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Fraudulent Change in the Patent Laws.

The Scientific American calls the attention of its brethren of the press and the people of the country generally to the scandalous scheme for overturning the Patent System of our country, lately brought to light at Washington. Every editor it says, who is interested in the prosperity and welfare of the Republic is called upon to rebuke this wanton change. It threatens, if carried out, to paralyze the genius of our citizens, to diminish the value of patented inventions, and to inflict a lasting injury upon all the industrial resources of the nation. Among its originators and strongest advocates are the assignees of certain profitable patent monopolies now about to expire, but which are to be extended by the bill in question. Justly refused by the proper authorities, they now wish to compass their ends through the medium of disguised and deceptive laws. In no other way can their schemes be carried out. Like the makers of sugar coated pills, they seek to hide the taste of the drug while passing through the Congressional mouth, well knowing that when swallowed the effect will be the same as if no covering existed.

The bill to effect this unhappy change was introduced into the Senate on the 10th of May. It is very similar to a bill which was attempted to be got through the Senate two years ago. When it was introduced the other day, says The American, "Mysterious telegraphic despatches were sent to the daily papers, lauding it to the skies, and stating it had met with the unanimous approval of high judicial personages at Washington. Those despatches were no doubt furnished by parties interested in its passage. We cannot believe that any good jurist acquainted with our present harmonious patent code, would endorse such a bill, either as it respects its provisions or composition. Some interested assignees of certain odious monopolies, no doubt, know something about these despatches. Defeated by bold and open opposition, they entertain hopes of accomplishing their objects in some other way. Why is such a bill now presented to the Senate? Neither the public nor inventors have demanded it, therefore it has the appearance of being an exercise on patent legislation. Is it designed to be an improvement on the present patent system? Not in a single particular would it prove so; but would superimpose a bad, objectionable system upon a good one. The object of all legislation should be improvement; but the object of this bill appears to be the reverse. Our present patent system is so simple, is now so well understood by inventors and the public, and under the present able administration of Commissioner Mason has worked so admirably, that according to the dictates of our conscience, we must repel every attempt to displace it by such a Bill as this. If carried out into law it would entirely defeat the objects for which the Patent Office was mainly instituted, and convert that establishment into an extravagant and extraordinary judicial court, and a huge printing and publishing warehouse."

The Present Race of Public Men.

The intelligence from Kansas, coupled with the collision here, has produced a profound impression, and is calculated to excite deep apprehensions. During the last fifteen years this sectional strife has grown up into its present aggravated form. Calhoun, in the Senate, and Pickens, Rhet, Waddy Thompson, and others in the House, commenced it by their attacks upon Mr. Adams and the right of petition, until they succeeded in inflaming the public mind in South Carolina, and subsequently enlisted the sympathy of other southern States.

The preceding controversy on the tariff was only an entering wedge to the alienation which has since become so intensified. It was seized upon as a means of personal advancement, and the success which attended these efforts on one side encouraged corresponding demonstrations from the other, until both adopted it as a potent element of obtaining political power.

One serious and most prejudicial consequence of this protracted and dreary agitation has been to bring into public life a race of small men, and to inaugurate an era of demagoguism, harmful to the character of the country and threatening to the stability of our institutions. Commotion and discord have breathed life into forms without more essential vitality than so many casts of potter's clay, and dragged up into high places the obscure and the unworthy, whom sound moral opinion scorned and reprobated.

In all violent fermentations the dregs rise to the surface. This fact is as true in the political as in the physical world. Look around both Houses of Congress. There are not twelve men of established national reputation, and less than that number of men who give promise for future statesmanship or eminence. Look at the quality and staple of our highest judicial tribunal. Look through the Executive Departments of the government, and with a few creditable exceptions, see how pervading is the mediocrity—how universal is the spirit of little management, cunning and calculation, and how limited is the range of honorable ambition.

The same sort of descending scale is exhibited in the State Legislatures, Municipal councils, and other walks of political life. The whole tendency is downward. Unscrupulous and venal politicians have seized and appropriated the machinery of parties, and they turn out candidates with the same sort of facility, and with about the same regard to material, that dough nuts are manufactured by an expert baker.

It is no wonder that expert men have become disgusted with party symbols, and are ready and anxious to break the shackles which have bound them so long. This demoralization has infected the whole government, and unless the people rise up in their strength and indignation, prostrate this corrupt crew, and restore the ancient order of things, it will overthrow the structure. No foundation of government can resist such industries and general sapping. Unless strengthened it must tumble.

The Eastern Mirror.

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1856.

NO. 47.

HOW COUNTRIFIED.

[From the New Bedford Standard.]
I saw a manly farmer, a champion of the soil,
With his nose, though homely, grained, and look of honest toil,
With his heart, and wealth of hand, brown leathery in his face,
He stood within your city, and I marked his modest grace,
And many passed with stately step, in broadcloth and in pride,
And marveled as they looked on him, "Oh, my! how countrified!"

I saw an aged lady, a Deborah past her prime,
Who'd measured years of usefulness, content to hide her time,
For a seat within a stage coach I heard her ask one day,
When one with face like Death, (no lie, he bright, by the way),
From underneath a cloud of smoke, said, "Oh, my! how countrified!"

I'm sure there is no room within for one so countrified!
In learning's classic temple, with an open brow and high,
Stood one of nature's gentlemen, bright genius in his eye,
Next to his hands a crown of gold, his frame a store of health,
And while I listened earnestly to what each might say,
And high up wisdom's mountain stood, it could not be denied,
Yet in the distance some could see how very countrified!

I saw a bounteous, well-spread board, in farm house kept with care,
And merry was that household band, for city friends were there,
While the generous soul that welcome, each kindly lip expressed,
Inspired with joy confidence, each cared for happy guest,
And while I listened earnestly to what each might say,
I heard their numerous praises, but never "countrified!"

Not many months from this I saw the hostess of that farm,
At threshold of her last year's guest, with stately on her arm,
Straightway a little daughter, well instructed what to say,
Appeared to that country friend, that man had gone away,
As with disappointed countenance, the woman turned aside,
The lady murmured in her room, "She looked so countrified!"

Shake of those creaking fetters, ye slaves to Fashion's king,
Declare your independence, and disdainful offering bring,
To deck the shrine of Liberty; in virtue put your trust,
And honor seek everywhere, in daimon or in dust,
We're children of one family, it cannot be denied,
For our Father dwelt in Eden—and we're countrified!

Mr. Mathews, formerly of the YANKEE BLADE, though he has retired from editorial life and entered upon the practice of the law in the "quiet little village" of Chicago, cannot it would seem, allow his pen to remain idle, but is furnishing some good articles for THE NEW GOVERNMENT, an able and well conducted paper of the Universalist denomination, published in that city. The following good thing of his we clip from a recent number of that paper:—

RELIGION—PROFESSIONAL AND PRACTICAL.

Milton in that gorgeous piece of prose-writing, the Areopagitica, has drawn a masterly portrait of a kind of pietist that is not uncommon in these days. A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and his profits, who finds fault with the name to be religious, but finds the practice of piety to be so troublesome that he resolves to give over toiling, and to find some factor to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs—some divine of note and estimation that may be. "To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say, his religion is now no more with himself, but is become a dividual moveable, and goes and comes near him, according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and after the malaise, or some well spiced beverage, and better breakfasted than his whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his entertainer in the shop, trading all day without his religion."

This keen sarcasm has lost none of its edge by the lapse of nearly two centuries. The picture seems as true as if painted but yesterday. Religion, at this day, as in the days of Milton, is too generally made a distinct engagement from the ordinary pursuits of life. "It is not," as Emerson has remarked, "invited to eat or drink or sleep with us, or to make or divide an estate; but it is a holiday guest. Men cultivate piety per se, as a branch of the whole duty of man. It is too often put on and off on Sunday morning and Sunday night, along with the Sunday clothes. Business is not regarded as religion; religion does not furnish the motive to business. Godliness is not so much a life, as a specific part of it—a sort of enclosure railed off from the entire surface of existence, for the cultivation of virtues that will not flourish elsewhere. The answer of a church-member in an Eastern town to a friend who, having been defrauded by him, asked how he could not thus consistently with his professions, was not: 'therefore so exceptional that it need startle us.' 'Why,' said he, 'with an air of surprise, 'religion is religion, and business is business.'"

