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THE BLARNEY STONE.

Oh, did you ever hear of the Blarney?
'Tis found on the banks of Killarney.
Believe it from me, no girl's heart is true,
Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.

LOVER.

"I tell you, Mike, agra! its no manner o' use, for do it I can't, an' that's the long an' the short of it."

"Listen at him, why it isn't bashful that you are, eh, Ned, avic?"

"Faix, an' I'm afraid it is."

"Gog's bleakey! why, they'll put you in the museum along wid the marmalades an' the rattlin' sneaks; a bashful Irishman! why, a four-leaved shamrogue 'ud be a muton-shopt to that, man alive."

"So they say; but I've cotch the complaint anyway."

"Well, tear an' agra, I never heard the likes; it makes me mighty unhappy, for if modesty gets a fobbin' among us it'll be the ruin of us altogether. I shouldn't wonder but some of them retirin' cockneys has inoculated us with the affection; as they travelled through the country. Well, an' tell us, how d'you feel when you're blushin' Ned?"

"Arrah! I now don't be laughin' at me, Mike; sure we can't help our wakeness—it's only before her that the heart of me melts away entire-ly."

"Never mind, avic; sure it's a good man's case anyway; an' so purty Nelly has put the comelher over your sensibilities?"

"You may say that, Mike, avic. The niver a bit of sense have I left, if it's a thing that I ever happened to have; an' now, Ned, Mike, without jokin', isn't it mighty queer that I can't get the cowardly tongue to wag a word out o' my head when her eye is upon me—did you iver see Nelly's eye, Mike?"

"Scores o' times."

"May be that isn't an eye?"

"May be there isn't a pair of them, since you come to that?"

"The devil such wickid-lookin' innocence iver peeped out of the head of a Christian afore, to my thinkin'."

"It's nothin'; but right that you should think so, Ned."

"Oh, Mike! to me, the laugh that bames out of him, while she's happy, is as good to a boy's feelin' as the softest sun-ray that iver made the world smile; but when she's sad—oh, murder, murder! Mike—when them watery diamonds flutters about her silky eye-lashes, or hangs upon her downy cheek, like jew upon a rose-lafe, who the devil could endure it? Bedad, it's as much as I can do to stand up agin them merry glances; but when her eye takes to the water, be the powers of war, it bothers the navigation of my heart out an' out."

"Thrus for you, Ned."

"An' thin her mouth! Did you iver observe Nelly's mouth, Mike?"

"At a distance, Ned."

"Now, that's what I call a rare mouth, Mike; it doesn't look like some, only a place to ate with, but a soft-talkin', sweet-lovin' mouth, wid the kisses growin' in clusters about it; thar nobody dare have the impudence to pluck off, eh! Mike?"

"Hould your tongue, Ned."

"If Nelly's heart isn't the very bed of love, why thin Coyd's a jockass, that's all. An' thin her teeth; did you notice them teeth? why pearls is pavin' stones to them; how they do flash about, as her beautiful round lips open to let out a voice that's just for all the world like talkin' honey, every word she says slippin' into a fellow's soul, whether he likes it or not. Oh! Mike, Mike, there's no use in talkin', if she isn't an angel, why she ought to be, that's all."

"You're mighty far gone, Ned, an' that's a fact. It's wonderful what a jantus a boy has for talkin' nonsense when the soft emotion is stirrin' up his brains. Did you ever spake to her?"

"How the devil could I? I was too busy listenin'; an' more between you an' me, the rare truth of the matter is, I couldn't do it. Whether it was bewitched I was, or that my senses got drounred wid drinkin' in her charms, makin' a sort of a mouth of my eye, I don't know, but every time I attempted to say somethin', my tongue, bad luck to it, staggered about as if it was corned, an' the devil a word would it say for itself, bad or good."

"Well, now, only to think. Let me give you a word of advice, Ned; the next time you see her, take it easy, put a big stone upon your feelin' an' ax about the weather; you see you want to throw out all you have to say at once, an' your throat is too little to let it through."

"Be the mortal, an' that's a good advice, Mike, if I can but folly it. This love is a mighty queer affection, isn't it?"

"Thremendous. I had it once myself."

"How did you catch it?"

"I didn't catch it at all. I took it natural."

"And did you ever get cured, Mike? Tell us."

"Completely."

"How?"

"I got married."

"Oh! let us go to work."

From the foregoing characteristic conversation between Mike, Ned, and his friend, Ned Flynn, it would appear pretty evident that the blud boy's shaft.

"Feathered with pleasure and tipped with pain."

was fast embedded in the heart of the latter, or in plainer and not less expressive phrase he was bothered entirely by Miss Nelly Malone.

"During an interval of rest from mowing, the dialogue took place; that over they resumed their labor; the convalescent married man, humming a sprightly air, which kept time to the stroke of his scythe, while the poor wounded deer, Ned, came in now and then with an accompaniment of strictly orthodox sighs."

"It certainly was a most extensive smite on the part of pretty Nelly; and a nobler heart never beat under crimson and gold, than the honest, truly one which now throbbd with the first ardor of a passion pure and unselfish. A short time longer, and they rested again. Ned was sad and silent; and the never-forgotten respect, which makes suffering sacred in the eyes of an Irish peasant, kept Mike mute also; at last, Ned, with a half-drawn sigh, a sheepish expression, said, the ghost of a smile creeping over his features:

"Mike, do you know what?"

"I've," said Mike.

"I've writ a song about Nelly."

"No, rejoined his friend, with that ambiguous emphasis which might well mean yes. Adding, with delectable tact, 'Is it a song? An why the mischief shouldn't you; sure an' haven't you as obligant a heart to dash songs up out as any body else? Sing us it.'"

"I'm afraid that you'll laugh if I do, Mike."

"Is it a song?" replied Mike, so reproachfully that Ned was completely smitten. After the making-up mind-up minute or two, with a clear, clear voice, he sang:

"THE ROSE OF TRALEE."

All the points young heroes, with hearts light an' true,
Take care how you come near the town of Tralee.
For the wish of all wishes that ever were said,
Is to see the Rose of Tralee, at this moment does dwell.
Oh, then, don't venture near her, be warned by me,
For the devil all in the Rose of Tralee.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. X.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, FEB. 19, 1857.

NO. 32.

Shew as soft an' as bright as a young summer morn.
Her breath's like the breeze from the fresh blossom'd
thorn.

Her cheek has the sea shell's pale delicate hue,
And her lips are like rose leaves just bathed in the dew;
So, then, don't venture near her, be warned by me,
For she's mighty destructive, this Rose of Tralee.

Oh! her eyes of dark blue, they so heavenly are,
Like the night of summer, an' each holds a star; [troi:
Were her tongue mute as silence, man's life they'd con-
But eyes an' tongue both are too much for one's soul.
Young men, stay at home, then, and leave her to me,
For I'd die with delight for the Rose of Tralee.

And now, after this topofical illustration of the state of Ned's feelings, and inasmuch as they are about to resume their labor, let us leave them to their mowing, and see after Miss Nelly Malone, for love of whom poor Ned had tasted of the Pterian spring.

