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The old gossamer brought out her troop of young goslings again, the flowers all looked over the garden fence toward 'Fanny's house,' as Jerry called it; the heads of the cabbages were budding, and their great, gray leaves lapping toward the ground again. Jerry could not go to school now as he used to do when he was smaller, but had to stay at home and work.—Fanny had gone away to school now, and had kept her promise and written a letter to Jerry—a very little letter made up of very little sentences, and with a superscription that made three very crooked lines all across and across the envelope. To Jerry's thinking, however, there never was a much better letter written. All the time he kept it in his pocket, reading it again and again as often as he found leisure, though he knew every word from first to last. He could not bear to put it away with his few books; it seemed like a free ticket to the good will of every body; so he kept it, as I said, all the time in his pocket. He found the distress that he had in his heart since Henry went away growing rapidly less, and now and then he suspected he had been very wicked in imagining the moon could fall, or his mother burn up the house and run away. Suddenly he stopped from his working, tired but looking well pleased; he had been very industrious and done a full day's work, though it wanted yet three hours of night. He had made up his mind to write to Henry; for since Fanny had written him, 'I am very well; I hope you are very well. I don't like you so well as me. Do your goslings grow?' etc., he had felt that everybody he knew liked him, and would be glad to know how well he was getting along. So the happiness he thought he should give to another was all bright in his face as he hung his hoe in the pear-tree, and breaking three cabbage leaves, not crooked, and deep green, but fair and gray with bloom, made his way to the brook-side, where the shadow of a maple lay thick and cool, and near where the stone bridge crossed the water to stop and make some silver talk before it went over.

From the cherry tree, by the door he had brought some little withes, and having sharpened them with his teeth began the composition of a letter—using his hat crown for a desk, the cabbage leaves for paper, and the twigs for pens. Never was post wrapped more happily in a dream than he in his work, when all at once he became conscious of footsteps and heard a voice, not unfamiliar, except in his derision, say, 'Ha, boy! I say, you ought to take out a patent for that sort of paper; how are you, though?' Jerry's senses were a good deal bewildered, and he could not believe at first it was Henry Gordon who stood before him, resting his polished gun on the ground, holding a cigar in one hand, and surveying him with contemptuous courtesy, if such a thing might be.

He tried to rise and return civilly the rude salutation of the young cadet, but as he advanced he saw that Henry was not alone, but accompanied by a youth whom he introduced as a classmate, naming Jerry as a boy he used to know. The two cadets made but a short pause—Henry, the good friend to whom Jerry was making up his letter, having manifested less pleasure than he would have felt on meeting a dog which had ever befriended him. To complete the insult he tossed at Jerry, as he passed along, a small piece of money, saying, 'Take that, boy, and buy you a copy-book and a pen or two.'

Jerry did not speak; he felt as if he could never speak again; he could hardly persuade himself that it was indeed Henry Gordon who had stood but now before him, and as long as he could see gazed the way he was going.—The very buttons of his coat seemed to mock him with their shining; and there lay the money on the ground at his feet, and the cabbage leaves wilting in the sun, for where the shadow had been an hour ago the sun shone hot and enervating now.

All the world was changed, and it seemed for a little while not only possible but highly probable that his mother might set fire to the house and run away, and the moon drop out of the sky; if any thing could stay back such events it would be the letter from Fanny. He put his hand in his pocket to be sure that it was still there, and stooping picked up the piece of money and placed it in the opposite one to keep balance. Fanny's letter should teach him the world was not all bad; that piece of money that it was not all good. He would never spend it, even for bread, though he were starving; he would have felt mean and degraded to have taken it up from any motive of interest or selfishness, and yet it was after all a motive of intense interest and selfishness that prompted the deliberate examination of it, and its careful adjustment in his pocket. In itself it was but a harmless piece of money, and he would not have known it from a thousand others, but it had been in contact with the hand that shrank away from him; it had been flung at him in charity—at him a boy as good as any other boy—as honest, and as honorable, and as wise—no, no, he could not say that, but he could say he would be, and that was what he did say. Adventitious circumstances had given the cadet some advantages; Nature, he was sure—and he drew himself up at the feeling—had been quite as liberal to him, and with her assistance he meant to subdue circumstances, and not wait till they should subdue him. He felt strong and full of courage as he walked to his mother's house, eager to begin the work of self-culture, though he had no method and no means. His heart misgave him almost when he reached the door and saw the tea-table spread in holiday style, and for three. Mrs. Mason had learned that Henry was come home, and was thinking what a pleasant time they would all have once more. It was hard to tell his good dear mother that he had already seen Henry, and how he had seen him. More than once as they ate together, Jerry's mother arose from the table to attend some little duty, she said, but in truth it was to dry her eyes; and more than once Jerry said he did not care what Henry Gordon thought of him; but his mother knew it was because he cared a great deal that he said so.

With no friend to assist or advise, the work of self-culture was hard enough. He could not tell where to begin; how to cultivate a cucumber vine he knew very well; how to cultivate himself was a harder task.

Already his mind was stung into activity, and an interior development was going on, of which he was not himself aware.

Years of persevering endeavor—of hard work with the hands and harder with the brain—was past by—years in which the poor boy had sometimes had the upper hands of Fortune, but often lain abjectly at her feet—years in which hope had been busy with him; so busy that he had felt the steep way they have climbed together less toilsome. Teachers and schools have not been accessible to him much, except, indeed, the common school of humanity and the great teacher—God—in his works. These works he has read, and re-read; these he has studied, and he has studied himself, and his duties to himself and his fellows. He feels the nobility of true and honest manhood, afraid of

The Eastern Mirror.

nothing but doing wrong, ambitious of nothing but coining the ability with which he has been endowed to right use. For he is not ambitious to serve the world nor the state—measured against such great requirements he feels unequal; he is content with making even a little spot of earth greener for his having lived; he thinks it something of an achievement to turn weeds into good rich soil, and make wheat or roses grow where, but for him, barrenness would have been. He does not believe he could have made himself a poet if he had morticed rhymes together ever so ingeniously, nor does he suppose he could manage the affairs of a nation because he can manage a plover. Nevertheless, he is a proud man—proud of his brooks and of his cows—of his harvests and of his garden—of his beautiful cottage—of the vines about the porch and of the well-bound volumes that shine over row against the wall—of his mother, sitting beside him so comfortable and so respectable—of his beard, so full and so black, and, most of all, of his humility.

A thousand times he might have resented the old insult of the piece of money, but he feels that 'time at last sets all things even,' and he is quite contented to wait—so well contented, indeed, that there is no waiting to do; he could not have been so well avenged in any way as he is by his indifference.

It is the middle of June, and the garden is full of flowers that still look toward Mrs. Gordon's good deal, though Jerry says he does not care which way they look; but we are quite sure they would not be so many nor so bright if there were no bright eyes looking down upon them from the opposite windows. There are bright flowers immediately under the windows where the bright eyes are gazing forth so often; but to those eyes the flowers in the distance show the best.

Fanny is a woman now, and though she sends no more letters to her friend Jerry than no one knows, any thing she sends a great many glances as full of kindly meaning as were the little sentences sent him so long ago.—Twenty times during the year she has been at home, she has met him in her walks or rides, and twenty times her cordial or sweet smiles have elicited but a formal and cold recognition.

The twilight deepens and Mrs. Mason retires to prepare the tea—spreading the cloth beneath the window where the roses look in brighter and more numerous than years ago. A gleam of surprise and pleasure passes over the sedate countenance of Jerry; he hears a light step in the walk leading from the gate to the porch, and sees the flatter of a white dress. Heed scarcely say it is Fanny, and his heart flutters with it. Love is apt to betray itself by its very caution. Friendship extends its cordiality without fear of being mistaken, and it never is mistaken; but love often assumes a needless coldness and indifference, and so is betrayed. A thousand unnecessary evasions and superfluous formalities have conveyed to the susceptible heart of Fanny the secret assurance of unusual interest of some sort in her little self on the part of her uncompromising neighbor.

