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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 02): July 24, 1856

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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'Jane, I most wish one of our girls was a boy!'

'Why, Mr. Clark, what a singular man you are—much as you think of the girls!'

'Well, the fact is just this,' resumed the worthy husband of the lady, 'I must set out these trees, and I want some one to steady them for me, else they won't be set straight. Now if Minny was only a boy she'd do it complete!'

'Come Minny,' said the kind father, as he put his hand through the open window, 'Come now, 'twon't make your fingers ache half so much as 'twill to drum everlastingly on that piano, if it does tan them. Come now, shame the rest of the girls, and don't make me stop the team in the midst of the furrow. I shall have to, if you don't; come, for I call Bill why Dennis must stop: he can't plow alone.'

Minny whirls half round on her music stool and looks enquiringly—

'Would you, mother?' is the language of her pleading eyes.

'Well now, Mr. Clark,' says Mrs. C., 'if you and I 'n't so rich as some, I don't see as it is any reason why our girls should be brought up ladies; if they aren't, it shall not be my fault—I'm willing to work my fingers' ends off to give them an education—it's about all we can give them. I will work out doors if any of us must, though I don't really think it is a woman's place. Why, I can't help thinking strange that you should think of such a thing.'

'Suppose Minny's music teacher, or anybody else that we care for, were to come and see her helping you out of doors—why I never should get over it.'

'Well, then I'll stop the team.'

'That's right now,' replied Mrs. C., 'and why can't Dennis help me transplant these rose bushes, while Bill is helping you?'

'Do just as you like; for my part I think it about as genteel to set out a little plum tree as a rose bush; any way thorns aren't so prickly on 'em.' So while Mr. C. and Bill proceed to arrange the plum trees and Mrs. C. and Dennis follow suit with the rose bushes, we will sit in the parlor with the girls, Minny and Louise.

Look at this piece of embroidery—isn't it delicate? Isn't it magnificent! Look at the stitches! Don't think of Hood's 'Song of a Shirt,' but think of somebody's 'Song of a Fire-screen,' yet unskinned. Stitch, stitch, stitch; days, weeks—early and late, till eyes ache and fingers stiffen.

'Well now, love, I should really like to help father do that.'

'So should I; but then, as mother says, I shouldn't just like to have anybody that we care for see me.'

'As to that, everybody knows how hard mother works, and I do sometimes think 'tis too bad. Nobody thinks any the less of Lucy Hayden for doing all sorts of work. Some one said that the other day when Professor G. called to hear her play, she was out in the yard spading; she has a spade of her own; and that she never thought of making an apology, but walked into the house, after placing her spade in the tool-house, and played until the Professor was actually delighted with her music.'

'Yes, I know it all,' says Louise; 'she can do any kind of kitchen work as well as she can play. But now I'll tell you how 'tis Minny, rich folks can do anything of that kind, and it will pass muster, you know, mother says so, but 'twon't do for us. Why, Hayden could buy and sell father forty times over. I know mother works very hard, and sometimes I am ashamed when I am asked, "if mother does such and such things, or if we do them."

'Well, now, Minny, I tell you just what I think, anybody can do house work, that has half common sense, and get along complete, and no credit to them, either; but it is not every one that can embroider like that,' (holding up the fire-screen) 'paint on glass, or make wax flowers,' (pointing to a stand in the corner of the room) 'besides 'tis disagreeable, house work is to me; 'tis too short a step from the sublime to the ridiculous for me to take; so let us quit the subject and take a walk, for I feel the need of exercise.'

So, reader, we will take our leave.

This is no fancy sketch, but actual truth, and it is to be regretted that the observation of not a few in our country towns will attest to its truth.

If we admit, as our observation will compel us to, that this untrue view of life is taken too often by mothers as well as by daughters, then we must own that such wrong views are at variance with our true relations, and are sure to end in disappointment and unhappiness.

If there is beauty in fitness, then there is nothing beautiful in a mother's allowing herself to be overworked, or overburdened with care, while her grown-up daughters are, as is too often the case, overburdened with mere superficial accomplishments, to the neglect of much that is really of solid worth.

Out-of-door employment, by this we mean actual labor of some sort, if we are to credit the testimony of our best physicians, will act as a powerful preventative of that extreme delicacy and invalidism to which our young ladies are fast becoming victims. Where is the sensible person who would think a while the less of a young lady for assisting her mother in the kitchen, or her father in the garden or orchard.

Girls, we love music, but to our ear there is no music in the long drawn sigh of a kind but over-indulgent mother, worn down with sorrow and years of fretting care.

Girls, we love painting, but we must look some time longer, in this light, in that shade, before we see touches of beauty, or exquisite loveliness, in a picture of what fear some of you will be—*shiftless wives*.

[Boston Traveller.]

WHAT IS NOT CHARITY.—It is not charity to give a penny to a street mendicant of whom nothing is known, while we haggle with a poor man out of employment for a miserable dime. It is not charity to bestow a seamstress to starvation prices; to let her sit chilled in wet clothes sewing all day; to deduct from her pitiful remuneration if the storm delay her prompt arrival. It is not charity to take a poor relation into the family, make her a slave to all your whims, and taunt her continually with her dependent situation. It is not charity to turn a man who is out of employment into the streets with his family, because he cannot pay his rent. It is not charity to extract the uttermost farthing from the widow and orphan. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air and patronage, as if God had made you, the rich man, of different blood from the shivering recipient, whose only crime is that he is poor. It is not charity to be an extortioner—no! though you bestow alms by thousands.

STRAIN MELODIES.—It has been stated that some Yankee in Worcester has succeeded in turning the unearthly screech of the steam whistle into harmonious music. The new invention was attached to one of the locomotives on the Worcester and Nashua railroad on Thursday, and the editor of the Worcester Transcript, who was one of the party that faced the music, thus speaks of the sensation

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created as the engine left Worcester to the tune of 'Old Dan Tucker.'

'The effect was magical, nay wonderful, exciting and amusing. Men left their fields and workshops and rushed for the railway; with them came women with babies and without, children innumerable and swarming like ants when their ant hill is trodden on, all agape and again with wonder and delight; everything animate was the *qui vive*.

The horses danced pirouettes to the music; the very pigs relaxed the tension of their tortuous tails, and stupid calves, that ne'er had heard of melody, in dumb amazement snuffed the music laden air and stood agape, their pendant tails outstanding straight behind! 'Twas marvelous, and we should not have been surprised if all the bending woods, charmed by the Orphic strains, had walked adown the shaded hills, and made obeisance to the Callopie, even, as to the terror of Macbeth, the lofty 'Birnam wood' came down to Dunsinane.'

## COL. FREMONT'S ACCEPTANCE.

The following is Col. Fremont's reply to the letter of the Committee of the Philadelphia Convention, notifying him of his nomination for the Presidency:—

New York, July 8, 1856.

Gentlemen:—You call me to a high responsibility by placing me in the van of a great movement of the people of the United States, who, without regard to past differences, are uniting in a common effort to bring back the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson.

