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Original Poetry.

DION, THE GIANT:
OR THE SLANDERS HOME.
A Legend of the Gloomy Ages.

BY WANDA W.

In the town of Evil-Rumor,
Close beside a haunted wood,
Where a sullen river glided,
Dion's gloomy mansion stood.
Shadows brooded in its chambers,
Shadows settled o'er its walls;
Genial sunbeams entered never
To its dismal, twilight halls.

With a laughter never sounded
On that dwelling's murky air;
With his mates, in heavy silence,
Dion vegetated there.

In the land of Pleasant Meetings,
In a fragrant, sunny vale,
Guarded well by hearts that loved her,
Grew a maiden tall and pale.

Light of heart, and light of footstep,
Joyous as the birds of air;
Radiant from the mirth within her,
Was that young, untroubled fair.

Once, alas! I from the circle
Of the warm home-bath she strayed—
Strayed so far that Dion found her,
As she wandered, sore dismayed.

To his gloomy home he bore her,
Deeming she would be his light,
Loud rejoicing in possessing
Human gem so fair and bright.

But he found his false fated
Mid the shadows cold and gray;
Chill and trembling grew the maiden,
Joy and gladness passed away.

Love had been the food she lived on,
Love the light which round her shone,
Love the air in which she sported;
Now she starved and froze alone.

So when she was dim and faded,
And her laugh rung out no more,
Dion and his house released her,
And she hastened from his door.

Then was told the shameful story,
That she wandered pale and weak,
Lonely, helpless, and weary,
Lived by deeds too vile to speak.

Then arose strong hands to smite her,
Thick and fast fierce words were sent
On her track, to harm and fright her,
But they failed of their intent.

For once more to peace reposing,
In the arms of changeless love,
The tired wanderer was sheltered,
Never more from home to rove.

But the shadows grew and deepened
Over Dion's dusky pile;
Meet about for such a Dion,
And his mates in gloom and guile.

Whispers on the twilight floated,
Whispers of abhorrent tone,
Swelling into frightful clamor
In the midnight wood alone.

"Goblins of the murky air,
Sullen spirits of the deep,
Shapes of Terror and Despair,
Dion's is our home forever."

"Specters from the Haunted Wood,
Demons, Harpy, Ghost and Sprite,
Vampyre, Satyr, Elf and Evil-doer,
Gather round his couch at night:

"Dance before his eyes at morn:
By our impious rites destroy
Let his ears be always torn
Till he slumbers with the dead."

Thus croaked and hissed, with pestilential breath
Laden with odors redolent of death,
The horrid shapes of Night o'er those who joy
Was to defend, and blacken and destroy.

To scatter venom from a festering tongue,
O'er the white garments of the fair and young.

Miscellany.

SEABOARD SLAVE STATES.*

[We have no doubt that our readers will be glad to find that we have this week made further extracts from this work; and though these will of course be read with interest, we hope few will be satisfied with anything less than the whole work, which will be found at Matthews's.]

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE SLAVES.

With regard to the moral and religious condition of the slaves, I cannot, either from what I observe, or from what is told me, consider it in any way gratifying. They are forbidden by law to meet together for worship, or for the purpose of mutual improvement. In the cities, there are churches especially for them, in which the exercises are conducted by white clergymen. In the country, there is usually a service, after that for the whites especially, in all the churches, which, by the way, are not very thickly scattered. In one parish, about twenty miles from Richmond, I was told that the colored congregation in the afternoon is much smaller than that of the whites in the morning; and it was thought not more than one-fifth of the negroes living within a convenient distance were in the habit of attending it; and of these many came late, and many more slept through the greater part of the services.

A goodly proportion of them, I am told, "profess religion," and are received into the fellowship of the churches; but it is evident, of the greater part even of these, that their idea of religion, and the standard of morality which they deem consistent with a "profession" of it, is very degraded. That they are subject to intense excitements, often really maniacal, which they consider to be religious, is true; but as these are described, I cannot see that they indicate anything but a miserable system of superstition, the more painful that it employs some forms and words ordinarily connected with true Christianity.

This condition of the slaves is not necessarily a reproach to those whose duty it more particularly is to instruct and preach the true Gospel to them. It is, in a great degree, a necessary result of the circumstances of their existence. The possession of arbitrary power has always, the world over, tended irresistibly to destroy humane sensibility, magnanimity, and truth. Look at the sovereigns of Europe in our day. There is not one, having sovereign power, that would not, over and over again, for acts of which he is notoriously guilty, under our laws, be confined with the most depraved of criminals. It is, I have no doubt, utterly impossible, except as a camel shall enter the eye of a needle, for a man to have the will of others habitually under his control, without its impairing his sense of justice, his power of sympathy, his respect for manhood, and his worshipful love of the Infinite Father.

The Baptist and Methodist clergy, when addressing negro congregations, are said to spend most of their force in arguing against each other's doctrines, and the negroes are represented to have a great taste for theological controversy.

As an illustration of the way in which a great many negroes understood a tenet of the Baptists, a gentleman narrated the following circumstance: A slave, who was "a professor," plagued his master very much by his persistence in certain immoral practices, and he requested a clergyman to converse with him and try to reform him. The clergyman did so, and endeavored to bring the terrors of the law to bear upon his conscience. "Look yere, massa," said the backslider, "don't de Scripture say, 'Dem who believes an is baptise shall be save'?" "Certainly," the clergyman answered; and went on to explain and expound the passage; but directly the slave interrupted him again.

"Jus you tell me now, massa, don't de good book say dese word: 'Dem as believes and is baptise, shall be save'; want to know dat?" "Yes; but—"

"Dat's all I want to know, sar; now want to de use o'talkin to me? You aint a gawt no A JOURNEY IN THE SEABOARD SLAVE STATES, with Remarks on their Economy. By Frederick Law Olmsted, author of 'Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England.' New York: Dix & Edwards. 1866.

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make me bleve wat de blessed Lord says, an't so, not if you tries forever."

The clergyman again attempted to explain, but the negro would not allow him, and as often as he got back to the judgment-day, or charging him with sin, and demanding reformation, he would interrupt him in the same way.

"De Scriptur say, if a man believe and be baptise he shall—he shall, be save. Now, massa minister, I done believe and I done baptise, an I shall be save suah. Dere's no use talkin, sar."

COMMERCIAL SUCCESS OF VIRGINIA.

Singularly simple, child-like ideas about commercial success, you find among the Virginians—even among the merchants themselves. The agency by which commodities are transferred from the producer to the consumer, they seem to look upon as a kind of swindling operation; they do not see that the merchant acts a useful part in the community, or that his labor can be other than selfish and malevolent. They speak angrily of New York, as if it fattened on the country without doing the country any good in return. They have no idea that it is their business that the New Yorkers are doing, and that whatever tends to facilitate it, and make it simple and secure, is an increase of their wealth by diminishing the costs and lessening the losses upon it.

They gravely demand why the government mail steamers should be sent to New York, when New York has so much business already, and why the nation should build costly custom-houses and post-offices, and mints, and sea defences, and collect stores and equipments there, and not at Norfolk, and Petersburg, and Richmond, and Danville, and Lynchburg, and Smithtown, and Jones's Cross-Roads? It seems never to have occurred to them that it is because the country needs them there, because the skill, enterprise and energy of New York merchants, the confidence of capitalists in New York merchants, the various facilities for trade offered by New York merchants, enable them to do the business of the country cheaper and better than it can be done anywhere else, and that thus they can command commerce, and need not petition their Legislature, or appeal to mean sectional prejudices to obtain it, but all imagine it is by some shrewd Yankee trickery it is done. By the bones of their noble fathers they will set their faces against it, and their faces are not of dough—so they bully their local merchants into buying in dearer markets, and make the country tote its gold on to Philadelphia to be coined; and their conventions resolve that the world shall come to Norfolk, or Richmond, or Smithtown, and that no more cotton shall be sent to England until England will pay a price for it that shall let negroes be worth a thousand dollars a head, &c., &c., &c.