In a neat little chamber, bearing about it the unmistakable evidence of a tidy woman's care, sits the individual herself, her little fingers busily employed in knitting a very small stocking—her own; no trace of wealth is to be seen in this humble abode, but of its more than equivalent, comfort, it is redolent. At the open casement there peep in the blossoms of the honey-suckle and the sweet-pen, filling the air with perfume, more grateful than art could ever obtain; sundry artless prints, and here and there a ballad on some heart-breaking subject, probably amongst them the highwayman's autographography, wherein he heroically observes,

"I robbed Lord Mansfield, I do declare,
And Lady Somebody in Grosvenor Square."

are fastened to the walls, decorated with festoons of cut paper of most dazzling variety of color; a fine, plump, contented rat, in an open cage, which he scorns to leave, ranges his mistress's carcase with a wild, grateful song, whilst tutored into friendliness, a beautiful sleek puss, whose furry coat glances like satin in the sun, purrs, does, quietly upon the window sill, indulging in the low purr, which is the sure indication of a happy cat. It is the home of innocence and beauty, fitly tenanted.

And what are pretty Nelly's thoughts, I wonder; a shade of something, which may be anxiety or doubt, but scarcely sorrow, softens the brightness of her lovely face. She speaks, 'twill be no reason to listen. You will perceive that the cat is her confidante—a discreet one it must be confessed.

"It's foolishness, so it is; isn't it puss?"

Puss doesn't condescend to notice the remark.

"Now, Minny, isn't it, I ask you, isn't it folly, the worst kind of folly to be thinkin' of one who doesn't think of me? I won't do it any more, that I won't. Heigh ho! I wonder if he loves me. I somehow fancy he does, and yet again if he did, why couldn't he say so? there's one thing certain, and that is, I don't love him, that is to say, I won't love him; a pretty thing, indeed, to one who would't give me his in return. That would be a bad bargain, wouldn't it, puss?"

Pussy acquiesced, for silence they say, is synonymous.

"But, oh! resumed Nelly, 'if I thought he did love me—there, now, I've dropped a stitch—what am I thinkin' of?—I mustn't give way to such foolishness. Why, the bird is done singin', and Minny is looking angry at me out of her big eyes—don't be jealous, puss, you shall always have your saucer of milk, whatever happens, and—hark! that's his step, it is! he's comin'! I wonder how I look, and running to her little glass, Nelly, with very pardonable vanity, thought those features could not well be improved, and—the most curious part of the matter—she was right."

He's a long time comin', thought she, as, stealing a glance through the white window-curtain she saw Ned slowly approach the garden gate; gladly would she have down to meet him, but maidenly modesty restrained her, and now he hesitates a moment, takes a full gulp of breath, and hears the house; at every step, approaching step, Nelly's pulse beat higher; at last she bethought herself it would be more prudent to be employed; so, hastily taking up her work, which was twisted and ravell'd into an inextricable confusion, with a seeming calm face she mechanically plied her needles, her heart giving one little shiver as Ned rapped a small chicken-livered rap at the door. Nelly opened it with a most disingenuous, "Ah! Ned, is that you? who would have thought it! Come in, do."

The thermometer of Nelly's feelings was about fever heat, yet she forced the index to remain at freezing point. "Take a chair, won't you?"

And there sat those two beings, whose hearts yearned for each other, looking as frigid as a pair of icicles, gazing on the wall, the floor, pussy, or the lark. Ned suddenly discovered something that wanted a deal of attending to in the band of his hat; whilst Nelly, at the same time, evinced an extraordinary degree of affection for the cat. To say the truth, they were both very far from comfortable. Ned had thoroughly made up his mind to speak this time if ruin followed, and had even gone so far as to have settled upon his opening speech, but Nelly's cold and indifferent (take a chair, frightened every word out of him; he thought it was essentially necessary that he should try to recover himself, and he seemed to think that twisting his hat into every possible form and tugging at the band were the only possible means by which it could be accomplished. Once more all was arranged, and he had just cleared his throat to begin, when the rascally cat turned sharply round and stared him straight in the face, and in all his life he thought he never saw the countenance of a dumb creature express such thorough contempt.

"It will become me, thought he, 'to be demeanin' myself before the cat, and away flew his thoughts again."

Of course, all this was very perplexing to Nelly, who, in the expectation of hearing something interesting, remained patiently silent. There was another considerable pause; at last, remembering his friend Mike's advice, and, moreover, cheered by a most encouraging smile from the rapidly-thawing Ned, Ned wound up his feelings for one desperate effort, and bolted out—

"Isn't it fine to-day, Miss Malone?"

Breaking the silence so suddenly that Nelly started from her chair, the lark fluttered in the cage, and puss made one jump bang into the garden.

Amazed and terrified by the results of his first essay, fast to the roof of his mouth Ned's tongue stuck once more, and finding it no earthly use trying to overcome his embarrassment, he thought the more he floundered about the deeper he got into the mud, he gathered himself up, made one dash through the door, and was off like lightning. Nelly sighed as she re-

sumed her knitting, and this time she was sad in earnest.

"Well, what luck?" said Mike, as nearly out of breath from running. Ned rejoined him in the meadow. "Have you broke the ice?"

"Bedad, I have," said Ned, "and more broken, fell into the water through the hole."

"Why, wouldn't she listen to you?"

"Yes, fast enough, but I didn't give her a chance; my old complaint came strong upon me. Ora! what's the use in havin' a tongue at all, if it won't wag the words out of a fellow's head. I'm a purty specimen of an omadiah; there she sat, Mike, lookin' out of the corners of her eyes at me, as much as to say, spake out like a man, with a soft smile runnin' about all over her face, and playing among her beautiful dimples, like the merry moonbeam dancin' on the lake. Oh, murder! Mike, what the mischief am I to do? I can't live without her, an' I haven't the heart to tell her so."

"Well, it is disgraceful," replied Mike, "to see a good-lookin' man disparage his country by flinchin' from a purty girl; may be it might do you good to go an' kiss the BLARNEY STONE."

"That's it," exclaimed Ned, joyously clapping his hands together, and cutting an instinctive caper, "that's it. I wonder I niver thought of it before! I'll walk every stitch of the way, though my legs should drop off before I got half there. Do you think it 'ud do me good to kiss it?"

"I don't doubt of it—sure it was never known to fail yet," said Mike, oracularly.

"Why, then, may I niver eat a male's vittles, if there's any virtue in the stone, if I don't have it out of it?" And that very night, so eager was Ned to get cured of his bashfulness, he started for Killarney. It was a long tedious journey, but the thought of being able to speak to Nelly when he returned, was sufficient to drive away fatigue; in due time he reached the far-famed castle.

"On the top of whose wall,
But here care you don't fall,
There's a stone that contains all the Blarney!"

Ned climbed with caution, discovered the identical spot, and believing implicitly that his troubles were now at an end, knelt, and with a heart-whole prayer for his absent Nelly, reverently kissed the Blarney Stone.

True, devoted love had lent him strength, to overcome the difficulties of access, and imagination, that powerful director of circumstance, did the rest. It was with humility and diffidence he had approached the object of his pilgrimage, but he descended from it with head erect and countenance elated; he could now tell his burning thoughts in her ear; he was a changed man; a very pretty girl, who of late as guide, and upon whose pouting lips, reported says, the efficacy of the charm has frequently put to the test, met him at the archway of the castle—for no other reason in the world than merely to try if he were sufficiently imbued with the attractive principle—Ned watched an opportunity, and, much more to his own astonishment than to hers, gave her a hearty kiss, starting back to watch the effect. She frowned not, she did not even blush. Ned was delighted; his end was obtained.

