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THE MYSTIC BELL.

FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.

Toward evening, in the narrow streets of a large town, just as the sun was sinking, and the clouds used to glitter like gold between the chimneys, a singular sound, like that of a church bell, was often heard—sometimes by one, sometimes by another; but it only lasted a minute, for there was such a rumbling of carts, and such a din of voices, that slighter noises were drowned. "The evening bell is ringing," people used to say, "and now the sun is about to sink."

Those who rambled beyond the town, where the houses were more thinly scattered, and had gardens and little fields between them, saw the evening sky in fuller beauty, and heard the sound of the bell much more distinctly. It seemed to proceed from a church lying in the depths of the fragrant forest; and people looked in that direction, and their devotional feelings were awakened.

After some time had passed by, one would say to another, "I wonder whether there is a church out there in the woods? The bell has such a peculiarly fine tone. Shall we not go and listen to it a little nearer?" And the rich drove thither, and the poor went on foot, but the way seemed endlessly long.

Three persons declared that they had penetrated to the end of the forest, and that they had always heard the same peculiar sound of a bell, only it seemed there as if it proceeded from the town. One wrote a song on the subject, and said that the bell sounded like the voice of a mother speaking to a good and beloved child, and that no melody was superior to the sound of that bell.

The ceremony of confirmation now took place. The preacher had held forth with heartfelt eloquence, and those who had been confirmed were deeply impressed, for it was a solemn day to them. They were lifted from childhood to the state of grown persons, and their childish spirits must now assume the attributes of rational beings. It was a fine sunny day; and as the young folks who had been confirmed went to take a walk out of town, the large unknown bell sounded from the forest, in a tone of unusual solemnity. They immediately longed to go and seek for it; and all were of the same opinion, except one, who was a poor boy, who had borrowed a coat and a pair of boots of his landlord's son, to be confirmed in, and who was obliged to return them by a certain time.

But two of the youngest soon grew tired, and returned to town. Two little girls sat down to make garlands, and they went no further. Finally others observed, "Now we are far away into the forest; but the bell does not really exist, it is only a fancy that people have taken into their heads."

Just then the bell sounded so beautifully, and so solemnly, from the depths of the forest, that four or five amongst them determined to penetrate further. The trees were thickly set, and very leafy. It was really difficult to advance; for daffodils and anemones grew almost too high, while blooming creepers and blackberry bushes hung in long garlands from tree to tree, on whose boughs the nightingales were singing, and the sunbeams disporting. It was most lovely! But the way was really not fit for girls, who would have torn their dresses at every step. There were huge blocks of stone overgrown with variegated moss, and the fresh spring water bubbled forth, and seemed to say, "Gurgel, gurgel."

"I wonder whether this is the bell, after all?" said one of the newly confirmed youths, as he laid down and listened. "It is worth studying closely." So he remained behind and let the others go on.

They came to a cottage built of bark and branches. A wild apple-tree of goodly growth stretched its boughs over it, as if it would shower down blessings over its roof, which was overgrown with blooming roses. The long boughs drooped over the gable end, to which was fastened a little bell. Might not this be the bell they heard? They all agreed it must be, except one youth, who objected that the bell was too small and too delicate to be heard at such a distance, and that it was a very different sound indeed that touched the human heart so deeply. He who spoke was a king's son; and then the others said that those sort of people always wanted to be wiser than anybody else.

Therefore they left him to go his ways; and the further he went the more deeply was he impressed by the solitude of the forest. But he still heard the little bell that the others had been so delighted with. But the tones of the bell became louder and louder, and it soon seemed as if an organ had joined them; the sound proceeded from the left—namely, from the side of the heart.

There was now a rustling amongst the bushes and a little boy stood before the king's son, wearing wooden shoes, and so short a jacket that one could mark the exact length of his wrists. They knew one another; the boy being one of those who had been confirmed, and who could not join the excursion, because he had to go home and deliver up the coat and boots to his landlord's son. This he had done, and had then called forth in his wooden shoes and his shabby clothes, for the bell sounded so loud and so solemnly, that he must.

"We can walk together," said the king's son. But the poor, newly-confirmed youth, in the wooden shoes, was ashamed. He pulled down the short sleeves of his jacket, and said he feared he could not walk fast enough; besides, he thought, the bell must be sought on the right side, because it was in that direction that lay the finest part of the forest.

"Then we shall not be likely to meet each other," said the king's son, nodding to the poor boy, who went into the deepest depths of the forest, where the brambles tore his shabby clothes asunder, and scratched his face, hands, and feet, till they bled. The king's son likewise met with some right good scratches, but the sun shone on his path, and it's he whom we shall follow, for he was a noble lad.

"I must find the bell," said he, "though I were to go to the world's end to seek it!" "Some ugly ape sat on the tree tops, and grinned till they showed all their teeth. "Shall we cudgel him?" said they. "Shall we thrash him?" said the king's son.

But he, most undaunted, deeper and still deeper into the forest, where grew the strangest flowers. There stood star-like lilies, with deep red stamens; anemones, tulips, that sparkled in the breeze; and apple trees, whose fruit looked like large, brilliant soap-bubbles. Only think how the light glittered in the sunshine!—Around the loveliest meadows, where the hart and the hind were playing on the grass, grew stately oaks; and beech-trees; and wherever the bark had cracked in any of these trees, grass and long tendrils peeped out of the crevices. And there were large tracts of land intersected by quiet lakes, on whose surface white swans were swimming and flapping their wings.

The king's son frequently stood still and listened. He often fancied the bell sounded in his ears from out of one of these lakes; but he knew it could not proceed thence, and that the bell was sounding yet deeper in the forest. The sun had now set. The air was as glowing red as fire, and the forest was as silent as

VOL. X.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1856.

NO. 10.

The Eastern Mail.

LET NOT THE HEART GROW OLD.

BY ROSE ROCHSTER.

Childhood, with the stainless brow,
Dark, soft eyes and voice of gleam,
Fold thy thoughts within thy soul,
What hath earth to do with thee?
It will still thy spirit's life,
It will make thee stern and cold;
Keep thee from its chilling strife,
Never let thy heart grow old.

Maiden by the hearth of home,
Called the blossom of the heart,
Keep affection's fire undimmed,
Never let its light depart.
Throw it all around the loved,
Lest they barter truth for gold;
Lest temptation strongest prove,
Never let thy heart grow old.

Wife, with youth upon thy brow—
Life's sweetest joy in thine eye;
Heath claims upon thee now,
Dare for him to live or die.
Lest the treasure thou hast won
Stern should grow and harsh and cold,
Keep thy warm affection young—
Never let thy heart grow old.

Husband, in thy round of care,
Full of projects, schemes, and guins,
Wearing such a soldier's air,
Faded with business, aches, and pains,
Lest the hopes that thou shouldst cherish
Fade away so still and cold,
Lest not pledged affection perish,
Never let thy heart grow old.

Parents, where your children gather
Round the blessed shrine of home,
Light and joy should shine unshaded—
Clouds and gloom should never come.
Loving hearts will rise and bless ye,
Although old Time your locks hath stole,
Young lips kiss and hands caress ye,
Never let your hearts grow old.

Just at that moment, the poor boy, with short sleeves and the wooden shoes, emerged from the right-hand road; he, too, had come just in time, having reached the same point by another way.