DEACON TODD ON SWEARING.—"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said the deacon to one whom he heard using profane language.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap, to lay aside the character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain on your friends, and all civil people; to suffer such pains of conscience as you must suffer, and lastly, to risk losing your own precious soul, and (gradually rising in emphasis) and all for nothing! You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."

Now, my friend, let me advise you to say to your master what Peter said to his: "I have left all, (civilty, good breeding, regard for friends, hope of heaven,) and followed thee; what shall I therefore have?"

[South Western Baptist.]

The Apostle has told us what is the sweeter's pay—"The wages of sin is death."

WHAT FREEDOM HAS DONE FOR THE NORTH AND SLAVERY FOR THE SOUTH.

What has made the United States great and powerful, is chiefly the giant like progress of the Northern States, through the free labor of free men. We point with pride or astonishment to the statistical tables exhibiting the growth of the Union in wealth and power—but this growth is solely in the North. Here industry and trade have worked miracles; here thousands of towns and cities have sprung from the earth like mushrooms; here smoke the chimneys of manufactures; here hum the looms, rattle the spindles and resound the hammers, where but a few years since the savage wended his way through the primitive forests; here rushes the steam-horse through endless plains which, in the recollection of the present generation, were far beyond the bounds of civilization; here, in the course of a lifetime, wildernesses have been converted into flourishing States, which with rapid strides overtake and outstrip States of the South, now over two centuries old. But this is not all. Here, too, within a few decades a literature has arisen, which will bear comparison with any of its contemporaries; here not a single branch of human knowledge is without its worthy representative, no acquisition of science or art but here finds due recognition; and here, lastly, every one, even the

poorest, finds opportunity to educate himself—an acedemical education is here open to all.

Thus much for the North—but in the South? . . . Countries like Virginia, surpassed by none in the world for inexhaustible stores of natural resources, according to the testimony of their own statements, enfeebled and on the verge of ruin; the once fruitful soil wasted by senseless, suicidal management; the mineral wealth of the country undeveloped, its water power unregarded; all necessities of life, with the exception of food, imported from the Northern States or from England; States, the history of which scarcely dates back as far as the life of man, exhibiting the most lamentable exhaustion of soil; and a want of refinement among the masses, and among the wealthiest but little appreciation of refined and artistic enjoyments—such are some of the characteristics of the South.—[New Yorker Abend-Zeitung, April 15.]

The "Provocation" to the Assault.

If you would see sure and unmistakable evidences of MEAN souls, look at the semi-public places made in some of the Northern Administration papers, for the brutal and cowardly assault made on Senator Sumner. It was "ill-advised and unfortunate," says the Boston Post! "Painful affair," says another of the same stripe, "while others say that it was decidedly wrong, but then there was great 'provocation'!" The Argus expressed itself in decided terms of disapprobation of the assault, but it couldn't close without adding—

"We are far from extenuating the inflammatory and seditious speech which instigated the attack."

And then in its next issue, it copied approvingly from the Washington Star, a miserable paragraph, from which we quote the following:—

"His personal vilification and abuse of Senator Butler, from whom a more considerate and higher toned gentleman never graced a seat in the national councils, caused a blush of shame to mantle the cheeks of all present who respect the character of the body before whom it was uttered; because it was wholly unjust and untrue, and, in style, far better suited to some low dogger in a region of country, wherein billingsgate is uttered with impunity, because it is not customary there to resent and punish such language personally."

Fortunately Mr. Sumner's speech will speak for itself—and it will show very clearly that its character is as grossly misrepresented in this paragraph, as is the character of Mr. Butler. Mr. Butler that "considerate and higher toned gentleman," is a notorious drunkard, and more violent and abusive towards opponents, in a controversy, than any man who ever before held a seat in that body. Witness, for example, the exhibition he has just made of himself in the Senate, and for which he felt himself compelled to apologise. He may be very pleasant, friendly and agreeable, so long as one agrees with him and in no way disturbs his slave-driver's temper—but the moment any one opposes his views on the slavery question, he is little better than a mad man.

It is true that Mr. Sumner, in his speech, used the weapon of ridicule, but that, by universal consent, is as lawful and proper a weapon as argument. There is nothing in it so severe or more personal than some remarks made by Mr. Webster on various occasions. We all remember that in his great speech in reply to Hayne, most decidedly the best political speech he ever made, he said:—

"I employ no scabengers—no one is in attendance on me, tending such means of retaliation; and if there were, with an ass's load of them, with a bulk as large as that which the gentleman himself has produced, I would not touch one of them."

It is well known that another Senator was "in attendance" on Mr. Hayne, furnishing him with, and referring him to, the pamphlets, &c., to which Mr. Webster referred. In view of this fact, there is nothing in Mr. Sumner's speech so personally offensive, as this declaration of Mr. Webster's about "scabengers." We remember, too, Mr. Webster's terribly scathing castigation of C. J. Ingersoll compared with which Mr. Sumner's speech may be called mild, and at another time he took occasion to compare Mr. Cass to "Snug, the Joiner!"

But we find this subject ably treated in an article from the Boston Transcript, part of which we copy:—

"Let us suppose a case, where the sectional position of the parties is reversed. Mr. Hayne, in the celebrated speech which Mr. Webster answered, attacked Massachusetts more elaborately, more severely, and more unjustly, than the bitterest political opponents of Mr. Sumner can say that he attacked South Carolina in his late speech. Suppose that after Mr. Hayne had concluded his speech he had been assailed by a member of the Massachusetts delegation in the House, precisely as Mr. Brooks assailed Mr. Sumner? Does any one doubt what would have been the result? We do not merely say that the assailant would have been universally execrated, North as well as South. We do not merely say that he would have been unanimously expelled from the House of Representatives. He would have been expelled from the earth. He would have been torn to pieces in the first mad gust of Southern wrath, and the word 'provocation' might perhaps have been properly used to account for such an ungovernable outburst of frantic revenge."

It must not be forgotten that the personalities of his speech, far from being a cause of provocation, were the result of provocation. They were personalities into which he might justly have been provoked by the systematic personalities of his opponents. They were not attacks, but retorts on attacks. Senators Butler, Douglas and Mason, have again and again charged him with perjury and falsehood, have loaded him with abuse, have refused him the name and the privileges of a gentleman. This we should call "provocation" indeed; but for a public man to retort personalities elaborately devised to stain his character, is in no sense to give provocation to outside assassins to attempt a personal assault; especially when we consider that the man thus placed on his defence, is in a small minority of the assembly where the attacks are made, is pursued by three of his opponents with peculiar energy of hatred, and has the great majority of the body resolutely prejudiced against him.

So much for what is absurdly called the provocation of the assault. We would now say a word in respect to Mr. Sumner's use of sarcasm, invective and denunciation. Some

persons affect to be shocked with these elements of his speech, probably believing that he is the first orator who has availed himself of these weapons. Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Brougham, Curran, Grattan, Adams, Otis, Henry, Webster, Clay—all men who have obtained renown in legislative assemblies, had, we supposed, said things which deprived Mr. Sumner of any claim to originality in this matter. In truth we all cram our heads at school with so many specimens of this wrathful rhetoric, that through our lives we consider no man an orator who cannot on fitting occasions exhibit a mastery of it.

Why this sudden and astonishing prudery? Mr. Webster, it is said, never indulged in personalities of this sort. We suppose, of course, that when he punished so severely the hinted personal sarcasm of Hayne—when he represented the Senatorial defenders of the policy of Jackson, as engaged in "the ingenious and elaborate study of self-degradation"—when he came down with such frightful vehemence on those politicians who got up the cry of "the natural hatred of the poor against the rich"—when he assailed, from his seat in the Senate, Charles Jared Ingersoll, a member of the House—we suppose in all these cases there was nothing that savored of personality. Mr. Sumner, fiercely and brutally libelled by Senator Butler, compares him to Don Quixote. Mr. Webster, without provocation, and merely to damage a political opponent, compares Mr. Cass to Snug, the joiner.