Comprehending the magnitude of the trust which they have declared themselves willing to place in my hands, and deeply sensible to the honor which their unreserved confidence in this threatening position of the public affairs implies, I feel that I cannot better respond than by a sincere declaration that, in the event of my election to Presidency, I should enter upon the execution of its duties with a single-hearted determination to promote the good of the whole country, and to direct solely to this end all the power of the Government, irrespective of party issues and regardless of sectional strife. The declaration of principles embodied in the resolves of your Convention expresses the sentiments in which I have been educated, and which have been ripened into convictions by personal observation and experience. With this declaration and avowal, I think it necessary to revert to only two of the subjects embraced in the resolutions, and to those only, because events have surrounded them with grave and critical circumstances, and given to them especial importance.

I concur in the views of the Convention respecting the foreign policy to which it adverts. The assumption that we have the right to take from another nation its domains because we want them, is an abandonment of the honest character which our country has acquired.

To provoke hostilities by unjust assumptions would be to sacrifice the peace and character of the country, when all its interests might be more certainly secured, and its objects attained by just and healing counsels, involving no loss of reputation.

International embarrassments are mainly the results of a secret diplomacy which aims to keep from the knowledge of the people the operations of the Government. This system is inconsistent with the character of our institutions, and is itself yielding gradually to a more enlightened public opinion, and to the power of a free press, which, by its broad dissemination of political intelligence, secures in advance to the side of justice the judgment of the civilized world. An honest, firm and open policy in our foreign relations would command the united support of the nation, whose deliberate opinions it would necessarily reflect.

Nothing is clearer in the history of our institutions than the designs of the nation in asserting its own independence and freedom, to avoid giving countenance to the extension of slavery. The influence of the small but compact and powerful class of men interested in slavery, who command one section of the country, and wield a vast political control as a consequence in the other, is now directed to check this impulse of the Revolution, and reverse its principles. The extension of slavery across the continent is the object of the power which now rules the Government; and from this spirit it has sprung those kindred wrongs in Kansas so truly portrayed in one of your resolutions, which prove that the elements of the most arbitrary governments have not been vanquished by the just theory of our own.

It would be out of place here to pledge myself to any particular policy that has been suggested to terminate the sectional controversy engendered by political animosities, operating on a powerful class banded together by a common interest. A practical remedy is the admission of Kansas into the Union as a free State. The South should, in my judgment, earnestly desire such consummation. It would vindicate the good faith—it would correct the mistake of the repeal; and the North having practically the benefit of the agreement between the two sections, would be satisfied, and good feeling be restored. The measure is perfectly consistent with the honor of the South, and vital to its interests. That fatal act which gave birth to this purely sectional strife, originating in the scheme to take from free labor the country secured to it by a solemn covenant, cannot be too soon disarmed of its pernicious force.

The only genial region of the middle latitudes left to the emigrants of the Northern States for homes cannot be conquered from the free laborers, who have long considered it as set apart for them in our inheritance, without provoking a desperate struggle. Whatever may be the persistence of the particular class which seems ready to hazard everything for the success of the unjust scheme it has partially effected, I firmly believe that the great heart of the nation, which throbs with the patriotism of the free men of both sections will have power to overcome it. They will look to the rights secured to them by the Constitution of the Union, as their best safeguard from the oppression of the class which—by a monopoly of the soil and of slave labor to till it—might in time reduce them to the extremity of laboring upon the same terms with the slaves.

The great body of non-slaveholding freemen, including those of the South, upon whose welfare Slavery is an oppression, will discover that the power of the General Government over the public lands may be beneficially exerted to advance their interests and secure their independence. Knowing this, their suffrages will not be wanting to maintain that authority in the

Union which is absolutely essential to the maintenance of their own liberties, and which has more than once indicated the purpose of disposing of the public lands in such a way as would make every settler upon them a freeholder.

If the people entrust to me the administration of the Government, the laws of Congress in relation to the Territories will be faithfully executed. All its authority will be exerted in aid of the national will to re-establish the peace of the country on the just principles which have heretofore received the sanction of the Federal Government, of the States, and of the people of both sections. Such a policy would leave no aliment to that sectional party which seeks its aggrandizement by appropriating the new Territories to capital in the form of Slavery, but would inevitably result in the triumph of labor—the natural capital which constitutes the real wealth of this great country, and creates that intelligent power in the masses, alone to be relied on as the bulwark of free institutions.

Trusting that I have a heart capable of comprehending our whole country, with its varied interests, and confident that patriotism exists in all parts of the Union. I accept the nomination of your Convention, in the hope that I may be enabled to serve usefully its cause, which I consider the cause of constitutional Freedom.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
J. C. FREMONT.

## The Thorn in the Pillow.

A little girl went to visit her grandmother some distance from her mother's and father's home; she seemed very happy all day, and she had everything around her to make her happy; but when her kind grandmother went to look at her after she was asleep, she observed a tear drop on the little girl's cheeks.

'Ah,' said the old lady, next morning, 'you were a little homesick last night, dear.'

'Oh, no, grandmother,' Mabel replied, 'I could never be homesick here.'

It was just so the next night, and the next; at length the grandmother thought as the little girl seemed troubled, she would sit in the next chamber until the child went to sleep. Presently, although Mabel was tucked up, she began to rustle up her quilt and shake her pillow, and the grandmother thought she heard a little sob; so she went to the little girl's bed, and said, 'Mabel, my child, you have not a thorn under your pillow—what is it?'

Then the little girl hid her face and began to cry aloud. The grandmother was much troubled. At length the girl said,

'Oh, grandmother, when I am alone here I cannot help thinking how I said "I won't mother," and I cannot unsay it; and mother is so good and loves me so, and I—I was so naughty.'

Then the tears streamed afresh down the child's cheeks. Here then was the thorn in the pillow, and she could not withdraw it.—Ah, so it will be, by and by, with that little boy who is selfish and unkind at home now; when he is away among strangers, he will trifle with the home of his childhood, and the recollection of some unkind word or action will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires at night. And that little girl who does not care to help her mother now, will find a thorn in her pillow, when that mother sleeps in the grave.

AN INDULGENT MOTHER.—Mr. G. W. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, is answerable for the following:

'The most indulgent mother I have heard of lately lives some two and a half hours' drive from San Antonio, on the left. It was a long time before she would admit that her eldest and best beloved boy, a refractory and turbulent little fellow, richly merited a flagellation; and when she finally gave in that he was entitled to a course of sprouts, she contended that he should be put under the influence of chloroform before the saplings were applied. Solomon, with all his wisdom, was behind the present fast age in administering to juvenile delinquents.'

A STRANGE AFFAIR.—A submarine diver from Buffalo has at last succeeded in raising the Safe of the American Express Company, which was lost when the steamer Atlantic was sunk off Long Point, in 1852. It will be recollected that this steamer was instantly sunk by collision with a propeller, and that a large number of passengers were lost. The diver was protected by copper armor and was under water forty minutes, during which time he had many strange adventures. The upper deck of the steamer lies 160 feet under water, and far below any current. Everything is therefore exactly as it went down. When the diver alighted on the deck, he was saluted by a beautiful lady, whose clothing was well-arranged, and her hair elegantly dressed. As he approached her, the motion of the water caused an oscillation of her head, as if gracefully bowing to him. She was standing erect, with one hand grasping the rigging, as if sleeping.—Children holding their friends by the hand, and mothers with their babes in their arms, were there. In the cabin the furniture was still untouched by decay, and to all appearance had just been arranged by some careful and tasteful hand.

