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"EYES OPEN."

"Our minister said in his sermon, last evening," said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous wholesale dry-goods merchant on Market St., as she dusted her mantel ornaments of porcelain and marble, on Monday morning, "that he who wanted to do good must be on the constant 'look-out' for opportunities; that God does not find our work, and bring it ready-fitted and prepared to our hand; but spreads the world before us, and we are to walk thro' it as Christ and the apostles did, with 'eyes open,' looking for the sick and the suffering, the poor and the oppressed."

"Now, I'm certain," continued the lady, as she replaced a marble Diana in the centre of the mantel, "I should like to do some good every day; one feels so much better when they go to rest at night, and I'll just keep my eyes open" to-day, and see if I come across any opportunities that, under ordinary circumstances, I should let slip."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Beach was in the nursery, with the washerwoman, who had come for the clothes. "I wish, Mrs. Simms," she said, as she heaped the soiled linen into the basket, "that you would get Tommy's aprons ready for me by Wednesday. We are going out to town, to remain until Saturday, and shall want a good supply on hand for such a careless little scamp as he is."

"Well, I'll try, ma'am," said the washerwoman; "I've got behind-hand a good deal since Sammy had the whooping cough; but now he's better, I must try to make up for lost time."

"Has he had the whooping-cough? Poor little fellow! How old is he?" questioned the lady.

"He was three last April, ma'am." "And Tom is four," mused the lady. "Look here, Mrs. Simms; won't you just open the lower drawer of that bureau, and take out those four green worsted dresses in the corner? Tom's outgrown them, you see, since last winter, but they're almost as good as new. Now, if you want them for little Sammy, they'll do nicely, without altering, I think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach?" answered the washerwoman, with the tears starting into her dim eyes, "I haven't any words to thank you, or to tell you what a treasure they'll be. Why, they'll keep the little fellow as warm as toast all winter."

"Well, I'll place them on top of the clothes," said the lady smiling to herself, as she thought, "My eyes have been open once to-day."

Not long afterward Mrs. Beach was on her way to market, for she was a notable house-keeper, when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her family the year before, to do errands, wait on the door, &c. He was a bright, good-hearted, merry-faced lad, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had always felt interested in him; but this morning she was in quite a hurry, and would have passed the child with a cordial, but hasty, "How are you, Joseph, my boy? Do come and see us," had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not wear its usual happy expression. She paused, as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind, and asked, "Is anything the matter with you, Joseph? You don't look as happy as you used to?"

The boy looked up a moment, with a half-doubting, half-confiding expression, into the lady's face; the latter triumphed; "Mr. Anderson's moved out of town," he said, pushing back his worn, but neatly brushed cap from his hair, "so I've lost my place; then little Mary's sick, and that makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted. "But never mind, Joseph; I remember only being here last night my brother said he would want a new errand boy, in a few days, for his store, and he'd give a good one two dollars a week. Now, I'll see him to-day and get the situation for you, if you like."

The boy's whole face brightened. "O! I shall be so glad of it, Mrs. Beach!" "And here, Joseph," I'm going to market, and perhaps you can find something nice for little Mary." The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a proud woman, and felt that this would be a delicate way of presenting her gift.

So she found some delicious pears and grapes, and a nice chicken, to make some broth for Mary, who was ill with fever, before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that the lady did not see Joseph as he sprang into the chamber where Mary lay moaning wretchedly on her bed, while her mother sat sitching busily in one corner, and held up the chicken and the fruit-crying. "Good news! I've got all these nice things for Mary, and a place at two dollars a week!"

"O! how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears did down her cheeks."

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library, absorbed in some new book, when she heard her husband's step in the hall. Though the morning had been so pleasant, the afternoon was cloudy, and the day had gone down in a low, sullen, penetrating rain.

Now Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife, but he was not a particularly demonstrative man, and the first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down into a somewhat bare, every day, matter-of-fact existence. But her heart was warm to night, warm with the good deeds of the day, and remembering her resolution of the morning, she threw down her book, and ran down the stairs.

"Henry, dear," said the soft voice of the wife, "has the rain wet you at all? Let me take off your coat for you."

"Thank you, Mary; I don't think I'm any-wise injured. But you may help me, just for the pleasure of it," and he stood still while she removed the heavy coat, with all that softness of touch, and movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it up, and then her husband drew her to his heart, with all the old, lower tenderness.

"You are very thoughtful of me, Mary, my wife," he said.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's heart as she went up stairs—music set to the words, "Eyes open! eyes open!"

[Arthur's Home Gazette.]

SUNFLOWERS A PREVENTIVE OF AGUE.—Lieut. Maury, in an article communicated to the Rural New Yorker, maintains that the growing of sunflowers around a dwelling located near a fever and ague region, neutralizes the miasma in which that disease originates, and tends to support the theory by successful experiment.

Lieut. Maury says that an acre of sunflowers will absorb during their growth many thousands gallons of water more than are supplied by the rains. They are of easy cultivation, and the seeds, which are very valuable, find a ready market at the drug stores. The theory of the experiment is this: "The ague and fever poison is set free during the process of vegetable decay, which poison is absorbed by the rank growing sunflower, elaborated into vegetable matter, and so retained until cold weather sets in."

VOL. X.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1857.

NO. 43.

THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN.

BY ORLAND MAREY.

There be three little maidens; three loving maidens; Three bonny children mine; Three precious jewels are set in Life's crown, On prayer lifted brows to shine. Six starry eyes like love-luminous, Look out for our heaven so tender; Since the honey moon, glowing and glorious, Arose in its ripening splendor.

There's Lilybell, duchess of wonderland, With her dance of life, dimples and curls, Whose bud of a mouth with red kisses burst, A smile with the wanton white pearls; And Sweetheart, our rosy golden peach, On the summit of womanhood tender; But Marian's mother's darling, Marian's idol of all.

Like the merry voiced bird that sings on the bough, I sing, oh, my brooding Dove, To a nest I know of the leaves below, Fall of eyes alive with love. Two of our little birds wander on wings, One doth but flutter and fall; Sing, Marian's mother's darling, Marian's idol of all.

