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EASY WARREN.

BY WILLIAM T. COGHSHALL.

Raymond Warren was a 'nice' man—everybody's clever fellow, as I heard a public man once remark, 'a very extensive office,' with numerous duties, never discharged. Raymond used to sit in a chimney-corner late, very late on a winter's night, because he was too shiftless to get ready for bed. But after a while the fire burned low—the glow on the embers faded, and it grew cold in the chimney-corner; then Raymond became chilly, and he would sneak to rest, where his wife perhaps had been for several hours, endeavoring to recover from the severe fatigue of a day's work, into which had been crowded the greater portion of her husband's legitimate duties. Raymond owned a large farm, left him by his father. It was good land, but the fences were not in repair, and everybody's cattle roamed through the fields, and Raymond's crops were not sufficient to yield the family a decent support. The farm had once been well stocked, but for want of proper attention the cattle became poor—the sheep were never folded, even in the most rigorous weather, and many of them died. The wool was never properly sheared and washed, and when sent to market it would not bring the market price. Had it not been for Raymond's wife, who was a business woman, the family must often have suffered for the common necessities of life.

Raymond's chores were rarely attended to by himself, but was a neighbor sick, no man was more willing to work in his place. He was relied upon as the man who would always neglect his own interests, to look after those of somebody else. He could never set himself at his own farm-work, but he was considered an excellent hand, when, to oblige a neighbor he took a job in his field.

It was a bleak morning in mid-winter. Raymond Warren's wife was in the barn-yard feeding the cattle—Raymond was in bed. The light of a brisk fire which his wife had built, shone directly in his face. It awakened him—the room was warm, and Raymond was persuaded by its inviting appearance, to arise. He sat down by the fire-place in his shirt sleeves, and waited for his wife to come and get him some breakfast. As he warmed himself, he felt that he had reason to congratulate himself on his happy situation, and he said to himself—

"Tain't every man's got such a wife as I have. Here she's made a good fire, and I'll bet the chores are all done."

The chores were done, and Raymond had scarcely finished his soliloquy, when the useful wife hastened to the fire-place to warm her hands, which had become thoroughly chilled by the cold handle of the pitchfork, with which she had been throwing hay and straw to the cattle.

It might be supposed that these occurrences took place early in the morning—not so. It was ten o'clock when Raymond Warren left his bed. His wife had been sewing for two hours, before she prepared her breakfast; then she urged Raymond for an hour longer to get up. He made fair promises but left them all unfulfilled. She waited until it was nine o'clock, and then, knowing her husband's easy habits, and ashamed to have the cattle unfed at that hour of the day, she determined to attend to their wants herself.

Raymond's first salutation to her as she stood by the fire, was,

"I wish I had some tea, Sally—but never mind, you've put the things away—a little warm water, with a little milk and sugar in it, will do just as well, and 'while you are about it you may get me a little piece of bread; but just as you choose; no matter about it anyhow. 'Tain't every man's got such a woman for a wife."

She might have answered,

"It is not every woman that has such a husband."

But she knew such remarks would only make bitter feelings, and though fatigued with the violent exercise she had taken, she went cheerfully and prepared her easy good-natured husband a cup of tea and a slice of toast, and then asked him if he would not eat some wood.

"To be sure I will," was his response. His breakfast over, he took up his axe, mounted the wood pile, and cut half a dozen sticks, when along came a neighbor, who wanted Raymond to accompany him to a saw-mill about two miles distant, and assist in loading upon a sled some boards which had been sawed for him—of course Raymond went, and his wife was compelled to cut wood enough to last till the following day.

Mrs. Warren was in appearance a feeble woman, but she had endured hardships which would have destroyed the constitution of one more robust. Day after day her strength failed her, but she made no complaint. Raymond saw that she grew pale, and was often disturbed with fears in regard to her, but he was too easy to mention the subject, and the useful wife became more and more feeble. At last she was seized with a violent cough. Raymond was one day thoughtful enough to speak to the village doctor as he passed their house, with his condoning medicine portmanteau, who had some knowledge of Raymond's peculiar feelings, left the woman an innocent picture, and forbade exposure to the cold atmosphere and under any circumstances, and also declared that her complaint was of a character very much aggravated by severe exercise.

For a few days Raymond remembered the doctor's counsel, and as he had respect for his physician, he obeyed him, as nearly as his constitutional failings permitted, but soon the wife was again obliged to chop wood and feed the cattle, and taking a severe cold, she faded and would fade the summer season in a frigid climate.

When Raymond Warren's house was desolate and his shoulders aches, he saw what had been his greatest error during the two years of his married life, and he mourned, his wife deeply, it must be said in his favor, both as a helpmate and a companion. He rented his farm and managed to exist 'easily' for one year; but he was a domestic man—he was not satisfied with a childless widow's solitary lot, and he began to look about him for a second helpmate and companion. In a few months he took to his home a woman who he confidently felt would fill the place left vacant by his first wife. Sadly was Raymond disappointed.

A few weeks elapsed and he fell into his old habits, with complete abandon. Leaving his own work in a neglected state, he worked diligently one day to assist a neighbor in getting wood to his house, and he returned to his home late at night, hungry and fatigued, expecting that his wife would have ready for his refreshment an inviting supper. In this hope he had refused to take supper with the neighbor whom he had assisted. Poor fellow! the kitchen, where was to have been his excellent supper, attended by a smiling wife, was cold and unoccupied. No fragrant board was there, and Mrs. Warren was in bed. Raymond was much astonished, but was too good-natured to complain, and he ventured to explore the cupboard for a crust on which to satisfy the cravings of his appetite. Not a crumb was there. It was evident his wife had designed that he should go to bed supperless; and sup-

perless to bed he did go, grieving seriously over his hard lot. He had never before been treated so badly, and he thought it was indeed distressing, but yet his disappointment was not sad enough to revolutionize his constitutional good nature, and without a mutter he fell sound asleep.

Raymond did not hear chattering salute the morning, as it dawned after the night of his disappointment. It was spring-time, and the birds sang under his window, but he heard them not; yet he heard his wife who had risen before the sun, call him,—

"Mr. Warren, here I've been for an hour in the cold. The wood's all burned. It's time I had some cut. If you want any breakfast, you had better get up."

Was Raymond dreaming? Was this a voice of reproach, that came to him in his sleep, with recollections of the wife that had gone before him to the Spirit Land? Not so—it was a voice from the wife that dwelt with him in this sphere of existence, that came to remind him of duties not discharged, upon the performance of which depended the satisfaction of those desires which had intruded vision of feasts upon the hours of rest. All this he felt, still he did not offer to leave his couch.

"Raymond Warren," again said the voice, "you left me yesterday without wood, to help a neighbor to get wood for his wife, and you went to bed last night without your supper. You'll not get a bite to eat in this house till you bring me wood to cook it with."

"There's plenty of ships," said Raymond, in palliation, rising on his elbow as he spoke.

"Get up, then, and bring them into the house," said the resolute wife. "I didn't know you when we were married, but I know you now. I know what killed your first wife. You want to make a slave of me. I'll attend to my duties; but if you don't do your chores, the cattle may starve, and you'll never get a bite to eat in this house unless you take it uncooked, if you don't cut wood yourself or get somebody to do it for you."

Raymond started bolt upright, and it was not many minutes before he was at the wood pile. Diligently did he work till he had cut an armful, which like a dutiful husband, for the first time in his life, he carried into the kitchen.

His wife made no allusion to what had passed between them, and Raymond, although burning with curiosity to know where she had learned what she had revealed to him, dared not commence conversation in relation to it. The train of his ill might revive was fearful to the easy man's mind. His breakfast over, he forgotful of his lesson, careless Raymond wandered away from home, his necessary morning labors in his farm yard unattended to, and his woodpile unvisited. He returned home at noon, strong in the faith that he should sit down to a good dinner, because he was one of those men who think that a wife should always give her husband a good dinner, whether she have anything to cook or not. Mrs. Warren had enough to cook, but nothing to cook it with; however, much to Raymond's satisfaction, when he entered his home he found the table spread, and he knew he should soon be invited to take a seat near it.