In the office he found the safe, and was enabled to move it with ease, and took it upon deck, where the grappling irons were fastened on, and the prize brought safely to light. Upon opening the safe, it displayed its contents in a perfect state of preservation. There was in the safe \$5000 in gold, and a large amount on different banks, in all thirty-three thousand dollars. The papers were uninjured, except that they smelled very strongly of decayed human bodies. All the money goes to persons interested in this wonderful adventure.

[Detroit Advertiser.]

ATMOSPHERIC IMPURITY AND DISEASE.—Those warm climates in which consumption is really less frequent than in cold, derive the comparative immunity simply from the people being forced by the great heats to live more in an unpolluted atmosphere. It is not sending people to warm climates that always cures consumption, it is sending them to pure air. To confine consumptive persons to close, heated apartments, is but to hasten the ravages of the disease. On the contrary, they should live as much as possible in the open air. It is illusory to think of curing the consumptive by means of food or even medicine, without the amplest access to the free, fresh air. An ounce of oxygen is worth tons of fish oil or iodine, or any amount of respirators.

FLORAL FESTIVAL IN GARDINER.—In consequence of the copious rain of Wednesday, this pretty affair, announced for that day, was postponed until Thursday. It passed off in fine style. The show of plants and flowers was very brilliant, and reflected much credit on those who arranged it. Several premiums were awarded, and in the evening a pleasant dance finished up the day. The chief feature of the occasion was the poem by W. B. Glazier, of Hallowell. It was just the thing for such a place, and went off with great éclat. It spoke of the flowers in eloquent phrases, and was mainly descriptive of those rare blooms that grow in the garden of the heart, of which he spoke specially of the flowers of Memory, Love and Hope. One of its prettiest things is the following—the gem of the piece—descriptive of the emotions of one who should gaze on withered flowers, after the hand that had gathered them was cold. It was never in print before, and we are gratified in first presenting it to the public.

Dear flowers! you lie within my clasping fingers, Gone is your beauty and your Summer glow, Yet in your withered leaves the memory lingers, Caught from the holy air of long ago: Once more I see her eyes so true and tender, Once more I feel the magic of those hours, When life to me caught up a double splendor, When life to me caught up a double splendor.

From the mute beauty of these faded flowers, She plucked you in the twilight—stars were rising, Over the hills that kissed the sleeping skies, And looking up, she caught my glance—surprising, Back to my heart the love that filled my eyes: We could not speak, one hope our hearts were filling, That quenched our utterance, and restrained our will.

That you for me might speak, we both were willing, How well you did so—ah, you faded flowers, Her gentle hands have long since lost their beauty, They laid you folded on her faithful breast, And Memory pays the sweet, the welcome duty, Of blessing you that once her fingers pressed: Now you are withered, but Remembrance falling As from Summer skies the Summer showers, Into the Past—my weary heart is calling, For then she plucked you—ah, you faded flowers.

The bard paid a flattering tribute to the throb of beauty, the animated flowers, around him, in these words:

All round me bloom in Beauty's hue to-day The flowers more lovely than the flowers of May. By what blest stream shall we the lilies seek Whose tint shall rival upon that cheek? And tell me where the darling violets rise Whose hue shall match those loving, languid lips? Where is that rare rose, that shall eclipse The immortal sweetness of those glorious lips? What amper ever wore that rich bouquet Whose regal charms outvied this bright array? So shall my sunbeams bloom the circling year, Their flowers ne'er or wither, buds are never here, Seek if you will that odor-breathing plain, Give me the sweet unrivalled flowers of Maine.

The day will long be remembered by those who enjoyed its pleasures as one of the pleasantest ever experienced. Such events should be more frequent.—[Gospel Banner.]

TRUE POLITENESS.—Traits that index the whole character of a man are sometimes seen at a glance; a word, a look, a single action, tells the whole story, either for good or evil report, of a man or woman, to all their fellow voyagers through life. It is an oft-told tale, oft told to disadvantage of those who ride in city cars or omnibuses, where extreme selfishness is the rule and not the exception; so much so, that such a little incident—such a mere trifle in itself—as we saw yesterday, was as refreshing as an oasis in the desert or a purg spring to the weary traveller. The stage was nearly full, when it pulled up to the curbstone to take in an old man and a young woman.—Who will move, thought we, to give the strangers room? Not the four silks on that side; not the proud, selfish, (so we thought, judging perhaps from his dress) young man on this side. How we were mistaken. 'Be careful, father,' said his tender guide, as he essayed to place his foot on the step. In a moment, the young man sprang forward with an assisting hand, delicately tendered, with an 'allow me' as he led him to a seat. The poor old man was blind. How that little act of kindness to a stranger must have thrilled through the daughter's heart—she who was so extremely sensitive to the wants of her bereaved father. Still more when the stage stopped for them to get out, which, for a tottering step unguided by sight, was more difficult to do unharmed—just as all our downward movements in life. 'Allow me, sir,' Those words again. How their pleasant tones thrilled again from that good heart which prompted the young man to spring out forward of the blind man, and take him gently in his arms down the steps. 'Thank you, sir,' whispered the daughter. 'God bless you,' spoke the father. That old man—that daughter—that young man were not the only ones made happy by that little act of genuine politeness.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

THE USE OF LARGE WORDS.—Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer. As when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end.

'Oh, don't be afraid,' said the good minister, 'it's nothing but a phantasmagoria.'

'Is that all?' said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

A very smart lawyer in Wilmington N. C. had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain old farmer, was astounded by the long bill of costs, and hastening to the lawyer's office, said,

'I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit?'

'So I did,' answered the lawyer, 'but you see when I brought it up there before the judges, they said it was "quorum non judice."'

'Well, if they said it was as bad as that,' replied the old farmer, 'I don't wonder why we lost it?' and he paid the costs and a big fee besides without another murmur.

[Harper's Magazine for July.]

UNITARIANISM AT HOME AND ABROAD.—The American Unitarian Association has its spheres of missionary operations in British India, Kansas, and Minnesota. In the first it has experienced the countenance and aid of the Anglo-Indian government. The income, during the past year, has been about \$21,000, averaging \$105 to each congregation, in behalf of Unitarian missions, book circulation, &c.—The recent report of the Association congratulates the denomination on the spread of its peculiar principles and views, as developed in the writings of the Regius Professor at Oxford, and the President of Waterville College, Me.—[The Portfolio.]

BUCHANAN'S RECORD AT THE SOUTH.—One of the funniest incidents attending Buchanan's nomination is the fact that some of the South Carolina people pretend to fear J. B.'s free soil proclivities! The Charleston Mercury,

however, comes to his aid. After quoting from Mr. Buchanan's speech in favor of the annexation of Texas, it says:

'But in order that the absurdity of the charge of Mr. Buchanan's being a "free soiler" may, if possible, become apparent, we need only cite the fact, that two years ago, he signed the Ostend Manifesto, a document whose sole object was to acquire Cuba, out of which two or three slave States could have been formed. Here, then, is his record. The champion of the admission of Arkansas—the champion of the annexation of Texas—the champion of the acquisition of Cuba—where is the taint of free soilism in all this? Whatever are Mr. Buchanan's prejudices against slavery his votes and acts are with us.'

## A Crusade on Hair-Oils.

An old London Magazine has a regular crusade upon hair oils, from which we extract the following:

'If the ladies will trust to our science on the subject of hair, in the first place we can assure them, most confidently, that so far is it from being true that oils and pomatums increase the luster of the hair, their effect is to diminish the polish which it naturally possesses; while, whatever gloss they may give to hair which is naturally dull, is false, and, like all falsities, disgusting.