Then, if it be asked why Norfolk, with its immense natural superiority for manufacturing, has not prospered like Glasgow, or Petersburg, like Lowell—why Virginia is not like Pennsylvania, or Kentucky like Ohio?—they will perhaps answer that it is owing to the peculiar tastes they have inherited; "settled mainly (as was Virginia) by the sons of country gentlemen, who brought the love of country life with them across the Atlantic, and infused it into the mass of the population, they have ever preferred that life, and the title of country gentleman, implying the possession of landed estates, has always been esteemed more honorable than any other." It is simply a matter of taste—an answer which reminds us of Æsop's fox.

Ask any honest stranger who has been brought into intimate intercourse for a short time with the people, why it is that there has been stagnation, and there constant, healthy progress, and he will answer that these people are less enterprising, energetic and sensible in the conduct of their affairs—that they live less in harmony with the laws that govern the accumulation of wealth than those.

Ask him how this difference of character should have arisen, and he will tell you it is not from the blood, but from the education they have received; from the institutions and circumstances they have inherited. It is the old, fettered, barbarian labor-system, in connection with which they have been brought up, against which all their enterprise must struggle, and with the chains of which all their ambition must be bound.

This conviction I find to be universal in the minds of strangers, and it is forced upon one more strongly than it is possible to make you comprehend by a mere statement of isolated facts. You could as well convey an idea of the effect of mist on a landscape, by enumerating the number of particles of vapor that obscure it. Give Virginia blood fair play, remove it from the atmosphere of slavery, and it shows no lack of energy and good sense.

It is strange the Virginians dare not look this in the face. Strange how they bluster in their legislative debates, in their newspapers, and in their bar-rooms, about the "Yankees," and the "Yorkers," declaring that they are "swindled out of their legitimate trade," when the simple truth is, that the northern merchants do that for them that they are unable to do for themselves. As well might the Chinese be angry with you for sending your clipper ships for their tea, because it is a business that would be more "legitimate" (however less profitably) carried on in "junks."

There's a yarn I have heard from the Staten Island coasters, who run down to the capes of Virginia for oysters, which illustrates admirably how Virginia commerce would be "legitimately" carried on, that is, in the manner naturally resulting from her system.

Among the largest and luckiest of the Virginia merchant-marine, is the fine, fast-sailing, light-draft, putty-bottomed, packet-sloop, the Abstraction. The "Old Ab" was formerly owned and commanded by Captain Jerry S., and was manned by one black boy, sixty years old, named Mopus, and commonly called Uncle Mopus. Mopus was a slave, and Captain Jerry had bought him with the sloop.

Mopus was a proper slave, patient, meek, stupid, and stubborn—a talking donkey. He never had been taught to read or to comprehend figures. He could not understand the dial, and the binnacle-compass was a sort of fetish to him; the mystery of which he was too humble to desire to penetrate. He piously left these great things in the hands of his owner and resigned himself to the will of that Providence which had given him a master to take care of him, who was responsible for his safety and profits, as well as his soul's.

This resignation and faith of the good Mopus, however, often gave Captain Jerry a deal of trouble, for it obliged him to be nearly always on deck and wide awake, and he sometimes

thought he might better sell Mopus, and buy a nigger that was not so good, (Captain Jerry, as I heard it, used to put in a word between so and so, and bear down on it,) but the danger that such a one would prove entirely reckless of all moral suggestions as smart niggers are very apt to, and go and steal himself, prevented his doing so, and he tried to make the best of Mopus's muscles and to supply the necessary brain-power for the sloop from his own private skull.

One night, Captain Jerry having been up all the previous night, and having just worked the sloop out of Hampton roads, against wind and tide, and being quite overcome with fatigue, thought he might venture to trust Mopus with the helm for a few hours, the sloop's course being now due North, up Chesapeake bay, wind light and quartering, a clear sky, and nothing in the way for fifty miles.

Mopus knew the North Star very well, as niggers generally do, and telling him to keep the bow-sprit pointing straight at it, and not to disturb him until he saw land to starboard, Captain Jerry put out the binnacle-light to save oil, and turned in.

Captain Jerry had the habit, which small-craft men are apt to get, of consulting about with himself. No sooner had he closed the companion scuttle than Mopus, with head to the stove pipe, heard—"Moon full'd Thursday—slack water at six—North Star—that'll do till daylight sartin—due North—Tangier island—not afore meridian—can't go wrong till arter daylight, no how—good snooze this time—go in—off boots."

Mopus was a capital helmsman; and for two hours, while the breeze blew, he kept on a bee-line to the Northward. Then it fell calm; and then there came little catpaws from north-west, and Mopus, after giving a pull of the main-sheet, left the helm a minute to flatten the jib. While he was forward, a flaw from the northeast took him all aback. Belaying jib-sheet, he came aft, and put helm up to wear round. Just as he jibed, came another flaw from the southeast, and a pretty smart one.—Mopus met it, trimmed close, and seeing it was going to be steady, left the helm again, and shoved down the center board. Then he went to the hatchway and got his coat, after which he took a pull at the scuttle-butt, and struck a light for a smoke.

All this time Old Abby, with her head south-east, was shaking like a nail-mill. Mopus finally hauled the jib up to port, till the mainsail filled, then took the helm again, and kept her rap full heading south, but running off to the westward, now and then, in search for the North Star, which, as he could not see it anywhere else, he thought for a long time must have got behind the mainsail.

He had smoked out two pipes before he found it, and then it was right over the stern, which at first struck him as a singular circumstance. There it was, "pointers and all;" he could not be mistaken. But how did it get there?

Mopus pondered over it for two pipes more, all the while giving her a good full and nothing off. He was at first inclined to treat it as a mystery; but when, about two o'clock, the moon rose, he grew bold, knotted his eyebrows, clenched his teeth, took off his tarpaulin, and struck his reflective organs with his clenched fist.

At length the problem was solved, and his lips trembled and gathered inward and puckered back with that pleasure which niggers, in common with human beings, enjoy, when they are conscious of having acquitted themselves well of a trying and honorable responsibility. He immediately hauled the boom down close to the taffrail; he went forward, and belayed the jib to windward, lighted his pipe again, and kept a good lookout till, as day broke, he made land to starboard, just as he expected;—land to starboard and—why didn't he see it before?—a light right ahead, and not very far ahead either.

"All right," thought Mopus, "daylight, hump! let an old nigger alone to find the way to the North;" and he let the jib draw away, went aft, took the helm and called the skipper.

The skipper turned out: "Wind's come out o'norward, has it? Why, Mopus! why! what the devil—what light's that? Why, Mope! why you—Where you been taking the sloop to now, you black rascal! here's the North Star over the stern!"

"Oh yes, massa, past de Norf Star an hour ago; all right, sar, here's de land right off here to luard. Made a fine run, sar. Oh! I knows how to forch 'em along, I does myself, ha! ha! ha! Takes old Mope arter all, don't it? ha! ha! ha!"

"Ye-es (through his teeth) mighty fine run! Old Point, by the blood of Pocahontas! just where I'd got her last night at sunset!—you grinnin' catamount! Takes old Mope! You bloody old cuss! I'll sell you for a chaw of tobacco to the first white man that'll take you off my hands."

PRESENT POLICY, PLANS, AND PROSPECTS OF VIRGINIA.

Having suffered twenty-three years longer since this protest against her cherished policy was made in her Legislature, now at length has Virginia acquired the necessary strength and courage to undergo the painful operation necessary to free her from that chronic malady which from the earliest period of her colonial infancy, has constantly debilitated and paralyzed her.