She is conscious of a like betrayal, and has come now to vindicate herself and to be avenged. Jerry shall know that she has no special liking for him now, and never had. She is to be married and has come to ask him for a bridal ring. She can do it very bravely, she is sure of that, and he will never suspect how her heart is trembling and bleeding beneath her smiles and gay words.

She will not hesitate; she will not wait for trepidation, but with merry jesting and laughter makes known her errand at once. She has always admired Jerry's flowers as he knows, and to prove to him how sincere her admiration was she will wear one on the most happy and interesting occasion of her life.

The young man feels proud and honored that she should even remember his poor flowers on such an occasion, and hopes she may find, in the gay world, into which she is going, as much happiness as he finds in solitude—he can not wish her more. Her eyes are scarcely lifted, and her little hand scarcely touches his as she says good-by, and is turning away, feeling that she is baffled of her purpose, and has been gathering thorns and not flowers, when Jerry's mother calls, 'Fanny, my dear.' That sweet motherly voice is so full of real love and interest she can not deceive her, and when she adds, 'Are you to be married, my sweet child? Stay and tell me all about it.' The 'poor child,' for child she was, hid her face in the good woman's bosom and burst into a flood of tears. There was soothing and caressing, a whisper of encouragement, and Fanny sank to the ground, and with her cheek on the knee of her friend told her all—no, not quite all.

She had once loved—loved deeply and hopelessly. She was, therefore, without hope of happiness except in duty, and that which her mother and brother now demanded of her was the hardest of all—marriage with a rich man for whom she felt the most positive dislike.—But her mother was proud, and her brother's dissipation and extravagance had brought them to poverty and disgrace. She could not increase her own sufferings much, and if she did, why, no matter—she felt she could lighten theirs, and it is not my duty, O my dear mother, she said, lifting her eyes and hands appealingly, to make this last sacrifice? She saw Jerry, who, hearing her sobs, had, in spite of her assumed indifference, been drawn closer and closer till he stood beside her—she saw him, and for a moment her senses were bewildered into forgetfulness—the sudden flushes turned white in her cheek—her eyes closed and her hands sunk powerless.

When she awoke her head was pressed on the bosom of Jerry, his hand was smoothing her hair, and his voice assuring her that he who had loved her so long was not worthy of her, but if she would condescend to pity and forgive him, all his future life should be an atonement. Of course Fanny had nothing to forgive—what woman has who truly loves? and when Jerry could not be quite satisfied of her sincerity without assurance made doubly sure, though Fanny said no, she bent her head down very low to say it, and what mattered it what she said!

Mrs. Mason was a long time in ending the preparation of that tea—the tin hoops of the old blue teapot were quite bright nevertheless. Mrs. Mason thought it due to the occasion to use the white china one, to give the silver an extra polishing, and to gather fresh strawberries by moonlight.

I need not describe the anger, the dis-

tion and ultimate despair that fell upon mother and son when it was known that Fanny, the ungrateful and perverse young woman that she was, had not only gathered but worn the bridal roses.

Reduced to their last sixpence, and knowing not what was to become of them, they sat together, Mrs. Gordon and her son Henry, lamenting their hard fortune, and blaming each other, and blaming Fanny, and blaming every thing but their own foolish pride and perverseness for the ruin and degradation that was now impending before them.

Both started at the sound of a footstep; it was a creditor's, no doubt.

'What brought you here? I don't owe you any thing!' exclaimed Henry sullenly, when he saw that the visitor was Jerry Mason.

'No,' replied Jerry, 'but I owe you a great deal,' and taking from his pocket the piece of money Henry had flung at him so long ago, he laid it down on the table before him. Henry trembled and blushed for shame; but when Jerry took his hand and said, 'This piece of money has been a charm that has kept me from idleness and uselessness; it has added to my lands and built me a house, beautified my garden, clothed my mother, and made her old age happy and respectful, developed my own manhood and crowned me with the love of the best of women. For all this I owe you something, and I am come to pay you; take first this money and see what it can do for you—you are yet in the prime of life and can retrieve and achieve every thing; come with me with as hearty a good will as you came to look at my goslings, and we will devise the way.'—Henry took the hand extended to him, and brushing the tears from his eyes, the first ones that had wet them for long years, said in accents that trembled with the sorrow that shook his whole frame, 'Come, mother,' and leaning on Jerry they went together to his house.

White Hands and Muddy Coffee.

BY MRS. M. E. HOBBS.

Henry Thornton had been a married man just two months. He was proud of his wife's glossy ringlets, her brilliant eyes, and, last of all, her small, white hands. He never once asked himself whether these same hands could iron a shirt, make bread, or mend a pair of socks. Not he; it was enough to know that they could make trills on the piano, work worsted dogs and horses on crickets and ottomans, and paint something styled a landscape. She was not literary, either. Henry Thornton could not tolerate that kind of absurdity. In his opinion a woman had much better be asleep than putting her thoughts upon paper. He thanked fortune, too, that she never took to reading dry disquisitions, tedious essays, or egotistical criticisms on egotistical books. Besides, his Helen did not care about politics, being a regular 'Know Nothing' in regard to the interesting item of who stood the best chance of being the next president. As to the war in the East, she could not tell positively whether Sebastopol was up or down; or whether it was in the hands of the Allies or the Russians.—Reformation topics she never broached either. Anti-Slavery was a bore, and forced her to think too much of those dirty negroes. Woman's Rights was masculine, and terribly out of taste, while Temperance was only fit for drunkard's wives to talk about. So it will be perceived that Helen Thornton was not a 'strong minded' female; a fact upon which her husband felicitated himself not a little.

We have said that two months comprised the married life of the latter. It would be gratifying to add that his happiness was complete; that he had nothing to wish for; but candor compels me to say that he had discovered a little alloy in his gold. To be sure, it would pass for pure metal, but close examination disclosed the fact. In a word, his coffee had been exceedingly muddy for more than a week, and when he cautiously dropped a word to the effect that if his personal attention was given to the matter the evil might be remedied, she rather tartly responded that 'coffee making was not her business,' moreover shutting herself up in her chamber, in a miff, thus depriving him of her precious company for the rest of the day. A kiss and a new scarf set the matter right the next morning, however, Mr. Thornton throwing in gratis an apology for his ill timed suggestion. He remembered that mankind and we may as well include woman-kind seldom attain to perfection; that roses always grow in the immediate vicinity of thorns and that rainbows and black clouds are often seen together.

It is a curious fact, but no less true, that love scarcely ever outlives bad bread, smoky tea, thick coffee, hard boiled eggs, discolored silver and soiled table linen. After all the romance and rhapsody laid to his charge the little gentleman deals in practicalities. He likes bread and butter, and he wants the bread light and the butter sweet. He is a little exacting too; insisting that gutters look better neatly laced than when open and flapping at the sides, with the strings trailing on the ground. He was even known, once, to take an abrupt leave of a lady, on the ostensible plea of disingularity of disposition; but shrewd people suspected the true reason was because she wore dirty collars. He may be whimsical, slightly and extravagantly so, sometimes, but he is just as sure to leave his air-castles and settle down quietly to three meals a day and a cigar in the evening, as a feather is certain to obey the laws of gravitation. He writes tender poetry, too; but generally inspiration seizes him after eating heartily of toast and beef; the sly rogue knows that an empty stomach is not favorable to smooth rhyme or soft sentiment.

The honeymoon had just expired, or rather the months allotted to that interesting period; for it has been ascertained that that season can be protracted, by proper means, to an indefinite length of time. The twain were seated at the breakfast table. Mr. Thornton looked dubiously at the burned and dried steak on the platter before him, made a dry face at his cup of coffee, took one spoonful of the clammy, leathery toast, and then spoke out.