And they ran to meet each other, and stood hand-in-hand in the vast church of nature and poetry. And above them sounded the invisible, solemn bell, while holy spirits floated around them, singing a joyous hallelujah!

THE BATTLE OF OSSAWATOMIE.—We have by mail full and interesting particulars of recent events in Kansas. The St. Louis Democrat of August 6th, gives the following account of the attack by the pro-slavery army upon Ossawatimie:—

A party of some five or six Illinoisans and Indians, who had gone out to Kansas to settle, returned to this city yesterday morning on the steamer Polor Star, having been captured at Ossawatimie by the forces under General Reid, and after being detained a day or two in captivity, were conducted to Westport, and there placed on board the steamer to be taken out of the State of Missouri, and accompanied with the threat that if they ever ventured back to the Territory of Kansas, and were caught, they should instantly be hung or shot.

From them we obtain a complete and reliable narrative of the terrible conflict at Ossawatimie.

The town of Ossawatimie was composed of from 30 to 40 houses, and was a thriving place before the Kansas difficulties, and had a population of about two hundred. It is situated immediately between the forks of a branch of Osage river and Potawatimie river. The distracted state of the country had occasioned an almost total desertion of the town by the families living in it, and at the time of the fight it was occupied by about fifty armed free State men and a few women and children.

At six o'clock on Saturday morning, just after sunrise, a pro-slavery party of about 400 men under Gen. Reid, made their appearance before the town, having in their command a piece of artillery mounted—they made a forced march of thirty or forty miles from their camp on Bull creek. As soon as the free State men descried the Pro-slavery force, they put themselves under the command of Captains Brown and Updegraff, formerly of Ohio, and fled to a growth of under brush about three hundred yards distant from the town. The pro-slavery force maintained their ground at about half a mile, and commenced firing with their cannon, which was loaded with grape and canister shot and slugs.

They had an advantageous position, and each discharge of the gun raked the ambush of the Free State force with fearful effect. One of our informants states that he saw three of his comrades fall at once; still they returned as brisk a fire as they could, and succeeded in wounding several of their enemies. After some ten or a dozen discharges from the artillery, a company of about 80 of the pro-slavery force dismounted from their horses, and having surrounded the place of retreat, made a charge and completed the entire route of Free State men, several of whom, while crossing the stream along which the fight raged, were shot in the water and were either instantly killed or so badly wounded as not to be able to save themselves from death by drowning.

One of our informants states that he saw the body of Capt. Brown in the water. He knew it was him by his coat and hat. He thinks there is no doubt of his having been killed. Seven of the Free State men were captured, after which the town was set on fire and entirely destroyed.

In marching back to the camp on Bull creek, the prisoners were subjected to very cruel treatment, and two of them, the one named Williams, and the other "Dutch Charley," were taken out of the camp and shot by their infuriated enemies. The latter was a Hungarian who had fought under Kossovit, and since his removal to this country, had lived in Kansas and taken a very active part with the Free State party.

Frederic Brown, son of Captain Brown, was also killed. He was one of the picket guards of the free State camp at Ossawatimie, and being surprised, he was shot through the heart by a preacher named Martin White. After being killed, and while lying on the ground, with the mouth relaxed and open in death, another shot was fired down his throat.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.—John, said a clergyman to one of his flock, "you should become a testator—you have been drinking all day to-day."

"Do ye never tak' a wee drap yoursell, sir?" inquired John.

"Ah, but John, you must look at your circumstances and mine."

"Varra true, quoth John; 'but sir, can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept as clean?"

"No, John, I cannot tell you that."

"Weel, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean!" replied John with an air of triumph.

The Scotch parson looked as if he fully acknowledged the corn, and yamooed. John was never catechised after that bout by his worthy pastor.

a pretext as that of the Boston Post. The bogus Democracy has sown to the wind, and there is no help for them—they must reap the whirlwind. They have linked themselves body and soul to false gods of slavery which our fathers knew not of, and they must perish in the day of trial when these are impotent to save. It was madness to imagine that this great republic, framed by our fathers for such purposes as are set forth in the preamble of the Constitution, could be converted into an instrumentality for the propagation and extension of human bondage. It was infatuation to suppose that the freemen of the North who recognize the dignity of free labor, and make it a religious duty to teach their children to recognize and revere it, would quietly see it made an outpost from its broadest, and fairest, and most solemnly assured domain, and wretched, stolid, degraded black servitude pushed into its place. A people who have once realized the ends, and tasted the blessings of free government, do not so quickly change. Party leaders may, for purposes of their own, give themselves up to such obliquity, and the natural tendencies of the mass of any party to follow its leaders may do much towards perverting a people from just principles and the right path, but are utterly inadequate to produce any such change as that labored for by this modern Slave-driving Democracy. The truth of this will soon be exhibited in a way which the blindest of them cannot mistake.

[From the Springfield Republican. RAILROAD SONG.

BY THE "PRAIRIE BOY."
There's the bell! listen well!
"All aboard!" is the cry;
We are going, going—gone,
We'll be back by-and-by.
Now we're jumping with a bumping, and a bumping
Over the rails,
But our horse has "taken something" and his strength never fails.

Hear the bell! listen well!
"Clear the track!" is the cry;
We are flying, flying—down,
Like a "streak of lightning" by.
What a racket! how we clack it as we track it
Over the rails!
But our pony needn't slack it, for his strength never fails.

Blow it loud to the crowd
Who are coming wait to spy,
We are coming, coming—come,
But the clinders from your eye,
As we're sliding, and are gliding, and are riding
Into town,
Horse is up to "time and tiding," but we needn't rub him down.

Isn't there a North, Also?
Behind the politicians, in and out of office, behind party leaders and partisans, there are hundreds of thousands of voters who are soon, with the honest purpose, to do the right thing, to discharge their trust at the ballot-box. It is to the members of this host, among our readers, that we would put the question that forms our caption, asking them to consider it very seriously, as emphatically the question of the hour, when its terms and meaning are properly understood.

There is a Union—to be loved, cherished, preserved, for what it was originally designed to accomplish by the great and wise men who formed it. There is a Union, early consecrated, in its spirit and letter, to the cause of liberty and humanity—the highest earthly welfare of man. There is a Union, with its rightly interpreted Constitution, dear to the hearts of a vast majority of the people, from Maine to Texas. They love it for what it has done, in spite of the disturbing element which has hindered its peace, and for what it is yet destined, they fervently hope, to achieve. They have no fear of the threats of nullification, and little sympathy with those who think such threats formidable. There is a Union then, and long may it continue unbroken, loyal to freedom and the inalienable rights of man.

There is a South—very different from the Union, though some seem to confound the two—as the country has had reason to know, almost ever since the establishment of the nation, a vigilant, exacting, despotic South, thrusting its own interests continually forward in the national councils, demanding office, seeking commands in the army and navy out of all proportion to its claims, and making its peculiar institution an ever present and disturbing anomaly—a despotic paradox in the republic. There is a South—a political South, which from the Missouri Compromise, to the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, has been more or less sectional, aggressive, and self-protecting settled policy, exciting wars of conquest, and insisting that the general government should recognize and serve the slave power. There is a South, which, daring and united, has used every means within its reach to effect its end, its own aggrandizement and the extension of its essentially feudal and anti-republican social system.