Absolute cleanliness, by means of water alone, to commence, followed by brushing in the direction of the hair itself, in a dry state, is the true method of giving to the hair all the polish of which it is susceptible; and it is the effect of oils of all kinds to disturb or injure this; to say nothing of the disgust and necessary dirtiness of greasy hair.

It is the effect of oils also to prevent it from curling; and this object is most effectually obtained, if without artificial means, by curling it when wet, and suffering it to dry in that state. And as it happens that almost all hair has a tendency to curl in one direction rather than in another, it is useful to study that tendency, so as to conform to it in the artificial flexure given. As to artificial applications, the whole of the so called curling fluids are mere impostures; while one, which is really effectual, and at the same time innocuous, is a weak solution of isinglass, by which a very firm and permanent form can be given to the hair.

Let us still remark, while on the subject of oils or greasy substances, that while there are, perhaps, five hundred thousand oils, the object, whatever it can be, can be equally attained by one, or at least by two, a fluid one, and one more solid. Bear's grease as it is called, is a common imposture; in the first place, as there is very rarely such a thing in reality to be procured; while, if there were, it is no bear's grease, or any other kind. The reason why bear's grease was, or is, esteemed better than any other, is, absurd enough, resting on the ancient fable of a yolk of an egg and of a handful for judgment, and of a thousand similar nostrums with which medicine was so long and still is encumbered, the mere detection of the cause of its adoption ought to be sufficient proof of its value. The bear has long hair; ergo, his grease must be good for promoting hair!

No grease on earth, though the bear that bore it had hair reaching from Greenland to Kamtschatka, has the least effect, or can have the least effect in making the hair grow thicker, unless grease can produce in the skin those radical organs whence hairs grow with a growth resembling that of vegetables.

'Thickness is number; and he who would multiply the number of hairs might as well attempt to multiply the number of legs and arms. Nourishing, and all this phraseology is just what this phraseology is—words. One only effect is asserted upon ideas; namely, that oil prevents the hair from splitting at the extremities. How? It may be asked. When the hair splits, it is because that portion is dead; the vegetable life has ceased thus far; and unless oil could restore that life, unless bear's grease, or any other grease, had the power of conferring immortality on the hair, it will split and wither, in spite of all the grease of the biggest whale that ever ploughed Baffin's Bay, or all the bears from pole to pole. We might as well attempt to revive the rotten branch of an oak with bear's grease, or to make the mast of one of our majesty's seventy-fours shoot forth a goodly crop of branches.

The fact is that the whole is an imposture; oils, pomatums, and all; bear's grease, Macassar, and Rowland, huile a la tuberos, huile antique; huiles and pomades, divine, or whatever else. Excepting so far as pomatum may be used for stiffening or compacting the hair into dirty and greasy masses, or oils for converting the easy and loose flow of nature's ornaments into nasty rat's tails, the whole is but a method of extracting money from vanity and fashion. It is but a rivalry of the stinking Hotentots, a relic of savage barbarism. As to the chemistry itself, if the ladies will make themselves greasy and disgusting, olive oil, alone, is the only oil that is necessary, hog's lard is the only pomatum; and if it is not sufficiently stiff, let it be stiffened to the taste by wax.

It is an apothecary's ointment, according to its consistence; it is neither more nor less. The rest is all perfume; nothing more; and the lady's maid, or the lady herself, who desires to have a greasy head, may save her money and her care, by sending down to the cook for a little oil from the flask, or a little lard from the bladder; or else, to the apothecary, for a little simple ointment, preparing it to her own fancy.

However, as long as female vanity exists, (and when will it cease?) we write in vain.—The five hundred oils and pomatums will go on being made, and the angel who loves herself better than cleanliness, will go on making herself greasy and odorous. But it is all for the best; or how should trade flourish, how should money circulate from pockets too full to pockets too empty?'

SQUIRE H—'S INDIGESTION.—Old Esq. H— was a very successful and substantial farmer in an interior town of Massachusetts. And a more amazing eater never lived in any interior town anywhere. And especially much did he eat when fresh pork was to be his nourishment. Well, at a certain time one of his hogs had been killed. The next morning there was fresh pork for breakfast, and the old man ate most wondrously. In the course of the forenoon, he ate his luncheon, consisting of bread and butter, mince pie and cheese. At noon, his dinner consisted of fresh pork, pickles, mince pie, and the usual accompaniments. His afternoon's luncheon was like that of the fore-

noon. When he came home to supper, his favorite dish had not been prepared as part of that meal. The old man fretted and scolded till fresh pork was added to the substantial.—He ate voraciously, as usual. In the evening he toasted some cheese, buttered and ate it.—Just before going to bed, he roasted a couple of apples and ate them. In the night he was taken with a severe colic. The doctor was with him till morning, and nearly wrought a miracle in saving the old man's life. The next day Bolles W—, one of his neighbors, went in to condole with the old Squire.

'Faithful Bolles,' said the old worthy, 'I like to have died last night. I'll never eat another roasted apple as long as I live. I never did love them very well, and last night I ate only two, and they nearly killed me.'

Bolles never told this story without laughing.—[N. Y. Messenger.]

INCOMES.—In comparison with Great Britain and the countries of the Continent, we have very few princely incomes among us. A man with \$100,000 a year would be an enormously rich man. We doubt if there are half a dozen in the whole country who spend this, although many have it. The income of Mr. Astor, for example, is enormous. We have heard it facetiously stated, that if he were to be placed in a room full of three cent pieces, armed with a shovel, he could not throw his income into a basket as fast as it really accumulated. No doubt many millionaires hide their incomes under a basket, and many more reputed ones are glad to hide their principle anywhere. But abroad, £20,000 is a very common income.—Wherever the law of primogeniture prevails incomes must enormously swell.

[Sunday Times.]

HISTORICAL.—We see a political party presenting candidates for the Presidency and the Vice Presidency, selected for the first time from the free states alone, with the avowed purpose of electing those candidates by suffrages of one part of the Union to rule over the whole United States.

The above extract, taken from a report of Mr. Fillmore's speech at Albany, is historically inaccurate. In 1828, the National Republican ticket contained the names of John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, and Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania.

The Democratic ticket, in 1828, was from the slave States, viz: Andrew Jackson, of Tenn. and John C. Calhoun, of S. C. In 1824, John C. Calhoun was a candidate for the Vice Presidency on tickets with three Presidential candidates from the slave states, viz: Andrew Jackson, William H. Crawford, of Georgia, and Henry Clay.—[Boston Transcript.]

PENNSYLVANIA AND KENNEDY RAILROAD.—At the annual meeting of this corporation on the 8th inst., the following gentlemen were chosen Directors for the ensuing year, almost unanimously:—Samuel Taylor, Jr., William Conner, T. W. Baldwin, Samuel Larimer, John Webber, Jacob Truac, Hollis Bowman.

By the report of the directors we learn that the trains have been regularly running since the first day of September, 1855; since then the trains have regularly run every day, with but very slight accident or interruption on account of the snow the past winter, or from any other cause.

One passenger train only has been run daily each way over the Road, and one freight train in like manner, with a passenger car attached. This has been found quite sufficient for the accommodation of all passenger travel, as well as for the transportation of all freight business required to be done on the Road up to this time.