All in our marriage garden Grew, smiling up to God, A bonnier flower than ever, Sucked the green warmth of the sod. Oh, beautiful unfathomably, Its life unfurled; Life's crown of sweetest was our wee White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom Our bud of beauty grew; It fed on smiles for sunshine, And tears for daintier dew. Aye nestling warm and tenderly, Our leaves of love were curled, So close and close about our wee White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson Grew with our Rose of light, Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted slip Her whiteness saintly white. Her wind like life she danced with glee, And reddened as its whirling; While, white and wondrous grew our wee White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance, Our house of life she filled; Revealed each hour some fairy tower Where winged hopes might build. We saw—though none like us might see—The hidden life of the spirit wings Upon the petals of our wee White Rose of all the world.

But ever more the halo Of angel light increased; Like the glory of the Moonlight, That folds some fairy feast. Snow white, snow soft, snow silently, Our darling bud upreared, The hidden life of the spirit wings Upon the petals of our wee White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom; Our life was but in Spring; When down the solemn midnight The hidden life of the spirit wings "Another bud of infancy, With holy dew impregnated; And in her hands they bore our wee White Rose of all the world."

You scarce could think so small a thing Could leave a loss so large; Her little light such shadow dim, From dawn to sunset's marge. In the spring of our life may be In banished bloom unfurled; But never, never match our wee White Rose of all the world.

The Story of a Shark.

There is no doubt, that sharks will follow a vessel hundreds of miles on a voyage. The sailors believe that when a person is sick on board they never leave it, knowing from a peculiar instinct, when the malady will prove fatal and the body be thrown overboard. I heard a story which is curious, and I do not think unlikely. The narrator once sailed in a ship, he said, in which there was a very near-sighted passenger who always wore a pair of gold spectacles. He had forgotten to provide himself with a second pair before he left, and being a man of nervous temperament, he was perpetually worrying himself with the idea that by some accident or other he should lose the only ones he had during the voyage, and thus be left for some time in a most unpleasant predicament, not being able to see a yard before him without the assistance of glasses.

Many and dire were the accidents which he saw would happen to him in the state of semi-blindness to which he would be reduced, when the spectacles were gone. In fact, he would be afraid to venture on deck, being certain to walk overboard, or fall down the companion-ladder; and how he should ever get into the boat which was to take him on shore, when the ship arrived at her destination, he knew not. One day they were becalmed near the Line, and a large shark was seen by the officer on watch just under the stern. All the passengers, our near-sighted friend among them, rushed aft to see the monster taken, a baited hook having been immediately put overboard. In the scuffle which took place, every one striving to get a good position, down dropped the spectacles from his nose; the shark seized the glittering prize, and as satisfied with his acquisition retired under the counter refusing the most tempting baits that were successively offered him during the day. Towards evening a breeze sprung up and away they went at nine or ten knots an hour. The nervous man was now in the situation which his morbid fancy had so often presented to him, and the first part of his presentiment having come to pass, he felt like a doomed man, and seemed to wait the fulfilment of his destiny, which, he had persuaded himself, was either to break his neck, or be drowned. He looked himself up in his cabin, became moody and reserved, and busied himself with arranging his papers, and making various preparations for his end. The captain and others became seriously alarmed, and attempted to rally him from his monomania, but all to no purpose; he shook his head mournfully when they attempted to laugh him out of it, and solemnly made answer, that time would show that he was a doomed man. The wind about the Line seldom lasts long, and after five or six days' sailing, during which the rain eight or nine hundred miles, the favorable breeze died away, the heavy sails again flapped against the masts, and again the usual listlessness which attends a perfect calm at sea crept over the minds of every one on board. One of the midshipmen who had gone aloft to see if he could descry a sail or anything else on the vast expanse of water, on which they lay like a log, sang out that a shark was close to the vessel. Again everybody was on the qui vive, a hook was soon baited and thrown over, and this time greedily snatched at by John Shark. He was soon hauled on board, and the business of searching his locker commenced with the usual curiosity. The first thing they pulled out was the gold spectacles! They were speedily taken down to the hypochondriac below, and the change which the sight of them made on him was miraculous.

"Eh, he said, just what a man would, with a rope already around his neck; he repressed at the gallows' foot, and at once shaking off the fit of despondency and apprehension which had clung so closely to him, he joined heartily in the laugh which his former fear now raised

among his fellow voyagers. I give this story as I had it, and leave the reader to judge for himself how much of it is true. In a shark which we caught, we found a newspaper of later date than any we had on board, and which was dried and read by all of us, not having been at all injured by its adventures. It must have been dropped from some other ship, and swallowed by our eccentric friend.

The Western Fever.

We have lived in several States in the Union, and have no hesitation in saying that Maine is as healthy if not healthier than any other. She is occasionally subject to epidemics which carry off her people to a 'better land.' But there has one prevailed this spring which has carried off a great many to a no better land. It is called the 'Western fever.' There are several causes for this, both remote and immediate. The remote cause is a foolish excitement that took place a few years among business men in trying to do (as our friend of the Bangor Journal says) "three years work in one." Everything was at that time put on the high pressure principle. More goods were manufactured than the public called for, more ships were built than commerce demanded, everybody and everything was pressed into service, and exorbitant wages demanded and paid, common workmen receiving two or three dollars per day in shipyards, and you couldn't get the slowest kind of a laborer to spend up a carrot bed under \$3.50 to 2.00 per day. We earnestly protested, at the time, against any such unnatural excitement, as it was plain to the most careless observer, that there was no natural cause for any such rush of business, that it was merely an excitement got up by speculators, and that there must be a reaction, when business would sink as much too low as it was then too high.

That reaction has come, and this is one of the causes of the 'Western fever.' Another cause is the 'dillivry' (we believe that is the best phrase) of our Congress, in putting so much of our public lands into the hands of speculators.