She is further from it than ever. Like a poor man, rendered prematurely imbecile by his long endurance of pain, and who, conscious that every pretext against the application of the surgeon's relieving knife has long since been exhausted, finally, in unconquerable cowardice, discharges his faithful old family physician, feigns to despise his judgment, and throws himself, in a flood of grateful tears, into the embrace of some contemptible, bragging quack, who pretends that his disease has hitherto been entirely misunderstood—who predicts that, under his care, he will soon be the strongest man in town—who diverts him with expensive nostrums, and amuses him by humorous descriptions of his own debilitated form and palsied movements; so Virginia now insultingly spurns from her councils all who suggest that slavery is ever to be eradicated, and not one man is allowed to enter her Legislature who dares to declare and demand "the rights of the middle class," nay, even to supplicate for them; and if one should now petition for the passage of the amendment proposed by Jefferson, he would actually be in danger of losing his life. Such has been the influence of the extension of cotton culture and the demand for slaves in Virginia—such is the power of or-

ganized capital and educated wisdom in a republic.

Virginia has this year passed through an exciting election—the most so, probably, of any since the discussion of the Alien and Sedition Acts. It was preceded by a prolonged and very thorough canvass, with personal appeals to the conscience, the patriotism, and especially to the pecuniary interests of the people, by the rival candidates and their friends. The successful candidate is said to have made more than sixty addresses, in person, to large assemblages of the electors convened to hear him describe the policy he desired to pursue, and his reasons for it.

I have read with attention all the reports which I could obtain of these expositions, in order to judge from them what the people of Virginia now want or expect of their public servants. Among the passages which are represented by the reporters to have been received with great applause by the intelligent audience, on one occasion, are the following:

"Commerce has long ago spread her sails, and sailed away from you. You have not, as yet, dug more than coal enough to warm yourselves at your own hearths; you have set no tilt-hammer of Vulcan to strike blows worthy of gods in your own iron-foundries; you have not yet spun more than coarse cotton enough, in the way of manufacture, to clothe your own slaves."

"You have had no commerce, no mining, no manufactures."

"You have relied alone on the single power of agriculture—and such agriculture! Your sedge-patches outside the sun. Your inattention to your only source of wealth has scared the very bosom of mother earth. Instead of having to feed cattle on a thousand hills, you have had to chase the stump-tailed steer thro' the sedge-patches to procure a tough beef-steak. (Laughter and applause.)

"The present condition of things has existed too long in Virginia. The landlord has skinned the tenant, and the tenant has skinned the land, until all have grown poor together. I have heard a story—I will not locate it here or there—about the condition of the prosperity of our agriculture. I was told by a gentleman in Washington, not long ago, that he was traveling in a county not a hundred miles from this place, and overtook one of our citizens on horseback, with, perhaps a bag of hay for a saddle, without stirrups, and the leading line for a bridle, and he said: 'Stranger, whose house is that?' 'It is mine,' was the reply. They came to another. 'Whose house is that?' 'Mine, too, stranger.' To a third: 'And whose house is that?' 'That's mine, too, stranger; but don't suppose that I'm so darned poor as to own all the land about here.' (Laughter and applause.) We may own land, we may own slaves, we may own roads and mines, we may have all the elements of wealth; but unless we apply intelligence, unless we adopt a thorough system of instruction, it is utterly impossible that we can develop, as we ought to develop, and as Virginia is prepared now to do and to take the line of march towards the very eminence of prosperity." (Applause and continued merriment.)

And how does the fiddling Nero propose, it will be wondered, to remedy this very amusing stupidity, poverty, and debility? Very simply and pleasantly. By building railroads and canals, ships and mills; by establishing manufactories, opening mines, and setting up smelting-works and foundries. And "Hurrah!" shout the tickled electors; "that's exactly what we want."

Indeed, it is what they want; but how are they going to get it? One is next anxious to ascertain. This question is neither asked nor answered. The confirmed paralytic and dyspeptic pauper is told: "All you want is good digestion. Take plenty of exercise, walk twenty miles a day, swing dumb-bells, box, fence, row, and hunt; live generously; breakfast on cutlets a la victime; dine in salmon and venison with truffles; sup on canvas backs, and don't spare pure old port." "Ah! that's it; I'm satisfied you understand my complaint," whispers the poor, bed-ridden wretch; "I put myself in your hands." "Good," returns the laughing charlatan; "you are now prepared to develop."

The same sagacious candidate, in a similar strain of eloquent mockery, depicts the intense ignorance which characterizes the people of Virginia; and affects to deplore it, though when a member of Congress he used publicly to boast of it, and congratulate himself upon it, as preventing disagreeable dissensions in his constituency. Now he laments it, and ridicules it, and promises, if they will make him governor, he will set about remedying it. How?

Actually, he has the impudence, as he stands their laughing at them, to pretend an admiration for the educational scheme of Jefferson and to promise to recommend its adoption by the State.

And the poor mob appears to be imposed upon again; and, having a traditional confidence in the sincerity of Jefferson's democracy, they actually cheer him as if he was in earnest.

A STAGE-COACH CAMPAIGN IN N. C.

After this stay, rendered also partly necessary for the repair of damages to my clothing and baggage on the Weldon stage, I engaged a seat one day on the coach, advertised to leave at nine o'clock for Fayetteville. At half-past nine, tired of waiting for its departure, I told the agent, as it was not ready to start, I would walk on a bit, and let them pick me up. I found a rough road—for several miles a clayey surface and much water—and was obliged to pick my way a good deal through the woods on either side. Stopping frequently, when I came to cultivated land, to examine the soil and the appearance of the stubble of the maize—the only crop—in three different fields I made five measurements at random, of fifty feet each and found the stalks had stood, on an average, five feet by two feet one inch apart, and that, generally, they were not over an inch in diameter at the butt. In one old-field, in process of clearing for new cultivation, I examined a most absurd little plow, with a share not more than six inches in depth, and eight in length on the sole, fastened by a socket to a stake, to which was fitted a short beam and stilt. It was drawn by one mule, and its work among the stumps could only be called scratching. A farmer told me that he considered twenty-five bushels of corn a large crop, and that he generally got as much as fifteen. He said that no money was to be got by raising corn, and very few farmers here "made" any more than they needed for their own force. It cost too much to get it to market, and yet sometimes they had had to buy corn at a dollar a bushel, and wag-

on it home from Raleigh, or further, enough not having been raised in the country for home consumption. Cotton was the only crop they got any money for. I, nevertheless, did not see a single cotton field during the day. He said that the largest crop of corn that he knew of, reckoned to be fifty bushels to the acre, had been raised on some reclaimed swamp, while it was still so wet that horses would mire on it all the summer, and most of it had been tilled entirely with hoes.

I do not think I passed, in ten miles, more than half a dozen homesteads, and of these but one was above the character of a hut or cabin. A little after one o'clock I reached "Bank's," a plantation where the stage horses are changed, eleven miles from Raleigh; and the coach not having arrived, I asked for something to eat. A lunch was prepared for me in about fifteen minutes. There was nothing on the table, when I was invited to it, except some cold salt pork and pickled beets; but as long as I remained, at intervals of two or three minutes, additions would be made, till at last there had accumulated five different preparations of swine's flesh, and two or three of corn, most of them just cooked; the only vegetable, pickled beets.

Before I finished my repast, the coach arrived, and I took my seat.

"All right?" asked the driver.

"You haven't changed your horses."

"Goin' ter change the wheelers on top the hill; horses in the field there."