The truth is, that Mr. Webster was known to be such a terrible master of invective, that no man in the Senate dared to attack him after his reply to Hayne. As a general thing, he abstained from attacking others; but his speech is full of evidence that he would have hesitated to assail any man, or body of men, whom he considered enemies to the public interest and public honor.

Mr. Sumner, indeed, is a man pre-eminently genial and amiable, not easily stirred into personalities, and who is kindled into wrath, not through his passions, but his moral sentiments. As an orator and as a man, he more closely resembles Wilberforce than Burke. Now it is well known that Wilberforce made himself such a terror to the West India interest, that he narrowly escaped the same fate which has fallen on Mr. Sumner. The same charges of intemperate denunciation and invective, which have been brought against Mr. Sumner, were brought against him, with this difference, that every sensible man in England laughed at the idea of such charges being anything more than a common-place of political hypocrisy, in the country which had listened delightedly to the marvels of personal invective, poured forth by Burke, Fox, and Pitt.

Perhaps the objection against Sumner may be that he uses denunciation in upholding the noblest cause and exposing the most colossal villainy of the time. Denunciation ought not to be employed while speaking of such matters. O, no, to be sure! He ought not to be at all excited against gentlemen who merely ask that he shall surrender his personal honor, and the Free States their dearest sentiments and rights. These opponents of Mr. Sumner remind us of the Welsh priest of the Beaux' Statagems. Mr. Archer, the accomplished libertine of that play insists that Squire Sullen shall give up Mrs. Sullen. The rustic brute refuses. "Not part with his wife!" exclaims the astonished Welsh ecclesiastic; "why the fellow is deficient in common shivility!"—[Portland Advertiser.]

GOUGH ON PROHIBITION.—Too little notice is taken of the extent to which the Liquor Dealers are now propagating falsehood through the agency of the press. Through the Boston Chronicle, the idea has been very extensively circulated, that Mr. Gough had no faith in prohibition, but counselled moral suasion alone. Whereupon, of course, the liquor dealers, who doat on moral suasion, applaud that gentleman as a "conservative and judicious friend" of Temperance. We have already said that so far as the Liquor dealer is concerned, he has faith in nothing but prohibition. This sentiment was thus well and forcibly expressed at Hartford, Connecticut:—

"The time once was, that he advocated moral suasion; but he had become convinced that it is idle to attempt to move men by moral suasion, where there is nothing to get hold of—no basis for it to stand upon. You can't reach a Liquor Dealer by moral suasion. We must have a law that will yield protection, the license system furnishes no protection—no redress. A man may sell your father liquor until he is drunk, under the license system. That man killed my father," said a young man who had been bereaved of his parent through the agency of a liquor seller, "but the law gave me no redress." Women and children beg for protection, and we believe we can get it in no other way but by prohibition."

"The case in regard to Prohibition, is, as if one had a bad tooth in his head; he takes a seat in the dentist's chair, and if the dentist is a bungler, he will give him wrench after wrench, but still the tooth won't come out. Common sense tells us to give the liquor dealer a wrench once for all; to give the tooth at once; put the liquor dealer out of his agony by Prohibition. We want no half-way measures—the time for that has passed away. Crush the traffic or give us nothing. The liquor traffic respectable! The more drunkenness, the more money in the liquor dealer's pocket; profits depend on the amount of it, and yet you call the traffic respectable! Public sentiment is against the traffic. A man with a very stiff beard sat down in a barber's chair, and when the razor was applied shrieked out—"it pulls." "Sit still, the beard must come off, if the handle of the razor does not break," cried the barber. So with the liquor traffic, it has got to come out, if the handle to that mighty lever, the Maine Law, does not break." [Prohibitionist.]

The intercepted vermillion letter from Cho-Cho-Bang, in New York, to Chi-Chi-Bloo, of Shanghai, intercepted by the learned translator of the New York Daily News, in speaking of the barbarians here says:—

"The more depraved become politicians, and are so lost to shame as to become members of Congress. How will those violets of mercy, and orbs of compassion, thine eyes, robe themselves in the dews of sorrow, when I vow to thee, O, son of Chi-Bloo, there is no instance of these unhappy men ever returning to the paths of virtue."

PROCRUSTATION.

[From the Knickerbocker for June.]

Por la calle de despojes se va a la casa de nimen.—SPANISH PROVERB.
There is a thief that walks the world,
In the quick noon-day and the starless dark,
Profane-like, now ringed and curled,
Ragged around, and grim and stark;
And he picks his trade with a ceaseless skill,
Defiantly, warily, working ill.
But I'll tell the charm
Will keep you from harm,
If stored in your memory ever:
Who walks in the street of By and by, will stop in the house of Never.
He steals your purse and he steals your time,
The golden grain of dust
From the chaff of purpose he fleeces off,
With subtle hand of greed;
He flings the unquered rust on mind,
And it sinks, his captive, chained and blind:
But this is the charm
Will keep you from harm,
If stored on your memory ever:
Who walks in the street of By and by, will stop in the house of Never.
Hopes which should blossom into joys,
As the blushing rose uncurls;
Tears which Wisdom should alchemize
To a glorious ruin of pearls;
Soft grins which love's goodly fruit should rise,
He withers and changes and petrifies:
But here is the charm
Will keep you from harm,
If borne on your mind for ever:
Who walks in the street of By and by, will stop in the house of Never.
Like the mighty Nemean of old,
His sandals of wool are made
And swift will he glide and still to your side,
With light touch on your shoulder laid: "Given,
And 'Wait! there is time; are the dragged words
As he steals from your soul its last chance of heaven,
But this phylacter blind
On the brow of your mind,
Firm and forever:
Who walks in the street of By and by, will stop in the house of Never."

The American Celt on the Keating Murder.

The last number of The American Celt, published in New York city by Messrs. McGee & Mitchell, has an article upon the base and cowardly murder of Keating by a Democratic member of Congress, from which we make the annexed extract.

It will be recollected that Keating was shot by Herbert for refusing to disobey the rules of the house at which Herbert boarded, and where Keating was employed as a waiter; and when Mr. Keating of Maine proposed in the House of Representatives that the affair be investigated by a Committee, every Republican member of the House voted for the investigation, while the Democrats voted against it, thus preventing all inquiry.

After publishing the yeas and nays upon the vote for inquiry, the Celt says:—
"Now, in relation to that division on Herbert's case, we have a duty to perform, and we shall not shrink from discharging it. That duty is, to announce in unmistakable terms to the adopted citizens of Irish birth throughout the country, that the Democratic Party in Congress, have shamefully deserted their duty, deserted their own professions of impartiality between different classes of citizens, and that they have as plainly as deeds can speak, declared the murder of a man of Irish birth by one of their colleagues to be a trifle wholly unworthy of inquiry. Is the Democratic party mad, or is it only rotten, that it should belie itself? With all a dozen exceptions every man of the majority for Keating's murderer is a professed 'Democrat.' What then does it mean? Or can it mean anything but one thing—that an Irishman born, however peaceable or loyal, is only fit to be used by the Democratic party, and when used, set up for a target, and shot with impunity. This is what it means, and to this meaning we shall hold the entire party."

We hold Mr. Pierce, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Buchanan, responsible for this conduct of their confidants and supporters. They were all in Washington; it was for days the topic of the town; if their friends have taken sides against the victim and against common justice, they are not wholly above suspicion.

A few days ago the blood of Thomas Keating was on the hands of but one Democrat; it has spread since then, and it is now upon the souls of the seventy-nine, who refused all inquiry. It is on the Democratic party, as a party, and accused be he who helps such a party into power, until that blood is lawfully purged away.

The Republican members of the House, from whatever motive, acted fairly and fearlessly by Herbert. They demanded inquiry; they voted for inquiry. Honor to the Republicans, for this practical assertion of the theory of "equal rights." Honor to the men who did their best that justice might not be defeated of its ends! And shame—eternal shame, on the false Democrats, who made common cause with the rich ruffian from the Pacific, and against the humble workman of foreign birth, whose protectors they ought to be, if there was either honor or conscience left among them.

