slaveholders.

Let them come; but with hearts
In which passion is ended.
Let them come; but with hands
In pure friendship extended.
We will bid them thrice welcome
To each home, and each heart,
We will bid them, 'God speed!'
When from us they depart.
We will show them our railroads,
Our factories, our mills,
We will show them the wealth
Of our forests and fields,
We will show them our workshops
By streamlet and mill,
All made by free labor,
Led on by free will.
We will show them the spots
Where our forefathers bled;
We will show them the place
Where we lay our free dead;
We will point to the ground
Where a foeman ne'er stood,
But to bathe its freesoil
With his heart's richest blood.

Let them come; but beware
How our slunkers they break—
Beware of our freemen
By mountain and lake.
Let them come; with their arms,
Clavily, bound to our slaves;
By free mountains and rivers,
We will give them free graves.
A. W. WILDES.

Opening of the Railroad to Bangor.

No matter how it happened, for the occasion was too good to scold about—but our citizens were really caught napping by the Bangoreans on Monday. We knew a few cars had gone over to their city, but did not dream they would be crammed with passengers and sent whizzing back again before dinner could be got ready. But for the best jumps of the telegraph, the surprise would have been complete, and the new force of 'Stealing a Jubilee' would have claimed its nativity at Bangor. The trip was emphatically a flying one, and had not the editor of the Bangor Journal been its historian, we should not dare to report it as a fact.—Briefly, as a sunbeam slips down between the clouds, we saw a galaxy of gentlemen and ladies to whom Waterville seemed to be a greater curiosity than to us—and 'that's all we know about it.' But the Journal's account has an air of tangibility, especially in its compliments; which we recognize as fixed facts, far as relates to the beauty of our village, the excellency of Elmwood Hotel, and anything else not personal to ourselves. But the closing chapter of the Journal's history must tell the story.

In a few minutes more the chapel tower of the college, resembling the chimney of a machine shop, upon which it is said the students graduate, admonished us that we were on the plains of one of the most beautiful interior towns in Maine, to connect with which has occupied the care and energies of our spirited citizens.

The Watervilleans had no notice of the coming of a party, and even the hotel keepers only received a telegraphic despatch, a short time before the regular dinner hour, which was awaited with no little impatience by the party.

The bulk of the pleasure company, repaired to ELMWOOD, where at the short notice given, the urbane Seavey and his prompt assistants put upon the table a dinner that needed no apology from any except those who ate of it, since the worthy host must have had convincing proof of the superiority of the Penobscot appetite.

In the afternoon the company agreeably bestowed themselves in looking about the town, admiring the beautiful streets and visiting the college grounds and inspecting the literary curiosities, in the course of which in the li-

brary of the Erosophian, the fact was announced in gilt letters large enough to be read across the Kennebec river—*Mens noster ager est!*—If the 'field of the mind' is as well cultivated within the walls of the college as the grounds and lands surrounding, potatoes and education will prove an abundant crop. The ladies however, upon an inspection of some of the rooms were astonished that sentimental and studious youth should survive four years confinement therein. To the kind attention of junior Emerson we are indebted for a look at the college lions.

At 5½ o'clock we took the train for the return trip. The people who had been taken by surprise at our arrival, paid their respects in large numbers at the depot, and at the instance of Mr. Barret gave us hearty cheers in parting.

At Waterville we obtained a supply of Boston morning papers from Mr. Carter, a quarter of a century since of the firm of Burton & Carter, publishers of The Bangor Register in this city. He is a resident of Waterville, and true to the instincts of the profession, endeavors to enlighten the people with the latest intelligence.

Village Police Report.

Justice is slow in her walk but heavy in her tread. The night preceding the Fourth is remembered as a very noisy and sleepless one, as usual. As an indication of what may be expected hereafter, Christopher Dwyer was charged before Justice Drummond, with disturbing the peace on the said noisy occasion, by blowing horns and other congenial musical instruments, and fined three dollars and costs. One of Christopher's faults was, that he was older than the average of pupils in this class of music, and therefore ought to know better. So the court gave him an advance lesson for the benefit of younger scholars—and he took it.

Gott Pooler, for taking too much liberty on the 4th, was required to pay a dollar and costs. Gott got too much of the spirit of the day, and thought there was a general suspension of law for the occasion; so he persisted in firing crackers while the procession was forming; and the court persisted in giving him a dollar worth of wisdom for the next glorious Fourth.