There has been and there is, we hardly need say, another South, magnanimous and generous in relation to other parts of the country, feeling acutely the evil that mars its prosperity and hinders its comparative progress, and by no means anxious to have it spread to new and fresh lands; though sensitive, both through pride and solicitude, to any interference with that evil on its own soil by strangers. Of this fraternal South—whose position is rather misfortune than fault—we do not speak here, and would not speak anywhere except with courteous feelings and words. It is a very different thing from the political, sectional, factious South, always seeking, and by its own assumptions and the aid of subservient allies, obtaining unrighteous domination.

There is, then, a Union to be cherished—of the character and for the purposes we have indicated. There is a two-fold South such as we have described. Now is there not a North also—whose past history and present condition presents a clear record? A North, which is not, in all that gives it worth, either geographical or sectional; but rather a North of free principles, of noble institutions, of commercial and industrial success; a North that bled freely to make the Declaration of Independence a fixed fact, that has never threatened nullification, that has been true to the Union and the Constitution, that has welcomed and settled immigration, peopled State after State, and filled them with "schools, thriving towns and cities, and sent forth its pioneers of civilization to conquer the wilderness; a North that holds as sacred and living the liberal and humane ideas for the acknowledgment of which centuries have travelled and thousands of battles have been fought; a North, such as the sun rises and sets upon to-day.

That by its own irrepressible tendencies would expand farther and wider, indefinitely spreading over the continent a flood of blessings; a democratic North—truly so—acknowledging the dignity of labor, the equality of all men, without a taint of feudalism or any tolerance of caste; a North of self-respecting and respected mechanics, farmers, and merchants, of professional, and scientific, and literary men, serving the people, and honored by the people for their services; a North of reverence for law, of free speech, and a free press; a North that fears the circulation of no books telling of human rights; and which so far from keeping any of its population in ignorance, almost forces all to be instructed, for its own safety; a North of peace, order, diffidence—where the great central idea is the ability of man to govern himself; a North that realizes the old Utopian dreams of a republic. Is there not such a North—in theory? and, to a large and ever increasing extent, is there not such a North in fact?

And moreover, is not this North representative of the nation, the union of the States was formed to train and bring forward as a power among the kingdoms of the earth—the New World to first reveal and then subdue to its own prosperous condition the Old?

If there is such a North, then, fidelity to it is fidelity at once to the whole Union, to liberty, to humanity; and there is no sectionalism, no enmity to any portion of the country, by striving for the enlargement of the boundaries of this North—by relating the incursions of its opposite into territories now free—if the enlargement is accomplished by the use of the

EXPERIENCE OF A BOSTON BOY.—The following is an extract of a letter from a young man to his mother in Boston, dated San Juan de Nicaragua, Aug. 1856. He worked for two or three years in a printing office in Boston, and then left to seek his fortune in California, where he accumulated some eight or ten hundred dollars, was robbed, and, in a moment of discouragement, joined the Walker expedition. The story we give in his own words. He says: It was not much, but it was the first money I had ever made, and I did not know what to do. Just about that time the Walker movement broke out in Nicaragua, and so I joined it; the agreement being that all the men should receive one hundred dollars a month, and five hundred acres of land at the time of the discharge. Well, I served him seven months, and received my discharge, because I weighed only ninety-three pounds and after having served so long instead of getting a hundred dollars a month, as he promised, I received a piece of paper called "Government Script," to the amount of seven hundred and twenty-five dollars, for which I should be glad to get fifty dollars.

I have been sick, very sick. I laid on a bed made of raw hides, three, long months, and could not move without help. This was in a hospital in Grenada, where there were dying men and sick men, boys; you may say, dying daily. They were enticed to this country by the fair promises of a man who has no principle, and who can never fulfil the promises he has made. There was a time when the boys were "thought something"—there were only about a hundred and fifty of us then—but look at them now—a parcel of thieves, who to keep out of jail have joined Walker, and they are in just as bad a fix as if they had not come, for three-fifths of them will die of the fever or cholera, and the balance will starve to death.

Such is the plain, unvarnished story of a young man, who left a comfortable home and a respectable business, and joins himself to a freebooter, Walker, and such, undoubtedly, will be the experience of all who do so. We hope the facts related above will deter other young men from following the example of the author of the letter. [Nantucket Enquirer.

FREMONT'S CATHOLICISM.—A friend who has been somewhat engaged in stamping the State during the present campaign, tells a good story, illustrative of the opposition to Fremont, on the ground that he is a Catholic. We commend it to the N. Y. Express—

As he was passing through a small country town, he met quite an active and apparently intelligent man, with whom he soon got into a political conversation. In the course of it, the countryman said he couldn't vote for Col. Fremont, because he was a Catholic. "But he isn't a Catholic," said our friend. "Yes he is," said the other, "I know he is—I can prove it."

"But you are mistaken. I have it from his own lips, that he is not a Catholic and never was," replied our friend. "Well," was the reply, "if he is not a Catholic, he's a damned Protestant, and that's just as bad."

peacable instrumentalities guaranteed by the Constitution and the laws of the land. In our judgment, therefore, this, and this almost exclusively, is the question which the hundreds of thousands of honest voters should, in the present crisis, answer by their ballots, viz:—How can the free principles and the free institutions—the true Democracy of the North—not the geographical, sectional North, but the North that represents the national American idea—be best sustained and extended? Clearly that idea is in peril. There is no danger of a dissolution of the Union, but there is danger that liberty—without which the form of a republic is but a whitened sepulchre, and the cry of democracy but a lying voice—may be so resisted that the grand experiment, thus far successful, of a family of free governments on this continent shall end in a dark failure. To avert this, he who loves his country—his whole country—should meet the responsibility of the critical hour with a calm, manly, believing courage, and vote for freedom.—[Boston Traveller.

Kansas Affairs.
We have obtained (says the Boston Daily Advertiser) permission to print the subjoined letter, with the names of the writer and the gentleman to whom it is addressed, with the design of showing by unimpeachable testimony the truth of the present state of affairs in Kansas. Mr. Lawrence tells us that his correspondent is "as reliable a man as ever lived,"—one while whom he has had business transactions for several years.

This letter and many others of a similar tenor, show what is the present disposition of the federal government in ordering fresh troops to Kansas to put down "insurrection" and to save the capital of the State, (Lecompton) from "destruction." As to the latter, it could have been taken and burnt by the Free State men at any time during the past month, if they were really desirous of "destroying" it; and of emulating the laurels which General Pierce's administration won by the burning of Greytown. Lecompton contains less than twenty buildings of an average value of about \$200 each. But the Free State men entertain no such plans of aggressive operations. Their policy is defensive; the preservation of themselves, their wives, and children, and the protection of their property.

We present this letter as testimony which must be satisfactory to those who are not already determined not to hear the truth and to treat slightly the state of affairs in Kansas. We beg attention also, to the fact that the benefit derived from the relief contributed at the North, is acknowledged in this as it has been in numerous other letters:—

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And moreover, is not this North representative of the nation, the union of the States was formed to train and bring forward as a power among the kingdoms of the earth—the New World to first reveal and then subdue to its own prosperous condition the Old?