The whole cost of the Road is \$1,789,275.61, being a large excess over the original estimate.

The total earnings of the Road since September, have been \$81,703. The running expenses of the Road have been \$49,854.40, of which only \$38,354.40 are properly chargeable to this account.

The number of local passengers has been 25,659, and of joint passengers 20,803. The receipts from the former have been \$22,989; from the latter \$31,163—Total \$5



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JULY 24, 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 us. His office is at Seely's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York. N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia. 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.

**WILL HE GET IT?**—In all discussions of the probable result of the presidential election, it is contended on the one side, and conceded on the other, that the slave states will go for Buchanan. On what ground these southern states, who are closely bound in the threat of dissolution if the full demands of slavery are not met, bring themselves with so much harmony to the support of a northern candidate and non-slaveholder, is a puzzle not yet solved, even by those northern voters who throw themselves into the lap of the South by supporting her candidates. But there is no mystery in this matter there. While the North admit the fact, the South understand the reason. They have searched history, watched measures and tried platforms; and with the concurrent testimony of all these even, it is not without the best labors of the southern press that the slaveholders of the South can be brought to support of candidate born and bred in the free North. And these doubts are natural; for who can believe that a man thus born can be sincere in his professed love for an institution that even its champions acknowledge a curse? But the matter is settled there, whatever may be the verdict of the North. The Richmond Enquirer, the great giant of the pro-slavery press, has sifted the archives of northern dough-faced co-operation to the dregs, for proof that James Buchanan has always been a consistent champion of the South against the North, of freedom against slavery. The Inquirer reviews the history of twenty years, and at the end of the investigation condenses the following summary for the comfort of its southern friends—the comfort of northern friends being left to shift for itself.

In 1836 Mr. Buchanan supported a bill to prohibit the circulation of abolition papers through the mails.

In the same year he proposed and voted for the admission of Arkansas, with a constitution which forbids the legislature to abolish slavery.

In 1837-7 he denounced and voted to reject petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

In 1837 he voted for Mr. Calhoun's famous resolutions, defining the rights of the States and the limits of federal authority, and affirming it to be the duty of the government to protect and uphold the institutions of the South.

In 1838-9 and 40, he invariably voted with Southern senators against the consideration of anti-slavery petitions.

In 1844-5, he advocated and voted for the annexation of Texas.

In 1847 he sustained the Clayton Compromise.

In 1850 he proposed and urged the extension of the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific Ocean.

But he promptly acquiesced in this Compromise of 1850, and employed all his influence in favor of the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.

In 1851 he remonstrated against an act of the Pennsylvania Legislature for obstructing the arrest and return of fugitive slaves.

In 1854 he negotiated for the acquisition of Cuba.

In 1856 he approves the repeal of the Missouri restriction, and supports the principles of the Kansas Nebraska Act.

After all which, the Inquirer triumphantly proclaims the conviction that Mr. Buchanan "never gave a vote against the interests of the South, and never uttered a word which could pain the most sensitive southern heart!"—adding with increasing enthusiasm the triumphant boast that he has "disclosed a consistency and an efficiency of service to the South, which flattery can claim for no other living man." (1)

**OUR BUTTERFLY.**—Dr. Holmes has given over of egg contest and discharged a whole posse of Winthrop hens. He now offers to compete in the fancy line, and enters the arena with a butterfly that measures half a foot across the back—including the wings. Here we are prepared to meet him; a kind friend having sent us one that measures the same across the wings, and is as fat as two of the doctor's—say about the size of a Winthrop hen. We don't tell this story without an effort, and some slight twinges of conscience—not so much for this single case, as for those destined to follow if the doctor pushes the butterflies as he did the hens. We beg him not to do so, as we know one of his subscribers who has thus far swallowed all his egg stories for facts, and who would stop his paper if he should discover the joke.

**A JOKE SPOILED.**—A line from the leader of the Piscataquis Brass Band, endorsed by the members of the band, denies the assertion that they refused to play under the "Buck and Brock" flag at Dover, no party flag having been raised over them. We are glad to hear that they were not thus tested, and shall excuse our informant on the ground that he was assured of the truth of the statement by those whose integrity he then considered good for the verity of the "joke," which he thought too good to be lost,—but he has lost it!

**GIDDINGS AND EDMUNDSON.**—The Washington correspondent of the New York Post relates the following anecdote:

Mr. Edmundson, during the present session, interrupted Giddings in one of his speeches, by approaching, and with a menacing air challenged him to "say that again!" The Shakspearian retort of the sturdy veteran was admirably telling. Shaking his white head with excitement, stretching forth his arms with indignant defiance, the brave old giant exclaimed: "Go show your slaves how choleric you are, and make your bondmen tremble!" But don't come here! Whereupon Mr. Edmundson returned to his seat.

## OUR TABLE.

**RETRIBUTION: A TALE OF PASSION.** By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Lost Victim," "Deserted Wife," "Missing Bride," "Wife's Victory," "Curse of Clifton," etc.

T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, announces that he has the above work in press, and that it will be ready for sale on the 16th of August. It will be published in one large duodecimo volume, neatly bound in cloth, for \$1.25; or in two volumes, paper cover, for \$1, and sent to any part of the country, free of postage. The admirers of Mrs. Southworth will doubtless hail this announcement with pleasure, and avail themselves of the opportunity presented for renewing their acquaintance with this favorite American author.

**NATIONAL MAGAZINE.**—The August number contains another chapter of Scandinavian Sketches, with illustrations; the first of a series of illustrated papers entitled "From Cairo to Heliopolis," which promises to be of interest and value; more Scenes from Cowper's Task, very beautiful; a chapter on Mineralogy; another Review Extraordinary, full of humor; Earthquakes and Volcanoes. These are the illustrated articles only; a host of others, on a variety of subjects, will also be found. Published by Carlton & Porter, New York, at \$2 a year.

**LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.**—Every number of this work is a treasury of good things. No. 635 contains Beaumont and his Times, Strachan, Mr. Rowland, part 6th of The Fortunes of Glencore, The Maori Race, Tripartite Treaty, European Intervention in America, Relations with England, Outrage in the American Senate, Decision of Lord Clarendon, Austria and Italy, Plan of the War in Kansas; with poetry and short articles as usual. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.**—The bill of fare in the August number promises two steel engravings—one a colored fashion plate; 100 pages, 47 engravings, and 61 contributions. In the July and August numbers are given eight pages of recipes for preserving all kinds of fruits, which to housekeepers must be of more value than a year's subscription. A new volume commenced with the July number, so that the present is a convenient time to subscribe. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

**LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION.**—The July number of this splendid work, now an acknowledged authority in the fashionable world, has a beautifully colored fashion plate, full size patterns, great numbers of designs for embroidery and patterns of different articles for ladies' wear, of the latest styles, with full directions and much valuable information; with music, &c. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

For the Eastern Mail.

## THE NORTH EAST CHAMBER.

A SUMMER RECORD.

VII.