When the invitation came, he hastened to his accustomed seat, lifted the cover from a dish that he supposed contained meat; and, truly, there was meat, but just as it came from the butcher's. Raymond was not a cannibal; he looked at his wife inquiringly; she appeared to be waiting patiently to be served. He lifted the cover of another dish;—there were potatoes just as they were dug from the earth. All the dishes that usually contained the victuals were covered. Raymond grew suspicious, and he lifted the covers hastily. There was bread, as it had come from the tray; there were turnips that had never been under the influence of fire; there were apples handsomely sliced for sauce, and there were numerous other edibles, but none of them could Raymond eat. He turned for consolation to a cup of tea his wife had deposited near his plate. There were tea leaves, floating in his cup, but the tea looked remarkably pale; nevertheless, Raymond by force of habit, blew it vigorously to prepare it for his palate. But when he put it to his lips, he found that he had wasted his breath; for the water was cold as when it came from the spring.

Raymond was not a hasty man. He placed back his chair deliberately and thought aloud: "In the name of heaven, what does this mean?"

Mrs. Warren, whose countenance during this scene had worn a sober aspect, now smiled pleasantly, and answered,—

"The victuals were all on the stove the usual time."

"It's strange they were not cooked," said Raymond.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Warren; "there was no wood to cook them with."

In an instant Easy Warren then saw what a 'meal' there was in his novel dinner, and with a keen appetite, he went to work on the wood pile. He took his dinner and supper to that day, and he remembered that Mrs. Warren said;

"Now, Raymond whenever you leave me without wood, you must eat victuals that have been cooked on a cold stove."

Many women would have stormed and scolded, but Mrs. Warren knew there was a better way to correct her easy husband's carelessness or shiftlessness, as the reader pleases.

One day there was no flour in the house, and Raymond was about to go with some neighbor to a town meeting, when his wife bid his best coat, and reminded him of the empty flour barrel. Another day, his corn was to be gathered when a neighbor desired him to assist him with his horses and wagon. It was a neighbor who often received favors, but seldom rendered one, yet Raymond Warren could not refuse him. But when he went to hitch his horses before his wagon, he found that one of the wheels was missing. Of course the neighbor was disappointed. In the afternoon, when Raymond expressed a wish to haul his corn, his wife told him where he could find the lost wagon wheel.

Thus was Easy Warren's household managed until he began to realize practically what the error of his life had been. People said: 'Warren's farm looks better than it did some years ago.' Mrs. Warren never interfered with Raymond's business except when he neglected it, and then she never found fault or scolded, but took occasion to show his neglect to him in a manner which impressed him with his injustice to his own interests.

Raymond's cattle were well cared for, and were in good order. When his fences were

down, if he did not replace them, his wife employed a neighbor to make the necessary repairs. His wife took the papers, and read; she knew the state of the market, and to oblige her, Raymond had his grain in the market when the price was highest. Some people said:

"Easy Warren is a hen-pecked husband." But he knew better; and he often boasted that his wife was more of a 'business man' than he was.

They had lived together peaceably for some years, when, one day, Raymond was in good humor thinking over his prosperous condition, and he told his wife: 'I'm a woman's rights man, of the true grit. They may say you wear the breeches, if they please;—I'm satisfied to have you do the thinking about our farm. And now I see what a fool I've been, I must make up for my early shiftlessness.' He did make up for his early shiftlessness; and, under his judicious wife's training, he became industrious, instead of Easy Warren.

Mrs. Warren had the correct idea of woman's rights and woman's wrongs. We commend her management to those who have 'easy' husbands. Especially do we commend it to those unfortunate women who have earned for themselves the opprobrious title of 'scolds.'

Poor Whites.

The state of the poorer classes at the South has excited but little attention, until a comparatively recent period. Some of the first statements which brought the subject vividly to men's minds were made in Mr. Cassius Clay's paper, written, we believe, by Mr. John C. Vaughan, a native of South Carolina, and once a slaveholder, lately editor of the Cleveland Leader, and now of the Chicago Tribune. Since then the condition of the poor whites has been used as an ancillary topic in anti-slavery discussions, and the eyes of travellers at the South have been more open to observe this particular phase of Slavery. The state of these unhappy lazzaroni, who as necessarily spring from despotism in Carolina as in Naples, as vermin are bred by filth and corruption, is most interesting to contemplate. Let the honest poor of the North, to whom and to their children a future is possible, who are furnished with means of education to fit them for an improved condition, and with a fair field to win it—let them regard the state of the white work-people at the South, and see what is the fate that if it could have their unresisted way.

Of course, the poor whites swarm the most where Slavery is the rankest. In the farming and breeding States their condition is not so wretched nor so hopeless as it is farther South, though still the reports of the Home Missionary Society as to the spiritual destitution of Virginia and Kentucky, and the vast multitudes that are denied the comforts even of a Northern men to the real cause of this degradation. The terrible disproportion of the able to read and write to those utterly unfurnished with these first helps to knowledge in the most favored of the slave States, is another evidence of something rotten in them, which one would think must compel the dullest to attend. If ignorance, and the mental and moral vices and degeneracies of which ignorance is the fruitful mother, be divinely ordained for the slaves, because without this progeny of evils and their dam Slavery could not exist, are they also a part of God's dealings with the poor white men of the South? Can this state of things be traced to any source excepting the system which blights the minds and hearts as well as the lands on which its baleful shadow falls?

As we advance southward into the Carolinas and the cotton and sugar growing States, the condition of this unhappy class grows worse and worse. Perhaps there is no part of that European peasantry which we hear so often cited as a proof, by comparison, of the beneficent effects of Slavery, plunged in a state of such sordid and abject degradation, not only as to education and intelligence, but with respect of food, clothing and habitation, as the Sandhillers and Crackers of the Carolinas, and the corresponding classes in the other planting States. The older the State the more numerous is this degraded caste; but the necessary tendency of Slavery is to create it where it is not, and to multiply it where has begun to exist. These poor creatures, it will be remembered, are the descendants, not many times removed, from comfortable farmers or opulent gentlemen of the better days—or rather the earlier days—of the plantations of the south. Slavery has eaten out their life's life, put its brand upon their foreheads, clothed them in rags, sent them away empty, blighted their minds, quenched their hopes, and made them the contempt and derision of the very slaves themselves. The existence of these Pariahs accounts for many of the anomalies of Southern policy. Hence the avowed hostility to general education at the South. Besides the economical impossibility of any educational system growing out of the impoverished and pauperized condition of the country, the dominant slaveocrat dreads the instruction of his poor white neighbor as he does that of the slaves. He must be kept in ignorance lest he detect the cause of his misery and rise to throw it off. Hence, too, the embargo on Northern books and papers which have any taint of Freedom in their pages. Of course they cannot fear their harming the slaves who cannot read. It is to hinder their falling in the way of the few of their white serfs who may have picked up a knowledge of reading; and from whom the dreaded contagion might spread among their fellows.

And it is a system which thus distorts the image of God in man—in the white man!—which the Government of the country is striving with all its mighty power—and by help, too, of almost inconceivable outrages—to spread over a yet wider domain.—[Tribune.]

ENGLISH CRITICISM.—A laugh is sometimes raised at the expense of American papers, for the extravagance and absurdity of their literary notices; but the London Standard can rather surpass anything done in this line in the United States. A late number of that journal, speaking of a new novel says: "This is a story of wild passion, which tears its way through luxurious scenes to terrible catastrophes, tramping on human hearts in its course, but still, by virtue of its essential truth and earnestness, attaining a haven of happy calm at last. The scene in which the lovely heiress confesses her passion, in the conservatory at sunset, to the almost inspired young artist, and the powerful conception of the hot-blooded and cruelly disappointed lover, would alone suffice to make

this book a work of mark." After this, let us hear no more of ridiculous American criticism.