If there is such a North, then, fidelity to it is fidelity at once to the whole Union, to liberty, to humanity; and there is no sectionalism, no enmity to any portion of the country, by striving for the enlargement of the boundaries of this North—by relating the incursions of its opposite into territories now free—if the enlargement is accomplished by the use of the

EXPERIENCE OF A BOSTON BOY.—The following is an extract of a letter from a young man to his mother in Boston, dated San Juan de Nicaragua, Aug. 1856. He worked for two or three years in a printing office in Boston, and then left to seek his fortune in California, where he accumulated some eight or ten hundred dollars, was robbed, and, in a moment of discouragement, joined the Walker expedition. The story we give in his own words. He says: It was not much, but it was the first money I had ever made, and I did not know what to do. Just about that time the Walker movement broke out in Nicaragua, and so I joined it; the agreement being that all the men should receive one hundred dollars a month, and five hundred acres of land at the time of the discharge. Well, I served him seven months, and received my discharge, because I weighed only ninety-three pounds and after having served so long instead of getting a hundred dollars a month, as he promised, I received a piece of paper called "Government Script," to the amount of seven hundred and twenty-five dollars, for which I should be glad to get fifty dollars.

I have been sick, very sick. I laid on a bed made of raw hides, three, long months, and could not move without help. This was in a hospital in Grenada, where there were dying men and sick men, boys; you may say, dying daily. They were enticed to this country by the fair promises of a man who has no principle, and who can never fulfil the promises he has made. There was a time when the boys were "thought something"—there were only about a hundred and fifty of us then—but look at them now—a parcel of thieves, who to keep out of jail have joined Walker, and they are in just as bad a fix as if they had not come, for three-fifths of them will die of the fever or cholera, and the balance will starve to death.

Such is the plain, unvarnished story of a young man, who left a comfortable home and a respectable business, and joins himself to a freebooter, Walker, and such, undoubtedly, will be the experience of all who do so. We hope the facts related above will deter other young men from following the example of the author of the letter. [Nantucket Enquirer.

FREMONT'S CATHOLICISM.—A friend who has been somewhat engaged in stamping the State during the present campaign, tells a good story, illustrative of the opposition to Fremont, on the ground that he is a Catholic. We commend it to the N. Y. Express—

As he was passing through a small country town, he met quite an active and apparently intelligent man, with whom he soon got into a political conversation. In the course of it, the countryman said he couldn't vote for Col. Fremont, because he was a Catholic. "But he isn't a Catholic," said our friend. "Yes he is," said the other, "I know he is—I can prove it."

"But you are mistaken. I have it from his own lips, that he is not a Catholic and never was," replied our friend. "Well," was the reply, "if he is not a Catholic, he's a damned Protestant, and that's just as bad."

peacable instrumentalities guaranteed by the Constitution and the laws of the land. In our judgment, therefore, this, and this almost exclusively, is the question which the hundreds of thousands of honest voters should, in the present crisis, answer by their ballots, viz:—How can the free principles and the free institutions—the true Democracy of the North—not the geographical, sectional North, but the North that represents the national American idea—be best sustained and extended? Clearly that idea is in peril. There is no danger of a dissolution of the Union, but there is danger that liberty—without which the form of a republic is but a whitened sepulchre, and the cry of democracy but a lying voice—may be so resisted that the grand experiment, thus far successful, of a family of free governments on this continent shall end in a dark failure. To avert this, he who loves his country—his whole country—should meet the responsibility of the critical hour with a calm, manly, believing courage, and vote for freedom.—[Boston Traveller.

Kansas Affairs.
We have obtained (says the Boston Daily Advertiser) permission to print the subjoined letter, with the names of the writer and the gentleman to whom it is addressed, with the design of showing by unimpeachable testimony the truth of the present state of affairs in Kansas. Mr. Lawrence tells us that his correspondent is "as reliable a man as ever lived,"—one while whom he has had business transactions for several years.

This letter and many others of a similar tenor, show what is the present disposition of the federal government in ordering fresh troops to Kansas to put down "insurrection" and to save the capital of the State, (Lecompton) from "destruction." As to the latter, it could have been taken and burnt by the Free State men at any time during the past month, if they were really desirous of "destroying" it; and of emulating the laurels which General Pierce's administration won by the burning of Greytown. Lecompton contains less than twenty buildings of an average value of about \$200 each. But the Free State men entertain no such plans of aggressive operations. Their policy is defensive; the preservation of themselves, their wives, and children, and the protection of their property.

We present this letter as testimony which must be satisfactory to those who are not already determined not to hear the truth and to treat slightly the state of affairs in Kansas. We beg attention also, to the fact that the benefit derived from the relief contributed at the North, is acknowledged in this as it has been in numerous other letters:—

peacable instrumentalities guaranteed by the Constitution and the laws of the land. In our judgment, therefore, this, and this almost exclusively, is the question which the hundreds of thousands of honest voters should, in the present crisis, answer by their ballots, viz:—How can the free principles and the free institutions—the true Democracy of the North—not the geographical, sectional North, but the North that represents the national American idea—be best sustained and extended? Clearly that idea is in peril. There is no danger of a dissolution of the Union, but there is danger that liberty—without which the form of a republic is but a whitened sepulchre, and the cry of democracy but a lying voice—may be so resisted that the grand experiment, thus far successful, of a family of free governments on this continent shall end in a dark failure. To avert this, he who loves his country

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . SEPT. 18, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, Agent for the Eastern Mail, 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 the corner of the Court and State streets, Boston. New York: N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia: S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore: S. M. Ferry and 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. DOWNMAN—Traveling Agent.

WE WANT MONEY!

Our money, we mean; so, reader, if you have any in your possession belonging to us—which we have fairly earned—don't wait for us to send you that little bill, but call at once or send, for our need is great.

Letter Fifth to Hon. Rufus Choate.

Shrewsbury, Sept. 8th, '56.

RUFUS CHOATE, ESQ.,
SIR:—You say, alluding to the Philadelphia Platform, "its Constitution, the glittering and sounding generalities of natural rights which make up the Declaration of Independence."—So then, the Declaration of Independence is made up of "glittering and sounding generalities!" "Spirits of Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Washington, and thou too, immortal WEBSTER, observe the modesty and retire before the wisdom of the Boston rhetorician. Would I could censure all the spirits who met in that Hall of Independence at Philadelphia in 1776, whose assembly Pitt and Burke pronounced the most august of living sages, to hear the commentaries of Rufus Choate in 1856 on their immortal work.

The "Declaration of Independence" made up of glittering and sounding generalities." No remark I can make, sir, no corollary I can draw, can dig a deeper grave for your reputation than this, and in my mind's eye is in this seen, your brief auto-biography. It is not, sir, the character of the Declaration of Independence which you have truly drawn; methinks it is you, Mr. Choate, who are a "glittering and sounding generality." You have inscribed on the Declaration not its eulogy but your own epitaph.

The wisdom of that instrument seems to me like the flint-rock Mount Kineo, at whose base the tiny waves of Moosehead Lake dash and break and foam in particles of such weight and value, as your criticisms. I therefore consign this portion of your letter to its self-made grave; nor will I fill the suicidal hole with gravel nor cover it with soil or green sod, much less plant around it annual or perennial flowers; not even the yew or the cypress will I set out then, and for your reputation, I will only ask of the mourners the "charity of their silence."

Sir, since the above was written, the remarks of Mr. Quincy on your letter, have fallen on my ear and doubtless met your eye. That honest, spirited, true man and noble patriot of 85 years standing, having annihilated your epistle, there remains nothing for me to do, but to make my bow to you and bring these letters to a close. After Mr. Quincy, my "prattle must be tedious." I should follow him as Julius did Aeneas, "haud passibus aequis." My steps would now be like those of a pigmy behind a giant.