He could kiss who he pleased with his Blarney; consequently, feeling supremely happy, without losing another moment, he retraced his steps homeward.

Meantime, Nelly missed her silent swain, whose absence tended materially to strengthen the feeling of affection which she entertained for him; day after day of watching riveted not; and each long hour of watching riveted still more closely her heart's fetters. Now, for the first time, she was to herself, and to her essential joy, she was to herself, with a fervent prayer that the coming morning might bring him to her side, she closed each day. Her wonder at last at his continued absence quickened into anxiety, and from anxiety into alarm. Jealousy, without which no love can be a perfect love, spread its dark shadow o'er her soul, and she was wretched.

In vain she reasoned with herself;—the sun of her existence seemed suddenly to be withdrawn, and all was gloom; even the very bird, appearing to share his mistress's mood, drooped his wing and was silent; so much are externals influenced by the spirit of the hour, that her homely chamber felt comfortless and solitary. Nelly loved with a woman's love, devotedly, intensely, wholly; to lose him would be to her the loss of all that rendered life worth living for; hers was an affection deserving that which was given in lieu, although as yet she knew it not.

Gazing out one day in the faint hope of seeing something of her beloved, her heart gave one sudden and tremendous bound. She saw him—he had returned at last. But how changed in demeanor. Can her eyes deceive her? No. Her heart tells her it is he, and it could not err.

Instead of the downcast look and hesitating step, joy laughed forth from his face, and his tread was easy, rollicking, and carefree; as he came nearer, she thought she heard him sing; he did sing! what could it portend? Had he found one who knew how to break the shell of reserve? "Twas torture to think so, and yet it was the first image that presented itself to her anxious heart. It was now her turn to be tongue-tied, dumb from agitation; she could not utter a syllable, but trembling to the very core, sat silently awaiting what she feared was to prove the funeral knell of her departed happiness.

With a merry song upon his lips, Ned lightly bounded over the little paling, and in a minute more was in her presence. Speak or move she could not, nor did his first salutation place her more at ease.

"Nelly, said he, 'you drove me to it, but it's done! it's done!'"

"What's done—what can he mean?" tho' Nelly, more agitated than ever.

"It's all over now," he continued, "for I've kissed it."

"In heaven's name," cried the pale, trembling girl, "what do you mean—kissed who?"

"No one at all," said Ned, laughingly, "but it, I've kissed it!"

"Kissed what?"

"Why, the Blarney Stone, to be sure," screamed Ned, flinging his hat at pussy, and executing a complicated double-shuffle in the delight of the moment; indeed, conducting himself altogether in a manner which would have jeopardized the sanity of any one but a love-stricken Irishman.

"Sure it was all for you, Nelly, mavrounec, that I did it; it has loosened the strings of my tongue, and now I can tell you how deeply your image is burnin' within my very heart."

of hearts, you bright-eyed, beautiful darling!"

What more he said or did, it will be unnecessary for me to relate; suffice it to say that the world-renowned talisman lost none of its efficacy on this particular occasion. One observation of pretty Nelly's I think is worthy of record. At the close of a most uninteresting conversation, to anybody but themselves, the affectionate girl whispered to him:

"Dear Ned, you need not have gone so far!"

The course of true love sometimes does run smooth, a great authority to the contrary, nevertheless, for in about three weeks' time, the chapel bells rang merrily for the wedding of Edward and Nelly. Aye, and what's more, neither of them had ever cause to regret Ned's visit to THE BLARNEY STONE.

Plaster for Pastures.

There is no agricultural paper filled with better and more strictly reliable articles than the "Plough, Loom and Anvil;" and as an evidence of the truth of the remark, please read the following on the use of plaster for pastures.

That plaster is not a fertilizer, that it does not enrich the soil directly and by virtue of its own ingredients, is true. Hence it must not be relied upon alone, but should be used in conjunction with other manures, either as existing in the soil in some form of organic matter, or as applied by the farmer in connection with the plaster, or in the form of green crops turned under, or as, furnished, in the case of pasture lands, by the droppings of cattle.

It is true also, we believe, that plaster increases the green portions of plants—stalks, leaves, etc.—more than it does the grain. This is an argument for its use on pastures. Here the increase of the plant, not of the seed, is the thing sought. The plaster, acting on the organic matter in the soil, produces three effects: 1st, the direct increase of feed; 2d, the consequent increase of manure left by the cattle; and 3d, an increased retentiveness of the soil for manure; so that, although plaster is not in itself, strictly speaking, a manure—does not, like barn manure, afford all the elements of food required by plants, nor more than a small part of them, as sulphuric acid and lime—yet its action is to render the soil permanently more productive, on all those lands where it is found to operate well; and those, we believe, are more extensive than is generally supposed, embracing a very large portion of all uplands.

It may be said, that if plaster causes a low uriant growth of plants, and yet does not turnish the food out of which they grow but in small part, as we have admitted, it must necessarily exhaust the soil. That does not follow; of course, because, in the case of pastures what is taken from the soil is immediately returned to it; and besides, it should be remembered, that more than ninety per cent. of the grass growing in a pasture, comes not from the soil, but from the air. If, then, the sprinkling the surface of a pasture with plaster enables it to retain more of the manure dropped by animals, and to draw more nutritious gases from the air, it is so much saved on the one hand, and so much gained on the other.

We would earnestly commend more experiments with pasture lands. Do not be deterred by the statements that plaster was tried on lands thirty years ago and did no good. All that may be true, and yet be no guide for the present owner of those lands. The lands were comparatively new. They may have produced well without plaster, possibly as well without as with, in the state in which they then were, and yet in their present state plaster may be of great service.

As to the quantity. For present effect, 100 lbs. to the acre is as good as 400. If, after thorough trial, it is found to be of little or no use, then the extra application will be saved; but if its effect is demonstrated to be good, then, after that, apply 100 lbs. to the acre yearly, or 400 lbs. once in four years, as you find to be most economical.

THE SHOOTING OF MR. MOREY AT CLICHY.

—A late Paris letter has the following in regard to the shooting of Mr. Charles Morey, by a sentinel at the Clichy prison, particulars of which have been heretofore published:

"The Government expresses the utmost regret at this unfortunate occurrence, and promises every reasonable reparation of the wrong in their power. The administration of the prison are especially mortified. They feel that Mr. Morey was in their safe keeping, and that they are responsible for any accident that might happen to him from their neglect."

Their consternation and their profound regret the morning of the accident were visibly expressed. The French Government have promised that the soldier shall be punished, and that Mrs. Morey shall be allowed a liberal life pension."

OBITUARY.—Died.—In Laodicea, the

Prayer Meeting aged one year. The health of the meeting was poor most of the year, and its life was despaired of; but a few anxious friends kept it alive, and sometimes it would so revive as to encourage them. Discouragement, however, at last prevailed, and the prayer-meeting is dead. It died from neglect. Not a Christian was present when it died. Over forty Christians (?) were living within a mile of it, and not one was there. Had two only been there, its life might have been saved, for where two are agreed as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them. Two thirds of the forty might have been there had they been so disposed. But they were not, and so the prayer-meeting died.