Mysterious Providence.

A Correspondent of the Country Gentleman, tells something about 'Mysterious Providences,' which is worthy of a careful reading:

"What a mysterious providence," say the farmer's wives, as they come together to look for the last time on one of their number; and they glance pityingly at the bereaved husband, and the large family of children, varying in size from the tall youth, or the blooming maiden down to the little child. Truly it is a mystery that she should be taken away in the prime of life, when her children need her watchful care and counsel more than ever before. But let us examine into the life led by most farmer's wives, and see if we can gain a clue to the 'mysterious providence' which so often leaves the family circle desolate.

A young farmer marries, and for a year or two his wife can do very well without help, but by and by his work is too much for him alone, and he must hire a man; and one by one, little children increase the family, and the burden is much heavier than when she took it up; but the farmer is just getting a start and must economize if they want to get rich, as everybody else does, so she gets along somehow without help. She rises early, milks the cows, and gets breakfast, sometimes for several men, dresses the children, washes dishes, skims milk, cleans, sweeps the rooms, makes beds, prepares dinner, 'clears up,' snatches an hour or two to sew, gets supper, milks again, puts the children to bed, and after they and husband are fast asleep, sits up to sew till midnight, that she may save hiring a seamstress. In addition to this daily routine, she does all the washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, white-washing, soap making, and hog killing work; it would cost so much to hire help; so year after year she toils and drudges, not allowing herself the least opportunity for improving her mind, so that she may be a better guide and counsellor to her children. And very soon her face is faded and careworn, her temper soured and fretful, and herself prostrated every now and then by severe illness, only to resume her unending labor as soon as her returning strength permits.

And thus she yearly becomes less able to bear the burden of her increasing household duties. If the husband is a kind considerate man who has been taught to assist his mother in boyhood and makes her work lighter, by carrying wood and water, nursing the baby while in the house, and by doing numberless little things, which may be trifling in themselves, but which are of great importance in the aggregate; but too many men leave the wife to draw water, and if the wood gets cut half the time, she considers herself fortunate, and as for the baby, why he thinks it is women's place to nurse, and so it frets and cries, or mamma must work with it in her arms, while he reads his paper, or talks with his hired men. Well the farm increases in value and fertility, and his labor in producing for his family becomes lighter, as he is able to hire more help; but it is an old thing both to himself and wife, for her to do all the household work, with what little help the elder children, if they are girls, can give her, for if they are boys they can't think of making them work in the house, it ain't customary; and so she toils on in the same old fashion.

And when the comfortable new house is done and nicely furnished, and her older children are beginning to be a real help to her, the pale, weak, sickly wife and mother, lies down to die. Truly her sun goes down at noonday. She has saved, by ceaseless, wearing toil, hundreds of dollars for the husband, and he has lost the companion of his youth, the one who walked beside him through life's most thorny path. And friends say it is a 'mysterious providence!' Just as if God ordained that the mother should be taken from her children just when they are most exposed to temptation and danger! Instead of laying it on Providence, let us look to the days spent in toil, when the weak and exhausted frame was suffering from disease, induced perhaps by continued over exertion, to the hours stolen for needed slumber, and devoted to labor; to the numberless household duties performed with a fretful child upon her arm; to the immense amount of time spent in cooking over a hot fire; and the many sleepless nights spent in anxious, wearisome watching over sick children. Viewed in this light, is it so very mysterious that so many women die when they should be enjoying life with the keenest relish.

SUCKERING CORN.—We once believed in the doctrine that suckers should be removed from corn, as much as from trees; but experience, for years past, has satisfied us that Dame Nature made no mistake when she put them there. She had a purpose in the arrangement, and that was one of beneficence to the crop.

It is known that the pollen falls from the spindle and fructifies the ear through the silks, each of which connects with an embryo kernel. The threads or silks come from the lower part of the cob first, which is impregnated by the pollen that falls from the tassels; but the remaining silks are later, and depend upon the spindles from the sucker to provide pollen for them. Facts verify this theory. Corn that is thoroughly suckered, will have no corn on the tips; whilst that which is best filled will be found in fields where nature has been left to take her own course in this respect.

CHURCHES AND MORALS IN CALIFORNIA.

A California paper, referring to the wickedness which it says is now so rampant in San Francisco, remarks that: 'We lack not churches or congregations, but we lack a spirit of teaching which would inculcate pure morality rather than outside deference to religious rites. Without a people inherently moral, we need expect no aid from the prevalence and the observance of religious forms. Splendid churches can do us no good—eloquent pastors can do us no good, while parade and ceremony are the leading features of public worship; nor while the transition from the church to the public drinking saloon is so easy, can it be hoped that sermons can much avail.'

THE CAMELS ARE COMING.—The introduction of camels, under the patronage of our Government, for the purposes of travel and transportation in unsettled districts, has commenced in Texas. A number of animals imported, and under the care of Maj. Wayne, have been sent back to St. Antonio. Two humped-back camels harnessed to a wagon, presented a novel sight. It will take more than one importation and more than one season to acclimate them to our changeable climate.

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

All night about their rocky bed,
They saw the stars march slow;
The wild Sierra overhead,
The desert's death below.
The Indian from his lodge of bark,
The grey bear from his den,
Beyond their camp-dre's wall of dark,
Glared on the mountain men.
Still upward turned with anxious strain,
Their leader's sleepless eye,
Where splinters of the mountain chain
Brook blank against the sky.
The night waned slow; at last a glow,
A gleam of sudden fire,
Shot up behind the walls of snow,
And tipped each icy spire.
"Up, men!" he cried: "on rocky crumb
To day, please God, we'll pass."
To day, please God, we'll pass.
And look from Winter's frozen home
On Summer's flowers and grass!
They set their faces to the blast,
The tread the eternal snow,
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
The promised land below.
Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed
By many an icy horn,
Before, warm valleys, wood-embosomed,
And green with vines and corn.
They left the winter at their backs,
To step his battle wing,
And downward, with the cataraets,
Leaped to the lap of Spring.
Strong leader of that mountain band!
Another task remains,
To break from Slavery's desert land
A path to Freedom's plains.
The winds are wild, the way is drear,
Yet flashing through the night,
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear
Blaze out in morning light!
Rise up, Fremont! I and go before;
The hour must have its man,
Put on the hunting shirt once more,
And lead in Freedom's van!

A Deed of Chivalry.

Within a few years past it has been not an uncommon thing for a certain class of politicians among us to threaten ministers with expulsion from their pulpits and the loss of their livings, for participation in political matters. We do not learn, however, that these threats have as yet been followed by any serious results among us. In point of execution, at least, these chivalrous gentlemen are far in the rear of their brethren in other parts of the country. Not to speak of the tarring and feathering of ministers in Missouri, an incident which has recently occurred in South Carolina which quite throws their feeble efforts into the shade. We commend the facts to the notice of the gentlemen to whom we have referred. They may teach them that fidelity to slavery requires of them more audacious efforts than any they have yet attempted.

Rev. Geo. D. Boardman, a son of the missionary, whose name and memory are sacred with the Baptists of Maine, was recently expelled from his pastorate and from his home, in Barnville, S. C., not for having taken any part in political affairs, nor for having preached against 'the peculiar institution,' but simply because he declined to unite in a public demonstration of sympathy for the ruffian Brooks. The circumstances are thus stated by the Hartford Christian Secretary:

"A public meeting was recently called at that place, to express sympathy and approbation for Mr. Brooks, in the shameful assault upon Mr. Sumner. Mr. Boardman the Baptist pastor, having no wish to participate in the meeting, was not present; whereupon a committee was despatched to his residence to inquire the reason. Mr. B. quietly replied that he was unaccustomed to meddle with political agitations, and preferred to have no part in the proceedings. Upon this, he was required to give a categorical answer to the question whether he sympathized with Mr. Sumner and his views. To which Mr. B. answered in substance, that he wished not to be thus catechized, but if he must answer, he could do no otherwise as an honest man, than to say yes. This was enough; and he was at once told that he could have twenty-four hours to leave the place! Resistance or refusal was useless, and making such arrangements as he could in that brief period, Mr. Boardman took his departure for the North.