In retiring, I may perhaps be allowed to say, I was requested by a high-minded man of Waterville, to comment on your letter. I responded to his appeal, because I love liberty, not merely from choice but from inheritance. As far back as the Edwards of England, I have an ancestor who helped to wrest the Magna Charta from the sceptre of royalty. To enjoy liberty, another ancestor settled in Boston nearly two centuries since. A son of his, my grandfather, received a Colonel's commission from Gen. Washington, and my father, though professionally devoted to religion, and to learning, helped to make (not for pay, but for patriotism) in Andover, Massachusetts, the first gunpowder used in the Revolution. In these facts, if I have anywhere overstepped the modesty of nature or the courtesies of society, I hope you will find an apology, remembering that in the language of Burke "something may be pardoned to the spirit of liberty." You will bear witness that in what has been said, the motives which induced your letter have not been questioned, but the conviction has been forced upon me that in politics at least your premises have been proved false:—your superstructure, all admit is rhetorical, and the corollary is inevitable, that you lack sagacity or honesty.

One's pride of reputation (such is human nature) leads us to prefer the cognomen of knave, to being "written down an ass," and as it is not my intention to style you either, I prefer finding an apology for your obliquity of intellect by calling you to observe the direction of Mrs. Grundy's finger, pointing to the Attorney-Generalship of the United States under the expected reign of Buchanan. Thus much to excuse your head. For the palpitations of your heart, you may find some crumbs of comfort in Gen. Wilson's speech at Woburn, in which that noble and brave man says: "Mr. Choate was unfortunately always penetrated with the idea that the Universe was flying to pieces."

Be this as it may, could you or did you, when you wrote your letter, as Mr. Quincy could and did,—look back on a life unswerving, disinterested, consistent; and forward to the proximity of God's retributive judgment? I would with all candor and tenderness say it is feared you had an unsubstantial and "glittering" vision (before you penned your fatal letter) of filling a vacant chair next March in the Courts of the United States at Washington. But, "Panda et mendax."

Wishing you the "sana mens in sano corpore,"—a good conscience, an enlarged philanthropy and an unanimous verdict of approbation from a jury of the world's wise and good, (more important to your real happiness and

true fame than was the verdict in Tirrell's case, which knocked off the manacles, opened the dungeon door and let loose to prey on society an unconverted thief, a convicted adulterer and branded murderer.)

I have the honor to be,

In sorrow, not in anger,

Your obedient servant,

H. BROMFIELD PEARSON.

P. S.—Sept. 15th.—"Oh! that mine enemy would write a Book." Maine and Freedom, grateful for past favors, do not ask a "Book," but with compliments to Mr. Choate, will be very happy to receive another "Letter" prior to the 4th Nov. *

DOUBTFUL.—The Kennebec Journal, which labored most judiciously and successfully in our state contest, winds off with a most laughable illustration of the great race over the national course, in which Fremont is exhibited as a graceful and vigorous young Mustang, and Buchanan as the final summing-up of an old nag of what was in time past called "the Pennsylvania breed of horses." We looked at it, and laughed with the rest; and if we had not noticed that a democrat who was accidentally caught among the number, turned away "swearing like wrathful Mars," we should have pronounced the joke a good one. This led us to another conclusion, namely, that old Bones was very likely to kick the wrong way. This has been the mode of celebrating political victories in times past—by caricature, lampoon and ridicule of the party already smarting under defeat. Is this the way, in the present state of political questions before the people, to bring men from the wrong side over to the right? There have been times when the country was divided upon mere words and names, and when con-skins and hickory poles had more power than conclusive argument and common sense. Now the people have gone back to first principles, and are discussing the great question of human freedom. This was a solemn question in '76, and we believe that in its investigation today the great mass of the American people, both north and south, are earnest and sincere.

The great and unexpected republican victory in Maine has turned the minds of the vanquished to more careful and candid investigation, and if truth is perched on the opposing banner, they only want a quiet and undisturbed opportunity to find it out. Give them time to think. It is an article of the republican creed that the mass of the people are politically honest. The peculiar attribute of "faith in the people," so long claimed by the democracy, has been frightened from their ranks by the black banner of slavery, and is now inscribed on the republican side. They have faith in God and each other, that their principles are destined to triumph. If sometimes misled by demagogues, and driven to obstinacy in their attempts to return to the true course, this only suggests the greater gentleness on the part of those whose work it is to guide. To us it seems not only injudicious but unfair towards that portion of the honest voters now disappointed and fretted by defeat, to turn upon them with ridicule. They have been deceived by those to whom they looked for counsel; and with generous treatment, will only wait for the smoke of the battle to clear away, to rally and enrol themselves on the right side. Our country has never seen a time like the present, and all its features cannot be investigated in a day. Give the people time and they will come out right. An honest whig, who has been so from his cradle, cannot believe at once, even with Daniel Webster, that his long cherished party is extinct; and in stumbling over his fallen comrades, enveloped in smoke and dust, he is not to be blamed if for the brief period of his bewilderment he marches after the wrong banner. Give him time to brush the dirt from his eyes, and let him see for himself that he has been beguiled to the ranks of the enemy. On the entire political globe there is not a spot so unfit for him to stand on. Give him time to recur to principles, and to inquire what he has been contending for all his life long. His present dubious position already tells him there is something wrong; and when he finds what and where it is, he will forsake it. Before the 4th of November he will be seen upon the right platform.

So spare your sneers and ridicule, which only make your opponent more your enemy; and save your powder, your hurrahs and your torches, which only stimulate his opposition while you look to make him an ally. Who of us all has not been the dupe of designing politicians? and what political party has not been cursed with false guides?

SAD.—On Friday afternoon last, Sept. 12th, as William Henry Channing, eldest son of Mr. John W. Channing of Kendall's Mills, was endeavoring to extricate a fish line of one of his playmates, which had become entangled, he lost his balance and fell into the mill-pond and was drowned.

A diligent search was kept up until Sunday evening by the citizens of the place, but as yet he has not been found.

His age was five years, and he was a very bright intelligent boy.

THE STATE FAIR.—It is said the citizens of Portland are exhibiting a warm interest in the approaching anniversary of the State Agricultural Society, which holds its fair at that place. There will be extensive contributions of stock from Kennebec and Somerset, notwithstanding the disappointment usually felt that the exhibition was not held at Waterville. Their turn will come in due time.

FIRE.—On Monday evening a fire caught in a back chamber at the residence of Nath'l Gilman, Esq., on Silver-st., from some fireworks, preparing for the amusement of a party of children. It was extinguished with slight damage to the building, though considerable clothing and other articles were destroyed.

OUR TABLE.

THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS. By Madame Dudaud. (George Sand). Translated from the French by Dwight's Journal of Music. Boston: J. S. Dwight & E. L. Balch. A cheap pamphlet edition of this new work has just been received from A. Williams & Co., Boston. Not having had time to read it, we can give no opinion of its character, but the name of the author will ensure its sale. It will be found at Johnston & Carlton's.