[Exchange paper.]

A YANKEE TALKING LIGHTNING.—An

engine on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad broke down last week at nine o'clock at night, nine miles distant from a station. The conductor instantly started on foot through the snow to get another machine. A telegraph operator in one of the cars, named Stagers, (of course a Yankee), hearing the cause of the detention, got out and taking down the main wire from the pole along-side the track, cut it, attached small brass wires to the ends, dotted the distress of his train to the Pittsburg and Brighton stations; and putting one of the brass points to his tongue, read the answer that the engine should be immediately sent, and then talked off this pleasant lightning to his anxious and impatient fellow passengers. [Albany Journal.]

PRAYER.

"IF IT BE POSSIBLE LET THIS CUP PASS FROM ME."

Let this cup pass, my Father! I am sinking
In the deep waters which surround my soul,
And bitter grows the draught which I am drinking,
And higher rise the waves that round me roll.

Forasmuch as not in this my need extremest
Let not Thy strengthening hand elude my grasp!
I know Thy love, even when Thou hastest me, seemest—
Father most merciful! let this cup pass!

Life hath not laid her hand upon me lightly,
I have known sorrow, disappointment, pain,
Have seen hope fade when it burned most brightly,
And false love faded, and false friendships wane.

But now, fresh chains about my heart are linking,
And to my lips is pressed a fuller cup,
And from the draught my shuddering soul is drinking,
Father! I cannot, cannot drink it up!

What have I said? Will not Thy grace sustain me?
Is Thine arm shortened that it cannot save?
Powerless indeed if Thou my God didst claim me,
I can do all things with the help I crave.

Haste Thee to help me! that, on this depending,
I may have strength to say, 'Thy will be done,'—
If this cup may not pass, then send me sending,
The foldings of the shroud she wears!

And Thou, my Saviour! once our weakness sharing,
Tempted in all things, yet untouched by sin,
Hear my wild cry! leave not my soul despairing!
Help me the cross to bear, the crown to win!

A LAMENT.

O mournful rain! O mournful rain!
Thy tears, thou sorrow-stricken Night,
Thou moonest with a secret pain:
Thou callest for the morning light.

Together in the dark we weep!
The morning will not waken yet,
And One I love is still asleep.

A few short hours the chilly tears
Have fallen from thine eyes, O Night!
But mine have dropped through weary years:
The cold grave hides her from my sight.

The world is too unkind for her:
The world is full of wrongs and snares;
So let her sleep; I would not stir,
The foldings of the shroud she wears!

Thou callest for the blue-eyed day,
To come and charm away thy pain;
There are who mourn, but only say,
'O, come not back to Earth again!'

Thou sighest for the blue-eyed Day,
Calling in accents loud and wild;
There are who weep, but only pray,
'O God! I take pity on thy child!'

Country Amusements.

Times have changed, aye, sadly changed, since we were a boy. All things have put on new garments, and the former ones are cast away, as old fashioned, degrading and, worthless. Even in our own native village, which has long been famed for its plainness, neatness and regularity, great innovations have been made. Artificial knick-knacks have taken the place of Quaker-like plainness, and, simply; cotton parties, of the simple country dances, apple parties, and many other similar kinds of parties. We do not like these new-fangled motions half so well as we do the old, spirit-stirring, so gladdening to the hearts of both old and young. But of all the parties, (or bees, as they were then called), which we were wont to attend in our youth, the husking was our favorite. There is something hilarious, something, enchanting in the very name; and we cannot think of the many happy hours it has afforded us, without feeling a thrill of very pleasure. Its sports were congenial to our taste and feelings, and we always longed for the season of corn-gathering.

There was a certain husking bee which we shall always remember. It has been the source of many of the anxieties, and of all the pleasures which have cheered our after life. We can remember the time, the circumstances, and the company, as if it were but yesterday. The barn in which it was holden was large and commodious, and a pile of corn, reaching nearly to the great beams, held possession of the floor. The party was attended by all the young people within a circle of four miles. Merry young husbands and wives also helped to make up the number, and showed that matrimony had not in the least diminished their love for mirth and husking bees; and even many of the "old folks," such as liked

may have been no progress since the repeal of the Missouri prohibition.

The principles of the Maine Law are, however, firmly fixed in the policy of the Eastern (I mean the New England) States and will not be abandoned. Changes there may be as in Maine itself last year, but they will be temporary. The people will secure the power to close any dram-shop whenever they please. And this is a great conservative force of society, and practically used or neglected, according to the local public sentiment. You are, no doubt, told that in the cities and large towns the traffic is almost uninterupted. This statement is not entirely false; indeed it may seem to some to be literally true; yet, even in the cities, the dealers are obliged to preserve an appearance of respectability, while in the rural districts the traffic is broken up, or carried on in secret.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, FEB. 19, 1857.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at Seely's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York: N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia: S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore: S. M. Petrucci & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

"Preaching Politics."

We have heard and seen much said and written upon this subject, by those in both political parties. Now we have a word to say in reference to both classes of these faultfinders. We have not a bit of confidence in the honesty of those in the old rum and slavery party; for no one supposes that they are opposed to ministering, preaching or lecturing against rum and slavery, and these are all the political questions upon which they speak, because of their great regard for the interests of religion; for these men, as a general thing, are irreligious men who have no interest in religious matters, except, when religious principle stands in the way of their ambitious schemes. When we see men half drunk, swearing, reading political newspapers and electioneering all day Sabbath, with their long, sanctimonious faces and crocodile tears, horrified at the idea of a minister's preaching against slavery on the Sabbath; we are all led to exclaim "Oh ye hypocrites!"

With them this background and political claptrap is only got up to frighten some timid popularity-loving, and salary-seeking minister to wink at their corrupt schemes of self aggrandizement. Why did not these latter-day saints creak and howl when the *Quakers* and *Parkers* and *Dewees* and *Spings*, preached in favor of that political iniquity, the Fugitive Slave Bill. Why did they not find fault with that pro-slavery electioneering document written by the chaplain of the United States Senate, and sent broadcast over the country. Why have they not a word of caution to offer to that renegade Judas (we beg pardon of Judas for using his name in such a dishonorable connection) Lovejoy, who took the political stump in Massachusetts for rum and slavery. And where was all their holy horror at ministers "meddling with politics," when the Rev. Mr. Boardman was driven from South Carolina, just because he did not wish to identify himself with the political parties. Then they were all dumb dogs that would not bark. No! it is not "preaching politics," that troubles these canting hypocrites, but it is the kind of politics that they preach. They are like old Cromwell, he told the Irish Catholics that they might have perfect liberty to worship God, according to the dictates of their own consciences, but they should not say mass.

So it is with these modern zealots for the purity of religion. "You may preach any kind of politics except against rum and slavery." It is a little amusing that the very scum of the cess-pools of corruption have become more interested for the purity of religion, than those men who have devoted their time, talents, and lives even, for its propagation. Verily Satan is rebuking sin. This old party feels that nearly the whole moral force of the Northern pulpit is against their dogmatism, and subservience to Southern slavery propagandism. New England has already been carried against them; yes New England, with her pulpit morals and religious press, with her schools and colleges, and all her moral influence, and the leaders begin to see the hand writing upon the walls of their caucus room, the party knees begin to smite together. Yes, hunkerdom, thou great and mighty hunkerdom, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" is written upon thy crumbling walls.