The very hospitable landlord of the Waterville House, was called, on complaint of the selectmen, to answer to the charge of aiding certain literary young gentlemen in gratifying appetites not congenial to the Maine Law. Somebody imbibed till somebody got 'leaky,' and the result was that Mr. Sheriff Kimball was sadly in need of a posse of blood-hounds to smell out witnesses. By zealous efforts he succeeded in haling and treeing half a dozen young gentlemen, who conspired, upon strong legal persuasion, to put their friends under obligation to compel them to testify to a higher court; to which the defendant referred the matter, without present investigation. The fault of landlord Blake seems to have consisted in too strong sympathy for young men in pursuit of an education, and in yielding too readily to the gratification of their ardent literary tastes. We hope his young pupils have taught him a new principle of exchange, by taking his dram and giving him a scruple.

This morning, at the A. & K. depot, officer Kimball seized two casks of liquor, each snugly encased in old rickety flour barrels and stuffed around with straw; containing, in both, some 25 gallons. They were marked 'John Pacey,' and arrived yesterday. As Mr. 'Pacey' is not known, except as an alias, it is presumed he will not call for his liquor.

PROGRESSIVE.—Our downtown neighbors are getting up steam for the 'progressive' machinery, in a way that promises to send a thrub of business life up Main-street, nobody can tell how far. The venerable old 'Ticonic Row' is dressing up with the taste of a modern bridegroom. The old stand of Ely & Kimball, at No. 4, so long and so well known in the sober garb of twenty years wear, has donned an expensive and very tasteful glass front, with an entire internal renovation, that renders it one of the very finest and best stores in the village. With their large, beautiful and entirely new stock of dry goods, their renewed invitation to the ladies, which will be found in our advertising columns, must be very acceptable.

A somewhat similar change is found at No. 1, formerly Doolittle's. Mr. Gardner, a new candidate for business favors, has here opened a fine stock of gentlemen's clothing and furnishing goods. He seems worthy of business as well as social courtesies, and with a good location will doubtless share justly in public patronage.

It is said that the other stores in the 'Row' are to undergo the same process of improvement. This would place the tenements in Ticonic Row among the most desirable in the place; and we hope it will speedily be done.

COMMENCEMENT, which occurs on Wednesday next, offers a programme of more than ordinary interest; and the improved facilities for travel, with the singular attractions everywhere seen in forest or field, must draw from their homes more than the usual multitude of visitors to this festival, and the speakers before the literary societies promise rare interest in their festivals. The class have made their arrangements with proportionate liberality. Doolittle's New York Band is a note higher than has ever been struck in this section of Commencement; and we hope their concert will meet liberal patronage from our citizens, as it surely will from visitors.

ACCIDENT.—A singular and somewhat serious accident occurred to Mrs. Joab Harrison, on Wednesday eve of last week. While walking with some friends over the plank sidewalk on College-st., one of the company, stepping upon the end of a loose plank, threw up the opposite end, upon which Mrs. H. was about to tread. She stepped between the planks, and pitching forward fractured her leg. Though a serious accident to Mrs. Harrison, it has proved a profitable one to the side-walk.

THE RESULT.—The young Frenchman mentioned in our last, who was started by his friends for Canada, after having his back broken, died immediately after reaching Solon.

He began bleeding at the mouth and nose during the second day, and lived but a few minutes after he was taken from the wagon. It is said that a message from his mother in Canada, who had heard of his misfortune, urged him to 'Come and die where she could love him at last'; and that this was his inducement to venture an effort that cost him his life. 'Poor fellow!'—but richer in filial affection than many a less favored child.

John P. Hale is expected to address the citizens of Waterville and vicinity on the evening of the 20th inst. More particular notices will hereafter be given.

The Portland Expositor, the special organ of the Run party, in accepting Samuel Wells as candidate on the platform erected by the late Nebraska Convention says:

We are abundantly satisfied in our State politics, with the platform for which we have been laboring for years past, and to which all our ancient associates, who have adhered to the democratic party through good and evil report, are now rushing as to an ark of safety. That platform is, unalterable and ceaseless hostility to all the principles and all the provisions of the Maine Law, and to rear in its stead a judicious system of license. It is to this platform that we have labored unceasingly to bring the whole democracy of the State. That sooner or later they would be forced to come, to escape a repetition of defeats and disgrace, we have uniformly predicted and unwaveringly believed.

The President has appointed Hon. John L. Dawson, of Pennsylvania, Governor of Kansas, in place of Hon. A. Reeder, removed. Mr. Dawson was an effective member of the last Congress, and voted for the Nebraska Kansas bill. He is also known as a strenuous advocate of the policy of giving homesteads to actual settlers, and introduced a bill for that purpose which passed the House of Representatives, but failed to obtain the sanction of the Senate.

The correspondent of the Herald states that the removal of Governor Reeder has created some excitement in Washington. It is believed that Mr. Dawson will not accept the appointment, in which event it will be given to a Southern man. The Kansas Judges have not been removed, the administration not having heard from them as yet.