Let them not suppose this matter is going to stop here. One who seldom drops anything has it now in hand, and he distinctly warns the Democratic Representatives at Washington, that if justice is not done on the murderer Herbert, they will be held accountable, as the party who interposed to screen and protect him from the penalty of his guilt."

PREVENTION OF STEAM BOILER EXPLOSIONS.—In spite of the great amount of information that has been published on explosions, it pains us to hear of so many continually taking place. It appears to us that many of these are caused by ignorance on the part of those having charge of steam boilers. It will be an act of humanity on the part of our brethren of the Press to publish the following instructions to engineers and firemen, as by so doing many steam boiler explosions may thereby be prevented.

Every steam boiler should have a good water gauge on it; also a steam pressure gauge. These must be watched constantly. There should also be three try-cocks on each boiler, and these should be tried often. The water should never be allowed to fall below the second cock. The safety valve should also be tried often, to see that it is free, as it sometimes sticks in its seat. If by priming, or any other cause, the water should fall below the bottom of the gauge glass, draw the fires at once; but if the plates should have become red hot before this has been noticed, and the fires cannot be drawn with safety, close the damper at once, and on no account let water into the boiler. If the engine is not at work in such a

case, it must not be started, nor must the safety valve, nor any other, be opened. The boiler, in such cases, should be left undisturbed until it has gradually cooled down.

[Scientific American.]

COMMON ERRORS IN PRONUNCIATION.—Before commencing our list of blunders, we wish to premise that we do not set ourselves up for an infallible authority on all nice points of orthography, accentuation, syntax, &c.; yet we intend to introduce into this list no words with respect to which the practice of good speakers can be at variance. For our authorities, if they are needed, we refer to the standard dictionaries, and the received usage of scholarly men. We begin with a few of the most common mistakes.

Extraordinary is usually given in six syllables instead of five as it should be—extra-ordinary, while it should be pronounced as if spelled extor-dinary.

Dagner-re-type is made to have one syllable too many. Leave out the second e. The word is derived from Duguerre, the statue of the inventor, (pronounced Dah-glar.) To this add the termination -otype, and you have the true pronunciation—Dah-gler-o-type.

Sacrifice is sacrificed, murdered, about as often as any word. It is sounded every way but the right way. Sa-cri-fise and e-dri-fise (long a and sharp s), or sa-cri-fise (with sharp s and the last i either long or short). Let both the noun and verb be only as if written sak-rifize (the latter i long), and our ears will bless you.

Envelope is often accented (How did you pronounce that word? Let the syllable *cent* have the ictus—accented, not accented)—on the first syllable. This is half French! Either make it all French, and say ang-vel-ope, according to the syllable ope, or say *ent*-velope.

Harass and harass—the first *thore* frequently—are wrongly accented on the ultimate. Say *harass*, *harassing*, *matress*, for people mean this when they say *matress*. A *matress* is a chemical vessel, and this they do not mean.

Fortnight is vulgarly pronounced as if written *fortnit* (with obscure i). Let the word *night* be distinctly heard, as in midnight. We do not wish to forget that it means fourteen nights, as *se'night* (for a week) is seven nights.

Inexorable is accented frequently on the third syllable or, instead of the second. These two heroic lines from Dryden and Thompson shall settle it:

And age, and death's inexorable doom,
To virtue still inexorable firm.

Nothing is generally pronounced so that the first syllable would rhyme with moth. Let it be as if written nothing. Let none rhyme with fun, one, instead of stone, cone.

Oasis is almost never accented rightly, on the first syllable. It should be *oasis*; rather than *oasis*.

Slight errors of this sort detract from one opinion of the accuracy and finish of the scholarship of him who is guilty of such little blunders. It brings no credit to any man to pronounce or spell correctly, but it is very creditable to fail in such simple things.

THE SUMNER OUTRAGE.—The New York Courier & Enquirer contains a long letter from its senior editor, Gen. Webb, in relation to the recent assault upon Mr. Sumner, condemning the outrage; in temperate but decided terms. In allusion to the language used by Mr. Sumner in his recent speech, Gen. Webb justly remarks:—
"It is due to Mr. Sumner to say, as a fact familiar to all who are accustomed to read the debates in the Senate, that in each and every of the last five sessions of Congress, Messrs. Seward, Hale and Sumner have received at the hands of Senators from the Slave States and the plant tools of the North, ten times—nay, a hundred times the abuse which in his late incomparable speech he so scathingly hurled back upon his assailants. All this has heretofore been submitted to in silence; and in my judgment, too long submitted to; and now, when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and the member for Massachusetts, in vindication of his manhood and in the exercise of his privilege, retorts upon his assailants a tythe only of the abuse they have so long and so unparingly heaped upon him and his friends, he is told that his 'audacity' is absolutely incomprehensible, and his purpose inconceivable."

CAMPBELL AND STARCHINE.—The beneficial effects of camphor as an antidote to strychnine are illustrated in a case reported by Dr. Tewksbury, of Portland, Me. It appears that a boy was seized with convulsions, and it was ascertained that he had just eaten a *bismach* picked up at the door of an eating house, that was made for the purpose of killing rats, and contained about one and a half grains of strychnine. The boy's spasms were so severe that immediate death was inevitable, though all the usual remedies were resorted to. Camphor could not be introduced into the stomach on account of the continued lockjaw. Accordingly, strong injections of camphor were used, and the body immersed in a hot camphor bath, and in a few hours the boy was comparatively well.

CHAPS A GRIEF MERE.—At a fashionable hat store of our friend State, an amusing incident happened, as he related it to us yesterday. Three gentlemen from the country, applying for a need to be affixed to each of their hats, Mr. S. inquired of them respectively as to the width of erape they desired. The first with a long drawn face, and pious accent answered:—
"It is in memory of my wife, my sorrows are more than I can bear—let the badge of mourning cover the entire height of the hat."

The second managed to swallow at least half of his sorrow, and replied:—
"She was only a sister to me, and the blow is not so severe as to him who has been deprived of his better half, let the erape cover but a portion of the hat, and let it be artistically arranged." But the *only* friend of the third was inimitable. "Oh," said he, "she was only a cousin, two or three inches of mourning. What a reflection on the absurdities of custom. A wicked and an additional nation seeketh after a sign." [Cleveland Leader.]

EMERSON.—A writer in the North American Review has the following critique upon Emerson, which we consider a very accurate estimate of the merits of the great transcendental philosopher:—
"All must confess that there is a sparkle and a quaint charm about Emerson's Essays; that he preaches self-reliance with aphoristic eloquence; that his images, his style, and often his subtleties of thought, gratify our sense of beauty. But while cordially admitting these merits, we must acknowledge that a habit of vagrant speculation, a love of saying things to astonish, a studied peculiarity of expression, and certain odd graces of style, evince of themselves rather premeditated eccentricity, than deep convictions."

Mr. HENBERT glides gently through the mazes of Washington law, and whenever an opening sufficiently large presents itself, will slip out entirely. Lord Ferrers, an English Earl, for shooting his servant in a similar fit of passion, was hanged at Tyburn, like any other felon. But then Lord Ferrers was not an Administration Democrat, nor a Slaveholder. He was only an English Peer.

[Albany Evening Journal.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE JUNE 5, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. F. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper and is authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York; N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Life at the West.

(Below will be found a letter from another Maine boy, who has recently made his home in the West. As may readily be seen, it is not intended for publication, but is, in our opinion, none the less interesting on that account. It uses the vernacular with all the readiness of one to the manner born, and this shows how easy it is for our own Yankee, "when with the Turks, to do as the Turks do.")

ATON, UNION CO., IOWA,
May 6th, 1856.

DEAR HAL:—How are you boys? I reckon there is a letter for me from you in Iowa City by this time; so I am going to answer (?) it. Now you see I expect you've been giving me the tallest kind of a blowing up for not writing you sooner; but see here—just you hold your "hosses!"—and recollect that I've been off away from white folks ever since I returned to the State, (and by the way, I have not yet got back.) I think I've not written you since I returned to the State. Well, to make a long story short, I did not get out of Albany in a hurry—got some six thousand dollars of— and went down to New York City and bought warrants for 'em which I am now out to locate, and mostly on shares.

