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“Liz! Liz Barry!” called a loud, hateful voice from the other end of the garden. I did not need to look up to know that my cousin Fred was coming toward me; the chill that crept over my little body told me too plainly that my evil genius was near.

“Well!” he shouted, “I’ve done what I said I would. I’ve killed that little plague of a robin for you. He won’t steal any more cherries.”

I rose slowly to my feet, holding the book I had been reading behind me; then gave it a fly-fling into the long grass. My poor heart was full. I cast one trembling glance at the cold, snoring face before me; the hot tears went leaping and flashing down over the bosom of my patched calico dress. I moved my lips to speak, but the sharp agony was working in my heart, and no sound followed the effort.

“Oh, you want to know where he is, do you?” said the cruel boy. “Well you go down the long path, and out the front gate, and you will find him about opposite the big locust tree, in the middle of the road. Hold on, he’s shouting. I was speeding away, perhaps he isn’t just in the middle of the road; he may be a little to one side; but never mind, you’ll be sure to find him, there’s lots of blood around there.”

Checking my sobs as I opened the gate, I walked slowly along, dreading the worst, yet hoping that the cruel boy had deceived me. No! it was all too true. There lay my poor bird, his little head bruised and bloody, and yet he was not dead; for his wings were fluttering feebly in the hot dust where he had been thrown. Gently I raised him on my trembling hands, and sitting down by the garden fence, I laid him on the soft grass beside me. It was but a moment; one little flutter, and the film gathered over his eyes. He was dead. My poor lame robin? Was it for this I had nursed him so carefully; that I had loved him better than anything else in the world, save my little brother Clinton, ever since I took him out of that wicked trap, where his foot had been so cruelly crushed? And now that he was a little better, and could hop about the garden and enjoy himself so well, he must be killed to furnish amusement for a wicked boy, who seemed to find no pleasure save in the pain of others. My tears came afresh, and I threw myself upon the grass, burying my face in my hands, and weeping as a happy child never could have wept. I thought of my cousin Fred, only fifteen years old, and so cruel; and immediately a gallow’s loomed up in the distance; the reward my childish imagination pictured for his misdeeds. Then I thought of my parents, dead and gone to heaven, and of my little brother only six years old, and myself twelve, left like the babes in the wood, to an uncle who cared for no one out of the circle of his own family. He might not, indeed, hire ruffians to murder us, but how much better was this gradual crushing out of our hearts every childish emotion, and imprinting on our little faces thus early the care that ought to come with years?

With every new thought came a fresh burst of tears, and I was wearied, and almost helpless when I heard a step approaching me.

“He is coming,” I thought, “to see whether his cruelty has operated as he intended it should, and almost mad with passion I shouted, ‘Go away! don’t you come here, you hateful boy. I am going to tell uncle Robert of you. I wish you were dead and still as my poor robin is—I am sure I never want to see you again.’”

“What! my little girl?” said a deep voice, close at my side. I started to my feet, mortified and angry that a stranger should have witnessed this exhibition of my passionate little heart, and turned to see whence the voice proceeded. A gentleman was standing at my side, looking down upon me with a smile half of surprise, half of pity, upon his handsome face. But my quick glance showed me that he carried a gun over his right shoulder, and his left hand held a string of birds. With a heart already stung and bleeding from my dead robin, this sight was more than I could bear, and I returned his pleasant smile with an angry frown.

“So you kill birds too, do you?” I exclaimed. “I see their pretty yings all covered with blood: how could you?” and fresh sobs burst from my heart.

“But these are not robins, my child,” he answered.

“I don’t care,” I sobbed, “they are birds and I hate you for killing them.”

He turned away with a grief-stricken look, and I caught up my robin and flew towards the house. As I opened the gate, Fred stepped out from beneath a lilac tree.

“Ha! ha! he sneered, ‘somebody else got the benefit of that pretty speech you had been fixing up for me. Now wasn’t you ashamed?’ I made no answer and he caught my dress as I was passing him. ‘Look here!’ he said, ‘are you going to tell father about that bird?’

“Yes, I am,” I answered, spitefully, struggling to get free.

“Well,” he said releasing me, “go and do it, I am willing. Only remember that if you do, I’ll make Clinton pay for it when he gets back from the woods.” This was his usual threat, and a most effectual one as he well knew, for I would suffer any wrong rather than have my darling brother come to harm.

Softly crying to myself, I stole round the house to the woodshed, and gained the humble chamber which Clinton and I called our own, without observation. There I laid my bird down on the rough window-sill and seated myself beside it. I shall never forget the whirl of thought that swept through my childish brain as I sat there alone with my dead favorite. The sharp sense of wrong and injustice, of cruelty practised by the strong upon the defenceless of my own dark life and Clinton’s blighted childhood, a very foot-ball for his rude cousin—all these came up before me. Then I wondered if all the people in the world were alike. He, who had smiled upon me so kindly, could be like my cousin? My heart had already begun to frame excuses for him. In my childish partiality I fancied that I could never hate him as I did Fred.

How long I sat there I do not know, but it must have been hours, for when I looked up again I saw that the sun had gone down, and a silvery mist was gathering slowly over the meadows.

Aunt Lois thought it very strange I did not get along faster. “Twas an early lesson for a child to learn in the art of deception; but woe to those who caused the need for it! And now, as I watched aunt Lois, I thought what a fine thing it would be to have such work to do. To skim the milk and make butter, I should like that. Oh! anything but knitting. And then I felt to thinking how much more favored she was than I could ever hope to be: how she was privileged to do just as she pleased, and to scold everybody without a single one to scold her back again; for my uncle Robert was a quiet man, if he had no other virtue. And why could not I be married? too? Why had I waited so long? I fancied aunt Lois had always been married, for my heart told me if she had gone through the ordeal to which I was subjected, she would have more compassion on my helplessness. But I had found the golden key which was to unlock the ‘gate of happiness for Clinton and me; for from my earliest recollection I had never made a calculation from which he was excluded. I would go that moment and ask aunt Lois about it, that I might be sure—I would not even dream of a repulse. My dead bird was, for the moment, forgotten. I rushed quickly down the stairs and round to the cellar door, where I knew she would be straining the milk.

“Aunt Lois!” I exclaimed, in a perfect glow of excitement, “why can’t I get married?”

She set down her milk-pail, while her face fairly relaxed into a smile.

“There is nothing to hinder you that I know of,” she answered, “if you can only find somebody who is fool enough to take you.”

“Now, right off?” I questioned.

“What ails you, Lizzie?” she said sharply. “You had better wait until you are a little older before you talk about such things.” She turned her back to me, but I could not go yet.

“Aunt Lois, I almost whispered, ‘how old were you when you were married?’

“I was nineteen,” she snarled, “neither more or less; and now if you don’t get out of my way I’ll help you.”

I needed no assistance, for almost before she ceased speaking I was dancing up the steps with a heart as light as a feather. Fred and Watts were standing in the wood-house door, and as I tried to pass them in order to gain the chamber stairs, Watts put out his foot for me to fall over. But I saw the manoeuvre in time to save myself, and sprang forward up the stairs.

“What makes you look so pleasant, Liz?” called out Fred, as I reached my chamber door.

“I am going to be married,” I answered, in a voice that sounded light and happy even to myself.

“Ha! ha! speckled face going to be married are you? Well, that’s a little too good. Who do you suppose would have you?” screamed Fred, as I banged the door violently.

“There was a little chill in my heart as I stepped into the low-roofed chamber. I walked straight to a shelf by the chimney and took down a small piece of a broken mirror, which aunt Lois had allowed me to place there by way of ornament. Then, seating myself at the window, I gazed into it long and earnestly, by the dim light of the dying day.

“Speckled face!” I repeated, again and again. Yes, Fred was right. And yet I knew that but for my careless exposure to the sun and wind, my complexion would be clear and fair. I half resolved to be more careful in future. I had a sun-bonnet, and I would wear it at least until those ugly freckles were gone. Then I took down my hair, which was twisted into an unsightly knot at the back of my head, and passed my fingers through it. It was dark and luxuriant, and I knew that with care it would become soft and glossy, as I remembered my mother’s to have been, and as I knew aunt Lois’s never could be.

But I could do nothing with my eyes. I thought they looked wicked, and I tried in vain, before that little broken mirror, to look mildly. I did not understand the reason then, I did not know that my child-heart, grown suspicious of all about me, and ever on the look-out for some fresh outrage, could not allow the semblance of love and peace where no peace was. Tired with my efforts, I placed the glass upon the shelf, and walked quickly to the window as I heard footsteps approaching.