And this is freedom! this is American liberty! this is the blessed heritage, the peculiar privilege of an American citizen and a Christian minister, within a few days of the eightieth anniversary of American Independence! But comment is superfluous. There are the facts; and we add no more, except to say that Mr. Boardman has since received a communication from the church itself, advising him that he need not return. Whether this is from prudential considerations merely, or as an endorsement of the action of the Committee, we are not informed. Either way it is bad enough."

"Bad enough," indeed. Yet these are only the 'natural workings of slavery.' Who can doubt the truth of the remark so often made, that slavery, in its nature and tendencies, is utterly barbarous, and at war with every principle of civil and religious freedom. In South Carolina not only is liberty of speech as entirely denied as in France or Russia, but freedom of opinion and of silence, as well. A minister of the Gospel must be also a servant and a tool of slavery or he cannot be suffered to dwell in South Carolina.—[Zion's Advocate.]

REMEDY FOR THE BORER.—MR. TUCKER.

—With your approval, the following prescription is most respectfully and with great pleasure dedicated, through your valuable paper, to the N. Y. State Agricultural Society.

Sure and total destruction to the Apple, Quince and Peach Borer! and at the same time a decided stimulant and safe fertilizer to the tree:

Make a concave mound of mellow earth around the tree, rising about six inches above the work of the insects. Thoroughly saturate this mound with a strong common salt brine, twice, at an interval of four weeks, at any time of the year when the ground is not frozen; stale beef or pork brine, in its full strength, is just the thing. The mound of earth holds the liquid in suspension, round the tree, until by capillary attraction it is carried into the holes and burrows of the insect—where the salt is sure destruction to every grade of this ravaging and pestilent enemy. Vary the quantity of the dose with the size of the tree. Be cautious with small trees. Old, large trees, three feet round, may have a pailful at a time.

I have revived trees by this application from apparent death. Apple trees, 30 years old with their trunks perforated very badly, are now perfectly healthy, and their wounds are healing over. Two Golden Sweetings, eight years old, last June withered and showed signs of death. On examination I found the trunk full of borers.

and more than half the surface eaten off. I made the application twice. Both trees revived, and made now wood the same season. This spring, I have treated every other tree with the application. These trees are in bloom and the wounds made by the insects are rapidly healing over. I would not now, without trial, recommend the application to any other than the apple, quince and peach. N. S. S.

SLAVERY IN VIRGINIA.—Mr. J. C. Underwood, who was recently prohibited from returning to Virginia, in consequence of a speech which he made at the Philadelphia Convention, addressed a Fremont meeting in New York on Thursday evening last. Referring to the domestic slave trade which has been created as a result of the law of 1808, declaring the foreign slave trade piracy, Mr. Underwood said that the number of slaves now annually sold in Virginia was between 20,000 and 25,000 and the price they brought was from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000. The traffic is attended, too, by horrors as great as any that marked the African slave trade. Of the condition of the white laborers of Virginia Mr. Underwood drew the following sad picture:

"He would ask what were the influences of slavery upon the white man? and upon this subject he could not help feeling more for his own countrymen than for the poor children of Africa. He had white laborers around him in Virginia—the families of eight poor white men—sober and industrious tenants. He had employed them because he preferred them to slaves. He could have inherited slaves if he had but said the word; but upon his first reflections he had resolved that the sweat of no slave should moisten his fields. [Great applause.]

What did they think were the wages of the laboring men in Virginia? They only received from eight to ten dollars a month, with the exception of a little time in harvest—some fifty cents a day; and the fare allotted to them was far inferior in every respect to that furnished by the farmers of the North to their laboring men. The white laborers in Virginia were not invited to the great house to take their meals, but they must take them under the shade of a tree, sometimes in the same group with the slaves, and sometimes in a little group by themselves. The white laborer at the South did not get from his employer tea, coffee, sugar, butter, wheat bread or anything of the kind, for his support. He would tell them some of the other disadvantages under which the white laborers of Virginia were placed. They were not permitted to enjoy the advantages of district schools. It was true, there was a small fund for common school education, but before any man could be allowed to have a participation in it for the benefit of his children he must be willing to acknowledge himself a pauper, and ask his share of the fund upon the ground of his poverty. They all had heard the maxim that pride and pauperism walked together, and the poor white men of Virginia were too proud to accept of the fund upon such terms, and the result was that there were seventy-five thousand men and women in Virginia unable to read and write. These were some of the consequences resulting to the white laborers at the South from the influences of slavery; and the question for Northern laboring men to decide was, whether such influences should be extended over the territories of the great West?—whether the white men who go there shall be like the slave laborers of the South, or whether, like the white laborers of New York, they shall be permitted to enjoy the rights of freedom, and a reasonable compensation for their labor?"

THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.—A working man needs a working wife; but as to the qualities of mind, manner, and morals, she cannot run too high in the scale. There is an error prevalent concerning this. Giles says: "I do not want a wife with too much sense." Why not? Perhaps Giles will not answer, but the shrug of his shoulders answers, "because I am afraid she will be an overmatch for me." Giles talks like a simpleton. The unfortunate men who have their tyrants at home are never married to women of sense. Genuine elevation of mind cannot prompt any one, male or female, to go out of their proper sphere. No man ever suffered from an overplus of intelligence, whether in his own head, or in his wife's.

A proper self-respect should teach every noble-hearted American of whatever class, that he cannot set too high a value on the conjugal relation. We may judge of the welfare and honor of the community by its wives and mothers. Opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and even accomplishments, are happily opened to every class above the very lowest; and the wise mechanic will not fail to choose such a companion as may not shame his sons and daughters in that coming age, when an ignorant American shall be as obsolete as a fossil fish.

Away with frowning, giggling, dancing, squandering, peevish, fashion-hunting wives! The woman of this stamp is a poor comfort when the husband is sick or a bankrupt. Give me the housewife who can be a helpmate to her Adam.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

I have such a mechanic's wife in my mind's eye; gentle as the antelope, untiring as the bee, joyous as the linnet, neat, punctual, modest and confiding. She is patient, but resolute; aiding in counsel; reviving in troubles; ever pointing out the brightest side, and concealing nothing but her own sorrows.

AN INFALLIBLE RECIPE.—At this season, when dysentery becomes very prevalent, we can recommend the following means of curing the same, which are within the reach of every person, at almost every hour:

Take one tablespoonful of common salt and mix it with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and pour upon it a half pint of water, either hot or cold, (only let it be taken cool.) A wine glass full of this mixture in the above proportions, taken every half hour, will be found quite efficacious in curing dysentery. If the stomach be nauseated, a wine glass full taken every hour, will suffice. For a child, the quantity should be a teaspoonful of salt and one of vinegar, in a teacup full of water.

For all diseases man is heir to, nature's remedies are simple and sure, and there is no evil in the world without its antidote. We could mention numerous instances in which the above recipe was found effective in the cure of dysentery.

MORE SOUTHERN PROSCRIPTION.—Our readers will recollect the story about the slave woman who was sent to New York and exhibited in Beecher's church, when money to purchase her freedom was paid, and she was free. They will remember in this connection that a slave dealer, behaved with singular humanity, to a man, whose name was Shaffer, has excited a feeling of deep hostility in Virginia. The Staunton Vindicator advises him to leave the State, and threatens him with a coat of tar and feathers should he visit 'that neighborhood.' Sarah, the slave woman, is a reputed daughter of a man named Churchman, and he owns Sarah's child, a daughter, but refuses to sell it to the mother, who had been provided with the means to purchase by Northern sympathy, sent.—[Cin. Commercial.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, ... JULY 31, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for the 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. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON & 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—Travelling Agent.

The Valley of the Kennebec.