They have done this by giving to the soldiers a bounty or pension of not more than 160 acres of land. This land they well knew would soon be bought up by speculators, and members of Congress themselves, many of them, were of that class and have gone into it. Now, if they wanted to reward the soldiers for past services, why did they not give them so much money outright, and have done with it? There was and is money locked up in the treasury which might have been let loose for that purpose, and if they wanted the lands settled, given them away to actual settlers, or sold them to actual settlers for a sum just sufficient to pay the surveying and incidental expenses. But no, they must be put into the hands of speculators, not directly, but in the indirect way of giving them in the shape of bounty lands to soldiers, well knowing into whose hands they would ultimately fall. This is another cause of the western fever. Business, from the cause above mentioned is dull at home. People, therefore, hearing that fortunes are made thick and fast at the 'far west,' by buying lands and having them rise in value on their hands in consequence of the influx of emigrants—rake and scrape all they can get, and his away as fast as steamboats and rail cars can carry them, with the expectation of becoming immensely rich in a fortnight after they get there. One in a hundred does this, and ninety-nine don't do it. Now, unless the laws of nature and of trade become suspended or annihilated, there must be a reaction to this. It cannot continue, and these who are not fortunate enough to draw prizes in the scrambling lottery, must draw blanks and be 'left out in the cold.'

We would say to our friends, beware of the western fever, for if you do not voluntarily imbibe it you will not suffer by it. Let the young, who have not yet located themselves and are looking about for an abiding place, go west if they please, (and we would give them land to settle upon if we could), but let those who are already settled and doing well—who are in the midst of their friends and are surrounded by all the social comforts and conveniences of older communities, stay where they are. We have conversed with several who have been 'out west' and seen the 'Elephant' to their hearts' content.

They corroborate what we have said in regard to speculation. Of the thousands who go there, but very few go with the intention of cultivating and getting property in that way, but with a hope of getting suddenly rich by the rise of any land, which they may get hold of. There are more laborers there now than can find employ. The necessities of life are higher there than here. Many who have been deluged and gone there with scanty means, are exceedingly straitened and would come back if they could, finding that the road on 'tother side' of the modern Jordan 'is a hard road to travel.'—[Maine Farmer.]

A SPIRITUAL PHEASANT.—The Lockport Courier relates the particulars of a queer case. A few days ago a person died in Torawanda, and the friend of the deceased being Spiritualists, sent for a Lockport doctor, who practised on the call, and labored long and industriously. But it was all in vain, and the doctor was finally relieved from his task by a despatch from the spirit world to the effect that "the person had been dead so long that the spiritual effluvia was insuperable upon the highly congested substance of the mucous membrane."

Shouldn't wonder if that was the difficulty. Anyway, it reminds us of an old blacksmith who asked his family physician "what chloroform was?"

"Chloroform," said the doctor; "why, it is chloroform, a sort of ether."

"Now," said old T., "I want to know what it's made of."

"Oh!" answered Esculapius, looking a little mischievous; "that's it, eh? Well, chloroform is the hypothetical radical of formic acid."

Old T. went off mad.

ANOTHER SLAVE STATE ALMOST FREE.—While looking with hope at the decline of Slavery in Missouri and other Slave States bordering on the Free States, our politicians must not overlook the hopeful little State of Delaware, where, at the date of the last census the slaves formed only 2 1/2 per cent of the population of the State, while free negroes were about 20 per cent. The increase of free colored people in the State has been from 8,889 in 1790, to 18,073 in 1850.

In effect, Delaware is now nearly as much a

free State as New Jersey or Illinois. The anti-slavery sentiment has a strong hold upon the population. At the Presidential election last fall no less than 302 votes were polled in one county for the Republican electoral ticket. Had the State been thoroughly organized by the Republicans, we do not doubt that they would have polled at least one third of the whole vote cast. The census of 1860 will show a large decrease of the Slaves, and make more manifest the fact that Delaware has ceased to be distinctly a Slave State.

Signs in Kansas.

We have defended the course of the free state men of Kansas in refusing to take any part in the scheme to fasten a pro-slavery constitution upon the coming State, partly because the repeated treacheries of the Border Ruffians, which have been published to the world, have deprived us of any confidence in their new promises, but mainly because the free state men are on the ground and ought to know best what to do in maintenance of their sacred principles. The progress of events thus far has justified our position.

The census lists of Leavenworth county and city were made up sometime ago, but in entire disregard of a provision in the first section of the bogus convention act, viz: "It shall be the duty of the Sheriff of the several counties in Kansas Territory, and they are hereby required, between the 1st day of March and the 1st day of April, 1857, to make an enumeration of all the free male inhabitants, citizens of the United States, over twenty-one years of age, and all other white persons actually residing within their respective counties."

Now it does not appear that the sheriff has taken any census of all the inhabitants, as required by law, but only of the voters. If he had made a full census, the omission of a great part of the free state men from the voting list, would have been too barefaced. But, confining the census to voters only—in defiance of law—it will be easy to pretend in any instance of omission that it was accidental or undesigned.

In respect to such omissions, the Leavenworth Times of the 11th inst. says that one hundred free state voters in that town alone have been left off from the lists. Even the name of the new Mayor, H. J. Adams, does not appear in the lists—nor the names of others who were among the most prominent men of the country. The printing office of the Times is ignored in the census, as are the names of the editor and all of the employees.

From Lawrence we have advised that no census lists had publicly appeared when, by law, they ought to have been posted up three weeks. The county courts had not sat for the purpose of having the lists duly purged, as required by the census act. It should be observed, however, that there is no penalty provided against county courts or the census-takers, for fraud or neglect of duty. It is only when the right to vote under the census is taken, is to be protected, that the "penalty" part steps in. These and similar evasions of the letter of the statute might possibly be checked by Gov. Walker, were he on the ground—but he will not arrive till May, when the whole matter will have been completed, and he may plausibly refuse to take cognizance of matters transacted before he assumed the functions of Governor.

Do not such things as these show that the free state men of Kansas know better than that at a distance, the men they have to deal with, and the proper manner to do it? [Portland Advertiser.]

The Morals of Trade.