Clinton was just coming round the corner—I spoke to him in a low voice, and he came up stairs.

“Oh, Lizzie, who did it?” he asked, in a trembling voice, as his eye rested on the dead bird, which I had almost forgotten in my dreams of the future.

“That hateful Fred,” I sobbed, all the old bitterness coming back to my heart, as I clasped my brother in my arms. Don’t you wish he was dead, Clinton?”

“No, Lizzie, that would be very wicked,” said my little brother, always so forgiving—“so much better and purer than I. Don’t cry any more, and I will help you bury him.”

His sweet voice calmed me, and taking the bird in my arms, we descended the stairs together. We met Watts in the garden, and asked him if we might bury the robin there.

“No,” he answered, “no such doings here. If you are determined to bury the thing, get over into the pasture. That’s good enough for him or you either.”

But we did not follow his advice, for we buried the robin by the road-side. It was dark, but neither of us wished for any supper, so we went to our lonely chamber, knowing that no one would take the trouble to inquire for us. Clinton cried himself to sleep, and I sat on the bed-side, thinking. I looked at his sweet, little face so calm in the starlight, and smiled as my new hope stole in and took possession of my heart once more. “Oh! Clinton,” I whispered, throwing myself beside him, “Lizzie is going to be married; and then you shall have everything you want, and nobody to scold you.”

Time passed on—Clinton and I went to school winters, but staid at home summers as we grew old enough to work with profit, until I was nearly seventeen. Fred and Watts had been away to an academy, and yet I knew that even with our limited advantages at the district school, Clinton and I were far better scholars than either of them. I was proud of Clinton. He was very quick to learn, and so strong was

the contrast between his bearing and that of the coarse natures around him, that strangers always noticed him.

One morning in May, I was standing at the table, washing the breakfast dishes, when uncle Robert came into the room. He stood at the window a moment, and then turned toward me. It was very seldom that he spoke to me, and I had such a dread of him from my childhood, that it always gave me a start to hear my name pass his lips.

“Lizzie,” he said, “what do you think of school-teaching?”

My face flushed painfully at this question. I was afraid I should not answer so as to please him.

“Why, sir,” I replied, at last, “I think it might be a good business if a person was fitted for it.”

“Well,” he said, testily, “and are not you fitted for it?”

“Oh! no, sir,” I answered, completely taken by surprise.

“I should think you were fit for something,” he said, in a fretful tone.

“Am I?” I asked, wondering, as though the idea had never occurred to me before.

“There is this much about it,” he replied, with a dark frown. “You are going to Barton to-morrow to teach school there. You may get ready to day, or go without being ready, just as you please.” And he slammed the door behind him.

I knew no law save that of obedience, so I went to the wood-house chamber which I still occupied, and passed the remainder of the day in arranging the few articles of apparel I possessed, that they might appear to the best advantage. What could I do? It seemed all like a dream to me. Uncle Robert brought me two dresses in the afternoon, I think he was ashamed to have me go among strangers with so scanty a wardrobe.

The morning came, and with it Mr. Denning, the gentleman who was to accompany me to my new home. Clinton and I took a tearful farewell ere I set forth. I was sad, and the tears kept rolling down my cheeks. Oh! what a life; with no will of my own, to be thus driven about at the caprice of others. But Mr. Denning was kind, very kind, and before we reached Barton I counted him a friend for life. He told me I was to make my home at his house, and that his wife would be a mother to me. I was cheered, and almost happy. Could Clinton have been with me, I should have wished for nothing.

Mr. Denning’s promise was fulfilled. How I longed to go away and weep by myself, it seemed so strange that any one should speak kindly to me. I confided all my story to Mrs. Denning. She pitied and comforted me, until I began to think it was not so very bad after all. I smiled now, in my increased knowledge of the world, whenever I thought of my old plan of getting married to free myself from trouble. But how I dreaded the first day of school. It came, however. I gazed round that little band of bright-eyed girls, and thought how pleasant it would be to pass my life among them, if the teaching could only be dispensed with.

Then all at once, I grew very independent, and said to myself, “Lizzie Berry, you don’t care. You never pretended that you could teach school. You were sent here against your will, and now you must do just as you please.” And so I did, and the summer passed on. We romped and picked berries out of school, and I told stories in school until I fancied they all knew as much as I did myself. All those were happy times. Clinton came to see me sometimes, but he never could stay long, and when he went away, I would forget my grief in a game of romp with the children. I made them study some, but not enough to injure them. It is a mystery to me how they ever learned anything, yet the parents all seemed delighted with their progress, and pressed me to remain another term.

One morning, early in September, the children came to me in Mr. Denning’s garden, ripe for fun in whatever shape it might present itself. They had been gathering the late flowers from the grove and brookside, and were bent on making a crown for me. I resisted as long as I could, but at length yielded to the force of circumstances, and was fairly carried to the little arbor at the foot of the garden, and seated on a low chair.

The crown was nearly completed, when a gentleman passed by the garden fence. I shrank back into the arbor, as one of the children bounded away to meet him.

“It is Ella’s father,” the others said, and I thought no more about it, until a silvery laugh echoed through the bushes behind us. I sprang to my feet quickly, as the mischievous Ella came forward, holding the gentleman by the hand.

“It is our school-teacher, Miss Lizzie, father,” she said, looking wonderingly up into my flushed face.

“I should think so,” he replied, bursting into a hearty laugh, while he eyed me curiously from beneath his dark lashes. I moved laughingly away toward the house, scattering the flowers along the pathway. Entering the kitchen, I seated myself by a table, and began to arrange my disordered hair, complimenting myself meanwhile upon the delightful picture I must have presented to my unwelcome visitor.

This then was the Mr. Wilton I had heard so much about, the young widower in whose praise my second mother, Mrs. Denning, had always been so eloquent. I was both ashamed and angry; and a glance at the little mirror opposite did not tend by any means to soothe my injured pride. That my crown might present a more imposing appearance, my whole mass of hair had been drawn to the top of my head, and tied with a long piece of white tape. This, the flowers at first had covered, but in my haste and confusion the knot had given way and elf-locks were hanging down over my face and neck, with here and there a refreshing glimpse of the white string. I commenced picking the withered flowers from the tangled mass, muttering to myself, as I did so, ‘those little witches have made me look more like a squaw, than anything else. Dried Cedar, and China Aster.’

Whisks of hay from Denning’s paster and a long white string to tie ‘em faster,’ said a laughing voice at the open door. “Miss Lizzie! School-teacher, will you please tell Mrs. Denning when she comes home, that I’ve been to see her?”

I neither looked up, nor moved my lips to speak, but kept twitching away vigorously at the broken stems.

“Thank you,” he said, waving away and leaving me once more to my own reflections.

I leaned my head upon the table and was indulging in a flood of tears, when Mrs. Denning entered the door.

“Why, Lizzie,” she said, in surprise, “what ails you?”

I told her my story, and she laughed almost as heartily as Mr. Wilton had done.

“It’s just his way, child,” she said. “You will like him when you know him better, Lizzie. You can’t help it. I’m so glad he’s come back.”

“It was not long before I was glad too. Those were bright evenings, and Mr. Wilton came very often to see Mr. and Mrs. Denning. But they were old people, and could not walk with him in the garden. So I did.

“They had been very kind to me; it was no more than right that I should take the care of their visitor off their hands; so I laughed and jested my heart away beneath the spell of those dark eyes.

“Will you be my wife, Lizzie?” he asked, at length, and the question was so far from being unexpected to me, that my earnest ‘yes,’ was very unflattering, although the tears sprang to my eyes, as it passed my lips.

“Could you shed tears over a dead robin now,” he asked, looking into my face with a smile, “or has your heart grown hard with the lapse of years, Lizzie?”

And then I knew why those dark eyes had been so strangely familiar to me, and why their pleasant light had so soon warmed my heart into love.

The next day I wrote to Clinton to come to me, and send a card to Fred, bearing these words. “Speckled-face is going to be married.” Clinton came, bringing my card with this characteristic answer on the other side. “Go it.”

I am beginning to believe there must be some truth in the modern proverb, ‘money is power.’ Clinton is now passing his last year at College, and my education has progressed rapidly under the care of my husband. I have tried to be a faithful mother to Ella Wilton, and her trusting affection almost makes me believe I have succeeded.