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.—We have received a few specimen pages of this interesting work, soon to be published by Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia, and of which we have previously made several notices. A contemporary says of it:

"It is printed in clear type on beautiful white paper, illustrated with twenty-four fine steel engravings of striking views in the Arctic region, and with several hundred woodcuts, and will fill two volumes of about five hundred pages each. The fate of Sir John Franklin, though now pretty well ascertained, has awakened a lively interest in England and the United States, and the latter has entered into a generous rivalry in behalf of the long lost explorers. Dr. Kane has been on two expeditions in this service, from the latter of which he returned having spent two long and dreary years in those desolate regions, among six months nights, and having performed a remarkable journey with dogs and sledges, with the thermometer below thirty degrees below zero."

The hero of this expedition is a young man of remarkable energy, courage and industry, who learned amid hardships the discipline which alone can fit one for the most arduous undertakings. He is distinguished by a coolness and a calmness of temper, and a steady adherence to duty. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and has been employed in the United States Army. He was afterwards stationed on the coast of Africa, and manifested wonderful skill and perseverance in his explorations in that uncongenial climate. At a subsequent date, as the bearer of dispatches from President Polk to Gen. Scott, in Mexico, he performed deeds of daring, demanded by his hazardous position, which would have been worthy of a Putnam or a Wayne.

Dr. Kane succeeded beyond any explorers who have preceded him in the Polar regions, having reached a higher latitude and recovered the open Polar Sea. His expedition is connected with the history of the discovery of the North Pole, and the discovery of the continent of North America. The whole number is up to the usual standard of excellence of this best of American monthlies.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for October is an admirable number. "Mother's Pets" is a charming steel engraving, and the beautiful fashion plate is a ladies' delight. The number is full of excellent stories and sketches, many of which are illustrated with full page wood engravings. The supplementary portions of the work—Housekeeper's Assistant, Recipes for the Toilet, Flower and Garden Hints, Editorial Melange, Chit-Chat, Editors' Drawer, Literary Notices, The Work Table—are by no means the least valuable, particularly to the ladies. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

THE SCHOOLFELLOW.—The September number of this magazine for boys and girls contains the conclusion of "The Gnome and the Sylph," a beautiful story; something about Florence Nightingale, with a portrait; another chapter of "Brothers and Sisters," more about the City of New York; and much other pleasant reading, prettily illustrated. It is for sale at Waterville by Johnston & Carlton, who are supplied with this and all the other popular periodicals by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

AMERICAN VETERINARY JOURNAL.—The September number has a picture of "Royal Defence," and contains a great amount of valuable information in regard to the diseases and treatment of horses and cattle. This work will be found of great benefit to horse dealers, farmers, and all others interested in the rearing and training of the domestic animals. It is edited by George H. Dadd, the eminent veterinary Surgeon, and published by S. N. Thompson, Boston, at \$1 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The October contains 60 engravings, songs, and 74 articles. Three of the pictures are of full page size and colored, the largest number ever given in any one number of a magazine. "The Star of Dawn" is a novel and will attract attention. Godey is a host, and his "Book" is a beauty. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

PORTRAITS OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—A large sheet has recently been issued from the Brother Jonathan Office, New York, containing engraved portraits of the six candidates for president and vice president, now before the people. A 3 cent postage stamp sent to B. H. Day, 48 Beekman street, New York, will ensure you a copy in return, free of postage.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The October number of this excellent family magazine, with its rich store of entertaining and instructive reading, beautifully illustrated, has just been received. This work deserves a circulation as wide as that of any magazine in the country. Published by Carlton & Porter, New York, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston, is agent for New England.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.—Mr. Rawson's Lectures on Turkey, which commenced tomorrow evening at Appleton Hall, offer a rare opportunity for securing important information connected with a country which is just now taking a position of much interest in the eyes of the Christian world. These lectures are commended to the public in the most marked terms by such men as John Pierpont, Mayor Smith and T. Starr King; the last of whom, after a lecture to his own congregation, pronounced the lecturer "a most interesting interpreter of ancient and modern life in Palestine and the East."

The lectures are illustrated by numerous diagrams and maps, exhibiting geography, costumes, ceremonies, &c., which aid in fixing facts in the minds of the audience, and render them peculiarly instructive and interesting to both old and young. At the low price of 12½ cts., or 25 cts. for the course of three lectures, we very confidently predict for Mr. Rawson a full house.

LETTERS TO MR. CHOATE. Many able and some most scathing articles have been dedicated to the suggestion of Rufus Choate's letter to the Maine whig committee. Among the most distinguished of these is the letter of the venerable patriarch Josiah Quincy, whose setting sun is throwing its brilliant rays full upon the banner of freedom. The hands of all good men rest in blessing upon his head. Mr. Pearson, whose logical and caustic pen is doing its part nobly, closes his letters in the Mail today. He too is one of the champions who have been called from retirement by the emergency of the times, and we hope our readers will continue to hear from him till after the contest is over. His letters have been read with much interest and effect.

ORATIONS.—We have still another occasion to acknowledge the kindness of our friend Chas. Davis, Esq., of Sidney, whose success in cultivating the organ has encouraged so many others to try the experiment. This crop is one of more importance than is generally supposed; and a statement, if it could be made, of the number of bushels annually sold in our village, would surprise the farmers around us. The price is generally more than a dollar, and the profit to the producer, when a good crop is got, (like those of Mr. Davis and Mr. Wheeler), is hardly exceeded in anything else. It seems to us that onions have come from Connecticut to Maine long enough. They ought and can be raised at home. Try it, farmers.

HONEST.—The Belfast Free Press, Collector Smart's paper, more candid than many of its contemporaries, in some remarks on the election and the causes of the defeat of the democrats, 'acknowledges the corn' as follows:

"The leading democrats in the State and their faithful allies never labored harder. They deserved success; but nothing they could do, could accomplish it. The wind and tide was against them. The causes of our defeat may be summed up in three words—Kansas—Brooks—Herbert."

The doctrine of popular sovereignty as applied to the territories, was at one time getting to be very popular, and at this moment would have been popular, but for the course of the Border Ruffians and the extreme Abolitionists. The conflicts and bloodshed in Kansas would before this have marshalled a million of people in arms had they been between two nations. It is not then to be wondered at, that these conflicts should have operated upon the minds of our opponents more especially as they were dishonestly charged upon the democratic party. The beating of Sumner, and the killing of Keating have been charged to the account of the democracy dishonestly and unfairly. But these things have had great influence—and we wish to say here that if the South expects her friends at the North to sustain themselves, her public men must act with discretion, which will deprive demagogues in our midst, of the power of making capital out of their conduct. The people of Missouri and of the South must not permit their citizens to make a mockery of the doctrine of popular sovereignty. Southern democrats may say the same to us, with justice, in relation to our abolitionists. We however denounce the abolitionists everywhere, and the time has come when the people of the South if they expect us to maintain our ground in defending them, must denounce their 'ruffians.' The democratic party cannot succeed in the free States in standing by the Nebraska bill, unless all its advocates will join the President in good faith in carrying out its principles.

RUMORS OF TREASONABLE PROJECTS AT THE SOUTH.—The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, in one of his letters, makes the following statement:

"It is already arranged, in the event of Fremont's election, or a failure to elect by the people, to call the Legislatures of Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia, to concert measures to withdraw from the Union before Fremont can get possession of the army and navy, and the purse strings of government. Governor Wise is actively at work already in the matter. The South can rely on the President in the emergency contemplated. The question now is, whether the people of the South will sustain their leaders."