Well, then, on my return (April 5th,) I got ready as soon as possible, (four or five days,)—bought a horse in the meantime—and started for Charlton—got a pocketful of *platts* and put for the unfenced country; and I and the old mare have been at it ever since, and are now on the homeward track; have one township more to explore, and then hurrah for home!—And, mighty goodness! I shall not be a happy child when I get there? I reckon. I've had some hard old times now, I can tell you. Hard travelling and hard fare. You didn't begin to see the elephant last spring. Get out here in the prairies where it is six and ten miles from house to house—no, not house, from *pen* to *pen*—and be obliged to live day after day on corn cake and pork without any trimmings—no butter, no sauce, no anything but *dirt* to season, and I tell you, Hal, it is *hard feed!* That's so.

Aston, where I now am, is the county seat, and has sixteen houses—counting 'stables and shops—three of them are hotels (?) and three stores—the rest belong to *high privates*. They pay \$7.00 a hundred for flour and \$1.00 a bushel for corn meal—all owing to the hard winter, hard roads, *(soft)*, rush for emigration, and distance to mill. There is a corn cracker six miles off, but for flour they go sixty miles!

You see, this is a very new country and very little of anything was raised. Next year it will be different. I've slept seventeen in a room with but three beds—and I've slept with some twenty in a room of 3 beds—and half women and girls—with the pigs underneath rooting up the floor and grunting and squealing; and judging from appearances I should think they had previously crawled through and occupied the beds—the sheets showing marks of something darker colored than soap and water. I have had the milk pail given me to wash down my horse, and yesterday I had the same article given me to wash myself—and at the same house they used the hand towel, so dirty that I could hardly stomach to wipe on it, to wipe the dishes with! I left those diggings by the 'first boat' in the morning.

I've been through Warren, Madison, Clarke, Adair, and Union counties. I had seven thousand notes to locate when I started out—shall probably get five thousand in here and the rest at the Bluffs, but shall go home before going there—perhaps send F. out alone. It is hard finding vacant lands of extra quality now; I do not mean quality of soil, but of good hay—most of the vacant land here being rather too rolling for making pretty village farms, but then there are splendid stock farms to be had.

I am a beauty all over, haven't shaved since I started, and besides that, put on my oldest duds and you couldn't tell me from a 'native' were you to see me—you wouldn't imagine I ever was a 'white folk.' Haven't heard a word from anybody since I put out. Do not know what my friends are all dead, and to hear from some of them makes me desire to get back. I've had but little chance for writing, and then I've had to write to you know who? Do you blame me for that? I had hung up yesterday for a rainstorm—heard that a woman half a mile off had a sick child—that she had just come into the country and her husband had gone back to the river to get the balance of their goods. I went over to see her—found her child very sick and herself almost out. She was a white woman, so I turned to and cut her up some wood and staid and watched with the child—one of the most patient little fellows you ever saw—only fifteen months old. Having watched all night and rode and run all day, and it being near ten, I felt like trying the straw, so must say good night to thee.

Telegraphic Bulletin.

By an arrangement between a company of gentlemen of our village, and Mr. Johnston, the telegraphic operator, a daily dispatch is received at 8 o'clock P. M., containing all the news of the papers received on the following day. This dispatch is posted on a bulletin board at the door of the Telegraph Office, and the arrangement is to continue till after election.

Query.—Admitting that John M. Bott was really honored by a night's lodging with John Tyler, should George Evans make any very loud brag if permitted to get into the same bed with Frank Pierce? Who can tell?

OUR TABLE.

THE TABLET LETTERS; being the Reminiscences, Observations and Opinions of Timothy Trap, Esq., including a Report of the Great Mammoth Relief Convention, Edited by the author of "Records of the Bubbleton Parish," etc. Buffalo: Wanser, McKim & Co.

This volume, which comes to us through the hands of Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, is aimed at the fashionable vices, follies and isms of the day, and the author makes a particularly savage onslaught upon "Spiritualism" and the "Woman's Rights" movement. The humor is rather broad, and the subjects are so travestied that the satire will neither kill nor cure. One thing the reader will not fail to secure—a hearty laugh; and opportunities for obtaining doses of this agreeable medicine for mind and body should not be lightly disregarded. A few characteristic illustrations, while they assist a dull imagination, will also help to tickle the reader.

For sale at Mathews's.

LINDA: The Young Pilot of the Belle Creola. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. "Linda," one of Mrs. Hentz's most popular stories, is full of love and romance. The scene is laid in the South, but the author aimed not so much to give a picture of southern life and manners, as to tell a good story in an attractive way. This edition of the works of Mrs. Hentz commands itself to public patronage by its beauty and cheapness. The present work will be sent to any one, free of postage, in one volume, bound in cloth, for \$1; or in two volumes, paper cover, for 75 cents. Address T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

VARSALL MORTON. A Novel. By Francis Parkman, author of "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," and "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. "Varsall Morton" is much above the average of novels, of which there have recently been so plentiful a crop. It is a sensible, well written story; and though not lacking in incidents, the skillfully developed plot is not the best feature of the work. It abounds in good sentiments well expressed, and the moral lessons are wholesome. The characters, too, are well drawn, each having a strongly marked individuality; the dialogue is spirited, and the author shows himself possessed of a knowledge of the human heart and the true philosophy of life.

For sale at Mathews's.

A SHEEP FROM A PASTOR'S FIELD. By Henry C. Leonard. Boston: Abel Tompkins. We can do no more this week than to announce that this work is published, and return our thanks to the author for a copy. We shall take an early opportunity to make further notice of it. For sale at Mathews's.

THE CITY ARCHITECT, a series of Original Designs for Dwellings, Hotels, and Public Buildings, adapted to Cities and Villages, illustrated by Drawings of Plans, Elevations, Sections, Details, etc. etc. By William H. Russell, author of " Cottage Architecture." New York: De Witt & Dutton. This work is a serial, to be completed in twenty numbers at 50 cents each. The second number, just issued, contains numerous architectural designs—examples to follow and errors to be avoided. Views of two blocks of houses, one of six and the other of eight tenements, are given, which are models of beauty and convenience, while the price at which they can be built is astonishingly low. We earnestly commend this work to the attention of builders, and invite an examination of the numbers in our possession.

THE HORTICULTURIST.—The June number of this Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste comes opportunely to the assistance of those who are engaged in tilling and beautifying the earth, looking forward hopefully to flowers and fruit. Much good advice, and many valuable hints and beautiful designs and embellishments will be found in its pages, well adapted to the season, yet of permanent value. Published monthly by Robert Fernal Smith, Philadelphia, at \$2 per annum; colored edition, \$5.

THE KICKERBOCKER.—Another volume of this glorious old monthly closes with the June number, which has just come to hand. This magazine is so uniformly good that we always feel sure of a rich treat from its pages, and though we have only looked through it hitherto, we know this number is no exception. Two crumbs from the luxuriously spread table we snap up as we pass.

Secretary May is not only a distinguished statesman, but he loves humor, and is himself the first water. I had occasion to prefer a request to him for the appointment of a learned gentleman in some home or foreign office in his department. One gentleman, another the gentleman's credentials were opened: one setting forth his knowledge of Hebrew, another of Greek, a third of Latin, and so on, as letter after letter was examined, down to a perfect knowledge of all the modern languages. "A most extraordinary man!" said the Secretary, looking down at his high boots upon his high heels. "What is it?" asked the man, who had just graduated at the Tower of Babel. "Why, that man must be a perfect genius!" said the Secretary, looking at the man, who had just graduated at the Tower of Babel. "Why, that man must be a perfect genius!" said the Secretary, looking at the man, who had just graduated at the Tower of Babel.

A little poem, too, we have marked for insertion hereafter. The Kickerbocker is published by Samuel Houston, New York, at \$3 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The June number of this meritorious monthly has two charming embellishments. A View near the Mouth of the Great Miami, and The Young Blood. The contents, literary and religious, will be found of the usual excellence. Published under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Swannest & Poo, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

"BENEFICE"—Mrs. Leadenier, a lady well known as a public reader, is said to be the author of this novel, recently published by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

For the Eastern Mail.