More anon. TIMOTHY.

Our correspondent labors with more power than the point in question seems to us to need, especially if his "more anon" is to be heaped upon the same head. That they who complain of political preaching, are those who would never know that it took place if not told of it by others; and that they are those whose whole lives preach anything but truth and righteousness, need not be urged. Those who respect the pulpit will respect its independence as well as its purity; and it is only when its consecrated occupants descend to the political gutter, and are in danger of becoming like themselves, that these mock freedom can attack them with any success. That they have taken courage from these clerical wanderings, and followed the clergyman back even into the pulpit, is only an argument for our position, that the pulpit is his only stronghold—his "holiness," into which the political wrangler has no strength to enter. It is given him of God, and man has recognized the title, and the "vulnerable heel" is only that which reaches beyond the boundary.

The Boston Traveller, in noticing the confirmation of the burning of the factories in Canton, Ohio, says they were burnt "by fire,"—not leaving its readers to conclude that they were burnt by water or snow.

OUR TABLE.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The March number is a tip-top one—handsomely embellished, full of good stories, &c. and with a beautiful supply of Editor's Easy Talk, racy, rare, *recherché*. Its present editor—Chas. G. Leland—is infusing new life and spirit into this old favorite of the public, and the publishers seem ready to back him to any amount. We can't help hooking two bits from the long string of good things:

AN EXPLANATION.
The fire is burning thro' the doors,
The smoke comes no-way slow;
And the flame's a licking the powder chest—
I am—it is time to go.

It's long—we're a thousand feet in the air,
I reckon that I am a eagle.
[Lights like a marsh.]
Well—the next time I go on a hunt like that,
I'll come down in a cleaner place!

SWEET AND SOUR.
Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a briar;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the olive-branch, but prickly with thorns;
Sweet is the fir-blossom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broomflower, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill—
So every sweet with sour is tempered still,
That makes it be covered with the more;
For every thing that may be got at all,
Most sweet is found to be but half the store.

Graham's Magazine is published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The January number of this able Quarterly, the first of a volume, has the following table of contents:—1. Worldliness and other-Worldliness: the Poet Young. 2. Capabilities and Disabilities of Women. 3. English Law: its Oppression and Confusion. 4. State of Parties in Italy since 1848. 5. Revision of the English Bible. 6. Herat and the Persian War. 7. Boiling Water. 8. The Mysteries of Cefalonica. Contemporary Literature.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription.—For any one of the four Reviews \$3.00 per annum; any two Reviews \$5.00; any three Reviews \$7.00; all four Reviews \$8.00; Blackwood's Magazine \$5.00; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9.00; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10.00—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the United States will be but twenty-four cents a year for "Blackwood," and but fourteen cents a year for each of the Reviews.

FORBES'S PLAYFAIR.—This is a nice little publication for youth, edited by Mark Forester, and always filled with entertaining and instructive reading. That boy must be dull indeed, who, favored with its monthly visits, does not acquire a love for reading. The February number abounds in pleasant stories and pretty pictures, and will not disappoint its young patrons. Published by William Gould & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—Nos. 66 and 65 contain—Our political Relations with Persia, an Hour with Humboldt, A Night Mail Train in India, Left and Never Called for, part 19 of The Fortunes of Gloster, Aurora Leigh, Dramatic Scenes and other Poems by Barry Cornwall, A Heroine in her way, Californian Giants, Hymns and Songs of the Church by Geo. Wither, Memoirs of Dr. Kitzo, Apocryphal Gospels, Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations, a few more chapters of the Athelings, A Christmas Tale—with much good and many short articles, as usual. Published in weekly numbers of 64 pages each, by Littell, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—"The Mitherless Bairn," in the number for March, is one of those gems, of which Godey is so lavish, but which are seldom seen in other magazines. The fashion plate is a beauty, and a series of two of various conveniences are thrown in to illustrate the various articles—devoted to the useful and ornamental—with which the number is crowded. Of course the reading is excellent and cannot fail to please the fair patrons of the work. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

LUCKY STONE'S LECTURES.—This very eloquent woman gave three lectures in this place last week. Of her merit as a lecturer we need not say that public opinion has already given her a place among the most accomplished lecturers of the age; and the sanction her principles met in Waterville is indicated by a petition to the Legislature, asking for women the privilege of voting, which received the signatures of a considerable number of the best men in the place. Several women also signed it, and the fact that a large number declined to do so, goes to corroborate the truth of her assertion, that she finds the most serious obstacle in the opposition and indifference of her own sex.

THAT OTHER "FIRE-BRAND."—Those who are looking to see Mormonism become a fire brand in our national councils, will discover first symptoms of ignition in a brief discussion which took place in the House last week, during the pendency of a bill appropriating forty thousand dollars to finish certain public buildings in Utah. Inquiry having been made by Mr. Dunn relative to "the peculiar institution" of the Mormons—referring to the "many-wife system"—the delegate from Utah declined uttering a word in reply. The discussion however went on, during the course of which Mr. Dunn said, "shall we give money to a territorial government embracing only a population which controls and governs things there in all respects themselves, and absolute, in open and public defiance of the morality and religion of the civilized world and in contempt and scorn of the laws of this Government, which protests and festers them? It is unworthy this House to entertain such a proposition until that people shall better regard the government under which they live, the just sentiments of the Christian world, and the common decencies of life."

Mr. Lester, of Ohio, spoke in the same spirit, only declaring his position still further.—"If it is true," he said, "as stated by my friend from Ia., that the citizens of that territory are living in daily violation of the laws of the country and the laws of christianity, we, I claim, have the power to reduce them into subjection, and it is our duty to do so."

A correspondent of the Traveller says, "No one ventured to debate this point, and the bill which caused the discussion was consigned to the 'tomb of the Capulets.'" There are those who believe that slavery looks for a strong colleague in Mormonism; and who tremble when they think our free government beset on the South by the one, abetted on the North by the other.

"OWNED UP."—The Showhegan Clarion, in accordance with a previous hint that it would do so, "for the interest of the place," denies the existence of small pox in that place. Will it allow us the liberty it took with us in a similar case, and permit us to say that the Clarion "owns up."

COUNTY MAP.—Mr. Shaw is now engaged in the delivery of the new map to subscribers in Waterville, and will continue to furnish them as fast as they can be procured. It is a beautiful work, and more complete and extensive than we expected to find it. Now is the time to secure a copy.

We learn from the Clarion that Mr. Shaw is about to commence the survey of Somerset county, with the view of publishing a map.—We commend the effort to the confidence and patronage of the people of that county, as one that is in good hands, and likely to meet their best expectations.

Black List.

Henry Spaulding, Benton, took the Mail as long as we would give it to him. Now we will give him the debt and call it square, on condition that he is not to subscribe again.

Lithco Cole, Clinton, may cancel our bill of five dollars by paying five cents, if he will call at the office any time in the course of his useful life.

John Cole, same place, is probably brother to Lithco, and therefore may get the same accommodation on a bill of the same amount.

Levi Dunham, Dixmont, acts like one of the same family—hasn't paid—never will—didn't mean to. Will some of his neighbors be kind enough to lend him this week's Mail, so that he may know what folks think of him?