Advice from Texas state that a resolution has passed the Senate by a vote of 16 to 14, requesting the Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature in case of Fremont's election.

Per contra, the Baltimore Patriot speaks as follows:

"When a journal like the Richmond Enquirer assumes to itself the right to speak authoritatively for the whole South, it becomes the duty of such Southern members of the Confederacy as repudiate all ideas of disunion to declare their fealty to the articles of confederation in language which cannot be mistaken.—So far as respects the integrity of the federal bond, it matters not who is elected—Maryland will stand by the Union. She has her preferences, and will indicate them by her vote; but if the statesman whom she regards most worthy of being chosen Chief Magistrate should unfortunately be supplanted by a more popular candidate, she will imitate the example of that fine old English Admiral, Blake, who had no love for the protectorate of Cromwell, yet felt it to be his duty to serve his country, no matter who held the reins of government."

But is the Enquirer, while hurling its denunciations against all who differ from it in opinion, quite certain that it speaks the sentiment of Virginia? There is a hardy, transmontane population within the limits of that State, which, notwithstanding the fierce pugnacity of her contemporary, can never be roused to join its rebellious cry. Still less could it be brought to carry out, in practice, the treason which the Enquirer preaches. If any secession of Western Virginia from the seaboard counties—but not from the Union.

Carolina fire eaters have pointed out, in magnificent sentences, the admirable capabilities of the South for carrying on a defensive war. They have shown how batteries, placed in this pass, and rifles bristling on that hillside, could work destruction on an advancing foe. Col. Brooks has, moreover, advised, in the event of Fremont's election, that a gallant army of Southerners, equipped with bowie-knives and revolvers, shall march in grim procession to Washington, and seize upon the government archives and treasury.

Our impulsive neighbor of the Enquirer straightaway blows a bugle blast, and raises the war cry of the old Covenanters. "To your tents, O Israel." But neither the defensive capacity of the Southern States, nor the tempting suggestion of Col. Brooks, nor the windy aspirations of forced breath of the Richmond Enquirer, can stimulate a patriotic people, proud of their national renown, glorying in their national prosperity, reverencing their nation's destiny, and sensible of the power which that nationality insures, to rally forth on so Quixotic an expedition, or even attempt to crush out the memory of the past and the hope of the future, by an act which would entail upon their posterity a more bitter destiny than that which befel the children of Adam under the primeval curse."

The Carolina Times, a fire-eating journal of the regular South Carolina school, predicts the election of Fremont from the Iowa and Vermont elections. It had not heard from Maine, which will not be likely to change its opinion. The Times adds:

"The profoundest apathy has seized upon people and politicians—upon all classes—and we contemplate the probable triumph of Black Republicanism with a stolid indifference and stoicism which are amazing and alarming."

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE MAINE ELECTION.—The Richmond Whig, alluding to the Republican triumph in Maine, says that it puts a complete extinguisher upon Buchanan's chances for the Presidency, and shows that the South can place no reliance upon the Northern Democracy for the slightest protection to her interests and her institutions. The editor also predicts that in Illinois—the home of Douglas himself—Bissell, will beat Richardson for the Governorship out of sight. We make this prediction in face of the fact that only a few weeks ago Col. Richardson returned to Washington from an electioneering tour through his State, and immediately published a letter assuring his friends that Illinois would vote the Democratic ticket by 80,000 majority. And thus it will most certainly be, too, with Mr. Buchanan's own State—the great Keystone State of Pennsylvania. And if he loses this, will any of his friends be kind enough to tell

us what earthly possibility there is of his obtaining the electoral vote of one single Northern State. There is none—there can be none.—His chances in the North, look to what direction you may, are utterly and desperately hopeless. No candid man in either section will even pretend otherwise."

THE ELECTION.—We publish to-day returns from 430 towns and plantations in this State, which, according to our tables have thrown 115,863 votes. But, as in 12 towns, the majority only is given, the aggregate vote is more than two thousand larger than our tables make it. There are 43 towns and plantations to hear from which last year gave Morrill 997, Wells, 1109, Reed 286, and which will increase the aggregate of votes thrown in the State to upwards of 120,000.

From the returns already received, it will be seen that Mr. Hamlin leads Gov. Wells twenty-four thousand three hundred and thirty-five votes, and leads Wells with Patten, eighteen thousand two hundred and ninety-nine, making a nett gain over the vote of last year of twenty-five thousand one hundred and ten.

The vote of this year will be about 10,000 heavier than the vote of last year, which was the largest ever before thrown in this State by some 14,000.

Gov. Wells falls short of the vote he received last year, more than three thousand, and Mr. Patten falls behind Reed's vote of last year more than four thousand.

We think Mr. Hamlin's vote will come well up to 70,000, his majority over Wells and Patten to about nineteen thousand, and his plurality over Wells to twenty-five thousand.

House of Representatives. This body consists of 151 members. We have returns of 141 elected, of which 119 are Republicans and 22 Democrats. The full house will probably stand thus: Republicans, 125; Democrats, 26. Last year we had but sixty members in the house.

Senate. The Senate consists of 31 members. Last year it stood Democrat and Straight-Whig 29, Republican 2. This year there is a slight change. It will stand Republican 30, Democrat 1!!!

Representatives to Congress. In the first District, Hon. John M. Wood is elected by a majority of more than 1500. In the second District, Charles J. Gilman, Esq., is elected by a majority of more than 2500. In the third District, Nehemiah Abbot is elected by a majority of about 2500. In the fourth, Freeman H. Morse is elected by a majority of about 7000. In the fifth District, Israel Washburne, Jr., is elected by a majority of more than 4000. In the sixth District, Stephen C. Foster is elected by a majority of about 1000. All Republicans and a gain of one (the sixth district) to the Republicans.

LATER FROM KANSAS.—St. Louis, Sept. 11. Mr. Irish arrived here to day from Fort Leavenworth, which place he left Sept. 9th. He states that a few days before his departure, Gen. Richardson, commander of the northern division of the Kansas militia, had been captured by a squad of Lane's troops. The particulars of the capture he had not heard. Richardson was conveyed to Lawrence and delivered over to Gen. Lane, who at once restored his arms, and calling on a small guard escorted him outside of town, and dismissed him with much courtesy and regret at his misfortune. Mr. Irish learned that Gen. Richardson was so pleased with the generosity of his captor, that he has declared his intention to war no more against them.

The Alabamians who are under arms are exceedingly sick of the country, and are determined to leave, and say they must have money to get away with, and will have it if they have to steal.

Atholison and Donoham had become disgusted and returned to Missouri.

The pro-slavery forces under Gen. Reid were very small.

Gov. Geary reached Leavenworth city on Tuesday evening. Quite a number of citizens and men under arms, were on the banks ready to receive some two or three companies of Missourians, which were expected. When they learned that Geary was on board, they called him out. He appeared on the guard and made a speech of about ten minutes length, saying among other things, with qualifications attached, he would enforce the territorial laws that were constitutional. The Gov. then proceeded up the river and landed at the Fort, where he had immediate consultation with Gen. Smith. He stated his intention to proceed to Lawrence in a few days without any more troops than would suffice for a body guard.