The N. Y. Observer has a good editorial article upon this subject, from which we copy a few paragraphs. After alluding to some common sources of mercantile corruption, the Observer says:

"But that deadly poison—love of money—shoots out its branches of poisoned fruit in many other directions. False representations; the passing of damaged articles as sound; the sale of old manufactured stuffs under new names; the adulteration of products; the systematic exaggeration of the value of the articles disposed of; and to these we must add the making out of bills intentionally but artfully false, and even actual perjury to evade or lessen the duties on imported goods; are some of the more obvious arts by which the practiced iniquity of trade violates those laws of integrity upon which all true success must be based."

Now it is obvious that there is no valid excuse for a resort to these methods of gain however 'iniquitously legal.' Better die a martyr to truth and integrity, than feast on the fruits of fraud and crime. No sphere of human activity is exempt from the application of uprightness and unbending principle. Gain can build no bridge over the gulf of transgression on which it is safe to walk. The law of Sinai cannot be excluded from the counting-room. God grants no such exemption from future penalty, as the weak James of England granted the guilty Duke of Somerset. The merchant is a man, and the details of daily business all go to make up the record of his accountability. As high as he builds the structure of his splendor, so high does he rear the gallows that gibbets the integrity of his character. Title-deeds and bank stock are a poor savor for a guilty conscience. The two miles of the poor widow, with the heart that gave them, are a richer estate than that of a Girard or an Astor. We shall not soon forget the reply made by a humble but honest and Christian man of our acquaintance to his employer, whose large wealth enabled him to hold out inducements to a violation of his engagements. "I cannot afford," said he, "to violate my word. It is all I have. Your bond is worth thousands, mine is not worth a cent, but my word must be worth as much as your bond." There was the just estimate of conscientious integrity.

The almost inevitable tendencies of a thirst for gain are often fatal to character, to morals, and to all peace of mind. In the busy bustlings currents of traffic, the absorbing anxiety that rules there, swallows up almost every other. The idolatry of mammon drives God from the soul. A false standard is set up. Men recognize only that superiority which can make the largest check. A lame duck cannot sit at the broker's board. Men worship the fortune of which the man is a mere appendage. But no law of integrity can be safely violated. Upstart prosperity, secured or sustained by fraud, walks on stilts, and in due time will stumble. It has only a fictitious eminence. For the sake of social morals, for the cause of

justice, for honor of the divine law, we demand as severe integrity in 'the laws of trade' as in any other sphere of human action. The uttered lie of the slanderer, the printed lie of the infidel, the practical lie of the burglar or the forger, we condemn. But how does the criminality of these exceed in the eye of heaven, on the falsehood and fraud whose despicable excuse, translated into plain English, is the wish to rob behind the counter instead of upon the highway? He who pleads the smallness or insignificance of the cheat, only aggravates our indignation. His easy virtue or faded integrity is sold by his own estimate for a mere pittance. He bids himself down to a contemptible cypher.

We want the law of God carried to the office and the counting-room. We want it possible for a young man to grow up in mercantile pursuits without being educated to become a forger, or a sot, or a villain. A new hope will be kindled within us when in that sphere of activity where credit is all essential, and mutual confidence the vital element of success, that truth which is the foundation of both, shall be recognized as the chief corner stone.

How the Blood is Purified.

The heart has two suites of rooms, one filled with impure blood, going to the lungs to be purified: the other containing the purest blood of the body, which having undergone purification and perfection in the lungs, has been returned to the other side of the heart, to be propelled therefrom to the most distant portions of the human frame, imparting in its progress, renovation, restoration and life. The right side of the heart contains the impure, imperfect blood, while the pure blood is found in the left. But it cannot get from the right side into the left, without passing through an out-house, the Lungs, where the purifying process is carried on; and how?

We have seen that the blood is in the little branches of blood-vessels spread like a vine on the walls of the air-cells, the lungs, distended by air. Now, the blood does not come in actual contact with the air; the membrane of these minute vessels, thinner than the thinnest paper, manufactured only in Heaven, by omnipotent skill for the express purpose, is between the air and the blood. But a most wonderful process goes on here; there is a passage of substances through these membranes, the life of the air-cell, the oxygen, as we say, passes out of the air-cell into the blood in the blood-vessels, and the impurities, the death of the blood, passes in a moment from the blood vessel into the air-cell, and in a moment the dead blood is made alive, and the air so pure without but a moment before, is now dead. So the death of the blood and the life of the air pass through these membranes, as light passes through glass or as electricity along the wires. Thus the lungs are the great 'Change of life'—the market place where Vitality and Death change their wares, the air being the *noth of the two, for while it takes death from the blood, it gives its own life* therefore, the savior of physical humanity.

Let the most careless reader note and feel here, how impossible it is for the blood to be purified unless he breathes abundant pure air. The importance of breathing it constantly is strikingly exhibited in the established fact, that every ounce of blood of the whole body is thus aired every two and a half minutes of our existence. The breathing of a pure air for so short a time as two and a half minutes imparts purification and refreshment to the whole human frame. This explains the instantaneousness with which persons are revived when taken into the air after confinement to a close room or crowded apartment for some time.

Thus, when after writing or reading, or sewing, in one position for a long time, and the whole body feels tired, we get up, stretch the body, draw a full deep breath, and walk across the room a few times, there is a feeling of rest and refreshment comes over us which is most agreeable. Why? Because the full breath distends the air cells, straightens the blood vessels, the blood passes onward, presenting itself as it passes, to the life giving influences of the air in the freshly and fully distended air vessels. What madness it is, what deliberate suicide, to repress these yearnings of our instincts for the life-giving agencies which a beneficent Providence has thrown around us with such bounteous profusion: the Pure Air of Heaven!