Having reached the hill top, the change was effected—a change, but no improvement. The fresh horses could do but little more than stand up; there was not one among them that would have sold for twenty-five dollars in New York. "There ain't a man in North Carolina could drive them horses up the hills without a whip," said the driver. "You ought to get yerself a whip, massa," said one of the negroes. "Duration!" think I'm going to buy whips? the best whip in North Carolina wouldn't last a week on this road." "Dat's a fact—dat ar is a fact; but look yeh, massa, ye let me hab yer stick, and I'll make a whip for ye; ye nebber can make Bawley go widout it, no how." The stick was a sapling rod, of which two or three lay on the coach top; the negro fastened a long leather thong to it. "Dah! ye can fetch old Bawley wi' dat." "Bawley" had been tackled in the leader of the "spike team;" but, upon attempting to start, it was found that he could not be driven in that way at all, and the driver took him out and put him to the pole, within reach of the butt of his stick, and another horse was put on the lead.

One negro now took the leader by the head, and applied a stick lustily to his flanks; another, at the near wheel, did the same; and the driver belabored Bawley from the box. But as soon as they began to move forward, and the negro let go the leader's head, he would face about. After this had been repeated many times, a new plan of operations was arranged that proved successful. Leaving the two wheelers to the care of the negroes, the driver was enabled to give all his attention to the leader. When the wheeler started, of course he was struck by the pole, upon which he would turn tail and start for the stable. The negroes kept the wheeler from following him, and the driver with the stick, and another negro with the bough of a tree, thrashed his face; he would then turn again, and, being hit by the pole, start ahead. So, after ten minutes of fearful outcry, we got off.

"How far is it to Mrs. Barclay's?" a passenger had asked. "Thirteen miles," answered a negro; "but I tell 'ou, massa, dis a heap to be said and talk 'bout 'fore 'ou see Missy Barclay's wid dem hosses." There was, indeed.

"Bawley—yeh! Bawley—Bawley! wha' 'bout?—ah!"

"Rock! wha' you doin'?"—(durned sick hoss—ain't fit to be in a stage, now!)

"Bawley! you! g'up!"

"Oh! you doddered Bob—Bob!—(he don't draw a pound, and he ain't a goin' to)—you, Bob!—(a w'll, he can't stop, can he, as long as the wheelers keep movin')? Bob! I'll break yer legs, you don't git out the way."

"Oh, Bawley!—(no business to put such a lame hoss into the stage.)—Blamnation, Bawley! Now, if you stop, I'll kill you!"

"Wha' 'bout, Rock? Dod burn that Rock! You stop if you dare! (I'll be durned to Hux if that ere hoss ain't all used up.)"

"You, Bob! get out de way, or I'll be—"

"Oh! d'rot yer soul, Bawley—yeh goin' to stop! G'up! G'up! Rock! you all-fired old villain! Wha' 'bout? (If they jus' git to night), all hell couldn't git the mails through to stop!"

After about three miles of this, they did stop. The driver threw the reins down in despair. After looking at the wheels, and seeing that we were on a good piece of road, nothing unusual to hinder progress, he put his hands in his pockets and sat quietly a minute, and then began, in a business-like manner, to swear, no longer confining himself to the peculiar idiomatic profanity of the country, but using real, outright, old-fashioned, uncompromising English oaths, as loud as he could yell. Then he stopped, and, after another pause, began to talk quietly to the horses:

"You, Bob, you won't draw? Didn't you git enough last night? (I jabbed my knife in to his face twice when we got into that fix last night; and the wounds on the horse's head showed that he spoke the truth.) I swear, Bob, if I have to come down thar, I'll cut your throat."

He stopped again, and then sat down on the foot-board, and began to beat the wheelers as hard and as rapidly as possible with the butt of his stick. They started, and striking Bob with the pole, he jumped and turned round; but a happy stroke on the raw "in his face" bro't him to his place; and the stick being applied just in time to the wheelers, he caught the pole and jumped ahead. We were off again.

"Turned over in that mire hole last night," said the driver. "Couldn't do anything with 'em—passengers camped out—thar's where they had their fire, under that tree; didn't git to Raleigh till nine o'clock this mornin'. That's the reason I wern't no longer arter you any sooner—hadn't got my breakfast; that the reason the hosses don't draw no better to-day, too, I s'pose."

"You, Rock!—Bawley!—Bon!"

After two miles more, the horses stopped once more. The driver now quietly took the leader off (he had never drawn at all), and beat him behind the coach. He then began beating the near-wheelers, a passenger did the same to Bawley—both standing on the ground—while I threw off my overcoat and walked on. For a time I could occasionally hear the cry, "Bawl—Rock!" and knew that the coach

was moving again; gradually I outwalked the sound.

I was now fairly in the Turpentine region of North Carolina. The road was a mere opening through a forest of the long leaved pine; the trees from eight to eighteen inches in diameter, with straight trunks bare for nearly thirty feet, and their evergreen foliage forming a dense dark canopy at that height, the surface of the ground undulating with long swells, occasionally low and wet. In the latter case, there was generally a mingling of deciduous trees and a water-course crossing the road, with a thicket of shrubs. The soil sandy, with occasionally veins of clay; the latter more commonly in the low ground, or in the descent to it. Very little grass, herbage, or underwood; and the ground covered, except in the road, with the fallen pine-leaves. Every tree, on one, two, or three sides, was scarified with turpentine. In ten miles, I passed half a dozen cabins, one or two small clearings, in which corn had been planted, and one turpentine distillery, with a dozen sheds and cabins clustered about it.

In about an hour after I left the coach, the driver, mounted on Bob, overtook me; he was going on to get fresh horses.

After dark, I had some difficulty in keeping the road, there being frequent forks, and my only guide the telegraph wire. I had to cross three or four brooks, which were now high, and had sometimes floated off the logs which, in this country, are commonly placed, for the teamsters, along the side of the road, where it runs through water. I could generally jump from stump to stump; and by wading a little at the edges in my staunch Scotch shooting boots, get across dry-shod. Where, however, the water was too deep, I always found, by going up or down stream a short way, a fallen trunk across it, by which I got over.

I met the driver returning with two fresh horses; and at length, before eight o'clock, reached a long one-story cabin, which I found to be Mrs. Barclay's. It was right cheerful and comfortable to open the door, from the dark, damp, chilly night, into a large room, filled with blazing light from a great fire of turpentine pine, by which two stalwart men were reading newspapers, a door opening into a background of supper-table and kitchen, and a nice, stout, kindly looking, Quaker-like old lady coming forward to welcome me.

As soon as I was warm, I was taken out to supper; seven preparations of swine's flesh, two of maize, wheat cakes, broiled quails, cold roast turkey, coffee and tea.

My bed-room was a house by itself, the only connection between it and the main building being a platform, or gallery, in front. A great fire burned here also in a broad fire-place; a stuffed easy-chair had been placed before it, and a tub of hot water, which I had not thought to ask for, to bathe my weary feet.

And this was a pine-woods stage-house!—But genius will find its development, no matter where its lot is cast; and there is as much genius for hospitality as for poetry. Mrs. Barclay is a Burns in her way, and with even more modesty; for, after twenty-four hours of the best entertainment that could be asked for, I was charged one dollar. I paid two dollars for my stage-coach privileges—to wit: riding five miles and walking twenty-one.

At three o'clock in the morning, the three gentlemen that I had left ten miles back at four o'clock the previous day, were dragged, shivering in the stage-coach, to the door. They had had no meal since breakfasting at Raleigh; and one of them was now so tired that he could not eat, but lay down on the floor before the fire and slept the last hour they were changing horses, or rather resting horses, for there was nothing left to change to.

Interwards met one of the company in Fayetteville. Their night's adventure after I left them, and the continued cruelty to the horses, were really most distressing. The driver once got off the box, and struck the poor, miserable, sick "Rock" with a rail, and actually knocked him down in the road. At another time, after having got the

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . MARCH 6, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. 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 the Post Office. His office is at No. 10 State Street, Boston. He is also Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as receipts.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

THE STORM.—Sunday snow-storms are getting as common as "Sunday sickness," and are even more convenient, from being more easy of proof. The best deacon in the world can't see a headache, while the poorest can both see and feel that these Sunday snow-storms are veritable matters of fact.