CUTTING REPLY.—In France, smoking is perhaps less a rage than it is with us, but in France the liberty of smokers is greater, I think, than in America. Thus in the United States, people who smoke in omnibuses, cars, cabins of steamboats, or other places of the sort are few and far between. In France, on the contrary, it is very common to see gentlemen (?) indulging a cigar on such occasions. An elegantly dressed and aristocratic looking lady entered a first class railroad car, at the Paris depot a day or two ago. As she opened the door and took her place, she observed that the car was occupied by three or four gentlemen, one of whom, at the moment of her appearance, was in the act of lighting his cigar. Observing the lady, he made a significant grimace, and, with the characteristic word-politeness of a Frenchman, said "Would smoking inconvenience you, madam?"

The lady turned toward him, and with an air of quiet dignity, replied—"I do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever yet smoked in my presence."

He put out his cigar.

THE BAPTISTS IN MAINE.—We are indebted to our neighbor Foster, of Zion's Advocate, for a copy of the "Minutes of the 32d Annual Meeting of the Maine Baptist Convention, held at Rockland, June 17th, 1856." We learn from them that the Baptists have, in this State, 277 Churches, 199 Ministers, 19,325 Church Members, 269 Sabbath Schools, and 18,772 Teachers and Scholars. The number baptized during 1855 was 835. The Convention passed a resolution declaring the main doctrines of the word entitled "Sin and Redemption" recently published by a member of that body to be "essentially unscriptural and fatally erroneous." Resolutions were also passed condemning the assault on Sumner and in favor of freedom in Kansas.—Portland Transcript and Eclectic.

"A Southern" writing from Missouri, says: "I wish that all the timid, conservative men of the North who, through fear of dissolution of the Union, are disposed to save it by throwing their votes for Buchanan for the Presidency, certainly the most dangerous man that has ever run for high office—could have heard the withering denunciation of Mr. Buchanan, and the demoralized Democratic party, that Judge Bates indulged in yesterday, to the delight of a cold and intelligent audience at our Court House. I could wish also that they could have witnessed the scene and contempt with which he treated all those who are disposed to make threats of a dissolution of the Union in case of

the election of Col. Fremont. If Col. Fremont should be elected—and the strong probability of such an event is now being acknowledged, be assured there will be no difficulty in his finding a support in the South. It is not going too far to say that in every Southern State he will rally to his support the noblest portion of the people—people who now permit such demagogues as Toombs to be spokesmen of Southern interests—but who will then take the helm in their own hands."

THE MUSES.—The Muses are described in Mythology as daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. They were believed to preside over poetry, music, and all the liberal arts and sciences, and were generally allowed to be nine in number.

Callopo presided over epic poetry and eloquence, and is represented as holding a loose-roled parchment, and sometimes a trumpet.

Clio was the goddess of history, and is represented holding a half-open scroll.

Melpomene, the inventress and goddess of tragedy, represented as holding a tragic mask, or bowl and dagger.

Erato presided over lyric, tender and amorous poetry. She is represented as crowned with roses and myrtle, holding a lyre in her hand.

Terpsichore was a goddess of dancing, and is represented crowned with laurel and holding a musical instrument.

Urania, the muse of Astronomy, is represented as holding a globe and a rod, with which she points out objects.

Thalia was the patroness of Comedy. She was called the "Blooming One," with fair, flowing hair, and generally holds a comic mask.

Polymnia, the ninth muse, presided over singing and rhetoric. She was represented veiled in white, holding a sceptre in her left hand, and with her right hand raised, as if ready to harangue.

REPUBLICAN MEETING BROKEN UP.—Baltimore, Sept. 11th.—An attempt was made here to-night, to appoint a Fremont electoral ticket for Maryland, but soon after the organization of the meeting, a crowd of men and boys forced their way into the room, and drove out the Republicans assembled there.

Messrs. Cochrane, Gunnison and Meredith, the principal parties in the meeting, were chased several squares, and were forced to take refuge in a store from their assailants.

Several others had to make their escape out of a back window of the hall.

Baltimore, Sept. 13.—Two Irishmen, named James Caldwell and John Malone, have been arrested at Chelaw, S. C., on a charge of being abolitionists. They were put into the hands of a committee, to be sent to the Free States.

SUICIDE.—Mrs. Eliza Pinkham, aged 61 years, formerly of Sidney, Maine, committed suicide on Sunday last, at the residence of her son-in-law, Nathan C. Kempton, on Marshall street.

Mrs. Pinkham was the mother of Aseneth C. Greenleaf, a young woman who some two years since, left her boarding house on the Massachusetts corporation, to go to the western part of the city, and was found the day after drowned in the canal near the hospital, believed to have committed suicide.

[Lowell Vox Populi.]

WASHING CLOTHES.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives the following recipe:—"I have used for several years a washing fluid, which very much lessens the labor of washing, without injuring the clothes in the least. It is made as follows: Take, for one gallon of water, one pound of washing soda and a quarter of a pound of unsalted lime. Put them in the water, and simmer twenty minutes. When cool, pour off the clear fluid into glass or stoneware (for it will ruin earthenware, causing it to crack until it falls to pieces) If the cloth is very dirty, put them in soak over night; wring them out in the morning; soap them, and put them in the wash-kettle, with enough water to cover them. To a common sized kettle or boiler-full, put a teacupful of fluid. Boil half an hour, then wash well through one suds, and rinse thoroughly in two waters. Those careful housewives who have always washed their clothes twice, then boiled them, and then washed them again, will think this a very superficial way of washing; but I know from experience, that my clothes not only wash easier but look better, and last fully as long as when I washed in the old way. This fluid is very good for cleaning paint. A very little put in the water will remove grease or fly-stains much better than soap. Too much of it will remove the paint also."

BEST ROOT COFFEE.—A very good coffee can be made of beet root in the following manner:—Cut dry beet root into small pieces, then gradually heat it in a close pan over the fire for about fifteen minutes. Now introduce a little sweet fresh butter and bring it up to the roasting heat. The butter presents the evaporation of the sweetness and aroma of the beet root, and when fully roasted it is taken out, ground, and used like coffee. A beverage made of it is cheap, and, no doubt, equally as good for the human system as coffee or chicory.

The Richmond Enquirer says: "The Hon. John M. Botts who is stump Virginia for Fillmore, can be convicted of black Republicanism on the evidence of his own declaration, in the speech which he recently delivered in Richmond. It says 'the speech will be published, and that if Botts is not arrested under the act for the suppression of incendiary language, the law is either a dead letter or our prosecuting attorneys are not true to their duties.' Hail Columbia."

There are but two classes of disunionists here at the North. One of them, the Garrison abolitionists, is so small as almost to be counted upon the fingers. The other is composed of those who are constantly assuring the public, that the Union will be dissolved if Fremont is elected President, and that no southern man will accept office under him. [Salem Gazette.]

THE BOGUS LEGISLATURE OF KANSAS.—The fact is not generally known that no appropriation was made by Congress to pay the legislature of Kansas which enacted the bloody code of laws. The House struck out the item in the appropriation bill, which would provide for that purpose, and the Senate yielded the point, thus virtually acknowledging that they considered it as an illegal body. And yet the President is using the militia of the United States to enforce the laws created by this repudiated body.

SUICIDE BY DROWNING.—A young man by the name of T. F. Cushman, who has resided here and in this vicinity, for more than a year past, was found drowned in Union River yesterday, under such circumstances as to leave no doubt of its being a premeditated act. His hat,