“Mamma,” she says, “what makes father call you speckled-face, when he is in fun sometimes?”

“What, indeed!” I answer with a puzzled face, “do I look like a trout to you, Ella?”

Removal of the Seat of Government. The question of removing the seat of government from Washington, is one of the exciting topics forced into prominence by the late acts of violence committed in that place. Its situation between two slaveholding States—Virginia, the great mother of many slaveholding communities, on the one side, and Maryland the other—is unfavorable to the free discussion of the questions that now agitate the public mind. A bad atmosphere overshadows the spot, a mephitic influence which unnerves and unmans those representatives of the North who are not strong either in virtue or courage—the very same influence which in the slave States silences all who lament, as numbers of them do, the destiny which entailed the curse of slavery upon that fair region.

It is quite time that the seat of government for this republic, so boastful of its free institutions, should be fixed where the crack of the slave-driver’s lash is not heard, where the slave-driver is not in the ascendant, in short, beyond the control of the great oligarchical class of the south, and within the sphere of proper democratic influences. At Washington the slave driver feels that he is on his own peculiar ground, and is made insolent by it.

Moreover, as long as the seat of government is fixed amidst a slaveholding community, a certain degree of plausibility is given to the doctrine that slavery is a national institution, and that freedom is the local exception. The time has arrived when all adventitious support should be withdrawn from this false and mischievous position, now so vehemently insisted on in certain quarters.

When the seat of the federal government is removed, it will unquestionably be transferred to the Valley of the Mississippi. The powerful and populous West needs but a hint to address itself to the task, and with the present feeling of the Northern and Eastern States their co-operation is certain.—N. Y. Post.

TURNING GRINDSTONE.—Is there a boy in all Yankeeedom who was brought up on a farm, who has not the most vivid recollections of turning grindstone for men to grind scythes? It was always the boy’s work. There might be a dozen lazy lads of men, lying round under the apple trees, but the boy had to turn the grindstone for every one of them in turn. And turning grindstone was work, then too. They didn’t have patent friction rollers—such as we saw in Dunlap’s Agricultural Warehouse the other day, and which prompted this reminiscence—in those days. A rough shaft, running on the bare wood, without any sort of lubrication, except the water that dripped upon it, turned by an iron crank, rougher still, was all the hanging grindstones got in our day. It was as much as we could do to turn it, with a fair chance, and when the man—who ought to have been ashamed of himself—bore on till he fairly stopped its revolutions, and then sung out, “Turn away, boy,” adding a gentle persuader with the toe of his boot, we came to the conclusion that “Jordan was a hard road to travel,” though we did not express the idea in precisely those terms. The boys of this day don’t know how much they owe to patent friction rollers.—[Nashua Telegraph.]

AN INNOVATION.—A practice has just been introduced in New York which is decidedly an effort at reform. It is, to say specifically upon the card of invitation that the pleasure of the guest’s company is desired from seven to eleven o’clock, P. M. At ten minutes after eleven the music plays good night, and the hostess takes her place to pay the parting compliments to her visitors. The fashionable hours have been from ten to two, and the reform simply takes three hours from the latter part of the entertainment and places them in the fore part. This is a judicious innovation, and one which should be universally recognized and adopted. It is as applicable to our own city as to any other.—[Eastern Argus.]

APOSTOLIC BLOW.—The St. Albans (Vt.) Journal of the 16th inst., relates that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Vermont recently visited Highgate for the purpose of obtaining the title to the church lately built there, and the land upon which it stands; but four Irishmen refusing to deed to him their interest in the church, he excommunicated them, and then sent for an axe and crowbar, and tore the four pews up and threw them out of the church.

THE SONG OF FREEDOM.

ATKINS. “Maudslott Hymn.”

Ye Sons of Freedom, break your slumbers! List, list the tones that bid you wake! In thunder-peals, from untold numbers, Those tones our very Union shake! And shall our souls, their call unheeding, In cold indifference still remain, While Freedom’s fall on Kansas’ plain, And Freedom on that shrine is bleeding! Your votes, your votes, free men, Your forth with fearless hand! Vote on, vote on, all hearts resolved To free our Fatherland! Vote on, vote on, all hearts resolved To free our Fatherland!

The fearful storm, in awful thunder, Which God in mercy long delays, Shall burst, and this loved Union sunder, Unless our vote the vengeance stays. And we may now prevent the slaughter, Ere lawless force, with guilty stride, Shall scatter ruin far and wide, And flood our land with blood like water! Your votes, your votes, free men, Your forth with fearless hand! Vote on, vote on, all hearts resolved To free our Fatherland! Vote on, vote on, all hearts resolved To free our Fatherland!

[From Zion’s Advocate.]

Mistakes about Happiness.

There are but few who really know much about happiness, and these few are not among the prosperous and renowned. Some of them are in the depths of poverty, others have passed through the furnace of affliction, and all of them are lowly in mind and spirit. And strange as it may seem, there is no class of persons on earth that think less in regard to happiness, or have less desire for it, than they.

While others strive for it, and make it their being’s end and aim, and yet are unhappy and wretched, these who almost leave happiness out of the question, and live for another object, are the very happiest of mortals. This reveals the secret which all ought to know, but are so slow to learn.

The great mistakes of life pertain to this subject. One mistake is in supposing that happiness lies in any external condition or circumstances. These may have some influence, but that influence is by far less than is generally imagined. Wealth and honor and gaudy are not signs of happiness. The splendid palace may be full of splendid misery. Happiness has its seat in the heart more than in any earthly possessions.

Another mistake is made in supposing that happiness can be found when sought as an end. It is not an end, and never known when sought as such. Let any person say, “I will do this in order that I may be happy,” and happiness will not be found. It matters not what the thing is, which is done from such a motive; the end sought will not be secured. He who seeks to be happy as a primary object, will not attain that object.

Still another mistake consists in supposing that if we wait patiently, our turn for being happy will come at length. Happiness is not a thing that passes round in course, being the guest of one to-day, and of another on the morrow. We might wait for it long, yea, spend a lifetime in waiting, and then die without receiving a single one of its visits. It flees those who wait for it as it does those who seek for it, and makes its abode in other hearts.

The way to be happy, and the only way of which we have knowledge, is to perform duty; then happiness will come as a result. Seeking to be happy savors too much of selfishness to allow enjoyment. Seeking to do right, to bless mankind and obey God, will be attended with happiness as a consequence. “I never was happy,” said a certain king, “until I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day I have had sunshine in my heart.” They who have some object of pursuit out of themselves, in the line of duty, can alone find happiness. Duty well performed, without any regard to personal enjoyment, will bring enjoyment always, and more than can be obtained in any other way. A good man once gave this direction to one who was groaning and waiting, and sometimes complaining that he had no more happiness.—“My brother,” said he, “labor more, and groan less.”

So we would say to all of this class, *Labor more*, not for the things of this world, or for yourself—your happiness; but labor for the salvation of your fellow men—for God, in the wide field which he has spread out before you. *Grieve less*, because you are not happy, give your sighing and sorrowing to the winds; lose sight of happiness as a pursuit, and seek to be useful, and you shall not fail of enjoyment.—The more entirely we can immolate self and every selfish wish for happiness, the more readily and abundantly will happiness come to our hearts. Jesus said, “He that loseth his life shall find it.” So he that loseth all care or thought for happiness in a devotion to God and humanity, shall find it. There is joy for us in the midst of the disappointments, the sorrows we meet with in this life. But to experience it, we must not live for it as an end.—If we do it will flee us forever. He will find it with whom duty is supreme, and who, day by day can sing,

“I live for those who love me; Whose hearts are kind and true; For the Heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit too; For the cause that lacks assistance; For the wrong that needs resistance; For the future in the distance; And the good that I can do.”

SAVE YOUR PLUMS NOW.—We begin to think this can be done without Mr. Mathews, if not with him. We were yesterday on the grounds of one of our best horticulturists, and saw the application, and have some faith in its success. Our friend thinks there is no chance for mistake about its efficacy. He informed us that he applied it last year, after the curculio had begun its ravages, and that it not only saved those which were unstung, but many of the plums on which the insect left his card, healed up and ripened well. The liquid enters the wound and destroys the egg. This is the only remedy he has ever found to avail against this slippery enemy of one of our best fruits. His receipt is—

One peck of washed lime, Six pounds of water, One barrel of water.