## At Home, Saturday Evening.

Yes I am at home, at home sick! I never passed a night so unhappily, so miserably, as I did last night. I never knew before what it was to be broken of my rest by sickness; never realized that any one could suffer so much:

was never sensible that the night was any other than a season of repose, a time of rest. Do you know, kind reader, what it is to be sick; to be in pain and suffering all night; to have friends standing by your bed side; to have them step lightly around the room, and look with anxious care at you as you lay on your sick couch; to have the lamp burn faintly on the stand; to have little phials, with strings tied round the top standing on the table partly filled, and mysteriously labeled, with cups and spoons by their side; when you watch with weary eyes for the light of day to come in at your window, and count the strokes of the clock as it measures off the midnight hour, when it seems as though morning would never come! All this you have felt, all this you are acquainted with; you can imagine then, my feelings, my sufferings, my thoughts, as I was last night, with no rest, no sweet sleep, no pleasant dreams—for I was delicious, restless, and in a stupor all night. And to think that the cause of it all was my own carelessness. Yesterday afternoon I drank too much cold water, which brought on my illness. Very early this morning I started for home, and reached here before the folks were up. I rattled away at the door, and soon father came and opened it for me. I was so tired that I could hardly speak, and in answer to the question what the matter was, told him that I drank too much cold water the day before. "Well," said he, "I should think you was old enough and large enough to know better." That was all the consolation I got from him; but as soon as mother had the fire built, she prepared me some herb drink—simple strawberry-leaf or peppermint tea, such as mother only can make—fixed up her own bed, so that I could lie easily, and after having a short nap, I got up pretty smart with the exception of feeling somewhat soggy. This evening I am quite smart and think I shall be able to work again Monday.

## Sunday morning.

Then cheerful morning light! How through my lattice atoms welcome ray! Thou mid precursor of the perfect day, Dispel of the night.

I am sitting by the open window of my own attic, with the south wind sweetly blowing, and playing with the flowers and trees in the yard; the birds are joyfully singing, and the heavy peals of the bell come floating calmly along, with a summons to prepare for church. I am going.

## North East Chamber, Monday eve.

How time does pass; for it seems but a little while ago when we were in the woods at work, with the snow upon the ground and with the cold wind whistling through the open branches of the trees. Then came spring, the time of beauty and loveliness, when the days begin to grow longer, and the sun to set at night farther towards the north; seed time passed away—the grain which we put in the ground did the work which Nature intended it to do, and it now looks promising; our corn and potatoes have been hoed, our carrots taken care of, and now we are laying! Soon—yes, very soon—the harvest time, of getting in our crops, of digging potatoes and husking corn will come; bringing the short cool days and long evenings.

Yes, we have commenced haying. This is to me the most pleasant, as well as the most fatiguing part of our farm work. Years ago, when I was a little boy and could do nothing but spread the hay, and carry water and luncos to the field for the men, I used to take great delight in seeing them work, and I loved to see them hurry when a shower was coming, and just get into the barn with a load before it began to rain; then run into the house and in a great hurry wash up a lot of old quilts, coats and blankets, to cover up the bunches that could not be got in; and then sit by an open window and see it pour down, as the birds and men were resting, father reading, and mother getting supper.

When I rose this morning the sun was up some ways, and a thick heavy fog had taken the place of what was yesterday morning a clear bright sky. Before I left my room I heard the men below the house wetting their scythes, although the mist was so dense that I could not see them. How musical it did sound to hear them rasp, rasp, rasp; each trying to strike faster and louder than the others, and yet all keeping a regular stroke, and stopping at the same moment. When I came to my senses, and saw the sun so high up through the fog, and knew the men were at work, I hurried down as quick as possible, thinking that Dawes would be with them, and I could go out and work in the garden until breakfast time, and then come in as though nothing had happened; but as fate would have it, I met him at the door going up to call me. He looked at me a moment, then laughed, and said, "It must be you out late last night." I asked him if he called 10 o'clock late, but he didn't say, nor did I answer his question. Now, reader, between you and myself—for I don't want him to know it—I was out rather late for me. Today, just before dinner Dawes asked me what time it was, and without stopping to think how it was going to sound, answered: "I should think it was about sunset." This was proof enough for him, consequently I have had no peace all the afternoon. But it is right now, and I can sleep.

## Wednesday.

In the room where I am now writing, there is an old musket, one used by old uncle somebody—I have heard Daddy tell, but have forgotten—during the Revolutionary War. He was at the battle of Monmouth the 28th of June 1778, and it was so warm, and the heat was so intense, that he was afraid to use it. Passing by a muddy brook which ran across the battle-ground he stopped and held his gun into the water for a few moments, and it was so hot that it hissed. That old musket is hissing now! The spirit of '76 is in it yet, and although it is a little rusty, powder will soon wear it off. And my blood is boiling; you may not hear it, but I do; you may not, but I do at this moment feel it rushing through my veins. That old gun lays lost nothing by its long rest, the only wonder is that it was not wanted before; but I am thankful that another opportunity is offered me, that a chance is given me again, to carry it; and to go myself to fight for my country. What life more noble than to live for liberty and peace! What death more honorable than to die for our country!

How careful we ought to be of what we say, how we say it, who we say it to, and what we say it about; and yet how very natural it is for us to get hold of a part of anything, put a different construction to it, add more, take some away and tell it with a different meaning. These things turn out very much as the story did of the man who swallowed seven crows, and tracing the thing back through seven persons to the origin of it, the first said that it was something as black as a crow.

Speaking of mistakes, funny wasn't it, that Lord Byron should write such lines on the death of Kirk White? Lines, too, composed by White himself a short time before his death, and found among his papers; but how did it happen that such a great mistake was made in No. 6? These are the lines that Lord Byron did write on that occasion:

Unhappy White! while life was in his spring,  
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,  
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair  
Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there.  
On! what a noble feat was here achieved,  
When science's self destroyed her favorite son!  
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.

## Thursday morning.

The first stanza of this beautiful song is quoted by Shakespeare in "Measure for Measure," Act IV, Scene I. By some writers the whole has been attributed to him, but without sufficient reasons for its authenticity. The whole of it is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "Bloody Brother, or Rollo, Duke of Normandy," Act V, Scene II. Webster is of opinion that Shakespeare wrote the first stanza and Fletcher the last; yet there is no doubt but what Fletcher was the author of the whole. He wrote jointly with Beaumont, though it is not generally known what part each one took in the composition; but it is supposed that the judgment of the latter was used in correcting the fun and wit of the former. Fletcher was born in 1576, and died of the plague at London in 1625.

## SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,  
That so sweetly have foresworn;  
And those eyes that once did glow,  
And whose beams did breed the morn;  
Sights that do mislead the morn;  
But my kisses bring again,  
Sunk of love, but sealed in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,  
Which by frozen boons bears;  
On whose tops the plinks that grow,  
Are of those that April wears;  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound to those icy chains by thee.

## LANIUS.

\*Great or small, the mistake was our correspondent's. We don't consent to shoulder that load.

The weather, since the haying season commenced, has been sadly cut to pieces by sudden showers. The value of hay-caps will be better appreciated without the experiment than with, as men feel their losses more sensibly than their gains. Much hay has been damaged, though much has been saved by the caps. The injury is a hundred fold restored by the vigorous growth such weather gives to all classes of vegetation.

**FARMS.**—An unusual number of farms compete this year for the premiums offered for the best managed farm. They will probably be examined by the committee early in August. Applicants will have previous notice of the committee's visit.