Last Sunday morning found us in the midst of another of these storms—snowing, blowing, freezing, howling, drifting—just like its predecessors. Unluckily, March came in the day before, so that this slight roar of the "lion" gives little hope of wood in her last days. We got no mails beyond Portland till Tuesday night; though the trains to and from this place made their regular trips; as did those over the Bangor and the Grand Trunk roads. Between Portland and Bangor, as usual, the several trains burrowed at various places; and though found by telegraph, they could not be dug out by magnetism. If those roads will widen their gauge, we guarantee that the A. & K. boys will put a snow plow over their rails to come and keep their trains permanently dug out for the next six months, free gratis!—and the Bangor line will go back for the job.

TOWN MEETING.—The warrant, which is printed for circulation, shows twenty-one articles; among which are propositions to divide the town, to apply for a city charter, and to reconsider the present plan of repairing highways. Aside from less conspicuous articles, there are enough to bring out the voters. The candidates for office await the decisions of the several caucuses—the Republicans having called theirs for Saturday evening. The choice of an efficient corps of constables should have its proper attention, especially as there is no proposition for a look-up. This deficiency has been the great obstacle in the way of efficient police duty; officers being reluctant to arrest a criminal over whom it may be their lot to keep guard for a day or two. Till this is remedied, the constabulary force of the town will always be weak and inefficient.

HOW VERY STRANGE!—The Bangor Journal details a curious fracas in that very orderly city in which, it says, two men, brothers, (perhaps twin brothers, who knows?) armed themselves, one with an axe and the other with a knife, and put a whole neighborhood in alarm—stabbing one man badly in the hand and another fatally in the abdomen! These curious demonstrations on the part of these brothers, the Journal denominates a "threatening procedure." Sure enough, it was, Judge!—and if they get into another such freak, we advise you to "threaten" to tell the cause of it. Perhaps it was spiritualism, or religious excitement, or Morrell reform, or something else—anything but rum! Don't let the world know that rum has killed another Bangor man. This would indicate the tendency of State politics—a thing that most not be indicated just yet. Hush that up, and call it a "threatening procedure." There is not a paper in Maine that can hush up as much rum as the Bangor Journal. It "pockets the corkscrew," that Journal does, as slyly as one carries the "carminated tinge" on the tip of his nose.

THE WEATHER.—February went smilingly out, under the bly influence of leap-year privileges. Her last fortnight was a pleasant one. March came in "like a lamb," but those who have watched the weather the longest don't like her any the better for that. Sleighting continues good, with snow enough to stand the heat of several dog-days without showing bare ground. Wood-piles—ours excepted—are in fine condition, at moderate expense. Those who buy most will see before next January where they "hit the nail on the head." Hay is quick at fifteen dollars, though we "guess" it is not very scarce at that price. We look for an early Spring—though we claim Falstaff's privilege of refusing to give a reason. We only say, wait and see.

DOORS, SASH & BLINDS.—Our neighbors at Kendall's Mills seem to regard it as their "manifest destiny" to lead the business of the Kennebec. (What will they give for a bond that Waterville will not interfere?) We are told that the new enterprises springing up there are "too numerous to mention." One of these, of which we have tangible evidence, (see advertisement,) is the manufactory of Messrs. N. G. & J. Ward, who propose to contest the market in the line of doors, sash and blinds. In quality and prices they promise to offer inducements such as are rarely found, and to build themselves upon the strong basis of public confidence. That's right, gentlemen!—and on the strength of this we heartily commend you to the patronage of everybody, far and near. So long as Kendall's Mills don't interfere with the extensive manufacturing enterprises of Waterville, her people ought to prosper.

EDITORIAL.—The editor of the Chicago Journal recently commented rather sharply upon the political course of Thomas Hayne, the U. S. District Attorney; in return for which Hayne struck him a "putty" between the eyes. Here the matter would doubtless have ended, had not the editor of the Journal happened to return the blow, by which he knocked his assailant through the window into the street!—thus suggesting the prudent resort of running away.

Devine's "Compound Pitch Lozenges" is especially recommended to singers and teachers of vocal music. Probably it helps to give them the pitch.

OUR TABLE.

EDITH HALE. A Village Story. By Thackeray. Phillips, Sampson & Co. This is a tale of New England life and manners, and greatly superior to most of the novels which have recently appeared. The story is interesting; the characters are mainly well drawn, and the moral lessons enforced most excellently. While we laugh at the rough humor of Father Shaw, and are amused at the oddities of Leah and the bachelor uncle, the fair Edith and other beautiful creations will not fail to win our love and admiration. The volume is crowded with incidents, some of the movements bordering on the marvellous; and there also seems to be a surplus of characters, some of whom are gaudy and rather unceremonious. The author occasionally mounts the stilts and seems anxious to show her extensive reading and familiarity with the mythology of the ancients; but at the same time shows herself possessed of great power and no small skill. This work—her first, we suppose—will undoubtedly find great favor with the public; and we see in its abundant evidence of her ability to surpass this in her next effort.

For sale by C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

INDIA. THE PEARL OF PEARL RIVER. By Mrs. Emma B. L. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," "Deserted Wife," "Missing Bride," "Wife's Victory," "Curse of Clifton," "Discarded Daughter," &c. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. The friends and admirers of this distinguished American Authoress will hail with joy the appearance of another work from her pen, and possess themselves of it at the earliest opportunity. Says the publisher's advertisement: "India, the Pearl of Pearl River, taking it all in all, is the best work Mrs. Southworth has yet written. It is one great merit in her fiction, that they faithfully delineate life and manners, without encumbering on vexed social, religious, or political issues. In 'India' the reader will find a vivid delineation of the South-West. But this is not all: the characters are boldly drawn. The incidents natural, and the action of the story rapid and absorbing. This heroine is finely contrasted. The hero is a noble creation: strong of will, earnest in purpose, firm for the right, and persevering to the end in whatever he believes to be just and true. No fiction of Mrs. Southworth's bears such proof of careful fact, as it ought, on these several accounts, to have a popularity unrivalled by any of her former works, spite of the immense circulation they have attained."

For sale by all booksellers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—Fetridge & Co., of Boston, sends us the March number of this work, through the hands of J. G. Moody, at whose counter it is for sale. The Illustrated articles are—The Junata, Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan, The Story of the Whale, Passages of Eastern Travel. Then follow—My Neighbor's Story, The Senses—Smell, Cindrella—not a fairy tale, The Gees, A Pistol Shot at the Duellists, The Terrible Tree, The Dragon-Fang possessed by the Conjuror Pion-Lu, three more chapters of Little Dorrit, Monthly Record, Literary Notices, Editor's Table, Essay, Chair, and Drawer, Comicalities and Fashions for March.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—Rich and rare is the fare, at the bookstore over there, where Mathews' gilt bible shines, a beacon on the street for a quarter you can buy, (that is, if you are spry.) Old Knicker, as full of good things as an egg is packed with meat. So call over, in person, and partake of the literary banquet which the editor has prepared for this month's permanent guest at his well filled table. For your enlightenment we enumerate some of the leading articles dished up at this time:—Old Habits Compared with New, The Deluge of the Editor, My Campaign Reminiscences, The Campaign, Eleanor Mantion, Red Hot Lines on an Old School House, Letters to Ella, Observations of Black Sloper Esq., Schemedums, To Dye or Not to Dye, Blackstone, et al., with Literary Notices, and Gossip. Having already read, chanted, sung and whistled the following little musical song, which we find in this number, "more times than we have fingers and toes," we have finally concluded to copy it, that it may haunt us no longer:

SONG OF THE BAILOR'S WIFE.
When the soft south blew, and the banks green grew
Over Sea, winding through to the sea,
With a kiss and a smile, my sorrow to beguile,
I'd sit and wait, and he'd sit and wait,
But a year it is gone, and the months onward creep;
He's away where the gray billows play on the deep!