The mixture is to be applied with a common garden syringe. If one application is not sufficient repeat it. A single application answered with him last year.

No time is to be lost, as the young plums are already set, and the enemy has begun to show himself. If a syringe is not to be had, sprinkle on the liquid in some other way. The mixture is cheap and easily applied, and every man who has a plum tree should try it.

This is the most philosophical remedy we have yet seen suggested, and we commend it with more confidence than most new things, to

the notice of fruit-growers. If it answers our expectations, it will be worth millions to the country. Plums can be grown on loose, sandy loams as well as on clay soils; to which they have hitherto been mainly confined, on account of the ravages of this insect.

[American Agriculturist.]

GOOSEBERRY MILDEW.—It is well known that mildew is so destructive to gooseberries in this country, that but few of the large and choice kinds ever perfect much of their fruit, and as a consequence one of the nicest of fruits is but little seen in our market, in a ripe state. The writer of the *Calendar for the Horticulturist*, gives a very simple remedy, which if as good as represented, is well worthy of extensive application. The following is the remedy and as we read it, merely requires the application once, ‘when the fruit is forming.’

Mildew may be prevented, by watering with soap suds, over the branches. A radical cure for this pest may be formed by mixing a peck of lime and a pound of sulphur, in ten gallons of water; let it stand and settle. A pint, in 4 gallons of water, syringed over the bushes when the fruit is forming, will keep them clean; cover the ground with manure, and spread a small quantity of salt over it, to keep as much moisture as possible about the roots.

Mulching is undoubtedly a good thing, as it keeps the roots in a more uniform state as regards heat and moisture, and soil is recommended by several different writers just at this time. Our experience goes to prove that if planted under the shade of trees somewhat, they escape mildew, although the fruit is small. The fine show varieties of England are much more subject to it than the small rough kinds. The ‘Whitesmith and Houghton, are perhaps the safest to plant.—[Country Gentleman.]

CASSIUS M. CLAY’S MORAL SUASION.—A Southern correspondent of the Northern Christian Advocate, gives the following account of Cassius M. Clay’s method of managing a Kentucky audience by ‘moral suasion.’

He sends an appointment to a given place to lecture at a certain time; perhaps some of the natives will send him word that he will not be allowed to lecture there; he sends word that he will lecture according to previous notice.—The time comes, a great crowd is collected to hear the lecture and see the mob; presently the lecturer comes. He passes directly thro’ the crowd, mounts the forum for attention; all eyes are turned towards the speaker. He commences in a firm, clear, and decided tone of voice, with the following remark:—

“Gentlemen, I have a few preliminaries to settle, previous to entering upon the main subject of discussion. I want to make three short appeals to three classes of people.” He then holds up a small Bible.

“There, gentlemen, is the great charter record of all human rights, on which all law and equity is based, deserving the name of law—this is my appeal to the religious portion of the society,” and he lays it down on the stand before him. Then he holds up the Constitution of the United States. “Here, gentlemen, is the bond of our Union, the noble Constitution of this glorious Republic, which says that all men are born free and equal, with certain inalienable rights. This is my appeal to gentlemen, to patriots, to all true-hearted Americans,” and he places it with the Bible before him. Then he puts his hand in his pocket and brings out an enormous six-shooter, and holding it up before the audience he exclaims: “And here, gentlemen, is a six-shooter, every barrel of which is heavily loaded with powder and cold lead. This is my appeal to the mobocrats, and I will blow its contents through the heart of the first man who offers to lay his hand on me in my native State, or to gag free speech in my presence.” This he lays down upon the stand with his former appeals, ready for action; then he commences a perfect storm against the peculiar institution—enough to wring the sweat of old Kentucky from every pore. By this time all are awed into submissive silence. Such is the celebrated nephew of Henry Clay, in his native State.

The sentence upon Brown of Isleboro’ convicted the other day for the murder of his wife, was delivered by Judge May. Among other things, the Judge said to the prisoner:—

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 12, 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 his office. His office is at Seely'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. S. M. PATTERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

"THE GOOD TIME COMING."—The ninth volume of the Mail is near its close. Money is plenty, and our subscribers are good and prosperous; and as our terms read "two dollars within the year," who can suppose that one of them would pay that sum, when a dollar and a half will settle the score if paid before the volume ends? Reader, if the ninth volume of the Mail is not paid for, will you give us credit for truth when we assure you that we are in most pressing need, and that if you will see that we have it before the close of the volume (\$1 50) you shall have our unbounded thanks, and the promise of a better paper next year. [Send by mail, at our risk, if more convenient.]

THE "MECHANICS' DEBATING CLUB," at their meeting on Monday evening, were greeted with a crowded house. It is at least encouraging to the "boys" to find themselves thus attractive, after the best efforts and the loudest roars of the old lions failed to draw more than a baker's dozen to the W. L. A. debates. They may certainly take it as a hint to go ahead, with assurances of sympathy. As a whole—considering the claims put forth by the association—its performances were highly creditable. The disappointment in the failure of the music was very kindly borne by the audience, whose charitable allowances were evident through the evening.—The exercises consisted of a debate, in which F. B. Chandler, and S. A. Barker took the affirmative and W. B. Marston and C. S. Newell the negative of the question, "Is the Indian more deserving of our sympathy than the Negro?"—a Stump Speech by W. C. Tuttle—reading of the "Whetstone" newspaper by C. D. Sweet—a poem by R. I. Lewis—and an oration by I. C. Tuttle. Were it not that "comparisons are odious," we could speak in terms of high praise of some of these efforts. We hope the club will be encouraged to repeated public performances of this kind; and are confident they may rely on the best wishes of all whose good opinions are worth having.

KENNEBEC HORSES.—We saw yesterday, at the stable of Mr. Samuel S. Parker, Main street, a lot of horses, about to leave for market, that may safely be offered as a sample variety from old Kennebec. They are said by good judges to be the best lot ever taken from the county. In beauty, blood, speed and bottom, their enterprising owner may safely bring them in competition with any equal number he is likely to meet. Not one, it is asserted but can trot his mile inside of three minutes; while among them may be found at least one strong competitor for the fastest in New England.—Where Mr. Parker found so many extra horses we did not inquire, but presume most of them were raised in the county. Certainly they do credit, as an exportation.

Nobody could overlook, in the same stable, the beautiful horse owned by Mr. Esau Savage. We know of no horse in the vicinity that exhibits more of the prettier class of Morgan characteristics; while as a "roader" and in the points of kindness, gentleness and perfect training, he "carries a ribbon like a lady." Farmers who have had enough of the coarse, awkward and gaunt horses too common among them, should look at "Reindeer." He is sure to please nine out of ten.

WINDOW SPRINGS.—Mr. A. P. Baxter is offering an article that seems to combine, in a simple and practical way, at least as many advantages as any other. It fastens the window securely, at the same time holding it from jarring; being specially convenient for the top sash in securing ventilation. It combines simplicity and permanency, and is sold at very low prices. We commend them to the examination of such as are building houses, and to all others who would have a good and convenient spring. Samples of this spring, in use, may be seen at our office.

ANOTHER FINE STORE.—The store No. 3, Ticonic Row, late G. H. Chase's, is undergoing a process of improvement, which is to give it a front like that of the elegant dry-goods establishment of Eddy & Kimball, the next number above. One more such, and the venerable old Ticonic Row will be the finest block of stores in town; and there will be ground for strong hope that in due time it will shed the benign light of progress upon its younger neighbor opposite. So note it be!

THE "MAINE REGISTER."—A copy of this work has been handed us by Mr. C. K. Currier who has it for sale at his Clothing-Store, opposite the post-office. It is literally full of statistical and other information, adapted to all classes of men. The publisher has done himself credit in the improved style in which the Register is got up.

A few weeks since a company of men were shut up in a coal mine in Ohio, by the caving of the earth around their place of egress, narrowly escaping with their lives. After incredible exertions on the part of those outside they were finally liberated, when they had been entombed in the mountain fourteen days and thirteen hours. Says one of them in closing an account of their sufferings and escape: "When we went in, there was not a bud open upon the trees; the morning after we were rescued, we looked from our windows and beheld the forest clothed in green. We never before knew what a beautiful earth it was."

OUR TABLE.

THE PLAZA TALKER.—By Herman Melville, Author of "Typee," "Moby-Dick," &c., &c. 12mo. 431 pp. New York: Dix & Edwards.