Reuben Getchell, a very clever old gentleman of Winslow, near the "Gold Coast," can be allowed ten dollars a cord for that load of wood he was going to bring us several years ago. Will he bring it?—or must we say twenty?

[To be continued.]

SMALL POX.—There have been no new cases, and all patients have recovered. There can hardly be any doubt, so thorough has been vaccination among all classes, that the disease is entirely eradicated from the place.

THE WEATHER, for several days past, has been remarkably mild and spring like. The snow has vanished rapidly, though there yet remains enough for tolerable sleighing.

FROM WASHINGTON.—The Washington Correspondent of the New York Courier, seems to be of opinion that the action of the Senate upon the Dallas Treaty foreshadows a change in the London Legislation. He says:

The suspension of the Treaty respecting Central America, is attributed to Mr. Buchanan's influence, and it is feared, forebodes a War Cabinet. It also foreshadows a change in the London legislation, for Mr. Dallas will not oblige with equanimity the work of his hand, thus summarily dealt with—smothered, in fact, in infancy. In case of his recall, or the acceptance of his resignation, Robert J. Walker will certainly be presented by the filibuster influence of Mr. Buchanan, however, believe that modifications of the suspended Treaty will be agreed upon between him and the party in the Senate, which will be presented to the British Government for acceptance, as soon as practicable after the inauguration.

The decisive, and in my judgment, perfectly justifiable intervention of Capt. Erskine at San Juan for the protection of British subjects, proves how critical are our present relations, and how necessary is a speedy adjustment of them.

REV. MR. KALLOCH INDICTED, AND TEMPORARILY RESIGNS HIS PASTORSHIP.—We learn from the Boston papers that the Grand Jury of Middlesex County reported Saturday morning. Among the bills returned was one against Rev. I. S. Kalloch for adultery. The counsel of Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and H. W. Paine, Esqs., appeared in his behalf, and asked that Mr. Kalloch might give security for his appearance without pleading to the indictment. The Court said this would be unusual, and that he (Mr. K.) should first plead to the indictment. The counsel then retired to examine the indictment, and after a few moments Mr. Kalloch appeared in Court. He appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed. The reading of the indictment was dispensed with, when the clerk asked Mr. Kalloch if he was guilty of the charge alleged, to which he replied distinctly, *not guilty*. He was then admitted to bail in the sum of \$2000, and S. Dana Prescott of Somerville, and Ralph Warner became his sureties.

Mr. Paine, one of Mr. Kalloch's counsel, will be recognized as a former resident of this State, whose argument in the case of Judge Davis won him the highest reputation among the legal minds of New England.

Respecting the last Sunday services at Tremont Temple we quote from the Boston Traveller:

"Yesterday morning a large audience collected at Tremont Temple, though not such a dense throng as the congregation of two or three weeks since. After the usual preliminary exercises of singing, prayer, and reading of the Scripture, conducted by Rev. Nathaniel Foster of Rockland, Me., Mr. Kalloch rose and spoke substantially as follows:—

"My Hearers—You will all remember the circumstance under which I appeared before you three weeks ago, defeated in mind, exhausted in strength, and surrounded with the most painful rumors. I appeared before you; however, and declared the great truths of the gospel, and continued the same course because no rumors could turn me from the discharge of my duty, or what I thought my duty. Since then my position has changed, and as I present know, I am now charged with a crime, arrested, and placed under bonds. So far as my feelings are concerned, I might preach to you with as good a conscience as ever, but there are other convictions which force me to act otherwise. I desire to meet the charges brought against me as a citizen, not as a preacher, and I do not wish my services as pastor to bias the case. Hence, contrary to the earnest wishes of my people and friends, for the present I resign the public ministrations of this sanctuary to meet it. I shall meet the charges with undaunted faith and courage, and all I ask of my people is the same faith. I shall be absent from my place but a short time, until I have prepared my defence."

In continuing, he expressed the hope that his people would still manifest the same interest in the Church as ever, and concluded by introducing his old friend, and successor to his pulpit in Maine—Rev. Nathaniel Foster, of the First Church in Rockland, Me.

Many of the audience appeared deeply affected by the intelligence conveyed in Mr. K.'s discourse, and we observed many men as well as women, shedding tears.

[Portland Advertiser.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—There is little doubt that the corruption committee will report on Tuesday, in favor of the expulsion of at least three members. A movement will probably be made to suppress the publication of the report, which will fail if attempted.

ANOTHER FEARFUL DEED.—Mr. Hosea J. Gardner, Postmaster at Hingham, Mass., died rather suddenly on Saturday, Feb. 1st. After his death, his friends not being satisfied with the appearance of things, and having their suspicions aroused by daily increasing evidence of foul play, caused the body to be disinterred, and the organs of the viscera submitted to the examination of two medical men of Boston.—There existed in the intestines unmistakable evidence of the presence of arsenic.

The following particulars we take from the Traveller:

On the Wednesday preceding the death of Mr. Gardner, his physician ordered him to take a dose of salts. This was attended with some nausea on Thursday morning, but as it was not great it was thought to proceed from the action of the medicine.

On Thursday night the mother was watching at his bedside as usual, when the wife of Mr. G. told her to go to bed as there was no necessity for a watch. But although she insisted strongly upon it, the mother did not go. The wife then put out all the fires, and the room growing cold, the old lady was compelled to retire. Between one and two o'clock in the morning she was called up by Mr. Gardner, who was taken with vomiting and other alarming symptoms, which induced her to send for the physician. On arriving, he found his patient sitting up in bed retching violently, and complaining of severe pain in the stomach and bowels. This was not like common nausea, but an inexpressible feeling, as Mr. G. remarked.

It was now for the first time ascertained that the salts he had taken had not operated, or but very slightly, although the wife had affirmed to the contrary. The burning sensation in the stomach and bowels was extremely painful.—Mr. Gardner said to his mother, "I believe my wife has poisoned me, and she will poison you."

Previous to the arrival of the physician, the deceased had vomited a quantity of dark fluid, attended with very great distress. He then told his mother to preserve it for the doctor's inspection. The wife objected, and notwithstanding the expostulations of her daughter, son and husband, and the earnest solicitation of the mother of Mr. G., who told her that an examination of the contents of the bowl might throw some light upon the case—she emptied the contents of it into a slop-pail, exclaiming, "That if the doctor wants it he'll have to dig it out of that!"

Mr. G. continued to suffer very much through the afternoon of Friday with the same symptoms as above alluded to, and gradually declined until Sunday morning about half past one when he died in great distress.

Mrs. Gardner has been, after examination, bound over on a charge of murdering her husband.

RESCUE OF ADAMS.—The New York Tribune gives a long and particular account, of the difficulties which attended an attempt to rescue one Anthony Adams, a young colored man of 19, a citizen of New York State, but who had been kidnapped at Plymouth, North Carolina, and who was lying in jail at Edenton in that State, liable to be sold to pay charges of imprisonment. A friend, Mr. Bennett, went to Edenton, and identified Adams as a free citizen of New York, and upon payment of costs Adams was released. But now, though provided with free papers, he could not stay in the State without the danger of being sold into slavery to pay them. When they reached Portsmouth, Va., on their way home, Adams could not leave on the boat until some citizen of Portsmouth had made oath that he believed him to be a free man. At Baltimore he could not take the cars until he had given satisfactory bonds in \$1000, that he was a free man. Being strangers in Baltimore they were obliged to go to Washington for assistance, which they could easily do—slaves can travel southward without difficulty. At Washington, Mr. Bennett obtained letters to Baltimore, which would furnish the bond required, but they now could not leave Washington without a new oath that Adams was a free man. A person was finally found to establish this, and at length after two weeks work on the part of Mr. Bennett, and an expense of some \$200, a free citizen of New York was restored to his freedom.