I took from the door, when the day is o'er,
Over Sea, winding through to the sea,
The Star of the Year, in the blue North star,
And I wonder if his eyes, too, looking yonder are;
So I look, and I muse, and I pray and I weep,
He's away where the gray billows play on the deep!

When the cold winds beat, and the wintry blast
Fills like a whirling sheet, past the pines,
How I fear for my dear one, the waters wild appear,
To be going over his back, and his last adieu I hear—
So I look, and I muse, and I pray and I weep,
He's away where the gray billows play on the deep!

The Knickerbocker is published by Samuel Hueston, New York, at \$3 a year.

LADIES' REPOSITORY. devoted to Literature and Religion.—Two handsome steel engravings—Uncle Tom and Eva, and Watt's First Experiment on Steam—grace the March number, and its literary contents are of the usual variety and excellence. "Jared's Wife," by Alice Cary, concluded in this number, is a good story, and "A Fragment from the History of a Vampire" is a well directed piece of satire; "A Review of Modern Spiritualism" will be read with interest, as indeed will every article in the number. Published by Swinford & Pox, Cincinnati, under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston, is agent for New England.

PURMAN'S MONTHLY for March contains an able article on the Life and Character of St. Augustine, the third part of Oloope, a review of Macaulay's History of England, and Hamond's Mills and the Cedars of Lebanon, and My Chimney's Muse, A Story for the Eighteenth Century, My Mission, Living in the Country, Gentleman's Shawl, Snap-Snap, The Malakoff, Marcelline, Our Sea Coast Defence—an able article, of special interest just now, and Editorial Notes. It is an excellent number, and will commend itself to the best class of readers. Published by Dix & Edwards, New York, and for sale by all booksellers and news agents.

THE SCHOOLFELLOW.—Ah, boys! we wish you could all be favored with the monthly visits of this nice little magazine, made on purpose for your instruction and amusement; and which will be found equally delightful by the girls. Here in the March number we find the pretty story of Gold and Silver commenced; A Story of School, in verse; About New York, continued; A Negro Monarch, a biographical sketch of Pauline the First, Emperor of Hayti; Queer Tom; The Sable, a chapter in Natural History; a continuation of Brothers and Sisters, a nice story; Better to Rejoice than to Grieve, in fiction; The Story of the Great War, with Fire and Fancies, &c., &c., and all these pretty stories are beautifully illustrated with pictures that the little folks will never tire of looking at. Published by Dix & Edwards, New York, at \$1 a year. For sale at the bookstores.

THE LIVING AGE.—No. 615 has the following table of contents: Table Talk, The Land Shark, The Ranger, Lord Byron's Handbook of Rome, The Prospect of Peace—Basis of Negotiations—Russian Views—Russia's View, The Austrian Points, and the Treaty of Adrianople, Peace—The Negotiations, English Press on the President's Message; with poetry and abundance of short articles. Published by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent postage free. Single numbers can be obtained at the bookstore, 12 1-2 cts.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.—No. 16 of this delightful series of books for the young is entitled "John True; or the Christian Experience of an Honest Boy." In this book, says the author, "you will learn how a simple-hearted boy, after having yielded to temptation and sin, and thus filled his soul with the distress and suffering which a guilty conscience always brings, succeeded in finding peace and happiness again by faith in Jesus Christ. The object of the book is to teach the young the duty of looking at the little folks who will never tire of looking at. Published by Dix & Edwards, New York, at \$1 a year. For sale at the bookstores.

ROMANCE OF THE HARBOR.—Miss Pardee. Boston: Fetridge & Co. The wonderful popularity of Miss Pardee's writer

is abundantly shown by the rapidity with which the cheap edition of her novels sells. A book of nearly two hundred closely printed pages, or what in another shape would make two pretty volumes, costing as many dollars, is here afforded for fifty cents! Cheap enough, surely. For sale at J. G. Moody's, Waterville.

REMOVAL OF AN OLD LANDMARK.—Workmen are engaged in taking down the "Old Dr. Wright House," on Main-st., between W. H. Blair & Co. and the Express office. A new building is to take its place. This is among the very oldest buildings in town, as its appearance plainly indicates, and its absence will give a strange aspect to that locality, as seen from the post-office.

FROM THE WEST.—Occasionally the face of a Kennebec boy is seen turned homeward from the great and busy West. Two of these were welcomed by their friends on Tuesday evening—Wm. C. Dow, formerly of Waterville, now from Chicago; and Levi Robinson, Esq., of Iowa City, formerly in Waterville College. To the latter our readers have been indebted for a series of spicy letters from the West. Both are said to have made their mark among the business men of their new homes.

GOOD.—A boy in Waterville, at a recent public exhibition, "sauced" a lady, and she jerked him down stairs by his soap-locks. She ought to have been compelled to make restitution by jerking him back again in the same way. This would have been a case of "tit for tat."

W. L. A.—Dr. Holmes, in consequence of ill-health, has withdrawn all his Eastern appointments.

Lecture this evening by Dr. Thompson of N. York, and from the reputation of the Dr., we have no doubt, it will be one of the best of the course.

PRESIDENT STILES.—Old Governor Hull (our first Territorial Governor) used to relate with great humor the peculiar manner in which old President Stiles of Connecticut, told him of his only military adventure.

Speaking of the war (of the revolution then raging), the sufferings of our people, and the barbarity of the enemy, he would say, "When they came up here, I saw our people all turning out under arms to meet and fight them, but I hadn't fired a gun in twenty years. I knew the red coats had no right here, so I got down my gun, though I hadn't fired it for twenty years. I cleaned it up and followed our people to mark the enemy. We soon came near them and the firing begun. I drew up my gun, though I hadn't fired a gun in twenty years. I drew a fine sight on a red coat, prayed the Lord to take his soul right to heaven, shut my eyes and pulled the trigger."

[Exchange.]

In an article on the present relations between this country and Great Britain, the Boston Chronicle says:

"If we were not a powerful nation, there might be some reason for insisting upon England getting down upon her knees before us, because she had not treated us properly. A second-rate nation has some excuse for being sensitive in the extreme, but a first-rate power ought to be satisfied with an apology. We belong to the list of great nations. That is admitted by all Europe. Hence, if we accept the apology of England, our doing so could not be attributed to fear, or to a readiness to sacrifice honor to considerations of profit. It would be seen that we could afford to settle a question with an equal on terms not dishonorable to either party. But bullying will never do. We never would allow it towards ourselves, and ought to be ashamed to think of resorting to it in the present dispute with England. As a mere matter of prudence, it would be well to commence preparations for fight, if fight we must, in order that, in a military sense, we may approach near to our intended antagonist. We have the raw material of armies and navies to an extent that never was before known in the history of a young nation, but it would require months of the most energetic action to get the country into tolerable fighting condition; yet not the first step taken to that end, though in six weeks the whole British navy may be at liberty to operate against our seaports, which, to our astonishment, are at this moment utterly without defence."

OUR MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—Mr. Dallas, the newly appointed Minister to this country to the Court of St. James, embarks to-day in the Atlantic for Liverpool on his way to take the post now held by Mr. Buchanan. The National Intelligencer says:

"We are assured, and are happy to believe, that Mr. Dallas carries with him the best dispositions to cultivate the relations of friendship and good will between two nations whose connections and interests are so intimately blended, and to heal as far as he can all the unhappy dissensions and misunderstandings which have been permitted to spring up on unimportant or exaggerated issues. We can but hope that in this noble spirit and purpose he will be carrying out the pacific wishes and instructions of our Administration."