This work comes to us through the hands of Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. A book from Melville will be sure to be read, for he always brings us something of the best track, and the present volume arrives opportunely to break the monotony of recent issues.—The "Plaza Talks" are six in number, all strongly marked, as we can see, on a last y examination, by the peculiarities of the talented author. Only two of these have we yet had time to read: the opening sketch—a perfect gem, written in a style rich and strange,—and the one next succeeding, entitled "Barbary." Of this the Boston Traveller says:

"We are on no hesitation in saying that for originality of invention and grotesqueness of humor, it is equal to anything from the pen of Dickens, whose writings it closely resembles, both as to the character of the sketch and the peculiarity of the style. Barbary is a silent old clerk in a lawyer's office, whose ghost-like taciturnity becomes at length such an annoyance to his master that he resolves to dismiss him; but Barbary refuses to go, 'he prefers not to,' and haunts the premises in spite of every attempt to get rid of him, till he has at length to be forced from the place. The quaint explanation of his extraordinary silence comes at length, he had spent nearly all his former life in the Dead Letter Office at Washington. It is a splendidly told tale, which of itself renders the volume valuable."

For sale at Matthews's.

THE NEW AGE OF GOLD; or the Life and Adventures of Robert Dexter Romaine. Written by himself. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

"Robinson Crusoe, with variations," might have been the title of this book; for though very different from that celebrated work in many respects, it is the old story of an uninhabited island found by those who, dwelling on it for a time, are thrown upon their own resources for subsistence, and are indebted to their ingenuity for the comforts and conveniences with which they surround themselves. In this narrative, a young man, a girl and a bear are the parties, and they have even less capital to start upon than their renowned prototype. An axe, a knife, a boat, an old nail, the clothing they stand in, the natural products of their island home are all they have at their command; and yet out of these scanty materials they contrive to evolve a comfortable dwelling, with food and raiment, and a thousand nameless comforts and conveniences. Living thus simply and quietly, and naturally, they find more of happiness than if they were surrounded by the luxuries of civilization, to which they even finally return. Though for the most part told very naturally and with an air of truthfulness, yet occasionally the story borders on the marvelous.—This, however, will be no imperfection to many readers—youthful ones, particularly, for whom it will have a wonderful charm."

For sale at Matthews's.

GABRIEL VANE, his Fortune and his Friends.—By Jeremy Lind, author of "Dovecot." New York: Derby & Jackson.

Not having time to read this work, we copy the following notice from the Boston Transcript, a paper that seldom goes astray in its judgment of books: "This story of domestic life requires the interwoven history of a round of every day characters in town and country. The aim of the author has been to describe the passions and pleasures, the trials and triumphs of common life, tracing in no part on ground that properly belongs to the domain of romance, and seeking to balance all drafts on the imagination against the actual experiences of existence. The name of the enterprising publisher is a sufficient guarantee for the moral tone and healthy character of the volume."

Our copy comes to us through Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, who supply the trade in New England. The work is for sale at Matthews's.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The July number is graced with a charming picture of Longfellow's "Evangeline," and a beautifully colored fashion plate. Of course the number is full of good stories, for Peterson never fails in this department, and space is allowed as usual, for recipes, directions for various kinds of work, music, &c., &c. This number commences a new volume. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHIONS.—The June number contains the usual fashion plate, full size patterns, with accompanying directions, numerous small engravings showing the fashionable styles of various articles of dress, a piece of music, parlor games, miscellaneous reading, &c., &c. No other work of the kind approaches this in beauty and value. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 00 a year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—No. 629 contains an interesting paper on the Life, Writings and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton; The Triton and the Minnows, illustrated with diagrams, treating of naval architecture and descriptive of the great steamship now building in England; and much other good reading, including some choice poetry. Published by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 00 a year, and sent free of postage.

THE LADIES' WEALTH AND PARLOR ANNUAL.—The June number has an engraving of Joshua Commanding the Sun and Moon to stand still, and a colored flower plate. "Liz" is a regular contributor to this work, and a number of hers appear in the present number.—Published by Burdick & Scovill, New York, at \$1 00 a year.

THE NORTH EAST CHAMBER.

A SUMMER RECORD.

It began to rain and we went into the house. There sat the old gentleman, with his hands folded on his knees, twirling his thumbs over and over, and almost asleep.

"Come Daddy," said I, for we always call him so; "tell us a Westward story."

The old gentleman's face brightened up as he heard me say, "Westward," and he turned round his chair, leaned back, and looked into my face. I knew pretty well what was coming; so he began:

"I never told you, did I, about what scrapes cousin Jim Hill, when he was a young man, used to get into?—for he was terrible wild and unsteady, although a good-hearted fellow as ever lived. Uncle Hill always kept tavern, and there was an old man who lived with him. I have forgotten his name now but they called him Billy. He was a faithful old servant, and used to do the chores, and work in the house, and do other odd jobs enough to pay for his keeping. He had been once married, but having lost his wife, and being without a home, Uncle Hill took him, and kept him as long as he lived. One day he was threshing, and cousin Jim was at the barn with him, and being lame he told Jim to go up and throw down some more rye. But Jim wanted to plague him; and to frighten him too, and he wouldn't go; but some how or other contrived to get his little brother upon the mow when Billy didn't know it, and told him to keep still, and throw down the rye when he told him too. So the old man waited a while and then told him again to go up and throw down some rye."

"Billy," said cousin Jim, "I understand the black art, and I can make that rye come right down here." So saying he took off his hat, and then turned his coat and put it on again, all the time talking to himself, after which he knelt down on the floor, and mumbled over a lot of hog-latin, and then looked up and said: "Three bundles of that rye down here." In a moment down came the rye, but no noise was heard. Billy looked frightened. Jim went through the same motions again and then hallooed: "Three more bundles of that rye down here," and whilst that rye was coming down Billy started for the house half frightened to death."

"At another time cousin Jim was to give Billy a dollar, if he would sleep in the barn all night. So the time was set, and as Billy went out of the house one way Jim went out another door and ran round and got into the barn and upon the hay, before the old man had time to get there. Pretty soon Billy came in, walked around, went up the ladder on the hay, and cuddled down to sleep. After a few minutes, Jim spoke out in a low soft voice: "Your wife wants you." There was a slight rustle in the hay, as though the old man was getting up, but Jim said nothing, and in a short time all was still again. In about fifteen minutes Jim spoke out again: "Your wife wants you." "This was too much," the old man jumped, and in his hurry to get down, he missed a step and fell to the floor hurting him pretty badly. Jim was on hand and got into the house before he did, and was sitting in his chair, as though nothing had happened when Billy came in. He was all out of breath, and came limping along as though he had a broken leg. "Billy," said cousin Jim soberly, "what's the matter, why didn't you sleep out there?" "Zounds," answered the old man in an agitated voice; "I wouldn't sleep out there all night for five hundred dollars, there's wizards there."

"One day in the winter Jim, and Thomas, their hired man, were threshing, and to make the grain thresh easy, cousin Jim had fixed up a good lot of flip, and the hired man had taken so much that he couldn't master himself, and had gone on the rye and laid down. Pretty soon uncle Hill went out to the barn, and not seeing Thomas, asked Jim where he was, 'well,' said he, 'Tom's gone up to Ned Fields's this afternoon; he said 'twas stormy, and he had some business up there and he said he would go to-day and see to it.' That's all right," answered his father; "Jim, how much more rye is there up there to thresh?" and so the old man started off, and was going up the ladder on the mow where Thomas lay drunk. Jim didn't know how he was going to get out of that scrape, but at last he said: "O father, father, that top round is broken, 'tain't safe to go up on." The old gentleman stopped, reached his hand up to it, took hold and shook it a little. "Ah, well, I guess I won't risk it," and so he turned about and went off."

But the shower has cleared off; Daddy sits in his chair with his hands on his knees, twirling his thumbs. I must go to work.

Carroll Willard has got home from Australia. There was quite a bustle in our little village when this announcement was made; for every one supposed that he was not alive, or if living, no one thought he would ever come home; we were very much surprised therefore, to see him step from the stage, the same person, with the same look, the same pleasant countenance and gentle manners. How quickly did this report fly from mouth to mouth, and in a short time it was the village talk from one end to the other. The next morning Mrs. Willard hailed me as I was passing with: "Carroll has come, yes he has!" and going in I had a pleasant talk with my old friend and schoolmate. He has changed but little; perhaps grown some older, but otherwise is the same. He has doubtless seen much of the world's neglect, and has, I dare say, suffered a great deal. But I hope he has got his pay; for he is a good fellow and deserves success; and he has gold, he can now stand high and take his place with the wealthy and the honorable of earth, for men everywhere acknowledge riches, and estimate a man's character by the amount of his possessions.