'Well, Mr. Thornton.'
'Did you ever eat any of my mother's bread?'
'No—why do you ask?'
'Because she makes the best biscuit I ever saw.'
'Undoubtedly! A man's mother is generally his wife's superior in everything. I only wonder he is ever persuaded to leave her!'

'Do you really wish me to putty my hands with pie crust, and bury my arm in dough, Mr. Thornton?'
'No—not that exactly, my love; but you could overlook Biddy, and teach her to make better stuff than this,' he added, pointing to the toast. 'That wouldn't spoil your hands, would it?'

'I don't know how; besides, Biddy doesn't want me in the kitchen, and I'm not particularly attracted there. I don't mean to spend my life doing housework, or fretting about servants. I'm not able to do any thing more than to wait upon the table and entertain visitors.'

The bride sighed and leaned back in her chair.

'But your cousin Mary keeps no help and still gets time to—'

'My cousin Mary is very foolish to do so much more than she need to. And then her hands are as brown as a gypsy's.'

'I never happened to notice them. I only remember that she makes delicious pastry, and plays the piano nearly as well as myself,' replied Mr. Thornton, soothingly.

'I wish you wouldn't quote cousin Mary; I don't like comparisons. She's a drudge and a blue. You said you didn't like blues.'

'I don't—blondes are my favorites; and you are as pretty a blonde as I ever saw.'

'She's an advocate for woman's rights, too. How often you've said you were glad that I don't interfere with subjects which don't concern my sex. And now you're finding fault with my house-keeping.'

'That's the very idea, my love. I'm only regretting your non-interference in matters that do concern your sex.'

Mrs. Thornton 'defined her position' immediately. She did not design burying herself in the kitchen, or attaching herself to Biddy. She had married for a home and maintenance, not to spend her time in rolling pie-crust or mending bread.

Henry Thornton looked surprised, and no wonder, for he felt surprised. That his adorable Helen could be perverse when it suited her he well knew; but that she should 'put down her foot' so determinedly set him to thinking. The young husband did not wish his wife to perform the duties belonging to a domestic, but he hoped she would take the general supervision of matters. He was a clerk, with a moderate salary, and prudence was indispensable to his situation. The story need not be lengthened. Waste and improvidence in the kitchen soon brought pecuniary embarrassment, while in the parlor incapacity and ignorance of what constitutes a true woman and real lady laid the foundation of much discord which time did not lessen. The charm of the 'white hands' had departed. Mere personal beauty, without intellectual attainments, a fund of common sense and moral worth, cannot long prove attractive. Think of it, ye Benedicts in search of connubial felicity!—[Ballou's Pictorial.]

Don't Depend on "Father."

Stand up here, young man, and let us talk to you—you have trusted alone to the contents of 'father's purse' or to his fair fame for your influence, or success in business. Think you that 'father' has attained to eminence in his profession, but by unwearied industry? or that he has amassed a fortune honestly, without energy and activity? You should know that the faculty requisite for the acquiring of fame or fortune, is essential to, nay, inseparable from the retaining of either of these. Suppose 'father' has the 'rocks' in abundance; if you never earned anything for him, you have no more business with those 'rocks' than a gosling has with a tortoise; and if he allows you to meddle with them till you have learned their value by your own industry, he perpetrates ungodly mischief. And if the old gentleman is lavish of his cash towards you, while he allows you to idle away your time, you'd better leave him; yes, run away, sooner than be made an imbecile or something worse through so corrupting an influence. Sooner or later you must learn to rely on your own resources, or you will not be anybody. If you have never helped yourself at all, if you have become idle, if you have eaten father's bread and butter, and smoked father's cigars, cut a swell in father's buggy, and tried to put on father's influence and reputation; you might far better be a poor canal boy, the son of a chimney sweep, or a boot black—and indeed we would not swap with you the situation of a poor, half-starved workless calf! Miserable objects you are, that depend entirely on your parents, playing gentleman, (alias dandy loafer.) What, in the name of common sense, are you thinking about? Wake up then! Go to work with either your hands or brains, or both, and be something! Don't merely have it to boast of that you have grown in 'father's' house, that you have vegetated as others greenhorns! but let folks know that you count one. Come, off with your coat, clinch the saw, the plow, handles, the scythe, the axe, the pick-axe, the spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly round and tear your jacket, rather than be the passive recipient of the old gentleman's bounty! Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense, hire yourself out to some potato-patch; let yourself to stop hog holes, or to watch bars; and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. If you have no other means of having fun of your own, buy your own earnings an empty barrel, and put your head into it and boller, or get into it and roll down hill; don't for your sake, don't make the old gentleman furnish everything, and you live at your ease.

Look about you, you well-dressed, smooth-faced, do-nothing drones! Who are those that have depended alone on the old gentleman's purse? they are those that have climbed their way to their position by their own industry and energy. True, the old gentleman's funds, or personal influence may secure you the forms of respect, but let him lose his property, or die, and what are you? A miserable fledgling—a bunch of flesh and bones that needs to be taken care of!

Again, we say, wake—get up in the morning—turn round twice at least before breakfast—help the old man—give him now and then a generous lift in business—learn how to take the lead, and not depend forever on being led; and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny—and you may then begin to aspire to manhood. Take off, then, that ring from your little finger, break your cane, shave your upper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your

head, and, by all means, never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on a father.

THE LITERARY "MOSAIC."

BY ANTIQUARIUS.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
In every solace from mankind is man;
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray,
In proper study of Lullaby is man.

Tell—for you can—what is it to be wise,
Sweet Auburn, forest village of the plain,
The man of Ross, each lisping babe replies,
And drags, at each remove a lengthening chain.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
Far as the solar walk, or milky way,
Piercing the blue of time, and
Let Hercules himself do what he may.

'The education forms the common mind,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul—
I must be cruel only to be kind,
And wait a sign from Indus to the pole.

Sphinx, I joy to meet thee thus alone,
Where'er I roam, whatever lands I see:
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown,
In maiden meditation fancy free.

Forewell! and whoso'er thy voice be tried,
Why to you mountains turn the gazing eye?
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
That teach the native moralist to die.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
Man never is but always to be blest.

Horace Greeley's Treatment of His Father.

In a world where selfishness is so common as to obscure if not almost to eradicate the social and domestic virtues, it is delightful to meet, here and there, with its opposite. And nowhere have I seen a more striking illustration of the principle to which I allude than in the life and character of Horace Greeley, as just given to the public by Mr. Parton.

From the first, however for his sake neglected the duties he owed to his father and mother, and brothers and sisters—nay we might even say to the world around him—since he would always drop his book to teach his neighbors arithmetic. When other boys would even plead with him to go to a fishing—and he was fond of fishing—he would refuse to comply till he had first performed his duties.

It is not, therefore, greatly surprising to find him contenting himself to wear his old clothes year after year, that he might save money for his father, who was deeply in debt. Indeed, I do not think that even his historian has in this particular done him justice. Horace Greeley's negligence about his dress is in no small degree the result of a habit of dress acquired while laboring to aid his father and an indigent family.

For notice what Mr. Parton says of him most expressly: Every dollar of the apprentice's little stipend which he could save by rigid economy was promptly sent to his father, who was struggling in the wilderness on the other side of the Alleghenies with the difficulties of a new farm and an inefficient capital. And this was the practice of Horace Greeley during all the years of his apprenticeship, and for years afterwards—as long, in fact, as his father's land was unpaid for and inadequately provided with implements, buildings and stock.

Even when he was about to go out into the world, and especially to throw himself, unknown to a single individual, into the great and expensive city of New York, he contented himself with the small sum of fifteen dollars. He gave the rest, amounting, I believe, to more than sixty dollars, perhaps nearer seventy, to his father.—[Boston Journal.]