THE NORTH EAST CHAMBER.

A SUMMER RECORD.

Criticism in America has not been rightly understood. "True criticism," says Dr. Blair, "is a liberal and humane art. It is the offspring of refined sense and good taste. It aims at acquiring a just discernment of the real merits of authors. It promotes a lively relish of their beauties, while it preserves us from that blind and implicit veneration which would confound their beauties and faults in our esteem. It teaches us, in a word, to admire and to blame with judgment, and not to follow the crowd blindly." Instead of being what it should be, then, "a liberal and humane art," it has degenerated into mere puffery; and there is no art to it, unless nonsense can be called one. Every new work is praised, and lauded to the skies; pronounced by all editors and critics to be the "most exciting and thrilling work ever published;" "destined to make a profound sensation," &c., &c. Now what is to be done; a reform must be made and to whom shall we look for its accomplishment? It is evident that we have too long depended upon the Old World for the current literature and serial publications; and it was with feelings of regret that I not long ago read the following, from an article on British Periodical Literature, in an article on British Periodical Literature:

"Talk as we may about the necessity of supporting our American periodicals, it is to the leading Quarterlies of England that we must look for the largest amount of the ablest critical essays, reviews, and other standard literature of the day. They fill a place which American Magazines cannot supply. They discuss from a better standpoint the social, political, religious and literary questions of the age, and give the most intelligent and reliable history of passing events. It is not wonderful, therefore, that they have become almost a necessity to all who enjoy and desire the broadest and most pro-

found discussions of the leading questions of the day."

I am sorry to read the above, coming as it does from the only paper in the State intended as a literary journal; and, too, reading an article commending English works to the attention and support of American readers; when we have on this side the Atlantic, a magazine truly and purely our own, when we have a publication like 'Putnam's Monthly,' it is strange that the editors of the Portland Transcript can say that we must depend upon English works for the standard literature of the day. Putnam's Monthly is American. This recommendation, if no other, should entitle it to the support of all American readers in preference to any of the re-published English Magazines and Reviews. Let us first patronize our native literature, our own publications; and then we may take as many re-printed works as we can pay for. The publication of Putnam's Monthly, shows us that if our literature is not national it is natural; it shows us too, that we have powerful and original writers; and its publication for three years also confirms the fact that we have a public willing and ready to support such a work—why, what could we do were it not for this, the only, truly original Monthly in the New World? Another important feature is its originality; the articles being written expressly for it by the best American authors, and there is no periodical published in our country that contains in every issue so many valuable communications; there is something to please every taste, the articles being grave and gay, brilliant and profound.

The Criticism, has done, and is doing a great deal for true criticism in our country. Altho' it has not been in existence but a short time, yet as far as it has gone it has given the most complete satisfaction, and has gained the encouragement and support of the most eminent literary men in America. I have great faith in it, and if it continues in the same course and pursues the same object that it had in view when it first started, viz: 'that of giving thorough and able criticisms of all the most important works as they are issued, pointing out their chief characteristics, and indicating their moral tendencies;' the literature of our country will have reason to call it one of its proudest ornaments. Its criticisms, and reviews of new books are prepared with great power, and it comes fully up to my own standard of what a critical journal should be. Such a work fills a void in American life which was left vacant when the publication of the Literary World was discontinued; and I see no reason why it will not succeed. The plan upon which it is conducted being free, and in no way connected with book publishing firms, should commend itself to the earnest support of all lovers of a natural literature, and to all admirers of that true criticism which enables genius to execute well, and to criticize with justice and impartiality. But there are many readers whose circumstances will not enable them to take either of the above named works; who naturally a genuine love for literature, and whose only standard of judgment in literary matters, is some local paper, which seldom, if ever, contains any literary intelligence; and they are obliged to confine themselves to the pages of a newspaper, picking out what few literary items they can from its columns. I think every journal should give more attention to this subject, and present their readers with more matter of a literary character. In this respect the 'Christian Mirror,' since it has passed into the hands of Mr. Lord, has given us each week a well filled column of literary items; and in this place I wish to give him my special thanks, and hope he will hereafter make his record more full and complete. Our other papers are behind the times in this respect, as witness the Portland Transcript; a very good family paper, ably edited and well conducted; but in literary times it is deficient. Its notices of books are very brief and common-place; evidently prepared very hastily, and opinions expressed before the works are carefully examined, while the 'State of Maine,' although not claiming to be strictly literary, yet its literary department is second to no weekly journal in New England. Its opinions of men and books are candid and careful, and conducted with the right spirit. It does not praise every new work, because it is a literary fashion to do so, but it shows alike the good and the bad; points out to us what to admire and what to reject; and any one who will refer to its columns for the past two years, will at once see that it is very far in advance of all other papers published in the State, as far as its literary character is concerned.

LANTUS.

ASPARAGUS.—If this paragraph were headed "Green Peas," how everybody's mouth would water. Bah!—the thrifty and fresh asparagus, well cooked, is as much better than green peas that have wilted all the way from Boston to Waterville, as a green cucumber is better than a ripe one. And then the one costs care and labor every spring, while the other costs comparatively nothing. A good bed having been once prepared, the supply is prompt and permanent. The reason why it is so little used, is that very few know how to cook it, and therefore very few know how good it is. Those who judge it from the samples tasted at the hotels, know nothing of its better qualities; any more than those who buy it in bunches that have lain two days in Faneuil Hall market and then travelled to Waterville to be badly cooked, know how sweet and tender it might have been three days before. We have half a mind to begin at the beginning, and tell how to raise asparagus that would be worth cooking, and then how to cook it so that it would be worth eating. But in this case the shortest cut is the best; and if the small quantity now grown in our vicinity can only come to be appreciated, the best mode of cultivation will follow, as surely as in commerce the supply follows the demand. So, here are directions for cooking asparagus in a way that will at once insure its being both raised and eaten.

Wrap the asparagus in a cloth, and put it into just enough lukewarm water to cover it. Put it to boiling rapidly for twenty or twenty-five minutes, adding salt to relish, about five minutes before taken from the dish. Toast some slices of bread, butter them, and turn upon them what remains of the liquid in which the asparagus was boiled. Put the asparagus in layers between the slices of toast, and keep closely covered till eaten. And finally—if you don't like it when cooked in this way, send it to us.

We were reminded to make this paragraph by the reception of a bunch of asparagus from the garden of our friend Chipman—the same who keeps so nice an assortment of fresh fish, groceries, fruit, &c., just below Plaisted's Drug Store; and who, of course, intends to keep a good assortment of vegetables when the season comes round.

Violation of Neutrality.

"You are violating your neutrality!" is the exclamation of the partisan press, at every unpalatable expression of opinion in an independent paper; "if you presume to meddle with political questions you must put on a party collar or we shall place you under ban and hunt you down." There was a time when this threat could not be lightly disregarded, and many an honest voice was thus silenced; but now it is almost powerless, for people do not obey their self-constituted leaders so blindly as in times past. The independent press of today is as little affected by the yelping of the curs as was Bunyan's Christian by the impotent railings of the toothless old giant, who could do nothing but curse the honest pilgrim as he passed, though the bleaching bones about his door showed that he had once been dangerous.

In answer to a flippant charge of this kind, though cunningly wreathed with a compliment, the Portland Transcript, makes the following pertinent reply:—

The Transcript never professed to be a 'neutral' paper in the sense in which you evidently understood that term. A neutral paper as understood by the partisan press, is one that is afraid to utter an opinion of its own, that gives up the discussion of all great questions affecting the welfare of community to the perversion, misrepresentation and abuse of politicians without daring to set the truth before the people, whom they would mislead. Such a paper we would scorn to publish. Such a paper the Transcript under our management has never been, and while we continue to control it, never will be. The word neutral never appeared in a prospectus of the Transcript. If you will turn to the head of our paper you will find that it professes to be 'an independent family paper.' As such it claims the right, while advocating the views of no party or sect and standing independent of them all, to discuss all questions affecting the moral and social well being of society. This we regard not only as a right, but a duty. We sincerely believe that the best interests of our country urgently demand the building up of an independent press in the land—a press free from the control of parties, cliques, or sects, and devoted only to the interest of the people. The political press from its very nature is unreliable. It is the slave of party, and at its bidding perverts facts, misrepresents principles, suppresses or distorts the truth, and thus misleads the people. Until the non-partisan press of this country attains sufficient independence to stand by itself and speak the truth without fear or favor, it will never exert that influence for good which, from the important position it holds, the people have a right to expect from it.