LIBERATION OF SLAVES.—The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin tells us that cases of the voluntary emancipation of slaves are continually occurring in the Courts of that city, and that the slaves thus liberated, in almost every case fully vindicate the good policy of their emancipation. The Bulletin observes:

"Many of these slaves thus set free become the owners of property, and some of them even rich; and singular as it may appear, many of them become in turn slaveholders themselves." The mode of legal emancipation in New Orleans is somewhat peculiar. Every case must be decided on by a jury of twelve slaveholders. It must be the voluntary act of the owner who must prove to the satisfaction of the jury that the slave is of good character and capable of self-support. In some other Southern States the emancipation of slaves is entirely prohibited.

WITHOUT A PARALLEL.—The amount invested in schoolhouses in Boston, is \$1,500,000. The yearly appropriations for education are \$1,200,000, while the amount raised for all other city expenses, is only \$870,000. The amount expended for instruction in the common schools of Massachusetts last year, was \$10,111 for each child between five and fifteen years of age in the State. This is unquestionably the best commentary ever afforded upon Boston influence; and it is eminently worthy of imitation elsewhere.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—Oincinnati, Feb. 29. Judge Leavitt decided to-day, that the fugitive slaves were in the custody of the U. S. Marshal, and they were accordingly delivered over to him, and have just been escorted by 200 specials, across the river.

U. States and Great Britain.

Washington, Feb. 28.—The documents sent into the Senate to-day, comprise about 500 folio cap pages. The first letter on the subject from Mr. Marcy to Mr. Buchanan bears date of June 9th, 1855, and says the President will be much pleased to learn that the British Government had not directed the enlistment, but that on the contrary, had condemned the conduct of her officers thus engaged, called them to an account, and taken immediate measures to put a stop to the proceedings. Mr. Buchanan communicated these views of the President to Lord Clarendon on the 13th of July.

A letter from Marcy to Buchanan of July 15th, says, something more than a disavowal is looked for from the British Government, that the latter must not only retract her steps but that the President expects Great Britain to take effective measures to discharge from its military service, such individuals as were enlisted within the United States, or who left this country under contracts made here to enter as soldiers of the British army.

A letter from Buchanan to Marcy of July 16th, reports Lord Clarendon as saying that any infringement of the laws of the United States, was entirely contrary to the positive instructions of the British government, and that as that government had determined that all proceeding for further enlistments should terminate, Lord Clarendon thought our Government had no just cause of complaint, and that the enlistments were to cease. Lord Clarendon assured Mr. Buchanan that instructions to that effect had already been sent to this country before he, Clarendon, received Buchanan's note.

Mr. Clarendon to Mr. Buchanan, dated Sept. 27th, complains of the United States, violating their neutrality, saying that arms and military stores in large quantities, were sent from there to Russia, and that plots had been openly avowed and compromises entered into to cause an insurrection in her Majesty's dominions.

Marcy sends Buchanan, Oct. 1st, a report of the trial of Hertz, saying that the disclosures made thereby leave no doubt of the fact of the case.

Buchanan to Marcy, Oct. 3d, says:—The enlistment case presents a serious aspect, and remarks that the plots referred to by Lord Clarendon, mean the movements of the Irish Emigration Society of Boston, the members of which must be astonished at the importance their scheme has elicited from the British Government and press.

Buchanan in a note to which no date is given, assures Marcy that he did not entertain the most remote idea that the enlistment question had not been satisfactorily adjusted until he learned the complicity of Mr. Crampton in the affair.

Marcy to Buchanan Oct. 13th, says the President demands redress.

Lord Clarendon to Mr. Crampton Nov. 16th, says:—Her Majesty did not doubt the frank expression of regret for any violation of United States laws, which, contrary to instructions, might have taken place, and her determination to remove all causes for further complaint by putting an end to all proceedings for enlistment, ought satisfactorily and honorably to terminate the difference between the two governments. The information possessed by Her Majesty is imperfect and direct charges should be made. No offence to the U. S. was offered or contemplated. The relations of friendship should be maintained uninterrupted.

Mr. Marcy Dec. 28th, sends Buchanan a very long letter, recapitulating the occurrence respecting enlistments, saying of Crampton that his connection with this affair has rendered him an unacceptable representative of her Majesty's government near this government, and you are directed by the President to ask her Britannic Majesty to recall him. The instructions were similar with regard to Messrs. Rowcroft, Barclay and Matthews, Consuls at Cincinnati, New York and Philadelphia.

Buchanan to Marcy, Feb. 1st, says he had an interview with Lord Clarendon and informed his lordship that he had come for the purpose of reading to him Mr. Marcy's dispatches of Dec. 28th in reply to the dispatches of his lordship to Mr. Crampton of the 26th of Nov., as he desired to correct an error, or rather an omission in his (Clarendon's) report of a remark made by Buchanan.

Buchanan then proceeded to explain to Clarendon his ignorance of Crampton's complicity in the recruiting business until the month of Sept. last, and impressed upon him the importance of bearing that fact in mind in connection with all that he had said and done in the premises.

New York Feb. 28.—The Tribune's correspondent telegraphs from Washington, that the statement is wholly unfounded that the British Government ever made any distinct or even qualified apology, for violating our neutrality laws. On the 16th of July last, Lord Clarendon, in a note to Mr. Buchanan, expressed his regret that the laws had been infringed, and asserted that the infringement was in contravention of his instructions. He admitted that there were persons who wished to enlist as volunteers, and that the British Government had appointed a rendezvous for that purpose, claiming this to be a right, on the pretext that the advertisements and remittances were conducted by self-constituted and unauthorized agents. He denied the accountability of his government. Mr. Buchanan expressed his satisfaction at this assurance, not knowing then, that on that very day, Mr. Marcy was writing about enlistments under British agents and the complicity of British officials.

The whole proceeding is characterized by duplicity and misrepresentation in high quarters. The developments about to be made in the correspondence called for by the Senate, will justify every step which the Administration have taken. They will demolish the false statements of the British newspapers and utterly confound the misrepresentations of the state of affairs which have been made by Lord Clarendon and others.

The complicity of Mr. Crampton and his agents is established from the very outset, and it shows that he was carrying this on while he was professing to repudiate all schemes for enlistment. The British government, instead of reproaching the conduct of its officers and agents in this matter has persisted in denying their participation in it—although the President, between July and December last, repeatedly directed that information should be transmitted to the British cabinet that unimpeachable evidence of their criminality existed on the public records. On several occasions reparations were asked for with all due moderation; these requests were either evaded, or extenuating pleas were put in, until at last the President required notice of the recall of Mr. Crampton to be given.

Washington Feb. 28.—A new and extraordinary chapter in the diplomacy upon the Central American question has opened. Last evening Mr. Crampton addressed a hasty note to Mr. Marcy, enclosing a letter from Lord Clarendon to the British minister, dated last autumn, in which Lord Clarendon recites a conversation between himself and Mr. Buchanan on the subject of referring the Central American difficulty to a third power for arbitration. He requests Mr. Crampton to communicate his let-

ter to the American government. Mr. Crampton's apology to Mr. Marcy for not doing so before, is that he overlooked the concluding paragraph containing the request. He now sends the original letter without stopping to make a copy, and requests that it may be copied and returned to him. He seems all at once, to have got in a great hurry about the business. The letter of Lord Clarendon can hardly be called a downright offer to submit the matter to arbitration. It might be more properly characterized as an effort to sound the American government on the subject. Mr. Buchanan recently made a specific and emphatic demand upon Lord Clarendon as to what he meant by his declaration in parliament that he had recently renewed his offer to submit the Central American difficulties to the arbitration of a third power. He told Lord Clarendon that nothing was known in London of such an offer having been made. Lord Clarendon at first talked about the previous conversation on the subject with Mr. Buchanan. These conversations had been of a suggestive discussion and rather peculiar character, and did not embrace any proposition, which Mr. Buchanan had a right to consider definite and serious.