SLAVERY EXTENSION SOUTHWARD.—There are rumors about that a new project is now on foot for annexing another large piece of Mexico to the United States, a la Texas. This plan is foreshadowed in the following statement in the Alexandria (Virginia) Gazette:—'Late advices from Mexico represent the progress of the revolutionists in that country, from Matamoros to Acapulco, as almost certain to result either in the overthrow of Santa Ana and a complete reconstruction of the central government, or in the secession of three or four of the northern and western States, and their organization into an independent republic, a la Texas, with precisely the same ultimate object in view.'

This is certainly explicit enough; and coming from a source friendly to the 'ultimate object in view'—the extension of slavery, and the strengthening of the Slave States against the rapidly growing power of the Free States—cannot reasonably be doubted as an honest exhibition of the purposes and plans of the slavery-extensionists of the United States.

The New York Evening Post, in commenting on this report, says:—

'It may be remembered that more than a year ago we stated that the real purpose of the issue made upon the Kansas and Nebraska territorial bills was not so much to secure those territories for the uses of slavery as to establish a principle which would apply to the future territorial acquisitions we may make in Mexico, Central America and the West Indies. It being once recognized as the settled policy of our government that Congress can pass no laws restricting the limits of slavery, the additions to our territory southward would soon repair all the losses which the slave States have sustained by all the Jeffersonian ordinances, without provision and emancipation laws since the formation of the government.'

It is quite probable that this may have been the purpose of some of the advocates of the Kansas-Nebraska outrage. But, it is equally probable in our view, that the vigorous attempt to carry out these views, may result most disastrously to the whole slave institution. The only course of reasoning by which the conservative portion of the non-slaveholders in the United States are kept tolerably quiet on the subject of slavery, is that which, while acknowledging the unmitigated evils of slavery, recognizes its presence among us as something to be submitted to, temporarily, in order to secure a superabounding good from that union of the States which could not have been affected without the recognition of slavery in the original States, and which cannot be continued without a regard to the compromises of the Constitution.

The South have heretofore said: 'Slavery we admit, as fully as you do, is a terrible evil; but we did not introduce it, and we have no desire for its continuance; yet we are so mixed up with it, that our very existence depends on being let alone, and allowed to manage this local institution in our own way. We yield to you the right to exercise State sovereignty in your own way, and we only ask that recognition of the same right for ourselves.' But let it once become the settled and recognized policy of the South, not merely to uphold the institution of slavery in the existing slave States, as an unavoidable evil, temporarily; but to propagate and strengthen the slave power by colonization and extension even into foreign countries, as in the case of Texas—and it then becomes an open contest between the friends of slavery

and of freedom for supremacy in the United States; the States become divided politically by sectional lines, and all other issues are swallowed up in this one—Shall Slavery or Freedom prevail in the United States?

To this issue it is quite apparent, matters are rapidly tending. The incorporation of Texas into the United States; the Mexican war, growing out of that incorporation, and the annexation of further Mexican territory as the result of that war, for the possession of which territory the slave power struggled hard; and more recently the attempt to propagate slave institutions over the old Missouri compromise boundary at the West—all indicate a forming, if not fixed policy, with leading Southern politicians, to uphold and propagate slave institutions far and wide, as the great good to be desired for the United States. And now, we are told, on Southern authority, that a new and bold project is on foot to annex to the U. S. an extensive portion of Mexican territory by force of arms, a la Texas; and for the same end and object—the strengthening of the slave power in the Union.—[Boston Traveller.]

THE NICE YOUNG WOMAN.—The nice young woman goes to bed when other people are getting up, doats upon Don Juan, and thinks he must have written Walker's Dictionary, copies all the faults and none of the virtues of the cultivated woman; wonders where pork and beans grow, and thinks it singular that eggs don't break in falling from the trees, covers the legs of her piano, and shuts the moon out of her bedroom, because there is a man in it; prides herself upon delicate health, and always gets up a nervous fit when there is a handsome fellow near who understands her case, adores Italian music, and never could live through an English opera, calls mamma 'our cook,' and wonders whom her little dirty brothers belong to, falls desperately in love with a pair of incipient moustaches, gets up a flirtation by romantically eloping with the bosom friend of other parties, and comes to her senses some fine morning, by finding herself deserted, her pockets empty, and a long life of wearisome labor staring her in the face! Who shall say that this is not the fate of many a full-blooded, nice young woman?

ANECDOTE OF A SHEEP.—Anecdotes of animals are always amusing; and moreover if observed accurately and told without embellishment, may some day serve to solve a great problem in philosophy—namely, the distinction between the spirit of a man that goeth upward and the spirit of a beast that goeth downward to the earth—a problem that the great Bishop Butler could not solve, and left a blemish in his argument, but a monument to his candor. The subject of the one I am going to tell happened many years ago when I was an urchin of eight or ten, but I remember it well.

One fine summer morning it was my province to aid in driving a flock of sheep to the brook; to be washed preparatory to shearing. The man who had charge of them led the procession with a salt dish in hand, in which he ostentatiously rattled some lumps of salt, and from time to time made pretence of throwing a handful on the ground, to draw the flock onward from place to place, while I followed to drive up the lotters.

The old patriarch of the troop, a fine old buck, led the van of the quadrupeds, and carefully examined every spot where the false motion of throwing salt was made, till he was fully satisfied that no salt was deposited. He then paused, shook his head with its ample honors, and waited till the shepherd was about a rod in advance, charged upon him from the rear with his whole momentum, fairly raising him off his feet. I saw, and from the first comprehended the manoeuvre, but there was so much fun in it, it was impossible to give the alarm; and when the man turned to 'blow me up' for my tacit complicity, I was rolling on the green sward in a convulsion of laughter so contagious he was forced to join in it, and let me off without a rebuke.

Will it do to attribute to so simple an animal as a sheep, so high and moral a sentiment as indignation, at deceit? Perhaps not; but we may at least make the 'practical inference,' that those having charge of flocks cannot securely lead them long with mere handfuls of—wind.—[Church Journal.]

CHILDREN.—It is a mistake to think that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counsellors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of experience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please, if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and precipices that destroy them, to slake their thirst in brooks that poison them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts or deadly herbs,—can he be called a sure guide?

And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, or, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle—that they do not punish fault without reason, that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing itself is wrong,—if they see that while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct.

THE WOMEN OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.—That the women of different nations are different in their mental and affectional constitutions is apparent to the most casual observer. They are various in their natures as are the climates and physical characteristics of the several countries of their nativity. All human beings are, indeed, the creatures of circumstances surrounding and developing them. The following, on the English, French, Italian, and American woman is ingenious, and we have no doubt many of our readers will consider discriminating and just:—

The English woman is respectful and proud; the French woman is gay and agreeable; the Italian is passionate; the American is sincere and affectionate. With an English woman love is a principle; with a French woman it is a caprice; with an Italian it is a passion; with an American it is a sentiment. A man is married to an English woman; is united to a French; cohabits with an Italian, and is wedded to an American. An English woman is anxious to secure a lord; a French woman a companion; in Italian a lover; an American a husband. The Englishman respects his lady; the Frenchman esteems his companion; the Italian adores his mistress; the American loves his house, while the Frenchman goes to his establishment, the Italian to his retreat, the American to his home. When an Englishman is sick, his lady visits him; when a Frenchman is sick, his companion pities him; when an Italian is sick, his mistress sighs over him; when an American is sick, his wife nurses him. The English woman instructs her offspring; a French woman teaches her progeny; an Italian rears her young, while an American educates her child.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, . . . AUG. 9, 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 offices are at Scollay's Building, Court-st., Boston, Tribune Building, N. York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut, Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

West Waterville, July 31, 1855.