My stars! Henry has got a young lady to keep shop for him; and the young fellows all tell me that they are afraid to go there. It will be a good thing, I think; for it was always the worst place for loafers that there was in the village. I go there now occasionally, but not so often as I did,—and have a pleasant talk with her, for she is a very good girl and conducts herself behind the counter with great care and politeness. I did think some of—well, no matter what—for I understand she is engaged to a young man who is now in California; and I too am engaged to—work for Daves this summer.

THE SEASON.—The weather improves, the grass had already been specially favored.—Fruit trees have met no mishap, and of course promise well; while in everything else the prospect of good crops seems quite as good as usual at this season.

Where is our friend who "looks round" at Kendall's Mills. If weary, we shall have to take a walk there ourselves,—as there are many things that have not yet had his notice.

With pleasure we contradict the report of the death of E. Freeman Whitehouse, which has been going the rounds of the papers. With his popular troupe of vocalists he is on his return from a tour to the east and gives a concert in Bangor some time this week.

On Tuesday Mr. Crittenden submitted a resolution requesting the President in view of the difficulties existing in Kansas, at once to employ military force for the restoration of law, peace, and harmony there, and to send Gen. Scott to take command of those forces. Some debate ensued and the resolve was postponed till next day.

The Sandusky Register gives the following version of Percival's early love and disappointment, derived from a gentleman who was at Yale College at the time:

"Percival had a classmate named Smith.—They both fell in love with a lady of great beauty, and mental and moral endowments—a fit woman to receive the worship of the young poet. But Percival was poor and Smith was wealthy, and so won the lady. Percival's whole character underwent a change; he became taciturn and quite a recluse, plunging into study with wonderful application. From that time date his great acquisitions. What became of the lady? our lady readers ask.—She set led down in Hartford, became the model mother of six children, and yet lives there, we believe, loved and admired by all who know her."

A Voice from one of the Fathers.

The venerable Josiah Quincy, Senior, now in his 85th year, sent the following letter to the presiding officer of the recent Festival of the American Unitarian Association, in Boston:

E. R. Hoar, Sir: I have received your letter, inviting me to attend the Unitarian Festival, and expressing the gratification it would give you to see and hear me on that occasion.

My mind is in no state to receive pleasure from social scenes and friendly intercourse. I can think or speak of nothing but of the outrages of slaveholders at Kansas, and the outrages of slaveholders at Washington—outrages, which, if not met in the spirit of our fathers of the revolution, (and I see no sign that they will be) our liberties are but a name, and our Union will prove a curse. These outrages constitute a series of iniquitously contrived, well-connected, compact tissues of which

The Fugitive Slave Law was the first:

The Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the second;

The invasion of Kansas, and the taking the ballot boxes by storm, by a mob of slaveholders, the third;

The encouragement of this sacrilegious foray against the right of free suffrage, and the ultimate support of it by the National Executive and military arm, the fourth;

The hostile irruption of two members of Congress, into the Senate chamber of the United States, openly armed with deadly bludgeons, and probably secretly, according to the habits of their breed, with bowie knives and revolvers, and there prostrating on the floor with their bludgeons a Senator of the United States, sitting peacefully in his seat, unconscious of danger, and from his position incapable of defence, inflicting upon him blows, until he sunk senseless under them, and which, if they do not prove mortal, it was not for want of malignant intent in the cowardly assassins—and all this for words spoken in debate, allowed by its presiding officer to be spoken, and exceeding not one hair's breadth any line of truth and duty. This is the fifth and the climax of this series of outrages, unparalleled nefarious, and brutal.

Such are the facts—such are the outrages—a series of them, which ought to ring through every city and field, through every place and cottage of the free States—which ought to fly like the fiery cross on the highlands of Scotland, over the mountains and through the valleys of the free States, startling the sleeping, rousing the thoughtless, uniting the free, and enkindling whatever glimmering spark yet remains of the feeling and spirit, which, in former times, entitled the inhabitants of the free States to the character of patriots, and fearless, far-seeing statesmen. But alas! sir, I see no principle of vitality in what is called freedom in these times. I see divisions enough and parties enough; I see every whim setting up for itself, and calling and expecting all the rest of the world to follow in its train. But of a thoughtful, concentrated, determined principle of united action, suited to the occasion, which, spinning the desire of place and the hope of emolument, and the hankering for office, and actuated solely for the advance of public good and general welfare, I see nothing.—The palsy of death rests on the spirit of freedom in the so called 'free States.'

In my opinion, it is time to speak on the house-top, what every man who is worthy of the name of freeman utters in his chamber and feels in his heart. By a series of corruption, intrigue and cunning, bribing the high by appointments of State, the low by the hope of emoluments; playing between the parties of the free States, and contracting one by the other; by flattery the vain, paying the mean, and rewarding the subservient, the slaveholders have in the course of fifty years, usurped the whole constitutional powers of the Union, have possessed themselves of the executive chair, of the halls of Congress, of the national courts of justice and of the military arm, leaving nothing of hope to the spirit of freedom, in the free States, but public speech in the legislature and the ballot box. The one slaveholder's mob is crushing in Kansas, the other a deputation from the slaveholders of the House of Representatives have attempted to crush by a slaveholder's bludgeon.

My heart is too full. If I should pour forth all that is in it, both paper and time would fail me.

Truly, I am yours,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

Quincy, May 27, '56.

THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION. The following is the "Platform" adopted by the Convention:

1. The Baltimore platform of 1852.
2. The utter repudiation of Know Nothingism.
3. Congress has no power or control over the domestic institutions of States and Territories.
4. Re-affirming the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. (The announcement of this plank in the platform was received with enthusiastic cheers.)
5. Re-endorsement of the Compromise measures of 1850, including the Fugitive Slave Law, etc.
6. Re-annunciation of the soundness of the Munroe doctrine.
7. In favor of obtaining the control of the Gulf of Mexico.
8. Resolution in favor of the Pacific Railroad, without specific recommendation.

ATCHINSON'S SPEECH BEFORE LAWRENCE.—We have been furnished, says the Missouri Democrat, with the following report of a speech made by Atchinson to the posse assembled by Donaldson and Jones in Lawrence just previous to the sacking of that place. Our informant states that it is nearly verbatim.

"Boys, this day I am a Kickapoo Ranger by—This day we have entered Lawrence with Southern Rights inscribed upon our banner, and not one d—d abolitionist dared to fire a gun."

"Now boys, this is the happiest day of my life. We have entered that d—d town, and taught the d—d abolitionists a Southern lesson they will remember until the day they die. And now, boys, we will go in again with our highly honorable Jones, and test the strength of that d—d Free State Hotel, and teach the Emigrant Aid Company that Kansas shall be ours. Boys, ladies should, and I hope will, be respected by every gentleman. But when a woman takes upon herself the garb of a soldier, by carrying a Sharp's rifle, then she is no longer worthy of respect. Trample her under your feet as you would a snake. Come on, boys. Now to your duty to yourselves and your southern friends. Your duty, I know you will do. If one man or woman dare stand before you, blow them to hell with a chunk of cold lead."

After the careful perusal of the accounts respecting the crops in all the principal grain growing States, the Journal of Commerce and we come to the conclusion that, should nothing unforeseen occur, and favorable weather continue for the next three weeks, the forthcoming wheat crops will be the largest ever produced in the country.—[Boston Post.

The Nomination of Mr. Buchanan.

The report in another paper gives the final ballot for President and vice President by the Cincinnati Convention. The nomination of Buchanan and Breckenridge presents the strongest ticket that the Administration party could offer for the suffrages of the American people.

The issues presented are clearly and distinctly stated and the principles contained in the act establishing Kansas and Nebraska territories, repealing the Missouri Compromise, and allowing the extension of slavery into all the territories of the United States, are now recognized and adopted by the Democratic party.