A Bostonian, travelling in this region, writes a letter to the Transcript, from which we make the following extract. It will be seen that he "sets us up," somewhat; which is all right:

"A ride of ten minutes takes us to the flourishing town or city of Gardiner; with its lumber and paper mills, foundries, &c. This is the most flourishing, probably, of any of the lower Kennebec towns, as it possesses much manufacturing industry and some country trade. Four miles from Gardiner we come to Hallowell, once the center of this whole region, but now, from various causes, a genuine 'Sleepy Hollow,' dullness seems to prevail over this once flourishing village. The stores are in many instances closed, and the shipyards seem to be deserted. It is thought by many that this place will not, at least for many years, come up again to its former prosperity.

Two miles from Hallowell is Augusta, the State capital, finely located and a beautiful city. The trade of this place has been greatly injured by being diverted by the upper railroad routes, and the receipts of produce at this point are now very limited. Its business has greatly declined, and if at any time the seat of government should be removed from Augusta, the finishing blow would be given to this once prosperous community. From Augusta we rode on the east side of the river to Waterville, through one of the finest agricultural districts in New England. The crops of clover and grain were enough to gladden the eye of the beholder, and the neat farm houses and substantial and capacious barns gave evidence of thrift and prosperity on the part of their owners. Waterville we think one of the finest towns in Maine. Its stores and business quarters have the appearance of prosperity, and its regular, level and handsome streets, tasteful dwellings, and beautiful trees and shrubbery remind one of the environs of Boston. The location of Waterville is favorable for an inland trade by water or land carriage, and it evidently thrives at the expense of the lower river towns. In this vicinity are some of the most prosperous and enterprising agricultural towns in the State, the trade of which mostly centers here.

As a general thing, we do not find our sister State of Maine in a prosperous condition; many places are stationary and others declining. The absence of general local manufactures is to a great extent the cause of this depression, combined with the constant emigration, the decline of shipbuilding, and the excessive and long continued dullness of the lumber trade. But brighter times will come ere long.

ACCIDENT AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—A painful accident, resulting in the death of an interesting little daughter of Gott Champagne, eight years old, occurred on Monday morning. In passing near a shaft connected with the Match-Box factory, in which she was employed, her dress caught in the coupling, and she was shockingly mangled by its revolutions: being thrown through a space of only eight inches. Her death was instantaneous.

BURGLARY AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—Two stores were broken open at Kendall's Mills on Sunday night. The store of Nye & Wilder was robbed of clothing to the value of some 200 dollars, and that of Mr. E. G. Pratt of some fifty dollars worth of dry goods. The goods taken were of a light and portable kind, indicating that the thieves had time for making their selection. They entered by the back windows. No clue has been discovered to their identity.

SAD ACCIDENT IN CALIFORNIA.—A letter from Mr. John W. Parker, at San Andreas, Cal., to Mr. J. S. Craig of this place, gives the details of a painful accident by which Mr. James Gray, formerly of Waterville, lost his life at San Andreas, on the 22d of June. While engaged hauling logs, he made a misstep, and falling under the fore wheel, both legs were crushed at the knees. Amputation was necessary, and during the operation Mr. Gray died. He had the best of care from Mr. Parker and other friends. He was engaged in lumbering with Mr. Parker, and is said to have been doing well. Mr. Gray leaves a wife and child in Waterville.

"VICTOR NO. 1."—This is the name taken by the new fire company at Kendall's Mills. Their engine, a Hunneman pattern, recently purchased at a cost, fixtures included, of over sixteen hundred dollars, has not yet arrived, but is expected soon. The company consists of sixty members. The officers are, J. F. Moses, foreman; H. B. Maynard, 2d foreman; John S. Hall, Foreman of Hose; E. K. Boyle, clerk; R. R. Hall, treasurer. John Marshall is chief engineer of the fire department.

THE HOWADJI IN POLITICS.—At a Fremont meeting held in Providence on Tuesday evening, at which Governor Hoppin presided, one of the speakers was George W. Curtis, Esq. The Providence Journal gives the following sketch of his remarks:

George W. Curtis, of New York, followed. He made a graceful allusion to his return to his native city, and alluded to a double right of birth to speak in that place, for he was not only a native of Rhode Island, but the grandson of that Rhode Island Senator, who stood alone on the minority of the committee which reported to the Senate that compact which the South forced upon us, and then, after receiving the full benefit of it, deliberately violated. He entered upon a historical examination of the question which now divides the country; the same question that always divided it, that has in one form or another always divided the world. His speech was replete with political information, with sound sense, and with earnest appeals to patriotism and the love of right and liberty; and everything in it showed that the genius which he has proved in the more graceful pursuits of literature and poetry, will bear him with equal success in the rougher contests of politics.

OUR TABLE.

GRAHAM'S AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—For embellishments in the August number we have the Fisherman's Daughter, a fine steel engraving, a beautiful fashion plate, and a half dozen full page wood cuts, with patterns for needlework and comicalities. The reading matter is unusually spicy and agreeable, and several new and attractive features are introduced, including Literary Novelties, Ornamental Gardening, Editorial Chat, Balm for Melancholy, Oddities, Curious and Ingenious Recipes, Items for the Ladies, Familiar Talk, Fashion Gossip, etc., etc. The present proprietors have infused new life into this Magazine, and it cannot fail to commend itself to the favor and patronage of the reading public. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—Contents of No. 637: The Works of Ben Johnson, Gossip from Newport, R. I., Four Sisters, Lake Nemi, Stanley on the Holy Land, The Outrage on Mr. Sumner, The Foreign Policy of the United States, Une Idee Napoleonnienne, Government by Priests, The Italian Peninsula, Scenes of the Foundation. Poetry and short articles fill up the remainder of the number. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—Dickinson College and 'Going with the Stream' are the embellishments in the August number, and very beautiful they are. With such pictures and its well filled pages, it is no wonder this magazine is rapidly increasing its circulation. Published by Swormstedt & Poe, Cincinnati, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.—Without enumerating the titles of any of the articles in the July number of this sterling work, it is enough to say that it is of the usual excellence, and though to be had for a quarter of a dollar it is richly twice the money, even in these days of cheap literature. Buy it and see if it is not so. Published monthly by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year and sent to any part of the country free of postage.

From Horace Waters, Esq., Music publisher and dealer in pianos and all kinds of musical instruments, 333 Broadway, New York, we have received a beautiful ballad entitled 'We'll all meet again in the morning,' suggested by the language of a dying child to his father when about giving the parting kiss as the rays of sunset beamed through the window. Words by M. Clay Press—music by Thomas Baker. For sale at the Bookstores.

Waifs from the West.

No. 6.
Whitewater, Wisconsin,
July, 21st, 1856.

DEAR MAIL:—During the long interval which has elapsed since last I addressed you the aspect of things here in the West has very much changed. The spring flowers have long since been succeeded by a vigorous growth of grass, now fully matured, and stretches of creamy grain color—the landscape; out fields are waving in the wind, and summer is fast ushering in autumn, though it seems but yesterday I looked upon bursting buds and listened to the first spring birds.

In this western country cities rise from the prairie and forest like magic—fortunes are made in a few years, and I am wondering if Time doesn't fly faster here than down in staid New England; at any rate we live faster and make money faster and easier. In travelling through this State one peculiarity struck me forcibly, viz: the apparent high degree of culture, cleanliness and thriftiness of the farms. There is not half so much to remind one of a new country as there is in Ohio or Indiana; and this is attributable chiefly to the fact that almost every quarter section in its natural state is ready for plowing and fencing without the labor of felling trees enough to burden the navy of the world, and partly to the fact that the class of settlers are offshoots from the hardy and industrious sons of New England or the farmers of western New York.