The Journal of Commerce, (pro-slavery) contains a leader condemning the removal of Gov. Reeder as an unfortunate step for the Administration in the present condition of Kansas affairs, as it will furnish to unprincipled fanatics the means to fan the flames of sectional discord.

CARRIER PIGEONS AND THE TELEGRAPH.—Many of the readers of the newspapers, who wake up in the morning and find a column of European news, by telegraph ready for perusal in the morning paper, the steamer having arrived only at midnight before, do not know the labor and the enterprise which are involved to procure this early transmission of the steamer's news. The associated press have an agent for the arrival of the New York steamers at Sandy Hook lighthouse. He has fifty carrier pigeons, which are trained for the purpose of conveying news from the steamships to the shore. A man in open boat, in all kinds of weather, drops alongside of the steamer as she bears directly upon Sandy Hook. The news is thrown over in a water tight can, and the news being taken out, a single sheet is affixed to a bird's leg. The man then gives the signal, the bird which raises his wings, and away he goes with all his powers of locomotion, in a straight line for the office, giving a distance of three or four miles in as many minutes, and popping in at the window, is received by the agent, who transmits the intelligence over the wires to New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and thence to St. Louis, New Orleans, and all parts of the country, so that the news is frequently received over a large part of the United States, and published before the steamer leaves the quarantine.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

THE LAST NOTION.—The Philadelphia Times says that 'decidedly the coolest specimen of Yankeeism we have seen during this hot weather is the man who walked into our sanctum the other day and exhibited a dozen tin shirt collars for our inspection. We were not prepared for this innovation on the linen trade, and were about to pronounce the notion impracticable, when the exhibitor triumphantly pointed to his own collar, saying, 'O ye think that this collar will wilt?' On taking another look, we found it to be the 'genuine tin,' but not observable except on close inspection. The thermometer stood at ninety-six degrees, but had no effect on the new Yankee collar. We advise all who wish to cheat the washerwoman and the starch manufacturer to substitute painted tin for linen, for over them perspiration hath no power.'

Dr. Powell, of Kentucky, has just broached a new and curious theory upon the subject of human temperaments. He maintains it to be a law of human life that when the parents are both of the same temperament, that is—have the same complexion, the same average of the physical and intellectual health, &c., their children must either die young or grow up imbecile in mind, deformed in body, or feeble in constitution. By the same rule, when the parents are of opposite temperaments, characteristics, &c., their offspring are of necessity sound, able, intellectually energetic, and physically capable.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.—It has been a mighty mischief, that religion has so often been divorced from the other modes of men. Men have looked at it as something distinct and peculiar, having its own sphere and its own power, and not as the fountain and father of all goodness and truth. The man of God has been separated from the man of science, the man of literature, the man of politics, the man of business. The world has helped the separation, and so has the Church. A weak and ignorant piety, a strong and shrewd impiety have done the same work. The general exercises of the intellect, the common charities of the heart, the familiar proceedings of life have been too frequently regarded as provinces into which religion has no right to penetrate, or should only come when invited, and be thankful to be treated as a guest, and not to be honored as a sovereign. Hence literature, art, social life, worldly engagements, have been treated as things apart from godliness, and not as things which godliness is to possess, and through which it is to act and be seen. To borrow an expressive illustration, the partnership has been dissolved between religion and other business, and thus it has come to a disastrous bankruptcy. That it is so, is apparent from the fact that there is a general disposition to regard immoralities connected with money matters, in a different light from other immoralities. The same standard is not applied, the same measure is not meted out. There is more genteel treatment of the pecuniary sinner, than of any other sinner. 'It is only the way of business,' covers a multitude of sins. A man, in many cir-

cles, had better defraud his creditors than deny a single article of the popular creed or violate a single conventionalism of respectable society. [Morris's Religion and Business.]

The Coming Storm.

Had not the history of Kansas opened with iniquity, and its first chapter been a list of outrages upon the freedom and the sentiments of the country, the events now going forward there, would arrest the attention and control the political conduct of every patriotic citizen.—But alas, familiarity with political vice has brought us to the first fearful stage of endurance—whether we are reserved to 'pity' and 'embrace' it, Heaven only knows. But surely the liberties of the country are in imminent peril, unless there soon be made a resistance to this growing evil. If there was felt to be danger in the act of Congress which repealed the Missouri Compromise, that feeling should be terribly confirmed by the events to which the repeal has given birth. If then we felt the need of acting together, in order to pass a solemn rebuke upon the traitors to freedom—much more should we do so now, in order to stop their work and forestall the threatening dangers which they are plotting to bring upon our land.