It is a singular conceit the partisan press has taken into its head, that all questions which politicians choose to drag into the political arena for the sake of making a little capital out of them, are thenceforth tabooed to all independent thinking papers or persons. The independent press and the independent pulpit are fast taking this conceit out of it, and teaching it that such tyranny of opinion, while it is as odious as the tyranny of the bayonet, is deserving of as severe condemnation and contempt.

"WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?"—This is the question now taking the place of all others, in relation to the alarming condition of our national affairs. What are we coming to?—when murderers and trained bullies sit in the councils of the nation, and their abettors and supporters occupy the high places of the land! There is but one answer.—We are coming to the ballot box! Those who look for any other mode of settling the questions that now agitate the country, are looking in the wrong direction. Legal and constitutional action is the only resort till this fails. Upon this, and this only, should every freeman fix his eye, and to this umpire turn all his energies. The fullest spirit of '76 suggests nothing else ill this has been tried and found wanting—which time will only come when the great experiment of republicanism is proved a failure. Let every true man, then, come to this conclusion, that the ballot-box and nothing else must carry us past this crisis. Let him believe that when this fails, all that is left is not worth the having; and let him approach it with all the faith that would bear an honest prayer to the throne of God. The time is coming, and the freeman should lay back upon it as the soldier leans upon his musket waiting for orders to fire. Decide, as events and acts afford the means, from what comes the fault and from what the remedy—who is doing right and who wrong—and then, in the light of heaven and common sense throw the only weapon of a republican freeman, direct to the mark!

Fourth of July.—All that contemplate celebrating the glorious Fourth, will please notice the advertisement of Messrs. Sanderson & Langerman, the well-known Pyrotechnists to the city of Boston. They are prepared to furnish their superior Colored Fire Works in any design or in any quantity desired—they are the most extensive Pyrotechnists in the United States.

THE WEATHER has been warm for a day or two, and the earth looks very much as Paradise did while its apple trees were in blossom. As in that case, nobody can tell what will happen to the fruit; though it must be confessed the season thus far looks tolerably well, notwithstanding the past cold weather. Grass is unusually good, and all kinds of fruit promise

well, on condition that the caterpillars and other vermin are taken care of in season.

"HUBBARD'S VARIETIES."—This exhibition, now open at Town Hall, has some nice points of merit, and as a whole is well worth a visit. Some of the pictures, especially of foreign scenery—if the same we saw a few years ago—possess rare merit. Go and see them.

WALKER'S VICTORY OVER THE COSTA RICANS.—By our Isthmus papers we learn that Walker has been entirely successful in driving the Costa Ricans from Nicaragua, and there can now be no doubt that the other Central American governments will not oppose him. The Aspinwall Courier of May 12 says:

"Some dozen individuals arrived here in the steamer Teviot, from Greytown on the 7th. We noted their arrival in our last regular publication of the 9th; but stated, as we were then informed, that there was no news from the interior.

Since that we have conversed with several of these men, and from them we learn that when Walker had been ensconced at Granada, some days subsequent to his return, which we have heretofore noted, he learned that Costa Rica had taken Rivas.

He thereupon determined to go there with a small force, and endeavor to draw them there and toward Orinda by skirmishes. He took between four and five hundred foreign troops and two hundred natives, commanding himself in person.

On reaching Rivas, he attacked the Costa Ricans in the rear, having made an unexpected divergence from the regular route from Granada. And after finding that he could effect an entrance, and would have to fight the enemy within the city he marshaled his forces with the design of cutting them off entirely.

A portion of his native force in some way, misunderstood the order; and they entered the city in conjunction with the force detailed for attack upon another line, and left wholly open a way of exit they had been designed to cover. This gave the enemy a chance to retreat.

The battle commenced at 9 A. M. on the 11th of April, and lasted until midnight, when the Costa Ricans were driven from the city.

Walker lost eighty killed and disabled, including almost all his official staff. Lieuts. Gillis and Winter were among the killed.—Capt. Casey lost an arm in the commencement of the action, and had the other hand badly wounded.

He made the first charge, having been ordered to take from the enemy a cannon, which was ranged in a very effective position. He took it and immediately turned it upon the enemy.

The Costa Ricans lost, according to their official reports, were told, over 200 killed and 400 wounded.

In the morning after the action, Walker, having buried his dead, gathered together his wounded, and returned to Granada.

We learn, too, that after Walker's force left

Virgin Bay and San Juan del Sud, the Costa Ricans took possession of those points, burning the Transit Company's Wharf, &c.

The Courier of May 20, confirms the above intelligence, and says that the Costa Ricans had retreated into their own country, losing largely by cholera. It also says that Walker's force in the battle was 400 Americans and 300 natives, and that of the Costa Ricans 3000.

MR. SUMNER AND S. CAROLINA.—We take the following from an article in the Louisville Journal of May 24:

"It seems that Brooks attacked Sumner because the latter had, in debate, abused South Carolina and Mr. Brooks' rather aged relative, Senator Butler. The idea of using a bludgeon upon a Senator for making a speech against a State is monstrous. A score of South Carolina members of Congress, within the last few years, have used their whole power of abuse and vituperation against Massachusetts, and as many Massachusetts members have exercised themselves upon South Carolina. A pitched battle has long been raging between the champions of those two States, and generally, the harshest and most offensive language has come from the South Carolinians, who don't like to be outdone in anything. What Sumner may have said about Senator Butler, we know not, but we think that the old Senator, who is quite as fiery-hearted as he is white-headed, would scorn the thought of letting any younger man take a quarrel with an Abolitionist off his hands.

We happened to be in the Senate Chamber near the close of the last session of Congress, during one of the night discussions of all manner of slavery questions. Judge Butler, who is really a gentleman of many fine and generous personal qualities, had become exceedingly elated from frequent visits to the Senatorial restaurant. Sumner was making a severe speech that evening, which evidently had references to the forcible expulsion of Mr. Hoar, a venerable citizen of Massachusetts, from the limits of South Carolina, but he did not mention South Carolina's name. Mr. Butler interrupted him by asking in a fierce tone "Does he mean South Carolina?" Sumner proceeded without noticing the interruption.

"I demand," exclaimed Butler, starting again to his feet, "whether he means South Carolina, for if he does let him say so, and I will give him something to make him remember. Let him come to South Carolina as long as he lives." Sumner still proceeded quite unperturbedly, bestowing no attention upon his excited opponent sitting in front of him. "Does he mean South Carolina?" ejaculated Butler for the third time. "Yes, I do mean South Carolina," thundered Sumner with more spirit than he thought an abolitionist could possess. He finished his speech without any further interruption, and Butler rose to reply, but the fine old South Carolina gentleman was too far gone to be half equal to the tremendous occasion.

NEW AND SAFER ROUTE TO KANSAS.—It will be remembered that in consequence of violence committed on board of steamboats on the Missouri river, a meeting was held in Lawrence on the 28th March, to devise measures for avoiding St. Louis, and to aid in building up and sustaining a line of steamers between Alton and Leavenworth cities. The committee have since visited Alton and Chicago, and meeting great encouragement in the project, have completed arrangements by which steamboats bound for the mouth of Kansas river, and contiguous points, would call at Alton, and receive Kansas freight and passengers at rates as low as from St. Louis. The first boat was to start on the 3d inst. The committee have made arrangements with the several railroad lines terminating at Alton, by which they are enabled to supply their Kansas bound friends at a distance with tickets over the several roads at a reduced price, and have received assurances that parties of twenty-five or upwards coming together, and giving notice to D. D. Ryrie, at Alton, Ill., should receive a liberal

discount in their hotel bills. This therefore will be the most eligible route for future emigrants from the North to take.