Messrs. Editors:—Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to say to your readers that the indefatigable efforts of the friends of Temperance and the Maine Law have been fraught with incalculable good. In contrasting this year with the year 1840 the change is apparent. The mists and fogs of a rum-polluted atmosphere, which were then prevalent, have been dissipated, and the sunshine of Temperance has given to a great mass of the people a clearer discernment than to see men as trees walking. In illustration of this, I would say that the world has undergone a change, and from the old political parties, has arisen a new party—a party of power—while a remnant of the old parties is like ancient Ephraim, still joined to their idols—rum and slavery. Previous to the Washingtonian movement, I belonged to the Democratic party, but its opposition to the cause of Temperance and human freedom caused me to abandon it. While I belonged to that party and trained in its ranks, I once attended a Democratic State Convention at Augusta, when rum-selling and rum-drinking was a vast number of shops and public houses; and a tent even was in full blast at the conventional hall during the deliberations of the Convention. The poisonous demon was there uncaged, and in the streets and lanes and at public houses there were broils, fightings, men staggering under the influence of grog, and the air was literally filled with horrid profanity. Such, then, were the developments of the unrestricted sale of intoxicating drinks. I was at the late Democratic Convention held at Augusta, and must say that the Maine Law has wrought a visible change there. Not that it has changed the old Democratic party into a temperance or abolition party, nor has it brought it in love with the existing prohibitory Liquor Law, but the nefarious traffic in intoxicating drinks has been stayed by the efficacy of law and the untiring efforts of its friends. The taverns, stores, shops, and even the hall were supplied with pure water and ice. I could but think, while the subject of the Maine Law was under discussion and its merits and demerits examined, that it gave a better complexion to the party and a stronger tendency to perpetuate its existence by throwing around it the healthful influence of law and temperance, notwithstanding the party's opposition to it. I do not expect the Democratic party will ever adopt the Maine Liquor Law into their platform, any sooner than I expect the leopard will change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin. And if the party ever gains the ascendancy again, it must be by hypocritical pretensions to temperance so as to deceive the temperance army, or by some secret device, or by the perpetuation of the Democratic party so as to be known, and have the aid of the rum-selling and rum-drinking fraternity. Can it be expected that the friends of the law, after striving so many years for a law which has so effectively closed up the grog-shops, will ever become so dormant and regardless of duty as to suffer its opponents to triumph? The present aspect of things seems to indicate that there is a battle to be fought the coming September, the result of which will be handed down to posterity with more joy or more sorrow than any of the battles of the Eastern Continent. The battle to be fought is between the friends of the existing prohibitory Liquor Law and its opponents; and who is there, so lost to a sense of duty, and the relation he stands to community, as to be indifferent as to which way the battle goes? I am sanguine in a belief that the Maine Law has become a door and is hung on political hinges, and its key is temperance, and the time has come that all who come into office must enter in through this door, otherwise they will be regarded as opponents to the sacred cause of temperance and humanity. The opponents to the cause are already saying away with Morrill and give us Wells. Now if Wells is a thorough going Maine Law man, he is not the man the rumocracy wants, for they want a man who is in favor of repealing that law which is considered so oppressive by rum-venders and rum-suckers.

It is to be hoped that the Republican party will be on the battle-ground charged with such munition as will warrant a victory. And now, my friends, let me entreat you to be firm and undaunted in the struggle you have thus far supported. Evince to the world, now gazing with admiration, that you have virtue equal to your zeal; that you are friends to the friends of humanity, and that your arms are nerved only against the enemies of Man!

I remain truly yours,

Cyrus Wheeler.

Our friend Wheeler reasons well, and always acts in accordance with his reasoning, on the subject of temperance. It however needs but little argument to show that true democracy and rum are naturally hostile to each other, and tend to mutual destruction. Self government cannot be aided by rum, but it can be tempted; and in proportion as rum is made to mingle with any party, the true democratic basis of that party goes over to another banner.

Advices from Kansas mention a great excitement concerning the new Governor. The Legislature distrusts his soundness on the slavery question, and a petition is signed by members, asking the President to appoint acting Secretary Johnson, in case David declines.

OUR TABLE.

TIMBOO AND FAIRY.—From Feltz & Co., of Boston, we have received No. 9 of Harper's Story Books, with the above title; and all the boys and girls who were delighted with 'Timboo and Jollia,' will be glad to learn that their old friend Timboo figures prominently in this. The number is very prettily illustrated and will be a great treat to the little folks. For sale at J. G. Moody's bookstore.

PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.—The August number of this new candidate for public favor has 144 pages of most excellent reading, well adapted to the varied tastes of its readers. We enumerate a few of the leading articles: 'Panda, Love's Provocations,' 'French Love, England's Forgotten Worthies,' 'English Names, Modern Novelists, parts 3 and 4 of Zaidie, part 2 of Sister Anne, No better offering can be found, in magazine form than is here offered to the public; and the price is low enough to accommodate the most economical. Published monthly by Little, Son & Co., of Boston, at \$3 a year.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The August number is at hand, with the usual amount and variety of choice reading, including a well filled 'Editor's Table.' Good wine needs no bush; and we will not perform the superfluous task of praising this old favorite, containing ourselves with stating the fact that it continues to be published by Samuel Hueston, New York, at \$3 a year.

LESLIE'S LADIES' GAZETTE. of Paris, London and New York, for August, is a magnificent number, profusely and richly illustrated, and containing the very latest reports of fashions, with patterns of needle work and embroidery, lace, bonnets, full length gowns, &c., an interesting variety of reading matter, and a page of music. It is not a mere millinery and dress-makers' magazine, though no doubt a valuable aid to those who aspire to be leaders in the world of fashion, and is by far the best and most elegant journal of the kind ever published in this country. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$2 a year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—No. 585 is well filled, as will readily be seen by the following enumeration of articles: 'Patience Row and Magazine Day,' 'Medical Faith,' 'Synagogue Poetry of the Middle Ages,' part 7 of Zaidie, James Thompson, 'From the Stone Tower at Naigra,' 'Hand Book for Young Painters,' 'Wolfer's Root,' 'Smaller Relations, Beecher's Star Papers,' part 3 of Sister Anne, 'Under the Sea,' 'Russian Torpedoes,' Dr. Dick. The number also contains many short articles, and the usual amount of good poetry. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year, and sent free of postage.

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.—The August number contains the second canto of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' illustrated by two illustrated incidents of American history; portrait of Louis Agassiz, with a biographical notice; 'North Webster,' with portrait; 'Education,' illustrated, &c. &c. There is also a richly loaded 'Editor's Table,' Comicalities, and a good full page picture of the interior of Niblo's Opera House, New York city. Published by J. M. Emerson & Co., N. York, at \$1 a year.

LIQUOR CASES.—The Selectmen are doing their duty faithfully towards the execution of law; guided and upheld by the oath of the people and the wishes and expectations of the people of the town. These are basis enough, and if they trust to the potency of both they will find themselves sustained to the best of their hopes.

Robert McCausland, who kept a small shop at the lower end of Merchants' Row, was charged before justice Heath with selling liquor and convicted. Upon searching his premises, a quantity of liquor was found; and he was fined \$20 and sent to jail for thirty days. Should the regular course be taken, Robert will be cut off from the privilege of doing mischief for some time. He has suffered bonds and imprisonment ere this, and has the name of being a bad offender in the 'R. G.' business. He is an old man, and doubtless 'grieved away' moral sensation long ago.

At the depot of the S. & K. Railroad, on the 3d inst., sheriff Kimball seized nine barrels of liquor; and on the 6th he got an additional half-dozen barrels—making 15 in all. They are waiting their destiny, and will doubtless get it in due time.

'Plantation No. 2' is getting quite famous, and ought to be increasing in population, if the amount of liquor drunk there is a means of judgment. We are assured that within a few months between sixteen and twenty barrels have been found with this mark. How many have escaped notice it is not worth while to guess. We advise the owners of the liquor to change the number of their 'Plantation,' or some of it may get planted 'too many in a place.' Sheriff Kimball is an extensive liquor planter.