To achieve this extraordinary consummation Franklin Pierce has breast a tide of popular indignation and falls a victim to his devotion to Southern Slavery. Stephen A. Douglas, the ablest man of the Democratic party, the real author of the doctrine of the nationality of slavery, has been set aside for the same reason as that which defeated Pierce, and the nomination has fallen upon Buchanan, for the reason chiefly that he has not till recently been a party to the controversy, or mixed up in the strife. He has gone beyond either Pierce or Douglas in expressing his approval of these very measures that have made them odious, and has even yielded his assent to the doctrine that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional, a proposition that Douglas would never for a moment consent to.

The nomination of Mr. Buchanan therefore, under the circumstances is a full and complete triumph of the party that favor the extension of slavery.

The delegation of Virginia supported him to a man, against every solicitation of the friends of the President, and against every implied obligation that could possibly be created by the most unflinching fidelity to every requirement at their hands. Franklin Pierce was rejected by Virginia, and the South only on ground of his want of availability, and he falls under the weight of blows from the hands of pretended friends.

The nomination of Mr. Buchanan has been clearly foreseen for some weeks past, and it will attract at once to his standard a very considerable body of men who have heretofore, and for some time past, occupied an equivocal position on national politics. They can no longer remain neutral. All who believe slavery to be a good institution,—all who desire to aid its growth, extension and perpetuity in these United States, will fall into the support of Mr. Buchanan. This party is large, able and united. The slave power acts as an unit in this controversy, and brings a vast influence at once to his support. The vast patronage of the government which distributes seventy millions of dollars annually, is an important agency—uniting and strengthening its power, and the prestige of success adds force to the appliances of party warfare. Mr. Buchanan, therefore, is sure of success, unless there is union and concert of action on the part of the free laborers of the country.

Mr. Buchanan is as free from personal objection as any candidate that has been for a long time in nomination. He has ridden on the top wave of popularity, and has always supported the current opinions of the day. He began political life an ardent Federalist. He opposed the right to let slavery into any portion of the territory north of 36° 30' in 1820; he urged the extension of the Wilmot Proviso to the Pacific in 1847; he supported the compromise measures of 1850, and now favors the act of 1854, by which the Missouri Compromise was broken up, and the right to extend slavery was granted. This brief but simple record is a true history of Mr. Buchanan's political career. He will doubtless accept the nomination, with an assurance of his hearty concurrence in all the doctrines of the present platform.—[State of Maine.

The Washington Sentinel, the leading organ of Buchanan, which was for a day or two silent in regard to the outrage on Senator Sumner, opened its batteries the 27th. After exhausting the vocabulary of ruffianism in search of scurrilous epithets to bestow on Mr. Sumner and libel both his character and speech; it goes on in this style:

"What, then, under this state of things, was to be done? Is there a young man in whose bosom there beats a manly throbb, who does not justly the relative of Judge Butler in resisting this gross assault, in his absence, upon his integrity, intelligence and virtue? It seems there are no rules in the Senate which are operative to arrest such a proceeding and to punish the offender. If the Senate has not the power, or having it, does not choose to exercise it, to impeach or expel one of its own body for such disreputable conduct, where does the redress reside? If Massachusetts will not recall such a man—if the Senate will not eject him or control him—if the man-Senator will not hold himself responsible for such insults to his fellow Senators, what is to be done? Nothing in this wide world but to cowhide bad manners out of him, or good manners into him."

THE MAN WHO DON'T LIKE MACAULAY.—That celebrated person who was tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, has turned up in London, and written a criticism on Macaulay in the new National Review. The Press pronounces it the best Review of Macaulay that has yet appeared. It is not a critique of the history but the historian, and his idiosyncrasy is laid bare in a masterly style. "As was said of the second Pitt," he never grew, he was cast, and so what Mr. Macaulay was when he left Cambridge, that he is still. He has learned nothing from cotemporary events. He spoke just as well upon India in 1833 as in 1852—just as well before he went to India as afterwards. "It is characteristic of such a man," says the reviewer, "that he should think literature more instructive than life."

POPERY IN CANADA.—A gentleman, who was a "Witness" of facts, says the Mirror, sends us an account of the murder of Robert Carrigan, of St. Sylvester, Lower Canada, by a band of papists, who were determined to destroy him, because he had renounced the Romish creed and become Protestant. The murderers were brought to trial after much delay, but under the strong papist influences brought to bear on the court and the jury, were acquitted, and paraded in triumphal procession through the city. We have noticed in several quarters indications that the persecuting spirit of popery was awake in Lower Canada—and it is said that it is the established policy of the English government to encourage and strengthen popery in the colony, so as to erect a barrier against annexation with the United States, and the more easily to hold the people subject to the British crown.

PUNISHMENT OF BROOKS.—The telegraph informs us that the Committee of Investigation have decided to recommend the expulsion of Brooks. There is no hope, however, that such a step will be taken. The Constitution requires a two-thirds vote for the expulsion of a member; the southern members constitute more than one-third of the House, and they will vote to a man, against the proposition. But is the matter to be suffered to rest thus? Is the

whole duty of the majority discharged by recommending an impossible punishment? We think not. Though it is not within the power of the majority to expel the cowardly ruffian, it is quite within their power to punish him otherwise. Here is the constitutional provision on the point:

"Each House may determine the rules of its proceedings, and punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member."—[U. S. Constitution, Art. I, Sect. 5.

It is apparent from this that a bare majority may inflict upon a 'disorderly' member any punishment which they see fit, except expulsion. What we say, then, is this: That so soon as the resolution to expel shall be voted down, some member from Massachusetts should be prepared to rise in his place on the instant, and move the infliction of some other punishment adequate, so far as possible, to the offence. Let Mr. Buffum, for instance, move that Brooks be incarcerated in the common jail during the remainder of the session. This, or some other punishment which will signalize the strong disapprobation of the House of this offence, should be proposed and carried, on the failure to expel. The North will not be satisfied with an attempt to inflict a punishment which it was known beforehand must prove abortive. It is right to make the effort to expel, and give the South a chance to purge herself from the charge of complicity with cowardice and crime. But it is not right to self-respectful to stop there, and suffer Brooks to stalk in and out of the Capitol unwieldy of justice. Something should be done that will free the House from the contamination of his presence. We trust that the Representatives of Massachusetts will be prompt to discharge their whole duty in this emergency.—[Boston Jour.

ONE OF THE KANSAS COMMISSION.—The Commission sent out by the House of Representatives to take testimony in Kansas relative to the frauds in the so called elections there, is composed of Messrs. Howard, Sherman and Oliver. The last named is from Missouri. The following extracts present him in a queer attitude. Mr. Oliver, in a speech in the House of Representatives, March 7th, 1856, see appendix to The Cong. Globe, p. 169, said:

"It has been charged, Mr. Speaker, in the paper filed by Gov. Keeler, that the people of Missouri went into that territory with martial music, with banners flying, and he says, with powder. Does he allege that there was any civil strife within the Territory? Nor do I know of any Missourians who voted at that election in that Territory—not one!"

In connection with this we publish the following from the testimony taken by the House Committee in Kansas:

Joseph Parker, sworn.—Lives in Atchison county; came from Buchanan county, Mo., in 1854; was at the March election, 1855; saw non-residents of the district, whom he had known as residents of Buchanan county, and who have been residents of that county since, and still are residents of Mo. [Witness here gave the names of a number of those whom he knew were there with the company—among them Major Oliver, of the Commission.] There were nearly 300 of these men there; Major Oliver made a speech to them—a first-rate speech.

To Oliver—You made a fine speech, and a peace, or compromising one; that you thought that all parties there had an equal right to vote. [Here Oliver interposed and said: "Witness, I did not justify men coming to vote from Missouri as an abstract proposition, but merely as a corrective to the Emigrant Aid Society."] I did not hear you explain it just exactly as that way, but you justified them in some way. [Here Mr. Oliver gave some liberal recitations of his own speech, asking witness if he had not said so and so, and if he had not offered to guarantee the Free State people protection.] Some of these reminiscences the witness recognized; others he did not remember to have heard him make; the witness was a pro-slavery man when he came to the Territory, and has still an interest in a considerable number of slaves belonging to his father's estate in Kentucky. To a question from Oliver about his politics, he replied that he had been a pro-slavery man, but he fell over the fence that day; that this free-soil conversion was attributable to Mr. Oliver's eloquence, is only partially probable, the witness stating that he thought that the people of the Territory ought to manage their own affairs, and he was so disgusted with the course pursued, and the party pursuing it, that he could not stay with them.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—Steamship Indian, from Liverpool May 21st, arrived at Quebec on Tuesday. Her news is generally unimportant. On Central American affairs the British government was determined to keep aloof and do nothing further than protect its own subjects. An agent of the Costa Ricans has made an appeal for protection and for national assistance, but the answer of the government was invariably in the negative. Mr. Wallenstein, who made the application on behalf of Costa Rica, was greatly disappointed at this answer.