Fifty years' labor in New England or twenty years toil in Ohio are not equal in their results to five industrious years in Wisconsin.—Let any one who thinks this a new country and wild, come to this beautiful village and go north, east, south or west and look at the fine residences and modern improvements of our farmers; their flower gardens, trellised walks, mammoth farms and broad acres, and one month hence stand in the market here and see from one to two hundred teams delivering wheat at fifteen different warehouses and depots, and let him be told that two freight trains are required daily at that season to carry wheat from this place alone, to Milwaukee, and he will have a better idea of the immense resources and the thrift of the "Badger State."

This flourishing village is situated at the junction of the Wisconsin Central Railroad with the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, in the midst of a very fertile country; its site, a beautiful "opening," bordering on the prairie, in the northwest corner of Walworth county, fifty miles southwest from Milwaukee and fifty miles from Madison, the capital of the State. It contains about three thousand inhabitants, and is in all respects one of the most beautiful of our western territory. Its fine blocks of stores will compare favorably with any in the State and triumphantly with any yet built in any place of its size. The streets are broad and regular, and well shaded with native oaks which have everywhere been left standing and which in places almost conceal the dwellings.

Its trade is large and its growth very rapid. In fact it would puzzle a geographer to keep track of the topographical alterations, and a historian to chronicle all the improvements taking place every day in this village and vicinity; and in order to keep up with the progress of Whitewater you must do as did the dandy with his "miraculous tie" or as a poor fellow in love is required to do by his Dulcinea—devote his whole attention to it.

The "Glorious Fourth" was celebrated throughout the State with much enthusiasm, and the day was one long to be remembered. The spirit of '76 was abroad; may the lesson of patriotism it addressed to our people never be forgotten and may this American Institution be cherished by all true Americans so long as the sun continues to illumine and beautify the earth. No human power can blot it out of the calendar of our national holidays, for it was born in Heaven.

Of politics I must not write here among local items what an ominous, sluggish calm has settled down upon the Buchanan faction in this part of the country within a week or two past. In fact since the nomination of Fremont the whole concern has been as mum as a mouse when the cats are out. It has the dry rot, and

is manifestly laboring under the presentiment that its worthless days are numbered. The wirepullers have a realizing apprehension that the people are disgusted with the Ostend candidate. The public have been dragged to the brink of a war with one European power, and by Pierce and Marcy; and you may be sure when November comes they will put a flat veto on the party that proposes to perpetuate that filibustering dynasty. "Vive la Republica!"

The weather is hot, and grain is ripening rapidly. Harvesting has commenced in good earnest and the promise of a good crop was never better in all parts of the great west.

How this weather must drive the fashionables from the great cities; and business men too, leave their cares, absent themselves for a few days from their desk and the worship of the Golden Calf at the Stock Exchange.

A peep at the green fields and shady woods of the country will have a regenerating influence upon optics used only to conning over cotton and breadstuffs, Harlem, Erie and the foreign exchanges.

An occasional introduction of these city birdlings to Dame Nature will be likely to freshen their feelings, soften their hearts and liberalize their understandings. It will impress upon them the important truth that there is something else in the world besides dollars and cents. Truths too that they needn't go to the parson to hear; for nature has no apostolic ministry, no ordained oracle; but speaks to man without any mediatorial agency whatsoever, giving us "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

Truly yours, IKE JR.

THE WEATHER.—We have had, during the week that has passed, four or five days of extremely warm weather, the mercury often mounting up among the nineties. During the most of the time, however, we were favored with a breeze, much to the comfort of the people; but on Sunday last not a breath of air was stirring, and the day was the most oppressive of the season. Since then there has been a change, and the weather now is cool and comfortable.

A man named Thomas is said to have died in Waterville, on Saturday, of a disease resembling yellow fever.—[Bangor Whig.]

The disease, we understand, is bilious fever; and Mr. Thomas is not dead but recovering.—With these trifling corrections the above story of Mr. They-say is correct.

DRAWING IT MILD.—Moore, of the Belfast Journal thus gently rebukes the filthy tobacco chewers:

Caution.—Persons who occupy their leisure in masticating tobacco, ought to be cautious to reject their saliva into the street, and not upon new and costly pavings and fences around private grounds, because these are not only private property, but an ornament to the place as well.

ANOTHER THREAT OF DISUNION.—The Richmond Enquirer is going to dissolve the Union unless Mr. Sumner is hung, and his friends put in the penitentiary. The following is from that paper:

'Sumner and Sumner's friends must be punished and silenced. Government, which cannot suppress such crimes as theirs, has failed of its purpose. Either such wretches must be hung or put in the penitentiary, or the South should prepare at once to quit the Union.'

"WAIFS FROM THE WEST"—Our readers will doubtless rejoice with us to hear again from "IKE, JR." His letters, which cannot fail to be read with a good deal of interest, we trust we shall receive regularly hereafter. He will please accept our thanks for favors received, with a hope for their continuance.

GONE OVER TO THE ENEMY.—The Belfast Journal says:

"Our old fellow laborer in the democratic vineyard, Colonel John Abbott, long John, gallant John, John the 'sound patriot and pure statesman,' has gone over and taken the republican stump. 'Görtes, John has suffered much for the cause, even to imprisonment, hunger, thirst, and other bodily ills. Farewell, John.'

ITALY.—The Genoa correspondent of the Newark Advertiser writes as follows under date of June 19:

The Papal government at Rome gives no signs of a disposition to modify its administration, in accordance with the counsels of England and France. On the contrary, the appointments and promotions made to Secret Consistory on Monday indicate a determination to strengthen itself in the old way. Several important changes have been made in its diplomatic corps, and six new cardinals were created, including Mgr. Pietro, the present Nuncio at Mgr. De Meilly, at present Major Domo to his Holiness, a German favorite of Austria, and a Greek Bishop of forty-two years. Bishop Bedini, whom you remember in the United States, has been appointed Secretary of the Propaganda, in place of M. Bernabo, who is to wear the scarlet. The King of Naples has recently increased the rigors of his police system. There can be, in truth, no reasonable hope for any political amelioration in these countries, out of Sardinia, so long as Austria has a prevailing voice in the alliance of the great powers.

Thompson's Bank note Reporter notices the following new counterfeit issues:

5s on Bank of Commerce, Belfast, Me.; 5s on Union Bank, Providence, R. I.; 5s on Westminster Bank, do; 5s Eastern Bank, Bangor, Me.; 20s Mechanic's Bank, N. Haven, Ct.; 3s Market Bank Boston; 1s Manufacturer's Bank, Ct.; 3s Meriden Bank, Ct.; 10s on the Kenduskeag Bank, Bangor, Me.; altered from 2s—Vig. a frigate under full sail.

WESTERN UNITARIANISM.—The Christian Inquirer, speaking of the recent discreditable action of the Western Unitarian Conference, says:

"In short, there was all the old oily, lukewarm, doughy, cottony talk, which has been heard at any time the last ten years in conferences, and caucuses, and pulpits, and at the corners of the street. It was a part of that great weak policy of do-nothing and say-nothing, of stand-aside and let-alone, of acquiescence and compromise, under which slavery has grown so strong, rampant, and aggressive, and liberty so emasculated and paralyzed. It was a part of that system of silence and sloppiness, whose fit symbol is the bloody cross of

Preston Brooks. It was a part of the great political panacea of "non-resistance" and "sacrificing personal feeling." It was a part of the miserable Atheism which excludes God from the government of the world, drives religion out of politics, and divorces Christianity from life. It was a part of that fatal policy which puts propriety above earnestness, fitness above freedom, popularity above principle, peace above righteousness, the interests of a sect above the interests of humanity."

CHIVALRY.—The Charleston Standard thus endorses the latest instance of South Carolina chivalry,—the details of which have already been given:

"It would seem that Southern gentlemen cannot travel at the North without being subjected to insolence. A South Carolinian, Bushwood W. Vicks, has had to cane a Massachusetts man, Mr. Jacob Stanwood, in the New York Metropolitan Hotel, on Tuesday evening last, for applying insulting language to his personal friend, Col. Brooks. We have no statement of the affair except what comes from Black Republican journals, and such sources necessarily pervert the facts."