A set of wicked ways, connected with the press, every little while conceals some wonderful story with which to deceive the unwary

reader. The celebrated Moon Hoax, published in the New York Sun, was probably the most ingenious thing of this kind ever manufactured, but to show to what extent this sort of wit is cultivated, at the present time, we copy on our first page, a very clever specimen, giving a circumstantial account of the wonderful scenes witnessed by a diver who recently descended to the wreck of the steamer Atlantic. It is very ingeniously done, but our readers need not be told a hoax from beginning to end.

**THE BURNING OF THE NORTHERN INDIANA.**—*Buffalo, July 18.*—We have the following additional particulars of the burning of the Northern Indiana: The fire originated in the wood work around one of the chimneys, and spread very rapidly. The vessel burned to the water's edge in fifty minutes. Mr. Wetmore, the first mate, commanding in the absence of Capt. Pheat, exerted himself to the utmost to save the vessel. He stood at his post, throwing doors, life-preservers, stools, &c., to the passengers, who, wild with excitement, were leaping overboard in masses. The weather was pleasant, and a dead calm prevailed, and Mr. Wetmore says, could he have controlled the recklessness of the passengers in jumping overboard, not one of them would have been lost.

During the excitement, some of the firemen and deck hands launched a small boat, into which several of them jumped, but it was drawn under the wheels of the steamer, and they were lost.

The steamer was towed in shore by the propeller Republic, and now lies in Pigeon Bay, above Point au Pelee, in ten feet of water. Her hull is said to be uninjured, and with favorable weather she can be towed into port.

With regard to the number lost, the reports are conflicting; and a correct estimate cannot be made, as the trip sheets were destroyed.

Mr. Marsh, the clerk of the vessel, arrived at Cleveland this morning. He says that not less than fifty have been lost. The propeller Republic, supposed to have saved a number of the passengers, arrived at Detroit this morning, with several of the crew, but with only two of the passengers.

**DETROIT, July 18.**—The number of passengers saved from the Northern Indiana, brought up by the Mississippi, is 142. The following persons are known to be lost: Newell Turner and A. Gray of Rome, Me.; Michael Burke and Thos. Farie, firemen, of Buffalo; Mrs. Eliza Blanchard of Augusta, Me.; Henry Nims and child of Tutty, N. Y.; Augustine Fortwell of Buffalo; George Lawson of Brockport, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Ladaway of England; Mrs. Mary Ackay's, her father, mother, husband and two children, of England; G. Smith of Buffalo; Eugene Cary and child of Greenburg, Wis.; Miss Jennings of Waverly, Ill.; Ezekiah Thomas of Buffalo; Nicholas Common of Rochester; a lady and a child of Louisville; three coal heavers, a deck hand and a child.

It is feared that more than these have been lost. The captain of the Republic thinks more were saved, except those on board of his own vessel and the Mississippi.

Our citizens held a meeting last night, and raised \$800 for the sufferers, and several more hundreds were raised for them today. Every attention is paid to them. Free railroad and steamboat passes are furnished them, and the hotels and telegraph line are also free to them.

The investigation of the accident was not commenced this evening by the Coroner of this city as the calamity occurred beyond the bounds of the city, having taken place in Montgomery County, and most of the bodies were removed to this city before the Coroner of that county had seen them. A joint investigation by both Coroners will probably commence to-morrow.

The following from Maine, of the passengers and crew on board the steamer Northern Indiana, burned 17th inst., are reported as saved: Caroline Turner, Rome; Joseph Twitchell, Oldtown; Eldridge Blanchard, Augusta.

**FREE LABORERS READ THIS!**—The Montgomery (Alabama) Mail, of May 15, thus notices the murder of Keating by the Cincinnati Delegate and member of Congress, Herbert: "SHOT THE RINGLEADER."—A few days ago Mr. Herbert, (formerly of Tuscaloosa, in this State) M. C. from California, was attacked by a mob of the waters at his hotel, in Washington. He promptly put a bullet through the head waiter and then surrendered to the authorities. There is no doubt he acted in self-defense.

It is getting time that hotel waiters a little further North were convinced that they are servants, and not 'gentlemen' in disguise. We hope that this affair will teach them prudence."

This is a fair sample of the estimation in which the free white laborer is held by the slaveholding oligarchy. Now contrast the above with Col. Fremont's opinion of the worth of Free Labor:

"Free Labor—the natural capital which constitutes the real wealth of this great country, and creates that intelligent power in the masses alone to be relied on as the bulwark of free institutions."—[John C. Fremont's Letter of Acceptance.]

**THAT "PATRIOTARY STRUCTURE."**—Col. Denton, in a recent speech in Missouri, speaks thus of the Cincinnati massacre:

"I have told you of the attempt to kill off Buchanan in the Convention under the two thirds rule; there was another attempt, of a different kind, to do the same thing. It was with a platform—a patriatory structure with a rope over the head, and a trap door under the feet; and so contrived that if he got on it, he was strung up in the North; if he did not, he was laid out at the South. His friends found out the game, and determined to mount it, be it what it might."

This description of the structure explains Mr. Buchanan's disappearance into it, as announced by himself, when he said he was no longer simply James Buchanan. That trap-door under the feet did the business for him. The South has caged him, and the 'patriatory structure' is the grating through which he must peep until the 4th of November, when he will be set at liberty; again, 'simply James Buchanan,'—not President by a long chalk. It is rather cruel to thus confine him, when his hope of recompense is so small; but then he shouldn't have jumped on the trap-door, in dodging the 'rope over the head.' [Northern Home Journal.]

**MR. VAN BUREN DOWN SOUTH.**—The Sage of Kinderhook does not please the Southrons. The Richmond Whig, in noticing his latest letter makes use of the following language: "If there is any man within the limits of the republic who is cordially abhorred and detested by intelligent and patriotic men of all parties at the South, that man is Martin Van Buren."

**WHITE AND BLACK SLAVERY.**—The Richmond Enquirer, a leading southern journal says "While it is far more obvious that negroes should be slaves than whites, for they are only fit for labor, yet the principle of slavery is itself right, and does not depend on difference of complexion!"

**METAMORPHOSED.**—The following which 'transpired' a few days since at Easton, Pa., is worth 'imparting':

Two old associates who had in former years worked shoulder to shoulder in the phalanx of 'the untermen,' chancing to meet, and feeling a natural curiosity, in these changeable days, as to each others present political whereabouts a brief colloquy ensued:

"Well, Judge," says the first interlocutor, "where do you stand? You go for Buchanan, I suppose?"

"Sir," responded the other, "there is no man I have thought more of than Jim Buchanan. I should go for Jim Buchanan, if he was running; but as he isn't a candidate, I must go for some one else."

"Not running! not a candidate! Why, Judge I am a little dull; I shall have to ask for an explanation."

"It's plain enough. I said Jim Buchanan was not running, and I have his word for it, sir. Jim Buchanan has extinguished himself; changed, merged, transmogrified himself into a Platform. Don't he say so himself in his acceptance of the Cincinnati nomination? I tell you it is not Jim Buchanan, sir, but the Cincinnati Platform that is running! and as I don't like the Platform, and have a fancy for voting for a man, I shall go for FREMONT, sir." [N. Y. Times.]

**NATIONALITY DANGEROUS AT THE SOUTH.**—To the taunts that there were but few delegates from the South in the Philadelphia Convention, it is sufficient to say that some of these few have already been threatened with popular vengeance. It isn't safe to be national at the South. We wonder how many Northern delegates there would have been at Cincinnati if each one had reason to suppose he was in danger of a tar and feather reception on his return home? And yet it is by such little appliances as these, that some people are able to call one convention national and the other sectional!