A SLIM CONFESSION.—We use our old sensors to good advantage in cutting this paragraph from an exchange:

"I HAVE THE READING OF IT EVERY WEEK."—It not unfrequently occurs, when persons are asked if they will subscribe for a newspaper, or if they already take it, that they reply—"no but neighbor A—takes it, and I have the reading of it every week." Such often add—"They consider it the best paper they know of!" They are benefitted every week by the expenditures of these who receive nothing from them in return. Reader, if you feel reproved just send your name and take the paper yourself!

"If any person by speaking or by writing, maintain that freemen have not the right to hold slaves in this Territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of felony, and shall be punished at hard labor for a term of not less than two years."

It is under this clause of the Black Code of Kansas that the editor of the Herald of Freedom has been arrested; and it is because they refuse to submit to such a law that the freemen of Kansas are denounced as traitors.

CINCINNATI, June 5. Geo. P. Buell editor of the Democratic Review at Washington, while making a speech last night in front of the Burnett House denouncing know nothingism and abolitionism, was interrupted by an individual in the crowd with whom he finally came to blows. In the melee Mr. B. was stabbed in the back with a knife which penetrated the lungs inflicting a dangerous wound. Mr. Buell's condition this morning was critical, bleeding inwardly having commenced.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, editor of the Celt, has written a letter to the President of the Convention demanding the expulsion of the murderer Herbert, of California. Mr. H. was one of the delegates, and no notice has been taken of McGee's letter.

INHALATION

NEW AND VERY WONDERFUL!

Brought Home to the Door of the Millen.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY has recently been made by
Genius of this city, in the treatment of Consumption, Asthma,
and all diseases of the Lungs. We refer to Dr. C. F. Byrne's
"Vaporizer," Inhalant Hygienic Vapor & Cherry Syrup.
By using this new method, Dr. C. has restored many afflicted
persons to health, as an evidence of which he has innumerable certificates.
Speaking of the treatment, a physician remarks, "It is
evident that inhaling—constantly breathing and agreeing
with the medicinal properties must come in direct contact with the
inhalant vapor—the medicinal properties must come in direct contact with the

The inhaler is worn on the breast, under the linen, with the least inconvenience—the heat of the body being sufficient to evaporate the fluid. Hundreds of cases of cures, like the following, might be named.

years' standing. J. F. KESSEBERRY, P.M., Duncannon, Pa.
I am cured of the Asthma of ten years' standing by Dr. C.
HYGIANA. MARGARET EASTON, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. PAUL, of No. 5 Hammond street, New York, was cured
of a severe case of Bronchitis by the Hygiana.
The Rev. Dr. CHEEVER, of N. Y., testifies of our medicine
in the following language. NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1865.
DEAR SIR—I think highly of Dr. Curtis's Hygiana, as
a remedy in diseases of the throat and lungs. Having had

of. CENTER writes us as follows—
GENTLEMEN—I have recently had occasion to test your Cherry Syrup and Hygean Vapor, in a case of chronic Bronchitis that had refused to yield to other forms of treatment, and the result has satisfied me, that whatever may be the composition of your preparation, it is no imposition, but an efficient remedy. I deeply thank you, and am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
J. W. CENTER.

Dr. JONES, one of the most celebrated Physicians in New York, writes as follows—

DR CURTIS: Dear Sir—Having witnessed the excellent results of your Hygeana, or Inhaling Hygean Vapor and Cherry Syrup, in a case of chronic Bronchitis, and being much in favor of counter irritation in affections of the throat, Bronchial tubes and lungs, I can therefore cheerfully recommend your Medicine.

of applying anything of the kind I have ever seen,
hundreds of thousands of persons may be relieved, and many cured
by using your medicines.

I must here be allowed to confess that I am opposed to j
ribing or using secret compounds, but this little neatly e
vised article, and its effects in the case above alluded to, h
duced me to speak in its favor.

You are at liberty to use this in any way you think prop
Respectfully, yours, etc. C. JOHNS M. D.

N. B.—Dr. Curtis's Hygeana is the ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE ARTICLE; all others are base imitations, or vile and injurious counterfeits. Shun them as you would poison.

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Amount Insured since commencement,	\$1,939,906
“ Terminated,	1,073,551
“ Now at Risk,	866,244
“ Cash Premiums on the above.	25,215

"	Liability of the Insured to Assessment,	74,498
"	Assets of the Company,	99,712
"	Losses & Expenses Paid, 18,409.95 }	
"	" " Not Paid, 3,809.20 }	
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Balance in favor of Company after paying all losses and expenses for which the Directors consider the company are liable, up to the present date,		70,498

The Directors are gratified in being able to present so favorable a report of the business and success which has attended the efforts that have been made to extend the operations of the Company. They have not been obliged to assess the membership the time it has been in operation, and the members connected to interest themselves personally, for the Company

also to use their influence in favor of the Company, and there will be no occasion of ever making an assessment; the prospect which has hitherto attended it will be perpetuated, and the expense usually incurred in securing protection by insurance greatly diminished.

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Boston, August, 1855.

AUGUSTUS T. ROWMAN, Agent, W. servill

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timbering and Farming; also Mill Scares. Will act as agent
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When desired, by address, post paid. Maps received from
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in regard to all lands. Over 100,000 acres of the choicest tim-
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Land of the best quality, pine or Farming will be selected one quarter where warrants are paid; that includes for select and laying the warrants. For further particulars address
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ENTITLED "Solton Abbey in the Olden Times," a splendid Steel Engraving, from the celebrated painting by Landseer, and the "Departure of the Israelites from Egypt," a large and beautiful engraving from a painting by D. Roberts. The total price of the above engravings is £3.00 per copy, but will be sent free of charge as follows:

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Subscription price for any of the \$3 Magazines, such as Harper's, Godley's, Putnam's, Graham's, Frank Leslie's Fashions, &c., will receive the magazines for one year and a copy of either the above beautiful engravings, free of charge, or if subscribed to a \$2 and a \$1 Magazine, such as Peterson's, and Chalkley's Ladies' Christian Annual, they will receive both magazines and a copy of either of the above engravings.

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Farm for Sale. WILL be sold at a bargain, a valuable farm, containing about one hundred and sixty acres; well proportioned into acre, pasture and wood land. Well watered, a comfortable residence and good buildings. Said farm is situated in Wake-

modated with Town Schools. Terms made known on the premises.
NATHANIEL ELLIS
airfield, March 14, 1856.
3m36^o

FRESH Teas, Coffee and Cocoa, for sale by
W. DYER

AIR DYES. Harrison's, Bogle's, Low's, Hutchins'

KENNEBEC, S.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, in and for the County of Kennebec, on the 4th Monday May. A. D. 1866

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, Administrator of the Estate of **J. E. F. DUNN**, late of Waterville, in said County, deceased, having presented account of administration of the Estate said deceased for allowance: Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a co-

A true copy—Attest: F. DAVIS, Register. 47

of Gilman Fellows, late of Waterville, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents, That said minor is seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz: the homestead lot of said Gilman Fellows, situated in Waterville, on the west side of Main street, bounded on the south by the street of Meader & Phillips and by land of S. S. Parker, north and west by land of Nath'l Gilman, and east by the aforesaid street. (6) The minor's interest in said premises being one undivided third part.

has been made to him for said real estate, which offer was for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept, the proceeds of sale to be put on interest for the benefit of said minor, and therefore prays that license may be granted him to sell and convey the above described real estate to the person making the offer, according to the statute in such cases made and provided.

JOHN R. PHILBRICK

KENNERBEC, SS—At a Court of Probate held in Augusta, the 14th day of May, 1896.

publishing a copy of this petition, with this notice thereon, for two weeks successively, in the Eastern Mall, a newspaper printed and published at Waterville, that all persons interested may attend on the Monday of June next, at a court of Probate, then to be held at Waterville in Augusta, and shew cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. Such notice to be given before the Court.

Attest: F. DAVIS, Register.
H. K. BAKER, Judge.

Attest, F. Davis, Judge. 47