After referring some time however to these previous talks, Lord Clarendon told Buchanan that he had written to Mr. Crampton renewing the offer, that Mr. Crampton had communicated his views to Mr. Marcy, and that Mr. Marcy had replied that the subject was in the hands of Mr. Buchanan. The President has been induced to withhold the letter dismissing Mr. Crampton till the arrival of the steamer due, in the expectation that he will be recalled by his own government. Should that not be the case the letter will be immediately sent. A rumor was current to-day that Mr. Crampton had been recalled, but it could not be traced to a reliable source, and is doubtless premature.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.
SENATE.—The President sent in the documents relative to the offer of arbitration on the construction of the Clayton Bulwer treaty, by which it appears no formal proposition was made to Mr. Buchanan, who merely reports a conversation he had with Lord Clarendon on the subject.

A debate on the matter is going on. Mr. Seward congratulated the Senate on the apparent prospects of a more pacific policy on the part of Great Britain, and said that the Government may have conscientiously offered what it deemed a full and broad apology for the course of its agents in making enlistments in this country.

Mr. Pierce dissented from the views of Mr. Seward, and said that England had rather insulted this government, and then offered an apology.

Mr. Seward said that he had not expressed the opinion that the explanation ought to be considered satisfactory.

Mr. Mason said an apology ought to be made, and that the British government had added insult to injury.

Mr. Stuart took similar views, and thought as Great Britain would not abide by her treaty, that it ought to be abrogated.

On motion of Mr. Mason, ten thousand copies of the arbitration and enlistment documents were ordered to be printed.

WASHINGTON, March 3.

SENATE.—Mr. Cass made a personal explanation in relation to an article in to-day's Intelligencer, signed "J. W. W." which he attributed to James Watson Webb. It relates to a conversation between Mr. Webb and Lord Clarendon, in which the latter stated he had no unfriendly feeling towards the United States. This statement was explanatory of a remark made by Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords—that the understanding between the English and French governments was perfect in relation to all parts of the world—whereas it was understood as a menace to this country regarding Cuba.

Mr. Cass asked if Mr. Clarendon's language had been misunderstood? Why did he not explain it in his place in the House of Lords, instead of leaving it to be explained in a private letter which few perhaps would see or hear of?

The bill authorizing the construction of ten sloops-of-war was taken up.

Mr. Seward referred to several periods of our history, from the affair of the Caroline to the late dispute in regard to the fisheries, to show that the appearance of a single British vessel had frightened the country into a fear of impending war. He said he was tired of these things and wished the people, especially the merchants of our commercial cities, to discuss questions of national interest, without being alarmed through fear of the inability of our government to maintain them in their property rights and interests. He would vote for the increase of the Navy, irrespective of any question in regard to our foreign relations, simply because he thought it wrong to leave the seaboard exposed, and because there never had been a time so propitious as the present, when without any alienation of our revenue system, we receiving an immense surplus revenue, could do so.

Mr. Bell of Tenn., said the bill was unanimously recommended by the Naval committee, and not founded on any existing claim on the subject of war. The object was to supply a class of vessels, really necessary for the protection of commerce.

Mr. Hunter believed that the matters of difference between Great Britain and the United States were such as ought to be settled, and if common discretion is exercised, the passage of the bill should not create a war alarm. We increase the chances of peace, by preparing for war, and thus diminish the opportunity for foreign powers to speculate on our weakness, real or supposed.

The bill was passed.

The estimated cost of each vessel, is five hundred and seven thousand dollars, including equipment and steam machinery. Two million dollars are now appropriated.

The Cincinnati Gazette states that a quaker in the U. S. Court room during the trial of the recent slave case in that city, when an official marshal ordered him to take off his hat. Friend Levi Coffin, the person alluded to, mildly explained that he meant no disrespect, but it was the custom of his people. It would not do. The brave marshal raised his cane, and knocked the offending broad hat on the floor. Friend C. paid no attention to this, but remained motionless. In a little while the marshal returned, picked up the hat and handed it to Levi, who took no notice whatever of it, and the marshal deposited it on a table. But the brave marshal was not at ease, and shortly after he returned, took the hat, and placed it very gently on Levi's head, and the last seen of Friend Coffin, he stood there with his hat on, looking as coolly on the pro-

ceedings as if nothing had ever occurred to disturb his equanimity.

Four Days' Later from Europe.

New York, March 4.
The Collins steamship Baltic arrived at this port, at 11 o'clock A. M. She brings no intelligence of the Pacific.

The Peace Conference opened on the 23d ult. All the envoys had arrived at Paris. Confidence in the re-establishment of peace still continues.

Excitement respecting American difficulties not so great.

A large force of British sloops-of-war is to be concentrated in Canadian waters, as a Palmerston bravado.

The London Times announces that the 18th regiment and a battalion of rifles, are about to be despatched to Canada, and several other regiments will follow soon, so as to concentrate a powerful force in that country. It is rumored also, that almost every regiment attached to the home service, has received intimation that their service may be required in Canada.

WAR PREPARATIONS.—The Times' Paris correspondent is assured that warlike preparations in France continued just as if no conference were about to be opened. It states that despatches from Asia Minor speak of the concentration of a large force at Erzeroum. The Russians are also receiving reinforcements. It was supposed the Russians had decided on holding Kars.

The Times' Vienna correspondent writes that preparations of defense are continued with the greatest energy in all parts of the Baltic and Gulf of Finland, particularly in the neighborhood of Riga and Sweaborg.

TEE-TOTAL WIT.—The Westminster Review has the following argument against the teetotal pledge: "The immediate effects of Father Mathews' exhortations to total abstinence were about to be opened. It states that despatches from Asia Minor speak of the concentration of a large force at Erzeroum. The Russians are also receiving reinforcements. It was supposed the Russians had decided on holding Kars.

The answer of the Alliance (weekly total abstinence) newspaper is, as a piece of wit, not bad; as for the logic, we leave that to the reader's consideration. "The writer asks the reviewer: 'Is he legally married?' and if so, can he sincerely defend his position?' Upon popping the question, ought he not to have protested earnestly in the ear of his fair intended against the practice of binding by a special vow (the vow matrimonial) a man and a woman who are already pledged by their birth in a Christian country to live to God, and therefore to obey the seventh commandment, and God's monogamous law? A man who takes a pledge against adultery, does in fact, make a law for himself. He trusts to an external enactment; his physical circumstances are not changed; his moral nature is as weak, his mind as uninformed as before; but he has fettered himself by an outward tie, appealing, like all laws, partly to his conscience, partly to his fear of the opinion of others, and the trusts to this tie to keep him in the straight path. What happened might have been easily foretold. When the first excitement passed away, those who made the law broke the law; and the traveller in Ireland may now find, in every country town, hundreds who have proved false to their matrimonial oath. Their last state is worse than their first; and if we could open their hearts and read their lives, we might learn something of what it costs to make a law hastily and break it lightly!"

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SELF-SEALING ENVELOPES INSECURE.—The examination into the charges of poisoning against Palmer, in England, elicited evidence of a circumstance, that has called public attention to the insecurity of the letter envelopes known as self-sealing or adhesive. At the instance of the accused, party a postmaster had opened a letter, thus sealed, shown him the contents, and resealed it without detection. This can be readily done. All that is necessary is to moisten the adhesive matter, which can be done by wetting the tongue of the envelope, and allowing it to remain in that state a few minutes. The letter then can be opened with facility, will indeed sometimes fly open, and can be resealed in the original manner, especially if the adhesive matter has originally been illegal. Otherwise a little gum is added. Detection is impossible. A London paper says: "The inference is, inappreciable, and we fear, we must return to the age of sealing, wax or demand a really adhesive envelope. We apprehend that it will be difficult to supply such a demand, as whatever means are requisite to seal it, will be sufficient to insure it from detection." [N. Y. Com. Adv.]

PENALTY OF RUNNING AWAY.—Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, whose return to his master caused so much excitement, trouble and governmental