THE VOICE OF THE RUFIANS.—The Squatter Sovereign, the Administration organ in Kansas, has the following choice specimens of literature:

MORE ABOLITIONISTS TURNED BACK.—The Steamer Sultan, having on board contraband articles, was recently stopped at Leavenworth City, and lightened of 44 rifles, and a large quantity of pistols and bowie knives, taken from a crowd of cowardly Yankees, shipped out here by Massachusetts. The boat was permitted to go up as far as Weston, where a guard was placed over the prisoners, and none of them permitted to land. They were shipped back from Weston on the same boat, without even being insured by the shippers. We do not approve fully of sending these criminals back to the East to be reshipped to Kansas—if not through Missouri, through Iowa and Nebraska. We think they should meet a traitor's death, and the world could not ensure us if we in self protection have to resort to such ultra measures. We are of the opinion if the citizens of Leavenworth City or Weston would hang one or two boat loads of abolitionists, it would do more towards establishing peace in Kansas than all the speeches that have been delivered in Congress during the present session. Let the experiment be tried.

SLAVES IN KANSAS.—During the past six months the slave population in this portion of the Territory has greatly increased. Many settlers from South Carolina, Virginia, and other Southern States, have wisely brought slaves with them, as being the most effectual way of settling the question of Slavery in the Territory. These are the kind of settlers we need here now.

MODERN DUELLING.—Duelling, as now practiced, particularly by politicians, has lost all the speciousness which was once lent to it by the exhibition of certain manly and generous qualities—by the contempt of danger, and by magnanimity of behavior; it has become a system of pettifogging devices, a struggle for mean advantages—advantages which little honorable as it would be to fire at one's adversary from an ambush. The Northern member of Congress who abandons the customs of his people for those of the Slave States, and adopts the code of the duellist, takes the system as cowards and quibblers have made it—a bad custom, in its degeneracy, and finds himself involved in a maze of chicane in which he is totally inexperienced, and is pretty sure to be outmaneuvered by his practiced adversaries.

[N. Y. Eve. Post.]

LIGHTNING OUTDONE.—About half past one o'clock Friday morning, the 18th inst., during the heavy thunder shower, the barn belonging to Mr. Charles Follett, of Searesmont, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground together with about two tons of hay, wagon, sleigh, sleds, harnesses and other property to the amount of about \$400. Friday and Saturday being not very favorable hay days, the good people of the vicinity turned out with teams and tools and commenced building a barn 86 by 38 feet. The most of the timber, boards, planks, shingles, &c., were hauled from two to three miles, and at 5 P. M. Saturday, the building was up and covered sufficiently to store hay and other articles, while the smoke was still issuing forth in large clouds, announcing that the fire had not ceased its work of destruction upon the remains of the ruined building; this is what we call giving lightning a sweat.—[Belfast Jour.]

THE UNITED STATES AND LIBERIA.—Liberia is now an independent State, is yearly increasing in power and influence, and yet its government has never been recognized by our own. While many of the European powers, such as Great Britain, France, Prussia, Belgium and others, and even Brazil in South America, have formally acknowledged Liberia as a State, and entered into political intercourse with her, the United States, which might have been the first to have taken such a step, has never done so. It is a strange yet significant fact. The Colonization Herald briefly alludes to this, as follows:

"Mankind might naturally have supposed, that a colony of free colored people from America, planted under the auspices and by the means and efforts of citizens of all sections of the Union, would have been recognized by our Government at the earliest possible moment, and that it would have had the sagacity to anticipate all other governments in forming relations of trade with a community of people going out from among us, carrying with them the sympathies and attachments which birth, education and long residence here have engendered, and commissioned to establish on the far shores of a benighted continent, the free institutions and laws of this land. But such an expectation, reasonable as it was, has until this late day been disappointed, and other States, more liberal and more politic, have extended to Liberia that consideration which we have denied."

PAINFUL OCCURRENCE.—It is our duty, says the Geneva (N. Y.) Courier, to record one of the most sad, and at the same time singular occurrences, that has ever come within the sphere of our observation, which has already resulted in the death of some of the parties concerned, and so badly injured two others that their lives are despaired of. The circumstances are these: Dr. John Potter, residing in Plattsburg, Steuben county, brother of Dr. Hazard Potter of this village, well known as one of the most skillful surgeons in the State, was called upon to dress a man's arm which had been badly mutilated in the cogwheels of some machinery. He made every effort to save the arm from amputation, and in this, at the sacrifice of his own life, he probably succeeded. The arm having matured, he called on his brother, Hazard Potter, of this village, to assist in opening it. During the operation he by some accident cut himself slightly, and allowed some of the virus from the arm of his

patient to mingle with the blood. This in a few days had so poisoned his entire system, that no earthly power could save him. He died on Friday last. While attending his funeral, his brother Hazard, who had a slight scratch on his hand at the time of performing the operation, and who had also become poisoned by the virus, felt an itching about his fingers, which proved to be the workings of the poison, and although attended by all the physicians in Geneva, his life is despaired of. Another man who assisted in dressing the arm was poisoned, but we have not been informed of his situation at the time of writing.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have been informed that the man who helped to dress the arm is dead.

WASHINGTON, July 25.—The jury in the Herbert case, retiring for three-quarters of an hour, returned a verdict of acquittal. The announcement was received with manifestations of joy and delight, and Mr. H. was immediately surrounded by his friends, who accompanied him to the Kirkwood House.

About 6 o'clock, Mr. Preston for the prosecution wished to reply to Mr. Walker's strictures, which was objected to by the other counsel for Mr. Herbert. Ex-Mayor Lenox, who was standing by, was overheard by Mr. Radcliffe to observe that he was unfair and unjust.

Mr. Radcliffe sharply said, in reply, they wanted no outside interference here, and in the course of the hurried colloquy that ensued, Mr. Lenox called Mr. Radcliffe a liar. Mr. R. immediately dashed at Mr. Lenox, but Mr. Bradley immediately interfered, and prevented a collision. Such is the version of the affair. Subsequently Deputy Marshal Phillips made a complaint before Justice Thompson, who was on the premises, that he has reason to believe Mr. Radcliffe had sent, and Mr. Lenox had received a challenge. Mr. R. was forthwith arrested, and held to bail in \$3000 not to fight a duel. A warrant was served on Mr. Lenox, who has failed to appear.

STEAMER EXPLOSION.—Boston, July 26.—Steamer Empire State, from Fall River for New York, exploded steam pipe last night about 10 o'clock, when off Point Judith. One fireman was killed; another is missing. The second engineer and 15 deck passengers and deck hands, were scalded, some of them reported dangerously.

The E. S. put back to Fall River, where her passengers were transferred to the State of Maine, which left for New York about 6 o'clock this morning.

LATER.—Immediately after the occurrence of the accident, the boat returned to Fall River, where the best of medical attendance was immediately procured, and everything done which could tend to alleviate the condition of the sufferers.

The names of the injured, and who have since died, are as follows:—J. C. Beach, lawyer, New York; Joseph Reed, East Boston; Joseph Darman, New York; Charles Clyde, New York; Joseph Richards, Bangor, Me.; Fred Boardman (German), New York; Ezra Williamson, 3d, (engineer) Fall River; Hiram Peachy (fireman), Williamsburg, William McGee (fireman), New York.

Recovery doubtful.—Philip Paul, New York; John Wise, Marblehead, Mass.; Henry Ketchum, Fall River; Timothy Mahoney (deck hand), Fall River; John Jalters (waiter), Fall River.

Will Probably Recover.—Thos. J. Nixon, Taunton; Moses Benner, Haverhill; Thomas Farrel, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Welch, Dexterville, Pa.; Nathl Ames, Marshfield, Mass.; Wm. Hersey, Dexterville, Pa.

Slightly Scalded.—Michael Daley, N. York.