But how does the blood become thus impure at the right side of the heart, before it goes for renovation to the lungs? There are two sources of impurity. A barrel of the purest water will be sadly defiled, if taken to the attic, and every floor in the house is washed with it, down to the cellar. The blood starts from the lungs pure and clean, it goes through the whole frame, washing out as it goes along, the particles of our body which have died since the last visit; for we are always dying, reader! Particles which have served their uses, and having answered the great end of their creation, must be swept away as the cinders from the grate or the ashes from the hearth. Thus the blood so pure but two and a half minutes before is now loaded with offal, and is deposited in the heart, the great Clearing House of the body. So this body of ours is swept out, it is washed clean every two minutes and a half of our existence. Like a magnificent steam engine, requiring the constant attendance of the engineer, who if he does his duty, is all the time cleaning and oiling, so as to keep it in perfect working order, so is our body.

Does not the reader see, then, that not only is the want of full breathing a cause of impure blood, but if the air he breathes is not pure when first breathed, it can no more unload the blood of its impurities as perfectly as it ought to have done, than dirty water can wash a garment clean? You, who habitually breathe impure air, that is, confined air, for all confined air is impure, are a moral suicide. Hurry then, from your bed chamber the instant of rising; hoist the windows of your sitting apartments, fling wide open your doors, divers times daily, even in the coldest weather, and let out the death, instead of drawing it into your system, to fester, corrupt and rot you.

DANGERS OF ABSOLUTE POWER.—Absolute power was not meant for man. There is indeed an exception to this rule. There is one case in which God puts a human being, wholly defenseless, in another's hand. I refer to the child, who is wholly subject to a parent's will. But observe how carefully, I might almost say anxiously, God has provided against the abuse of this power. He has raised up for the child in the heart of the parent, a guardian, whom the mightiest on earth cannot resist. He has fitted the parent for this trust, by teaching him to love his offspring better than

himself. No eloquence on earth is so subduing as the moaning of an infant when in pain. No reward is sweeter than that infant's smile. We say God has put the infant in the parent's hand. Might we not more truly say that He has put the parent in the child's power? That little being sends forth his father to toil, and makes the mother watch over him by day and fix on him her sleepless eyes by night. No tyrant lays such a yoke. Thus God has fenced and secured from abuse the power of the parent; and yet even the parent has been known in a moment of passion, to be cruel to his child. Is man then to be trusted with power over his fellow-creature, who instead of being commended by nature to his tenderest love, belongs to a despised race—is regarded as property,—is made the passive instrument of his gratification and gain? I ask no document to prove the abuses of this power, nor do I care what is said to disprove them. Millions may rise up and tell me that the slave suffers little from cruelty. I know too much of human nature, human history, human passion, to believe them. I acquit slaveholders of all peculiar depravity. I judge them by myself. I say that absolute power always corrupts human nature, more or less. I say that extraordinary, almost miraculous self-control is necessary to secure the slaveholder from provocation and passion; and is self-control the virtue which above all others, grows up amidst the possession of irresponsible dominion?—[Channing.]

When the Baptists of Hartford began to hold public services, an over-zealous member of Dr. Strong's society called upon him and asked him if he knew that John Bolles 'had started an opposition meeting.'

'No,' said he, 'when—where?'

'So am I,' rejoined Dr. Strong, 'but that need not prevent us wishing them well. You had better go and hear them.'

'No,' said the man, 'I'm a Presbyterians.' 'So am I,' rejoined Dr. Strong, 'but that need not prevent us wishing them well. You had better go.'

'No,' said the man, with energy, 'I shan't go near them. Dr. Strong, ain't you going to do something about it?'

'What?'

'Stop it, can't you?'

'My friend,' said the doctor, seriously, 'John Bolles is a good man, and will surely go to heaven. If you and I get there we shall meet him, and we had better, therefore, cultivate a pleasant acquaintance with him here.'

LOCOMOTIVE EXPERIENCE.—Riding on the engine of an express train is exciting business. We made intercession with the powers that be, the other day, and secured a passage for the distance of ten miles on 'the machine.' It is interesting to watch the track ahead, and imagine yourself going down the banks from some obstruction. You look at the steam gauge and wonder if a hundred and ten pounds of steam is a safe quantity. As the speed increases, the sway of the engine attracts especial notice. Every little roughness of the track is felt, and the machine goes knocking about from side to side with force enough to tear the rails from the ties. The flat ribbon of rail, extending so far before you, seems utterly insufficient to hold the vast, ponderous weight of iron upon it. For relief from the terrors you have conjured up, you turn to the engineer and venture a remark. He does not look around, his hand is on the lever, his eye steadily fixed on the track. Just then the fireman rings the bell for a crossing. You can see it swing, but in the crash and thunder of your progress you hear no sound, and then you think that the engineer perhaps did not hear your voice.

The fireman is constantly busy. He piles up the wood in easy distance and 'en' atokes.' As the dry sticks are cast in the furnace, the devouring flame seizes them with a fierce avidity, eats into their substance, penetrates their pores, and tears them to pieces almost in a moment. It is an awful fire, unlike any you ever witnessed.

You take another look at the track and gain a new sensation, for wherever the rail is a little settled the engine sinks down upon it, and it seems as if the wheels and trucks were giving way, and the whole machine about to crush down in one fatal smash up.

These are daylight observations, but the night is the time to enjoy a locomotive ride. The light from the engine lamp extends only for two or three rails forward—beyond that all is darkness, and you go plunging on into the black unseen before you, without a possibility of a forewarning of any danger. You can see the switch lights, or that of another locomotive, but a log or a drunken man may be on the track, or a rail may be broken, and you none the wiser until with one tremendous crash you meet your doom.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN TEMPERING TOOLS.—A correspondent, D. I. Wells, of Bolivar, Tenn., writes us a few words respecting tempering steel tools. He says: "I read the communications in No. 27 Scientific American, from three different persons, on tempering mill picks, neither of whom gave the true method as I understand it, although one comes very near to it. The main thing in tempering is striking the right heat. From long experience I have found that the lowest tempering heat at which steel will harden when taken out of the fire and dipped into water is the best. A little experience with any piece of steel will show this to be so, and different kinds require different degrees of heat. It is a mistake to suppose, that by raising the temperature of steel for tempering very high that it will become harder, and of a better temper. Steel is rendered more brittle by a high heat, but no harder. As to the chilling medium, I know of nothing better than clear cold water."