It is a calm statement of fact that the annals of our government furnish no such example of political recklessness, and of utter contempt alike of the Constitution and of individual rights, equal to that which the last five months have developed in Kansas. There is not a species of misdemeanor which has not been publicly enacted, and that by the agency of men high in office, and that within the official view, and without the disapproval, of the President of the United States! We have seen a former acting vice president leading an armed foray from a neighboring State, to bear down the people's will and choose their own myrmidons to the Legislature. We have seen them succeed in their ruffianly attempt, overturning the action of the Governor, in order to make security doubly sure. By thus turning off eleven of the Free State members, we have seen them secure a Legislature containing only five members from the Territory, the rest sitting as bandits from Missouri! We have seen such a body worthily choose a speaker who, in retreating thanks, indulges in the following hideous felicitations:

'To have intimated one year ago that such a result would be wrought out, one would have been called visionary—to have predicted to-day a Legislature to have passed such a law, would have been called mad. For these reasons, and because of the fact that the destiny of our glorious Union hangs upon our action, because the eyes of the world are upon us—the eyes of fanatical and malignant enemies closely watching us—the eyes of sympathizing friends anxiously fixed upon us—for these reasons, and feeling that it is a high and responsible trust you have confided to me, I feel both proud and grateful.'

A body so made up and so organized, of course, is fit for anything which its passions suggest. And it will be found that its actions have more than redeemed its promises. It removed the seat of government to within two miles of Missouri, over the veto of the Governor. It adopted the Missouri Code, slave provisions and all, in the same way. And now it has a list of measures proposed, all grossly unconstitutional and high-handed. We may pass over all these, whose passage cannot be prevented, excepting a single one. This is the re-annexation of a 'Platte purchase' so called, now many years a part of Missouri, the seat of a large slaveholding population, and the home of Atchison. It is understood that the Legislature of Missouri will accede to the movement, and thus place within the territory a slave nucleus sufficient to control everything until Kansas becomes a State. This project is well under way, and no power yet exerted can prevent it.

Such are some of the proceedings now going on under this professed government of laws and equal rights. The South, of course, does nothing to resist it. What is the North doing? The whole administration press is silent, and encourages silence. In the meantime, in some places, the old Whig party is affiliating with the democracy, to break down the Republican movement, which alone is open and practical in its condemnation of these events! Such madness as that of bampering the friends of freedom at such an hour as this, was never seen. Who will be a party to it in this State? Let every man think of this—for an aid to one side or the other, he must be.

[Portland Advertiser.]

SEMI-SUICIDE.—The wife and child (the latter an infant) of Mr. Doyle of Michigan City, lost their lives on the 20th ult. Mr. Doyle was pouring camphens upon some shavings in the stove, preparatory to making a fire. It happened that there were some live coals in the stove which ignited the fluid, and an explosion ensued which covered Mrs. Doyle and the infant with the burning contents of the can. Both were horribly burned.

The female slave of Mr. Wheeler, whose disappearance at Philadelphia led to the arrest of Mr. Williamson, is now in New York City. She denies that she was taken away from Mr. Wheeler by force. She says she wished to be free but was closely watched by her master. But she finally got an opportunity to make her wishes known to some colored people who undertook her rescue, and she rejoices that the attempt was successful.

TO MAKE BEAUTIFUL HAIR OIL.—Take one quart of olive oil, or fine red oil, 2½ ounces of spirits of wine, 1 ounce of cinnamon powder, 5 drachms of bergamot. Heat them together in a large flask, then remove it from the fire and add a few small pieces of alkali rosette, keep it closely covered for six hours, let it be filtered through a funnel lined with blotting or filtering paper.—[Scientific American.]

DESTROYING PROPERTY.—Gerrit Smith, in a recent address at Utica, met this argument of rum-sellers with the following illustration: 'Suppose,' said he, 'that my friend (our townsman) Gov. Seymour, should let out his box of rattlesnakes which he keeps for the amusement of his friends, into the streets of Utica, would they not most certainly be all beheaded? No doubt. And then suppose that he should go to law on account of his beheaded snakes, would any court of justice render, him ought? Most assuredly not.'

CHOLERA ON THE CALIFORNIA ROUTE.—The cholera has been and still is raging on the Isthmus of Nicaragua. Quite a number of persons in this city have preferred to lose their passages, already paid for, rather than run the risk of going to such a dangerous season. They are going—for an attack of the disease in that climate is to a stranger doubly dangerous.—[Brother Jonathan.]

THE AMERICAN BONAPARTE.—A private letter dated Paris, June 26, has the following: 'Tell Mr. that his friend Jerome Bonaparte has greatly distinguished himself, and has done great honor to his West Point training. He is the aid of one of the Generals, and is the medium of communication between the French and English, as he speaks the two languages equally well. He is always in the midst of the battle, and has had two horses shot under him, but as yet has escaped a wound. The Emperor is proud of him, and the French soldiers call him the 'brave American Bonaparte.'