It is said upon good authority that liquor has been sent into the State by the Boston dealers, to be distributed gratuitously in such cases as will secure votes. There was a time when liquor was extensively and successfully used for this purpose; but now it stands a better chance to reach the gutter itself than to carry voters there. Let the higher dealers of Massachusetts bear this in mind, and save expense.

TROTTER COURSE.—We hope those having this work in hand will see that it is completed immediately, so that our young bloods and fast men will have some place more suitable than the public streets in which they can drive their fast horses, where there will be less danger to life and limb on the part of the quiet portion of community. College street, being a straight and level thoroughfare, is a popular resort for this sort of gentry, somewhat to the annoyance of those who have their homes there, as well as to those who have occasion to make a proper use of the street. A little boy was knocked down there last week, and narrowly escaped losing his life, through the reckless driving of those who had no better excuse for their carelessness than numberless bad precedents.

GREEN CORN.—A fine mess of green corn, from the well tilled field of Mr. Sidney Howard, must take the banner, as the first of the season. It also takes our hearty thanks.

WELCH & LENT'S CIRCUS.—This celebrated equestrian establishment, formed by the fusion of two large and popular circus companies, is to exhibit here on Monday, the 20th inst. It comes to us, covered with compliments. Of all the circuses seen here this year, this is probably the best.

Hob. Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, will address the citizens of Waterville upon the political topics of the day, on Monday evening next, August 13th, at Town Hall—commencing at 7 o'clock.

Butter is selling in different parts of Ohio from 10 to 15 cents; cheese 6 to 8 cents; and eggs 8 to 10 cents.

Comment.

It is generally admitted that the festival just closed was decidedly the best for many years. The number of visitors was probably less than on some former occasions; but as the reduction was made by 'dodge process' (the Maine law), it was such a noble deed of regret. The 'press-gang' was absent; so that while the several literary exercises commanded the usual crowded audiences, all was quiet and orderly. Especially in the streets, we have never seen a similar occasion so free from disturbance. It was a living and tangible witness for the Maine Law, that no rational man dare question.

The oration and poem before the D. K. E. Fraternity, on Tuesday afternoon—the former by Richard M. Nott, of Rochester, N. Y., and the latter by Rev. G. G. Fairbanks, of Sumnerville, Mass.—which were set for the first act of Commencement proper, gave the best satisfaction to those most interested, and are spoken of as highly creditable to the several speakers.

The evening was devoted to the usual exercises before the literary societies. The oration was by Rev. Dr. Sheldon, late president of the college, and the poem by J. G. Saxe, of Burlington Vt. The former was progressive in its character, as those acquainted with the author expected. The subject, Freedom—which was claimed for all mankind, in all the investigations of mind. Its sentiments were of the liberal class, especially as applied to theology, and the warm applause of the audience gave conclusive proof that such views are excluded from the halls of science only to be the more welcome and secure the better nurture outside. Certainly they were never more successfully taught than on this occasion, and may possibly take deeper and broader root than if dispensed under restraints that here were powerless.

The subject of the poem was 'The Press.' Mr. Saxe is too widely known to need the compliments of his friends. In all the principal cities and villages of the country, and before their best literary associations, his poems have elicited unbounded applause, till ordinary praise has little meaning. 'The Press' is one of his best poems, and we think this was the judgment of his audience, most of whom have heard him before. It aims less at wit, but abounds in pleasant and sensible hits, that adapt it finely to such an occasion.

The graduating class received more than usual commendation. By those who knew the strength of the class much was expected, and even such were more than gratified. Twenty-one took the degree of A. B.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Latin Oration—Hiram Fuller Wall, Hallowell.
English Oration—The Spirit of Conflict—Reuben Foster, Hallowell.
English Oration—The Philosophy of History—Samuel Kelly Leavitt, Levant.
Oration—The Eloquence of the Pulpit—Charles Francis Richards, Lincolnville.
Oration—Lessons from the Decree of Nations—Henry Kendall Trask, Nobleboro'.
English Oration—The Nile a Conqueror—Rufus Knight Mariner, Seabrook.
Oration—Solitude a Condition of Intellectual Growth—Washington Irving Humphrey, Yarmouth.
Oration—War and Literature—Oliver Crosby Gray, Waldoboro'.
English Oration—The Elements of a Permanent Literature—Charles Jenkins Prescott, South Vassalboro'.
English Oration—The English and American Constitution—Leigh Richmond Welby, Vassalboro'.
A Poem, of the rank of an English Oration—The Year of Struggles—William Solomon Heath, Waterville.
English Oration—The Moral Art of Life—Charles Freeman Foster, Dorchester, Mass.
English Oration—Action an Element of Greatness—Larkin Dutton, Concord.

Oration, Charles Frederick Weston, Bloomfield.
Dissertation, Joseph Gesselo Pittington, Monmouth.
English Oration, James Tyler Bradbury, Holdgon.
Dissertation, John William Farrington, Gorham.
English Oration, John Warren Lamb, Lincolnville.
Oration, Tristram McFadden, Vassalboro'.
Oration, Rasmus James White, Belfast.

William H. Hebbert, Belfast, Richard M. Nott, Rochester, N. Y., and James W. Capen, San Francisco, took the degree of A. M.; and Edward Kent, Bangor, the honorary degree of L. L. D.

Rev. Wm. H. Shailer, Portland, Wm. Noah Smith, Jr., Calais, and Dr. A. W. Kenney, Warren, were added to the Board of Trustees.

Rev. Kendall Brooks resigned the professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and Mr. Moses Lyford, of Portland, was appointed in his place.

A FAMILY POISONED.—Some four or five members of the family of Mr. William Pollard, of Winslow, were poisoned in some mysterious manner last week. Mrs. Pollard died on the following day, though all the others have since recovered. Investigations are yet in progress, though report traces the calamity to a bottle of rum which had been divided among the persons poisoned. We shall give full details as soon as they can be had in reliable shape.

RIOX.—There was a serious riot at Louisville, Ky. on the day of the State election, between the Native Americans and the foreign voters. The Irish commenced firing upon the Americans from windows, with no apparent cause but rum. Eight or ten houses were destroyed, and some twenty persons killed and wounded.

Dr. McLochlan, a physician of the old school having been sent by the English government to inspect the hospitals during the cholera last autumn, states in his report, that the result in Golden Square Homoeopathic Hospital far exceeded in success those in any other hospital, and that if he himself should have the cholera he would wish to be treated homoeopathically.

A medical writer says that the failure of appetite in the summer is apt to be considered as *per se* an evil, to be doctored and removed; while it is only a sign of mischief, not the mischief itself. Instead, therefore, of resorting to stimulating condiments, or medicines to force an appetite, one should live abstemiously for a few days, and as the system works off the causes of disease, a natural appetite will come back. In those rare cases in which a deficiency of food depends on absolutely a failure of food, a return to more generous diet presents the only hope of relief.

NEW MODE OF VACCINATION.—The Medical Press says, 'without punctures, three regular vaccine postures appeared on the fourth day, and were produced by merely placing some vaccine matter on the arms of two children, and rubbing the spot with the sharp end of an ivory knife. The fact that young girls take the cow pox on their fingers when milking, suggested this method of vaccination.'

Slavery Legal Anywhere.

The recent decision of Judge Kane, committing Passmore Williamson to prison for alleged contempt of court, is the boldest step in the way of nationalizing slavery that has ever yet been made by the judiciary. Mr. Williamson, it will be recollected, was charged with assisting the escape of some slaves of Mr. Wheeler, while in Pennsylvania. To the writ of habeas corpus, Mr. Williamson made a return which, on technical grounds, the Judge pronounces to be a contempt of court.

But the worst feature of the decision is the lowering fall and cogent remarks of the New York Evening Post:

'The decision takes the southern ground in regard to the right of a master to bring his slave into a free State and there retain possession of his person and the right to his services. Judge Kane says:

'I know of no statute of Pennsylvania which affects the rights of property of a citizen to North Carolina, acquired and asserted under the laws of that State, because he has found it needful or convenient to pass through the territory of Pennsylvania.