**PRESIDENT LORD VS. FREMONT.**—We understand that President Lord of Dartmouth College, who is known to have a craze on the subject of slavery, has forbidden the formation of Fremont Clubs by the students of that College. His prohibition, however, is disregarded. He also forbade one of the literary societies of the College inviting the Rev. Mr. Chapin of New York to address them at the approaching Commencement. The society, however, paid no attention to the funny old gentleman, but secured the services of the eloquent N. York divine.

Preston S. Brooks has given in his adhesion to Mr. Buchanan in a warm letter. Mr. Brooks says:

"Mr. Buchanan was neither my first nor second choice for the Presidency; but, as the representative of a type of principles, and standing boldly as he does upon the Baltimore platform, upon which Gen. Pierce was carried into power—enlarged, improved and strengthened as it has been by the supplemental resolutions adopted at Cincinnati, and by which resolutions our principles, as practically applied to the Territory of Kansas, have been re-endorsed by the American Democracy and by their nominee—I could not be unfaithful to the man without treachery to the principles he represents."

**PLEA OF DRUNKENNESS.**—We find in the Washington Union a sermon delivered June 8, in the East-street Baptist Church, by Rev. George W. Samson, the pastor, of which the Union speaks as "a timely and eloquent discourse, appropriate to the times, and to be read with profit by all classes of the community." In this highly commendable homily we are somewhat surprised to discover a distinct intimation that the perpetrators of the late acts of violence in Washington city, in nearly every instance, prepared themselves for mischief by liberally drenching their brains in rum. Our Dominie Samson says:

"Among the repeated acts of violence committed lately in our city, how instructive and full of warning the fact that the stimulus of intoxicating drinks has in some cases been resorted to expressly to prepare the actor for his work! How manifest the wrong and its remedy when men seek not to be themselves, but that they may do an act from which conscience shrinks! What a teacher on this point is even Shakespeare in his Macbeth; man shifting on another spirit the responsibility of an act which his own reason would not let him perform."

The truth, we believe, is coming at last. Your Rusts, Brooks and Keitts, not only armed themselves for their murderous work with fleshly weapons, but resorted to the spirituous, thus deliberately extinguishing conscience and the dictates of honor and manhood, as preparatives for acts which in cool blood they could not execute. In stigmatizing these transactions as 'brutal' and 'bestial,' there was at the first blush harshness, now fully justified by this disclosure. The fact also speaks trumpet-tongued to those who, upon sober contemplation, record their approbation of such excesses. The active agents had, it seems, enough of conscience and fairness left to require the powerful sedative of liquor to overcome their instinctive aversion to the perpetration of a mean thing. Else they were cowards, whose nerves needed the vicious impulse of alcohol to bear them through with it. But the cane-presenting, resolution-passing mob of glorifiers, who exult in the acts, without the excuse of drunkenness, urged for their heroes, what shall be said for their sense of right, or justice, or humanity? Herein is another topic for the Preacher of the Capital, to which the Union may safely devote its columns another time. [N. Y. Times.]

**FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN BOSTON.**—The Barque Growler arrived in Boston yesterday morning from Mobile, with a Fugitive slave on board. He attempted to escape to the shore by jumping overboard, but a boat from the bark was dispatched after him which overtook him and conveyed him back to the vessel.

Meanwhile the news spread through the city that the Growler had a Fugitive Slave on board, and steps were immediately taken for his liberation. A writ of habeas corpus was granted by Judge Metcalf of the Supreme Court, and placed in the hands of an officer, who immediately went on board the vessel and by virtue of his writ took the Fugitive into custody.

In the afternoon he was brought before Judge Metcalf, when the returns of the officers were read, and it appearing that there was no one on board the vessel having any claim upon the Fugitive, Judge Metcalf ordered him to be discharged, amid loud cheers from the audience which crowded the court room. Measures were immediately taken to forward the man to Canada.

A diabolical attempt was made on Wednesday night, to blow up the dwelling house of Mr. Wetmore, of Brighton Mass. There were twelve persons sleeping in the house and one was injured, as all occupied chambers. The keg of powder was placed in a cellar kitchen, and all the force of the explosion was expended on the lower stories, the furniture was smashed, and the house greatly damaged.

Nothing is known as to the cause of the murderous attempt.

## The Yankee Woman.

When the Yankee woman goes to ride with her children, she considers it necessary to keep them from falling out—puts one foot on one child, another foot on another—holds baby in one hand, and carpet-bag in the other.

Rises—budget in hand, and change in her mouth—two minutes before the cars come to a stop.

Give her a morning call—she will peep through the side-light at the ring of the door-bell; if you are a pedlar she will make her appearance, and give you an answer. If you are a minister, she will slip on a pretty dress and cap, and cordially receives you into the parlor.

The Yankee woman bakes, brews, and fries in the forenoon; makes the boys' button holes in the afternoon; snatches half an hour after supper for practicing on the piano; makes calls or attends lectures in the evening.

Does up the winter sewing in summer, for the chance of doing the summer sewing in winter.

Spends a week in the mysteries of pastry, salads, creams; and, at the last moment, makes curls, draws on gloves, and appears as hostess for the brilliant party. Never mind those colored waiters—they are only hired for show, like the chandeliers—they never performed a bit of the hard labor for this party—it was done by the Yankee lady.

How do European ladies manage?

Don't know. I happen to be a Yankee.

In the midst of the multiplicity of roastings, bakings, boilings, scrubbing, and polishing, the Yankee woman always manages to send the children to school with clean faces and aprons.

When Tom rushes in with pantaloons torn, she puts him to bed till they are mended.

Makes her own bonnet, and leaves the neighbors to their conjectures as to whether it came from Upham's or Bigelow's—also whether the cost was five dollars or fifteen.

Wears the last baby in season for the arrival of the next.

If an Irishman be handy, or money be tight digs out the cellar herself; and you will see the results of that economy, next month, in the top flourance of a new dress.

The Yankee woman can talk; let her little boy be accused of quarrelsomeness in the street and won't she give you a call? and won't she entertain you rapidly for one hour and a half? can you get in ten words edge-wise?

The Yankee woman will have her poetry in life, she will get it somewhere; if she can't play on the piano, she will work points on the neck of her little girl's frocks, or, at least, have the brightest tins, and whitest tables in the country; most likely she will command piano, embroidery, and bright tins, all three.

The Yankee woman has her thoughts about her, the Yankee woman understands cost and come to; don't the shopman have to take down every piece of goods from his shelves, before she will decide concerning half a yard of cambric?

Does she ever offer the baker a ninepence when the price is twelve cents?

She never has to ask the milkman the amount of the quarterly bill—ten chances to one if there be any bill. The Yankee woman is good at cash; she hates bills of one kind; bills of another kind she hugs and cherishes. [Chelsea Telegraph.]

**MAINE CONFERENCE.—APPOINTMENTS.**—The Maine Conference of the M. E. Church closed its session at Gardiner, Tuesday evening the 8th inst. Bishop B. Waugh, Presiding. About 70 ministers were present. The public meetings and anniversaries of the societies we understand were very interesting. The following are some of the appointments in this vicinity:

**Presiding Elders.**—Readfield Dist. John Young; Gardiner Dist. Charles C. Cone; Portland Dist., W. F. Farrington.