LIFE IN GOTHAM.—An animated dispute is in progress in New York, on the propriety of carrying deadly weapons. Some of the more conservative journals say that the danger has been greatly magnified, and that, on no account, should good citizens presume to violate the law by carrying the arms of an assassin. The Evening Mirror replies to these judicious sentiments in the following startling language:

"So long as we continue daily and hourly to import the criminals of all Christendom; and so long as the authorities refuse to offer a reward for the heads of these midnight assassins,—brought in dead or alive—this garrotting business is likely to increase rather than diminish. In the meantime, self-defence Clubs are being formed; and already 4000 members are enrolled, and we believe there are not less than ten thousand men with concealed weapons in their pockets, in the streets after dark. And they not only carry them in their pockets, but in their hands, ready for instant use."

HEALTH OF DR. KANE.—A letter from Lieut. Governor, Cushman, who is spending the winter in Cuba, gives some interesting but painful intelligence in regard to the health of Dr. Kane. He says:

"As in duty bound, soon after I arrived here, I called to pay my respects to him at his quarters; but I was sorry to learn that he was too low to see company. His mother did not even see him for ten days after she arrived. The fore part of January he seemed to gain a little in strength, but for the last week he has somewhat relapsed. His disease is of the 'scrofulous' character, contracted during his severe labors in the Arctic regions. He has not been out of his room since he came here, and his friends have great fears that he will never recover."

SWEARING IN THE PULPIT.—The National Magazine for January, in an article entitled "Advice Extraordinary to a Young Preacher," has the following:

"Above all things, my young friend, do not swear in the pulpit! I have heard the sacred name used in a manner that left a doubt whether the preacher had ever read the ten commandments. Your brother, Gublergrubins, is given to the bad habit of denouncing certain crimes as 'damning villany without a parallel on God's earth'; or, once in a while, for the sake of 'harsher emphasis, he will say 'God Almighty's earth.' Now I have disliked to give you this specimen, for the repetition of such language is like handling pitch; it leaves a defilement and stench upon the mind. I have given it, however, that you may know just what I mean. A clergyman who rants at this rate ought first to be advised by a friend, and if he show no signs of repentance, he

ought then 'to be dealt with as in other cases of immorality'; that is, set aside as a profane fellow, dangerous to good morals. It may, perhaps, give some force to this counsel when I tell you, that not long ago, a preacher used this style of reproof toward a noisy drunkard, who had strayed into church. He was not so drunk, however, as to be forsaken of his wife, for he shortly retorted by saying, that he would have no such swearing there!"

SPANISH SMALL COIN EXCITEMENT.—The excitement in relation to the circulation of Spanish small coin continues, particularly in New York. The News of that city estimates that about \$5,000,000 of the depreciated coin is in this country, on which the loss will be \$1,000,000. No law, however, as yet compels the reduction, and Congress contemplates no law of force or penalty—only voluntary action. It is public opinion alone, in anticipation of law, that has broken out so generally against the coin. On this subject the N. Y. Express remarks:

"The intrinsic value of these coins, as proved by recent assay in a deposit at the Assay Office of about \$900, showed only a loss of 8 1/2 per cent., and these consisted entirely of smooth pieces, every quarter, eighth and sixteenth which 'showed the pillar,' or would pass current in any South American port, having been previously taken out. Every sound quarter, on which is the impression, is worth intrinsically from 25 to 27 cents, and is readily taken at 25 cents in exchange for American currency by all of the bullion brokers. The same is true of all the smaller pieces which are not worn smooth or clipped. Therefore, those dealers who advertise to receive them at par will suffer on an average less discount upon them than upon uncurrent bank notes. The coin, in sums of \$100 and upwards, can be deposited at the Assay Office here, and if the proportion of smooth coin is not large there will be no loss to the depositor from the face of the coin."

MORALS OF NEW YORK CITY.—It would be gratifying to know—it would be pleasant even to hope—that the character of the residence where Dr. Burdell was murdered, is without a parallel in this great Christian city. But these ever recurring revelations of domestic or social immorality deny us such knowledge and such hope. There is an ungodliness of morals in New York city from which even and anon the veil is lifted, but the tide of which never meets the public eye.—Yet as surely as 'the eternal years of God' belong to justice and virtue, as certainly as morality and truth are in the custody of the just governor of the Universe and great Arbiter of events, this fearful substratum of corruption and vice will work its way and bring only ruin and insecurity upon us if permitted continuously to leaven the whole lump of our domestic institutions. We need a healthier moral sentiment—a greater respect for virtue for virtue's sake—a more dominant contempt for an abhorrence of vice in whatever guise or under whatever circumstances—a less regard for the mere circumstance of wealth or position, and a settled determination more to honor virtue and truth in their humility than vice and hypocrisy in their adventitious elevation, if these principles are properly respected and human life more highly valued.

[N. Y. Com. Adv.]

THE OLD SPANISH COINS.—The Philadelphia papers report that the average yield of old worn Spanish coins at the Mint of the United States, in that city, is as follows:

Quarters,	23 1/2 cents.
Eights,	10 9/10 "
Sixteenths,	5 1/8 "

The Treasurer of the Mint pays in the new issue of silver, for amounts exceeding five dollars in value, immediately upon ascertaining the weight of such as are presented, at the rate of \$1 22-1/2 per Troy ounce.

A DIRTY THILLING.—Bishop Meade, in the Southern Churchman, gives an account of many of the old families of Virginia. Among them, he mentioned a man named Watkins, of whom the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, left a manuscript notice. A part of that notice is in these words:—"Without shaming ability, or the advantage of an education, by plain, straight-forward industry, under the guidance of old-fashioned honesty, and practical good sense, he accumulated an ample fortune, in which, it is firmly believed, there was not one dirty shilling." This is very honest Saxon language, but it is full of pith and point. In Randolph's mind there must have been running some faint reminiscence of the Apostle's phrase 'filthy lucre,' used more than once in his epistles. Either term has wide application in these days, when the race for riches seems to absorb all hearts, and men care not for the soil upon their shillings, provided only they have enough of them. Yet the wisest of men say that a good name is better than thousands of gold and silver; whereas a few dirty shillings, a few unjust gains, a few sharp practices, will put a leprous taint upon the accumulation of a life time. It is worth while for any man, before he makes a new addition to his heap, to examine the color his coin, and keep out filthy lucre, the dirty shillings.

[Christian Intelligencer.]