'I am not aware that any such statute, if such a one were shown, could be recognized as valid in a court of the United States.'

Here is an intimation, as decided as it is thought proper at this stage of the controversy to make it, that the law of slavery accompanies the master in his passage from a slave State into a free State. Judge Kane finds no statute of Pennsylvania divesting him of his right to the persons and services of his bondmen, and leaves it to be inferred that in the absence of any such positive regulation, the right of property acquired in North Carolina still continues to exist in Pennsylvania. Even if there were such a statute, Judge Kane intimates that the courts of the United States would not regard it as valid. The federal courts would consider a slave brought from South Carolina into Pennsylvania as a slave still, and a North Carolina master as still entitled to exercise all the rights over him which he was invested by the laws of North Carolina.

We have hitherto been taught to regard slavery as a local institution, existing only where it has been established by positive law. The natural state of mankind, we had been made to believe, was not a state in which one man could claim his fellow man as his property, to be bought and sold and scourged at his pleasure. To create such a law-making power, a positive ordinance of the law-making power, it has hitherto been held, is necessary, and that ordinance has no force beyond the jurisdiction of the government which enacts it. A Turk who has bought his wives in the market at Constantinople, is, as we thought till now, no right to whip or sell them if he brings them to Philadelphia or New York.

Judge Kane sweeps away all this old lumber, of which free countries have made so proud a parade, and of which they have been so proud. He extends the area of slavery over all the United States. What was lately called the peculiar institution of the southern States has become universal; what was local is made general. Let the relations of master and slave be once established between two individuals in North Carolina or Virginia, and it is established between them for the whole Union; if they pass into a free State it can only be dissolved by force of a positive enactment, if the power to dissolve it exists at all; but even the existence of that power Judge Kane does not admit. The legislatures of the free States have no such authority.

We are brought, then, to this conclusion, that according to this new doctrine, the States have no power to abolish slavery. A law against slavery, so far as it is meant to operate on a title to slaves acquired in a slave State, is unconstitutional. The master cannot be made to give up his property. In other branches of legislation the State legislatures may be sovereign; in that of slavery they are limited, and must defer to the law of the slave States. Wherever the slaveholder goes he carries with him the law of North Carolina or Virginia, and if the State legislatures and State courts do not respect it, they will be compelled to respect it by the courts of the United States.

'If the master who brings his slaves into a free State does not lose his right of property, it is clear that he may transfer it for a consideration to another—for the right of sale is incident to the right of property. We shall soon have under this new interpretation of the law, a slave market and slave pens in Philadelphia, under the grave eyes of the Quakers themselves. Slaves from Virginia will be sold in Arch street for the Texas market, to be taken by water to Galveston or New Orleans. The slave-trader from Norfolk will meet the slave-driver from Missouri at some convenient point in Indiana or Illinois—for the man whose right of property is acquired in Virginia cannot be divested of it because he finds it convenient to pass through a free State—and thus the slave trade will flourish, and gangs of slaves be collected in a free State to be driven to the West, perhaps to Kansas, in defiance of the local laws.

Judge Kane is faithfully doing his part in the great work of nationalizing slavery. It is henceforth to be a federal institution—not a creature of the States, but of the general government. The day of strict construction and State rights has gone by. We are to have a large and free constitution, which shall extend over the Union the rights of the southern slave owner—the right to possess, to buy, to sell, to punish with the lash, to handcuff and adorn with iron collars men and women, his fellow creatures. The free States will have to look quietly on, while these things are done on their own soil, without the power to interfere. The doctrine is so nakedly stated by Judge Kane that we can fully understand it. There is a plan to force slavery upon the free States as well as upon the Territories, and we must meet and repel it at once.

SKILLFUL ALTERATION.—There is in circulation at the present time, a most skillful alteration on the two dollar bills of the Mechanics' Bank, Boston. The genuine ones bear the gold dollar vignette, having a hay boy and a milk maid seated on a bank, with two gold dollars directly below the man. The figure '2' is on each of the upper corners. Some adroit rogue has been engaged in erasing the gold dollars, and by the succeeding operation, changing the figures '2' to '10.' So skillfully is it done, that even the Suffolk Bank detectors have let one of these alterations pass through their hands without detection. The genuine ten of the Mechanics' Bank bears a vignette of a steamboat approaching a wharf, with several vessels sailing about her.

RESIGNATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.—The Providence Journal understands that Dr. Wayland has resigned the Presidency of Brown University and that the Pres-

ident will take effect immediately after the ensuing Commencement. He has occupied the office for 29 years, a longer term than any of his predecessors, and now naturally seeks the solace of retirement. A meeting of the Corporation will be held at an early day to provide for the vacancy.

The Slave Case at Philadelphia.

We give below the affidavit of Mrs. Johnson, a slave of Mr. Wheeler, of North Carolina, who lately left her master at Philadelphia. The story told by the woman bears on its face all the marks of simplicity and truth, and substantially agrees with other accounts of the transactions published in various papers.

State of New York, City and County of New York. Jane Johnson, being sworn, makes oath and says:

My name is Jane Johnson; I was the slave of Mr. Wheeler, of Washington; he bought me and my two children about two years ago, of Mr. Cornelius Crow, of Richmond, Va.; my youngest child is between six and seven years old, the other between ten and eleven; I have one other child only, and he is in Richmond; I have not seen him for about two years; never expect to see him again; Mr. Wheeler brought me and my two children to Philadelphia, on the way to Nicaragua, to wait on his wife; I didn't want to go without my two children, and he consented to take them; we came to Philadelphia by the cars; stopped at Mr. Sully's, Mr. Wheeler's father-in-law, a few moments; then went to the steamboat for New York at 2 o'clock, but were too late; we went into Bloodgood's Hotel; Mr. Wheeler went to dinner; Mr. Wheeler had told me in Washington to have nothing to say to colored persons, and if any of them spoke to me to say that I was a free woman travelling with a Minister; we staid at Bloodgood's till 5 o'clock; Mr. Wheeler kept his eye on me all the time except when he was at dinner; he left his dinner to come and see if I was safe, and then went back again; while he was at dinner, I saw a colored woman and told her I was a slave woman; that my master told me not to speak to colored people, and that if any of them spoke to me to say that I was free; but I am not free, but I want to be free; she said 'Poor thing, I pity you'; after that I saw a colored man and said the same thing to him; he said he would telegraph to New York, and two men would meet me at 9 o'clock, and take me with them; after that we went on board the boat; Mr. Wheeler sat beside me on the deck; I saw a colored gentleman come on board; he beckoned to me; I nodded my head and could not go; Mr. Wheeler was beside me and I was afraid; a white gentleman then came and said to Mr. Wheeler, 'I want to speak to your servant and tell her of her rights'; Mr. Wheeler rose and said, 'If you have anything to say, say it to me—she knows her rights'; the white gentleman asked me if I wanted to be free; I said 'I do, but I belong to this gentleman, and I can't have it'; he replied, 'Yes, you can; come with us, you are as free as your master; if you want your freedom, come now; if you go back to Washington, you may never get it'; I rose to go; Mr. Wheeler spoke, and said, 'I will give you your freedom; I knew he never promised it before, and I knew he never would give it to me; the white gentleman held out his hand, and I went toward him; I was ready for the word before it was given me; I took the children by the hands, who both cried, for they were frightened; but both stopped when they got on shore; a colored man carried the little one, I led the other by the hand; we walked down the street till we got to a hack; nobody forced me away; nobody pulled me, and nobody led me; I went away of my own free will; I always wished to be free and meant to be free when I came North; I hardly expected it in Philadelphia, but I thought I should get free in New York; I have been comfortable and happy since I left Mr. Wheeler, and so are the children; I don't want to go back. I could have gone to Philadelphia if I had wanted to; I could go now; but I had rather die than go back; I wish to make this statement before a magistrate, because I understand that Mr. Williamson is in prison on my account, and I hope the truth may be a benefit to him.

her

JANE M. JOHNSON.

mark

Sworn before me, this 31st July, 1855.