These views of our correspondent agree with those of one of the most skillful and experienced English steel makers—one who stood in the very first rank in Sheffield, and who is now here as one of the best judges of steel in our country. He told us, in conversation, that every kind of steel required a different degree of heat in tempering, but the lowest heat possible was the best, and the very finest steels required the lowest.—[Scientific American.]

THE NATIONAL HOTEL SICKNESS.—The New York Mirror says that it is now believed that not less than seven hundred persons have been seriously and dangerously affected by the

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . MAY 7, 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 No. 10 State Street, Boston. J. W. C. BOWMAN, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at No. 10 State Street, Boston.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

Young People's Amusement. No. 2.

We noticed last week, that the amusements of the young are mostly constituted by parties, and that these parties are not conducted in a manner creditable to those who attend them. For the educated and beautiful are there, and we may fairly expect that the conduct of such should be in harmony with their character and sense. This we endeavored to show is not the case, and introduced a fair sample of topics that are most prevalent at all our parties. It is semblance of love, coquetry and boldness, carried to such an extreme, that those who attend parties must best understand how true this statement is; those who practice taking walks will also be good judges of the extent to which this imitation prevails. The parties and walks, of themselves, when rid of the prevailing conduct of them, are not only harmless but are really desirable. But if we all knew—if fathers and mothers knew—all that their sons and daughters know of them, there would be less walks than there are at this day.

Instead of diminishing, however, the amusement and real pleasure of social walks by staying at home, we would rather suggest that it be remembered, that propriety is still propriety whether one be in the parlor or on an excursion. Here lies the error; we forget that we have still a character to preserve, when in the midst of a smiling, fashionable and careless throng of youth; we forget that we are observed by envious as well as forgiving eyes, and that every act will be reviewed when reason is untroubled by excitement. And it is here, when the feelings are calm, that we are estimated by others. They may smile at your boldness for the time, you may lead the whole party by your freedom of speech and carelessness of action; but, note the fact—it is for one time only; another will supplant you and become the first instead. The same air, which in its fury will take us upward, when calm, will let us fall.

We say this, not that amusement may be lessened, but that it may be of such a kind that a review will not be irksome. What this kind is, the tastes of individuals must determine; but it is apparent that it should not be blended with deviations so palpable to be mistaken and too gross to have a name. We say there are errors (we will use no stronger term) prevailing in the social parties of the young which should be corrected and forgotten. This is true beyond a doubt no one would be at a loss to see if they could read the thoughts of any one who frequents them, after it is over. There is a moral maelstrom which they all see, but into which many sail, borne on by the winds of flattery. We may add, that this is more intoxicating than wine, and whoever partakes of it much, is soon drunk in vice.

This presents a far different view of the heart of the young from what we might expect, when we look at their privileges of education. We are confident no wrong is designed, but are as confident that moral wrong is committed. But it all grows out of the conduct of parties and walks, and such amusements as are now enjoyed; and an error will not be corrected until it is either known or exposed. This is my object, therefore, not to speak of errors for the sake of speaking of them, but that being spoken of, they may be avoided.

SOLON.

"Solon" don't attend parties or go to walks—not he. We see this from his article, and, staying at home, he scours with vexation and curdles with suspicion. That some young folks' conversation is not as wise as Solon's, or that their deportment is not so sedate enough for a funeral, is very probable. Boys and girls are not all Solons; and parties and walks are not intended for funeral solemnities. Light conversation is at times as necessary as light food—though the lumberman may take a week's rations of pork and beans. Let the boys and girls—say, the old folks, if you will—go in at times for relaxation, as well of conversation and manner as of bone and muscle. Those who construe it into "vice," or imagine that vice is always its associate, do so because they look in at the wrong end of the glass. Let them go and breathe the air of cheerfulness and merriment, and become better judges; learning that cheerfulness is at once the mother and the child of virtue. Then our "Solons" may admonish the young to seek virtue and purity in all their social enjoyments; neither allowing excess to throw them within the bounds of vice, or abstinence to leave them to bitterness of soul and harshness of judgment.

TRY IT!—Our advertising columns must not be taken for an index of our approval of patent medicines; and it is only when special reasons commend one of them to our faith, that we venture to try it. This was the case with the Oxygenated Bitters, sold here by G. H. Adams & Co. We knew several of the men who endorse them, to be such as are not readily duped; and we tried them for indigestion and a bilious state of the stomach. They worked like a charm. We literally ate ourselves into good health!—and as we positively know several others who have done the same thing, we confidently and heartily advise those who suffer from difficulty in digesting their food, to call upon Adams & Co. and get a bottle of the Oxygenated Bitters. They are a very pleasant spring drink; and if they fail to do good, we pledge ourselves to buy the empty bottle, at a remunerating price.

OUR TABLE.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.—The numbers for April and May have reached us in company, and glad are we to see this host of the American Monthlies again on our table. A new feature has been introduced into this work—a few leading articles in each number being illustrated. These for April are—"The Chinamen" and "Tails," and for May—"The Trail," the "Trace," and the "Wagon-Road," and "Frippery." The contents of the numbers are of the usual excellence, which, considering the high reputation of the magazine, is saying not a little. Among the good things in the April number is a criticism, just and genial, of two prominent American authors—Melville and Curtis—which we doubt not will do them both good; an article on "Filibustering," which breathes the right spirit; and some sensible, rational talk about "Amusements;" in the May number will be found a sharp visitation on the head of that venerable offender—"The New York Observer,"—on which the verdict will be, "served him right;" also a scathing review of the late decision of Judge Taney, with many other racy original articles.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE is published by Dix, Edwards & Co., New York, at \$3 a year. A. Williams & Co., Boston, agents.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 675 contains two biographies from the Encyclopedia Britannica—of Bishop Butler and John Bunyan; a continuation of "The Fortunes of Glencore;" The Wife's Portrait—a Christmas Story; another chapter of The Dead Secret; a biographical and critical notice of Douglas Jerrold; Matiny of the Grant Highlanders, &c., &c. Published by Littell, Son & Co., Boston, in weekly numbers of 64 pages each, at \$9 a year, and sent free of postage.