THE DARKEY AND THE DEER.—Mack, the Detroit correspondent of Porter's Spirit, is responsible for the following:

"The good steamer Ion was coming down the beautiful St. Clair, when a noble Buck was seen swimming across ahead of her. To lower away a boat and give chase was only the work of a moment, and with a stout line he was taken by the antlers, and safely brought upon the steamer's deck. A good deal of admiration was excited by his fine proportions, and among his admirers was the cook, a goodly specimen of 'Africa's clime,' who imagined that, from the docile appearance of the animal, he was quiet as a sheep. He therefore undertook to caress him, and to lay his hand upon his haunch, when he was astonished by a vigorous kick, that laid him sprawling on the deck. Nothing daunted, however, Cuffy tho't to succeed better by the head, but the deer flung this no better, made a butt that laid the darkey out again, and opened an ugly gash on his woolly head. This was too much of a good thing, so Cuffy, when he recovered himself, stood at a respectful distance, and eying the old buck, said—'Now look a here, Mister Deer, I do noo how dee' you is, or who you b'long to; but if you do dat ar again dar'll be wenzon board dis boat, sure's you live!'"

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—Everything.—Charles Lamb understood this matter when, speaking of giving children ugly Christian names, he said, 'don't Nicodemus a man into nothing.' A boy's name has more to do with his happiness and prosperity than we are apt to imagine. A diminutive, ill-sounding cognomen has kept many a poor fellow in the back-ground all his days. And an unlucky nick-name applied to the wearer by the caprice or malice of his fellows, not unfrequently affects his peace and respectability through life. We once knew

a man whose real bona fide name was 'Stufile Sickle.' He was called 'Stufile Pickle,' for short. Well—what of him? Nothing. He was a 'nobody,' of course, and his whole history was 'nix.' Reader! if you are young (as we hope you are), and married (as you ought to be), and should have sons and daughters, (and may you be blessed with a half-dozen of such sort,) remember that much depends on naming them properly. Beware of top heavy names—such as Byron and Washington and Shakespeare—which only serve to belittle the wearer. Better by half call them all John and Mary, and then number them as they do steamboats in the West. Give them good, plain, manly, spelling-book titles, and then if any man nick-names your child, prosecute him for slander.

CRUSHING OUT THE GARROTTERS.—Three of these New York scamps were sentenced by the City Judge last Saturday: Peter Rowe to twelve years and six months, James Kelly to fifteen years and three months, and John Clark to ten years and six months—all in the States Prison. Judge Russell's remarks were not mealy-mouthed at all, and the sentences are just as they should be.

THE BURDELL MURDER.—CORONER'S VERDICT.—The Coroner's investigation of the Burdell murder ended Saturday night. The jury, after five hours deliberation, rendered a verdict against Mrs. Cunningham and John J. Eckel, as principals and young Snodgrass as accessory in the murder of Dr. Burdell; Augustus and Helen Cunningham are detained as witnesses.

WASHINGTON, February 16.—The Central American treaty was discussed for several hours to-day by the Senate in executive session, when its further consideration was postponed by five majority till the 5th of March.

FATAL ACCIDENT IN KENDUSKEAG.—We learn that Lora B. Milliken, a highly respectable citizen of Levant, was killed on the evening of Thursday last. He was found near Kenduskeag on the old Levant road about 10 o'clock at night, lying under the runner of his horse drawn sled with the reins wound about his arm and his neck broke. He had a spirited pair of horses and it is supposed that in an attempt to hold them in he was tripped and thrown down under the runner, which brought the team to a stand. The sled was light, and he was on his return home.—[Bangor paper.]

St. Louis, Feb. 12.—The Senate of Missouri on Tuesday, passed by vote of 25 to 4, a resolution declaring the emancipation of slaves in that State not only impracticable, but any movement toward it impolitic, unwise and unjust, and that it should be discontinued by the people. A vote of 107 to 8.

This Opal, for January, published at the New York Insane Asylum at Utica, gives the following:—

"A question in Moral Philosophy.—Not many days since, the following conversation took place in the ladies first hall of the Asylum. Miss Dix had passed through a moment before, and a younger daughter of our household, just started in her teens, was one of a cluster called together by the occasion.

Girl.—Who was the lady whom we saw with the doctor?

Lady.—That was Miss Dix, the philanthropist.

Girl.—What is a philanthropist, please?

Lady.—Philanthropist, my dear, is a word from two Greek words, signifying a lover of men.

Girl.—Well, then, are not all we women philanthropists?

GOVERNMENT ACTION ON CHINA AFFAIRS.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald says:

"I understand that our government does not approve of the course pursued by our citizens in the interference with the affairs of China. The Secretary of State has been engaged some days in preparing documents with reference to this affair, which will be sent by the next steamer, deprecating it in strong language, and advising them to beware hereafter how they join England or any other power in such a movement."

ENTERPRISING.—Last Wednesday noon the people of Gardiner received a mail from Portland. It arrived—the only mail for four days—via Winthrop, and Augusta, having reached the first mentioned place by the A. & K. Railroad, and finished its journey by stage and hourly, a la old pod agur days. Our 'back-road' friends should thank their stars that the managers of that road have enterprise enough to accommodate not only the people on their line, but those in this vicinity who are less fortunately situated.—[Banner.]

The New York Herald says that Dr. ROBERT HUNTER of that city has been accomplishing the most extraordinary results in the treatment of Consumption, decreasing the mortality more than One Thousand in the past two years. The following are the figures from the City Inspector's Report:

Deaths from Consumption in 1854.—In 1855.—In 1856.
3,032. 2,624. 2,307.

Showing an actual saving of life truly miraculous, when we consider that this disease had heretofore been regarded as hopelessly fatal.

EDUCATE YOUR DAUGHTERS.—A wife says: "When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages in the arts of

Kendall's Mills Adverts. Portland Advertisements.

STOVES AND HARDWARE, AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

WHERE you can have Stoves, Ranges, and all the latest and best of every kind of Stove, and a full line of a child's primer.

Bound in Styles to suit your own taste. BAYLEY'S, 68 Exchange Street.

Orders for Binding may be left with MAXIM & WING, at the "Eastern Mail" Office, Waterville.

ALBION WITHAM, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Cigars, &c.

No. 192 Fore Street, ... Portland.

STEEL & HAYES, No. 110 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in CHINA, GLASS & EARTHEN WARE.

Plated, Britannia and Japan Goods, Castors, Forks, Spoons, Tea-Pots, Tea-Trays,

Together with LAMPS of every description, LANTHERNS, WICKS, &c.

NOYES, WESTON & CO., General Commission Merchants, AND DEALERS IN

FLOUR, CORN, PROVISIONS &c. WILLIS BLOCK, Commercial St., PORTLAND, ME.

ARRIVE RECEIVING, GUNN & SONS, Gun and Shot, Gun and Shot, Gun and Shot,

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STOVES! STOVES!!

Winter Arrangement. NEW YORK AND PORTLAND.

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EMERY & FOX, 100 Broadway, New York.

H. B. CHOWNELL, 121 Elm St., New York.

And Ken. R. R.—Summer Arrangement.

On and after May 7, current, one Passenger Train only

will run daily, between Waterville and Portland, to connect

with the Portland and Maine Railroad, leaving Waterville at 9

A.M., and returning, leaving Portland at 10 P.M.—arriving at

Waterville at 4 P.M. This train will also, with evening

Stages to Boston.

Fares by R.R. to Boston, 4.00, and by road to Portland and

Waterville, 1.00. Night train, leaving Portland, 11.30.

May 1, 1887. EDWIN NOYES, Sup't.

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