E. D. Culver, city Judge of Brooklyn.

THE NECESSITY OF DROUGHTS.—The State agricultural chemist of Maryland, Mr. Higgins, publishes a paper, showing the necessity of droughts to replenish the soil with mineral substances, carried off to the sea by the rains, and also taken up by the crops, and not returned by manure. These two causes, always in operation, would, in time, render the earth a barren waste, in which no verdure could quicken, and no natural plant take root, if there was not a salutary contraction by drought, which operates to supply this waste in the following manner. During dry weather a continual evaporation of water takes place from the surface of the earth, which is not supplied by rain from the clouds. The evaporation from the surface creates a vacuum, as far as water is concerned, which is at once filled by the water rising up from the subsoil of the land; the water from the subsoil is replaced from the next strata below, and in this manner the circulation of water in the earth is the reverse to that which takes place in wet weather. With this water also ascend the minerals held in solution, the phosphates and sulphates of lime, carbonate and silicate of potash and soda, which are deposited in the surface soil as the water evaporates, and thus restores the losses sustained as above stated. The author of this theory appears to have taken considerable pains to verify the fact by a number of interesting experiments. The subject is worth the attention of men of leisure and of education, who pursue the rational system of blending chemistry with agricultural science.

THE SNAKE STORY A HOAX.—A story has been going the rounds of the papers relative to a little girl in Guilford, N. H., who was said to be 'charmed' by a snake, between which and herself a strong friendship was contracted so that she fondled it in her lap, and caressed it in the most endearing manner. It seems the father of the girl took his daughter, with the snake, to Boston for the purpose of an exhibition. It became apparent that the child was forced to play her part in the disgusting scene, much against her will and to her great terror.

Certain humane persons took the matter in hand, and caused the inhuman father to be arrested for such treatment, and he was bound over to trial at the municipal court in the sum of \$500. Thus has the 'charm' been broken by a very summary and proper method.

A practical man who has had much experience in relation to wells, stated to us a few days since, a very simple remedy for the removal of the deleterious gas from a well. He says that an effectual agitation of the atmosphere of the well will purify it; that even the occasional use of a palm leaf fan will render the atmosphere

innocuous. He has often purified the atmosphere of a well in this way, so that a candle would burn, and it was safe to enter and remain in it, which before this agitation would not sustain combustion—and the inspiration of which would have produced immediate intoxication. He sometimes prepares a piece of canvas as a flapper, and lets it into a well with a string attached, and thus agitates the air, while at work in the well, as occasion may require.

Items of Foreign News.

To understand the difficulties in the way of what is called at home 'taking the field,' one must come out and stay out here. It would be much easier to take Sebastopol than to take the field. There are only three accessible passes, up the precipitous wall of rock which rises on the north side of Tchernaya, to the plateau on which the Russians are encamped, and the precipice runs round to the Balbek. These passes are so steep that an army would have some difficulty in ascending them at its leisure, without resistance from any enemy. But they are occupied wherever engineering eyes detect the slightest weakness—they are commanded by batteries, intersected by positions threatened by overhanging cliffs all ready for the lever. March round and turn them! Where and how? We have no transport even if we could march, and we cannot march, because Napoleon himself would never lead an army into such defiles as guard the Russian position. Whether we are not strong enough to detach a grand corps of 40,000 or 50,000 men to operate against the Russians north of Sebastopol is not for me to say; but it is certain that the base of operations for any corps must be the sea, till ample transport is provided. The Crimea is to all intents and purposes a desert—a Sahara, waterless and foodless before an invading army.

The Emperor of Russia, it was rumored in St. Petersburg, intends to visit the South, perhaps the Crimea. Advances are not agreed about the health of the Emperor, who is variously represented as 'spitting blood,' 'in an advanced stage of consumption,' 'taking much exercise,' and undergoing fatigues which, to a man in a decline, must prove fatal.

The rumor of the death of Schamyl, the celebrated Circassian chief, is stated to be undoubtedly true.

The Italians are showing signs of discontent. Marshal Radezky has demanded large and immediate reinforcements to the garrisons of Milan, Verona and Venice, and forty thousand men are to be distributed among the Italian garrisons.

Three Phases of Business.

DIALOGUE FIRST.
Between Customer and one of the Firm in the Counting Room.

CUSTOMER.—'How's business?'
MERCHANT.—Throwing down the paper, running his fingers through his hair, in a very petulant tone, 'Miserable! Miserable! Miserable! Couldn't be worse!'

DIALOGUE SECOND.
Between Customer and one of the Clerks, in the Store.

CUSTOMER.—'How's business?'
CLERK.—Tipping back in a chair, his feet on the counter and a tumbler full of something under it, 'Oh, easy, sir, pretty easy!'

DIALOGUE THIRD.
Between Customer and an Errand Boy on the Sidewalk.

CUSTOMER.—'How's business?'
ERRAND BOY.—Sitting on an empty box, on the shady side of the street, whistling 'Hazel Dell,' and drumming a bass with his heels; looking up with a merry eye—with emphasis, 'Just-rate.'

A GOOD HINT.—The French paper, *Le Siecle*, of Paris, says the Montcalm Pilot, recently devoted an article to the United States, in which the following hint is thrown out to Jonathan, to help him in his choice whether he shall buy Cuba or buy the freedom of the slave:—

'There are in the lives of strong and generous people critical moments, during which the future of the State appears placed in doubt, and from which they can only escape by the reparation of long injustice through reforms or through a revolution.'

The American Union appears to us to have arrived at one of those dangerous epochs which call for all the prudence of the statesman, and all the civic energy that can be used by men who know their rights and their duties. By the side of the better principles of practical political justice, the constitution of the United States of America has permitted to subsist, without consecrating it, that hideous error which the sixteenth century inflicted on all America, slavery; the founders of the republic dare not or could not abolish. Two great parties, therefore, divide, at present, the citizens of the Union: on one side are the abolitionists or enemies of slavery, and on the other the partisans and supporters of that deplorable institution.

We stated some months ago, that the government of the Union had offered to buy for a hundred millions of dollars. Let America employ these millions, if necessary, to repurchase and emancipate her slaves; she will thus acquire a strength much more considerable, and a stability much more durable, than by adding a new constellation to her flag, and Americanizing the rich Spanish colony.

POPULAR EXTRAVAGANCE.—Our Christianity and our love of country should put us upon fitting remedies for some of the alarming habits of extravagance which prevail among us. One of the sources of this manifold evil has been fairly put in the following remarks of a wholesale merchant and importer, as given in the annual report of the American Woman's Education Society:

'You have got hold of a great matter, sir. I hope you will succeed. The women are wrong, sir. They are not educated right. They are going to bankrupt the country unless there is a change. More is thought of show than substance. We pay scores of millions annually for ladies' ornaments which are of no use. We cannot afford it. It is worse than sinking the gold in the sea! We are paying more duties on artificial flowers, than on railroad iron! God help you to elevate the position and the aim of woman!'

The fact that a store in this city employed in the sale of laces and other superfluities in that line pays a rent of ten thousand dollars a year, is a significant comment upon this speech. There is no cure for such an evil, though it threatens ruin to the country and greater ruin to Christian character, but in something that shall divert the ambition of the female mind to something better worthy of rational and immortal pursuits, than this rivalry in expenditure and outward show. [Puritan Recorder, and on the 17th of Sept. next, has sent to London

ADDRESS.—STATE AG. SOCIETY.—Prof. J. A. Nash, of Amherst, Mass., and author of the book entitled the 'Progressive Farmer,' and editor of 'The Farmer,' published monthly at Amherst, is to deliver the address before the Maine State Agricultural Society, at Waterville, on the 17th of Sept. next. Has sent to London