THE SCHOOLFELLOW.—The May number of this nice little monthly reaches us promptly from A. Williams & Co., Boston. Caroline Cheesbro contributes a story entitled "Moses and the Bell," the first part of which appears this month. Mrs. Hemans's poem of "Casualties" is finely illustrated; a chapter devoted to the Hippopotamus; Round-the-World-Joe turns up among the Japanese, of whom he has a good deal to tell that will interest and amuse; Hector is a good dog story; "When I was a Little Girl" will please the young reader; "Polylongus" is an interesting chapter in natural history something useful may be learned from the article on Archery; while all will spend an hour or so over the puzzles, charades, conundrums, &c. The usual number of spirited pictures are given, and these alone are a rich treat. Published by Dix, Edwards & Co., New York, at \$1 a year.

THE HORTICULTURIST.—The May number of this Journal of Rural and Rural Taste cannot fail to commend itself to the cultivated reader. Among scores of good things, which will be of special interest at this season when people are planting out trees, are some valuable suggestions on grouping, with illustrations appealing to the eye, which to many will be of great assistance. The Horticulturist has no rival in its peculiar department. Published by Robert Forsyth Smith, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year; colored edition \$5.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The April and May numbers came to us at the same time from A. Williams & Co., (successors to Pettigrew & Co.) Boston, special agents for the sale of Harper & Brothers' publications. The illustrated articles in these two numbers are—The Holy City, A June Jaunt, Mosses, Pictures in Switzerland, North Carolina Illustrated, Little Sticks and their Kindred, with the usual Comicalities, Fashion plates, &c. Other articles of the usual variety and interest, swell the numbers to the usual size. The 7th volume of this work closes with an issue of 170,000 copies, which shows that the determination of the publishers to "present more reading matter of a better quality, in a more elegant style, and at a cheaper rate, than any other publication," has been well carried out, and to the satisfaction of the reading public.

Published by Harper & Bros., New York, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—Contents of April Number—All-Fools' Day, or The Rival Robbers, A Political Pantomime; Scenes of Clerical Life—No. II. Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story, Part II.; Afloat; Botany and Brigs in Greece; The Abbeys; or, The Three Gifts—Part XI.; The Land of Gold; Meleager's Lament for his wife Heliodora; Remonstrance with Dickens; Letters from a Lighthouse—No. III.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, 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 \$2.00; 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.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.—Two numbers of this popular series arrive together from A. Williams & Co., Boston, (special agents for the sale of Harper & Brothers' publications) greatly to the delight of the youngsters, who had begun to fear they should see no more of them. The one for April is entitled "Lapstone," or "The Sailor turned Shoemaker"; and it is made up of stories illustrative of life at sea, the usages and practices of sea-faring men, descriptions relating to ships, pilots, light-houses, soundings, calms, storms, &c., and if read attentively will furnish much useful information. The May number is entitled "Orkney the Peacemaker; or the various Ways of Settling Disputes." This is in dialogue, and while very interesting, will exert a healthy influence upon the young reader, who will hardly fail to be stimulated to imitate so good an example. These little books are always handsomely illustrated, and are the cheapest and best that can be found for children and youth.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

Spiritualism. No. 2.

It is a charge everywhere made against spiritualism, that its teachings are at variance with the Bible; that its advocates are arrayed in opposition to Christianity, and trying to construct a new basis of religious faith and a new theory of the future or spirit life. For this reason I shall draw my arguments for the truth of Spiritualism mainly from the Bible. From this, with the aid of authentic history and acknowledged facts, I propose first to show that spiritual manifestations, similar to the present phenomena, were the basis of faith in the spirit life, previous to the Christian era.

The belief that all persons were exposed to injurious or dangerous influences from evil spirits, was so general with the ancients, that its denial would exclude all rational understanding of the Bible. Mr. Beecher, whose investigations have been generally accepted by orthodox divines, pronounces this "the universal faith of the old world," and allows the assertion to stand as one needing no argument.

May I not, with equal confidence, pronounce it the universal faith of the world of to-day? I shall do so. It is the basis of all clerical exhortation to good works or newness of life. It is the burden of all evangelical prayer, and an element of all divine worship. It was enough to say it is the faith of Christendom; but it is no less unquestionably the faith of the world.

The position will not then be questioned, that from the earliest history of the world to the present day, it has been the general belief of mankind that evil spirits, invisible to mortal sight, are in constant and watchful effort to induce mortals into error and ungodliness. Even those who oppose the claims of Spiritualism admit this much. Here however they stop, and either deny the existence of good spirits, whose influences and efforts are in opposition to those of the evil ones; or, admitting the existence of both evil and good spirits, deny that

they are the spirits of persons who ever had an existence on the earth.

Upon the former ground, which is the one taken by Mr. Beecher, the inquiry seems pertinent—though I admit it proves nothing directly—whether it is not easier to account for the existence of evil spirits by assuming that they are the spirits of unregenerated and wicked men, whose consequent depravity leads them to exert ungodly influences, than by supposing them to be demons or inferior devils, whom God in his wisdom created expressly for this or any other purpose?

But we must show that the ancients sought to consult good spirits as well as evil ones, and that these were understood by them to be the spirits of good persons who had previously lived on the earth. That Saul regarded the custom of "consulting departed spirits," or "seeking unto the dead," as a delusion or "humbug," it is absurd to suppose. He had labored hard to suppress a class of media whom the law regarded as imposters; and yet he privately sought direction from responses through one of the most obnoxious of these media, and at the same time from one of the most illustrious of Israel's prophets: Does anybody suppose that in consulting the spirit of Samuel, Saul had any doubt that he was consulting a good spirit, or that the spirit which responded to his inquiry was the spirit of the man and prophet Samuel? Or will any believer in the Bible argue that the spirit of Samuel did not actually respond to Saul's inquiries, as related by the inspired writer? And yet it were easier to do this, than impute the whole matter to a special divine miracle; in which God not only participates in a gross fraud upon Saul, but gives countenance to practices against which he had thundered from Sinai, and helps to fix upon the world the delusion of "spirit rappings."