STATEMENT OF AN EYE-WITNESS IN REGARD TO THE ASSAULT UPON MR. SUMNER. Dr. Bunting, of Montreal, Canada, who happened to be in the Senate gallery when the assault upon Mr. Sumner occurred, has furnished to the Journal an account of the affair:

"He saw Mr. Brooks approach Mr. Sumner, not in front, but on one side, address him some words in a low tone of voice, and the moment Mr. Sumner raised his head, turning it one side to listen to Mr. Brooks, the latter struck him numerous blows, with the greatest rapidity, with a cane about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, laying bare his skull with wounds from three to five inches long. Mr. Sumner struggled several times to rise from his seat, but was evidently so much hemmed in as to be utterly incapable of rising, until he had by a great effort torn the desk from its fastenings, and then pitched forward insensible upon the floor.

While this assault was progressing, Mr. Keitt stood with one hand flourishing a large cane to keep off any person disposed to interfere, and with the other hand holding a pistol behind him partially under the flap of his coat, but which Dr. Bunting saw very distinctly projecting from between the flaps of his coat. Dr. B. was enabled to see this very clearly from his position in the gallery, directly above the actor in the scene. The lady that Dr. Bunting was with, had then gone, and when he rushed down stairs, the assault was over. During the attack, Senator Douglas stood within five feet of Mr. Sumner, in a free and easy position, with both hands in his pocket, his hat on, and making no movement toward the assailant."

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.—Secretary Marcy has written a letter to Mr. Dallas, in relation to Central American affairs. In this letter he surveys the grounds of dispute between this government and Great Britain, relative to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and declares that this government will not allow arbitration upon any question but this. "Is Ruanan a dependency of Belize?" Instead of choosing any European power to arbitrate, he proposes to select, for arbitrators, eminent men of science, able, by their learning, to decide the question satisfactorily. It is probable that the British government will accede to this proposition finally, and that this dispute will be concluded amicably. Of course a great deal of diplomacy will necessarily be displayed on both sides before a settlement is effected—for statesmen, like actors, are fond of being before the public conspicuously, whether their presence is actually needed or not. They always 'make the most of a part,' be it great or small.

[From the Washington correspondence of the Evening Post.] Not less than 20 witnesses have been examined by the House Investigating Committee, as to the assault on Senator Sumner. It is stated that Mr. Edmondson, of Va., who was present with Brooks in the Senate, admits that he knew of the intention of Brooks in advance of the attack, and that he went with him two mornings with a view of witnessing it, and that Brooks requested him to attend at the very time it happened. This and other evidence, I presume, will show its premeditated character beyond question. It is stated that Mr. Stephens, of Ga., strongly urged Mr. Brooks to issue a card, disclaiming all political motives in the attack and justifying it solely on the grounds of his personal displeasure in consequence of the alleged grievances of his uncle. Mr. Brooks is, however, reported to have declined to make such a statement. Brooks's constituents have just sent him a testimonial in the form of a cane and a massive silver pitcher, both of which have arrived in Washington. The pitcher is engraved with this inscription:—"Preston S. Brooks, May 22, 1856,"—the very day of the assault.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—Miss Ann G. Kilgou, a young lady from Mercer, Me., who is at Medford, Mass., on a visit, last night, about 12 o'clock, left the house of her friends in a state of somnambulism, and walked off a high embankment into a pond near by. Her shriek brought to her assistance a young man by the name of Daniel D. Curtis, (who chanced to be passing,) who plunged into the water and rescued her from drowning, and took her immediately to her friends. Dr. Gallup was called, and succeeded in resuscitating her, and she is now doing well. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mr. Curtis for risking his own life to save Miss Kilgou. [Trav. 23d.]

A correspondent in Sullivan, Me., details a very curious case. Captain Tufts of that town, having in a keg in his store about two pounds of gunpowder, poured the contents into a paper, which he carried to the house, and gave to his wife for safe keeping. Mrs. Tufts put the powder in the oven of a stove in an unoccupied room, with the intention of taking it out when at leisure, but forgot to do so. Not long after this, while Captain Tufts was sitting in a hall, one of his hands was nearly cut off. His physicians nearly despaired of his life, as every effort to stop the blood had proved unavailing. In the meantime a fire was kindled in the stove, which contained the powder, in order to warm the room for the reception of Captain T. Immediately after kindling the fire, his friend proceeded to carry him into the room and had just reached the door when the powder exploded—breaking the clock, stove, window glass, &c., into atoms and starting from its place one end of the house. But the curious part of the story is, Captain Tufts received a shock which immediately stopped the blood, thereby saving his life. It is the opinion of his physician that had he bled another ounce, it must have proved fatal. [Exchange.]

NEW YORK, MAY 31.—The Tribune has a letter from the City of Mexico which goes to confirm the reports received here from Havana, touching a hostile expedition to Vera Cruz. "The difficulty has reference to certain claims of Spanish subjects against Mexico for losses incurred during the revolution, which claim Mexico has once admitted, but refuses to pay on the plea that some of them are fraudulent. The writer says: 'I have the information from an authentic source, that a squadron is in preparation in Spain, which is to be joined by several of the fleet at Havana, to back the demand for immediate and full payment of the outstanding claims, which the new Minister appointed to Mexico is to present. Ere long you may hear of a second bombardment of San Juan de Uluca.'"

HOW TO GET LETTERS FROM HOME.—A young merchant's clerk, who had been in California since 1849, without making his fortune, found a very difficult matter to get any letters from home, and particularly from a young lady to whom he was engaged when he started "around the Horn." He subsequently became more successful in business, and wrote home to an acquaintance asking the price of a certain fine farm in Ohio. A reply came, and with it, very much to his surprise, a number of congratulatory letters from his intended—that was, and from a number of other young ladies and their friends. He didn't buy the farm.

INHALATION

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ing with the whole aerial cavities of the lungs,
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I am cured of the Asthma of ten years' standing
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The Rev. Dr. CHEEVER, of N. Y., testifies of our
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NEW YORK, N. Y.
DEAR SIR—I think highly of Dr. Curtin's Hy-

PERMANENTLY TO TESTIFY ITS EFFICACY, I AM CONVINCED THAT
this excellent medicine, both the Syrup and the Inhalant,
is a boon to the chest.

CENTER WRITES US AS FOLLOWS—

“GENTLEMAN—I have recently had occasion to
try your Syrup and Hygean Vapor, in a case of
croup, and that had refused to yield to other forms
of treatment. The result has satisfied me, that whatever may
be the cause of the disease, your preparation, it is no imposition
in the remedy. I wish for the sake of the afflicted
that it be brought within the reach of all.

CURTIS: Dear Sir—Having witnessed the ex-
cise of my lungs, or inhaling Hygean Vapor and
cure of chronic Bronchitis, and being much
satisfied in affections of the throat, Bre-
ast, and Lungs, I can therefore cheerfully recom-
mend the use of the Hygean Vapor Apparatus
as being the most convenient, and the
best of applying anything of the kind I have ever
known of. Thousands of persons may be relieved, and
cured by using your medicines.

must here be allowed to confess that I am opposed to the use of, or using secret compounds, but this little article, and its effects in the case above alluded to, have induced me to speak in its favor.

We are at liberty to use thins in any way you think proper on respectfully, yours, etc., C. JOHNS, M.D.
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 Mrs. John Methuen, was cured of Sault Rheum
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 he had almost died with him.
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 very aggravated character, and of being himself
 cured.
 Lucy Redman of Lawrence was cured of King's

Mr. Digny of Salem was cured of an old sore
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Charles Ryan, Lawrence, was cured of a
reasoned by vaccination.
Mrs. Crosby, Lawrence, was cured of Erysipelas
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Theresa Bronson, Fall River, was cured of

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J. I. Thompson of Lawrence was cured of Cancer of the face.

John Smith of New Bedford, was cured of Cancer of the face.

Mrs. L. Carlton, Lawrence, was cured of an ulcerated Cancer.

D. Reed, Great Falls, was cured of Cancer of the face through his lip.

M. A. Mann in Hancock was cured of Cancer.

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 A lady in Derry was cured of Cancer.
 Mr. Carlton of Lawrence was cured of Barbs
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