MOVEMENTS IN CONGRESS IN REFERENCE TO KANSAS.—New York, July 28.—(Correspondence N. Y. Tribune).—A Kansas Pacification Bill will be introduced in the House tomorrow or next day, embracing the good features of Toombs's, Haven's, and Bennett's bills, providing for re-submitting the Topeka Constitution to the people of Kansas, abrogating the Territorial laws, declaring the Legislature illegal, and providing for a similar Commission to that named in Toombs's bill, to be appointed on Territories, or otherwise, but not by the President. This bill will receive the support of the Fillmore men.

Mr. Campbell will call up the \$3,000,000 Army Appropriation bill to-morrow, when it is understood that Mr. Banks will rule Mr. Wakeman's amendment to the amendment of Mr. Barbour, declaring the Territorial laws null and void; out of order, it not being germane to the subject; but provision has been made for obtaining the same object by another amendment.

Other important amendments will be offered to the same bill, one of which will require the recall of all the United States arms which have been forwarded to Shannon for the arming of militia or foreign bodies of men, and disbanding of such militia.

Also, an amendment will be offered to the civil and diplomatic bill, discontinuing the prosecution against Gov. Robinson, and other State prisoners of Kansas, for treason.

TO THE POINT.—The state of things in Virginia is promising. At the recent American State Convention held at Taunton, Mr. Gilmer of Albemarle, was called on for a speech. [The following is given as one of the things which elicited marked approbation:]

"He reported a fine state of things in his County. They were not declining in their attachment to our peculiar institutions. Every body that had negroes kept them, and those that didn't have them wanted them. He considered them a great blessing. He had rather sit in the shade and say, 'hurrah boys!' than cut tobacco himself."

This is practical and sensible. It puts the 'peculiar institutions' on an intelligible ground. Every body—especially every lazy man—can appreciate the argument. It avoids all the intricacies of logic and steers clear of the misunderstandings which too frequently arises in discussions of this kind. We do not wonder that Mr. Gilmer descended from the platform amidst great applause.—[N. Y. Times.]

COMMENCEMENT AT BOWDOIN COLLEGE.—The commencement at this Institution will take place on Wednesday, August 6th. The first exercises for the week will be the Address before the two Literary Societies, by Prof. Hoyt, of Exeter, N. H.; the Poem before the same by Elbridge G. Cutler, Esq., of Holliston, Mass. On the evening of that day a concert will be given by Dodworth's Band, from New York, which will be in attendance. On Wednesday will occur the usual commencement exercises. On Thursday at 11 A. M., an Address before the Phi Beta Kappa society will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York.

DISTRESSING AND SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—Mr. S. Hooper, residing near McKissack's Grove, Iowa, while driving his team past the house of Eli Slusher, last Tuesday, was attacked by bees. They made the attack in 3 strings about the size of a man's arm, first attacking the horses. Mr. H. still held the team until Messrs. Gilmore and Slusher came to his assistance. One horse in endeavoring to ex-

tricate himself broke a blood-vessel and died shortly after; the other is severely injured. They next attacked Mr. Hooper and those who came to his assistance. Everything was done that could be to extricate the unfortunate men, but not until Mr. Hooper and Mr. Slusher were so severely injured that but little hope of their recovery is entertained. The symptoms and sufferings of the unfortunate men resemble that of hydrophobia.

From California.

Advices from San Francisco by the Illinois, at New York July 27, indicate that the State authorities had apparently determined to make no further resistance to the Vigilance Committee.

The startling event of the week was the stabbing of S. R. Hopkins by Judge D. S. Terry, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Hopkins proceeded to the office of Dr. Ash, Navy Agent, for the purpose of arresting J. R. Maloney, charged with attempting to convey munitions of war to the city for the use of the State. Judge Terry being present, interfered to protect Maloney, and together with others formed an armed party to escort Maloney to Dupont St. Armory. Hopkins collected assistance and attacked the other party in the streets. A struggle ensued, in the course of which Terry stabbed Hopkins with a bowie knife, who fell senseless.

The news of the melee was immediately communicated to the Executive of the Committee, who was then in session, and a general alarm was sounded for the rally of the Committee's troops. In fifteen minutes, one regiment of infantry, two companies of cavalry, and five companies of artillery, were in motion. In the meantime Maloney and his party had taken refuge in a brick building, well guarded and fortified. This building was surrounded on all sides by the Committee's troops, and the inmates ordered to surrender. They obeyed without hesitation, and Maloney and Terry were conveyed prisoners to the headquarters of the Committee; at the same time the armories of the State troops were invested and forced to surrender to the Committee. One hundred of the State troops were taken prisoners, but subsequently released on parole.

At last dates, Judge Terry, was in custody of the Committee, and Hopkins was still alive. On the same day that Hopkins was stabbed, two vessels freighted with arms for the State authorities were seized in the Bay by armed vessels belonging to the Committee. Subsequently J. S. Durkee, commander of one of the Committee's vessels was arrested by the Federal officers, and held in \$25,000 on a charge of piracy. The Committee disclaim any intention to oppose the Federal authorities. Much indignation is manifested at San Francisco relative to the bill before Congress for granting land titles in California, said to have been introduced by Herbert.

On the day following the stabbing of Hopkins, the Committee arrested a notorious gambler, named Dan Aldrich.

Hopkins was at last accounts considered out of danger.

From the Isthmus.

By the Daniel Webster, at New Orleans, July 26, we have the following items of news: The Isthmus was quiet. Aspinwall sickly. Walker was inaugurated President on the 12th inst. Rivas still holds Leon, and many of the natives have declared against Walker. There was much sickness among Walker's troops, and frequent desertions. Among the deserters are Col. Mendez and Gen. Chillon. Major Watson's command was sent to Leon on account of a rumor that the Guatemalan troops were at that place. They were fired into by the Rivas party, and one of the company was wounded, while several of the Rivas party were killed. Major Watson waited outside some time, but the enemy not appearing, retired.

There were no signs of an invasion at the latest date, but it was considered that a certain league of the Northern States still existed, and an invasion was looked for at the close of the rainy season. Gen. Walker needs men and money for the coming struggle.

The whole vote for President was 21,000. Walker received 14,000, and the remainder were scattered between Rivas, Jerez and Salisary.

ADDITIONAL CALIFORNIA NEWS.—N. York July 28.—Mr. Hopkins, who was stabbed at San Francisco by Judge Terry, is a native of Ellsworth, Me., where his family now reside.

Bagley, formerly a member of the Legislature, Chasick, and Hennessey, who fled to the mountains, are not yet taken, but they soon will be. The Committee, after Terry's arrest, enlarged and strengthened its formation, and although the State arms are 'now in their possession, do not relax in the least its precautions against surprise.

Dan Aldrich, a noted gambler and political cheat, has been arrested and is now in the hands of the Committee. A letter was found on him from P. T. Herbert, regretting that he could not procure for him the appointment of U. S. Marshal, as he had already committed himself for Mr. McDuffie.

The Times' California correspondent says: A few days at most will decide the fate of both Hopkins and Terry. It is understood that Judge has been tried, and that the Committee are only waiting the result of the would be indicted to pass sentence upon him. The Committee yesterday had some ten or a dozen men confined in its prison, who, it is presumed, will be sent off to-day. Besides those, some 20 or 30 men are under orders to quit.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.—The Anglo-American question is regarded in England as a fair way of adjustment. There is no news from France. In Spain the discontent, which have been for some time festering, have broken out in open insurrection at Madrid. Espartero and his ministry were compelled to resign and fly from the capital. When the insurrection broke out, the National Guards aided with the people, and being attacked by the government troops, a fight ensued, which lasted 24 hours. The insurrection was finally suppressed; but at Saragossa and Barcelona, and in other quarters, a simultaneous outbreak is reported to have been more successful. The garrisons generally going with the people. Signs of revolt in Italy are becoming more frequent.

USEFUL CEMENT.—J. B. Daines, of London, has obtained a patent for a cement which protects walls from damp. It consists of eight parts of oil to one part of flour of sulphur, which by being heated to two hundred and seventy degrees, unite. The cement is applied by means of a brush.