I do not at this time attempt to prove that these ancient manifestations came from the spirits of deceased mortals—though I believe them susceptible of such proof. I simply contend that this was the unquestioned opinion of the world at that time. In all allusions to this subject in the sacred writings, the intercourse with spirits is treated as a reality. Such prefixes as "pretended" or "so-called," which are in common use against Spiritualists at this time, are nowhere used in the Bible. The media of the Bible are mentioned as those "in whom is a divining spirit," and not as those who "pretend" to such things. Nor is it said that Peter "pretended" to fall into a trance, or that the Lord put a "so-called" lying spirit into the mouths of the false prophets.

It is not necessary to multiply instances in which the Bible corroborates our assertion that it was the general custom of the ancients to hold intercourse with both evil and good spirits. That these spirits were then, as now, supposed to be the spirits of deceased mortals, and that some of them were good and truthful, there is no lack of conclusive and positive proof in the sacred volume;—though the case of Samuel, being directly in point, is enough. Dr. Campbell says "all pagan antiquity affirms that their divinities were ghosts of dead men, and were so regarded by the most erudite of the pagans themselves."

Whether I say more upon this part of my subject, depends upon the objections brought against my position—the truth of which I feel able to establish if I have not already done so to the satisfaction of my opponent.

CITIZEN.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

SPIRITUALISM.—I have thus far, from the press of other business, been unable to reply to "Citizen." In looking over his propositions and conditions I do not now see any objections to accepting them. I shall admit in general the phenomena of spiritualism, and demand proof that it is produced by the spirits of those persons who have once lived on this earth, and are now departed this life. I am, of course, a believer in the divine origin of Christianity, and ask no better proof than the Bible.

CLERICUS.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

THAT ORGAN GRINDER.—There he is again! the same fellow that migrated South last fall: that old slouched hat, and the same little tawny girl to carry the plate and levy taxes. We know that spring has come, even if the birds had stayed away. Turn away your noses, ye men in fine broadcloth, and ye women in big hoops;—send your servants to drive them away! "Pop goes the weasel!"—but they don't go, so long as the boys and girls look them such a welcome. And there at the corner stand two men in white cravats, talking as earnestly as if their ears were filled with cotton. But they are not; and all those men you see at the doors have their ears wide open.

"Why don't somebody drive 'em off?" says old Halfpenny, as he sees that little Sontag coming with her plate. Nonsense! I open your heart, old money-grinder, to the little organ-grinder—the most honorable grinder of the two;—hand her a penny, and see what a warm glow will spread through your joy veins.

What a "Republican institution" is this hand organ! How it "appeals to the masses," who have hearts, "when in the course of human events" it comes to attend the christening of Spring! How these masses, in spite of the inverted noses of the elite, persist in listening and admiring! Paganini! what was he to a hand organ, except where so called science has perverted the natural taste!—and when would your church organ, choir and all, "draw" like this little hand organ? Go it boys! Huddle round the fellow, and throw in a penny if you have one. Your father gives his quarter to Ole Bull, and your mother hers to the Sewing Circle. Give your little penny to that little object of charity, and take your pay ten-fold in the music you love. Don't turn away because old money-grinders sneer at the organ-grinder; but if you like the music, listen to it boldly and pay for it fairly.

BRIDGE.—It will be seen that a meeting of the Stockholders of Ticonic Bridge is called for the 11th instant. Till that meeting takes

place, little can be said or done in reference to a bridge across the Kennebec. If the company decide to rebuild they will doubtless proceed forthwith to the work. If they decide not to build there can be no doubt that some plan will at once be devised to erect a bridge; and expediency would seem unquestionably to demand that it should be a free one. To allow that the case admits of any delay, beyond the circumstances mentioned, would be to charge our citizens with a carelessness of their own interests beyond what is warranted even by their past history.

Mr. Charles Stackpole is running a comfortable ferry at the bay, and the railroad bridge affords crossing to foot passengers.

POLICE COURT.—Stackpole, J.—Three men, whose names we did not learn, were charged with the crime of arson, in setting fire to a dwelling house in Winslow, in the night time, by which it was consumed. Two of these were discharged, and the third bound to a higher court in the sum of two hundred dollars.

Five boys, for getting up a fight at the school-house door, at an evening exhibition, by which considerable noise was made, and one fellow got a black eye, were each required to give bonds for five hundred dollars! They all succeeded in finding bail.

FREE FERRY.—Our neighbors at Kendall's Mills are supporting a free ferry, on account of some dissatisfaction with the Bridge Company. It is a short distance above the bridge, and carries both persons and teams free of charge. The bridge is in safe condition, the injury by the fresher being but little. The ferry at this place ought to be free; and our business men will soon see the expediency of making it so.

TICONIC VILLAGE CORPORATION.—At the annual meeting, on Monday last, Moses Hanscom was chosen moderator, and the following board of officers elected for the ensuing year:—H. B. White Clerk; Charles H. Thayer, Supervisor; E. L. Getchell, Treasurer; S. Heath, Auditor; E. L. Getchell, Chief Engineer of Fire Department; William Getchell, 1st Assistant; Geo. Wentworth, 2d do.

It was voted to raise \$900 to pay interest on debt and meet all necessary current expenses. The article providing for the removal of the "Ticonic" to the Railroad depot was dismissed.

See card of Harriman & Co. The senior partner, Hon. Joab Harriman, late of this place, is well known to an extensive circle of business men in Kennebec as a highly intelligent and honorable business man.

GOSE.—The old "Hasty house," on the large lot corner of Main and Center-streets, has within a few days entirely disappeared; having been taken down to give place to a more modern and expensive tenement, already commenced by Dr. Plaisted. When this new tenement shall leave the ground to a successor, who shall tell its story? Its age was probably about half a century, having been for many years the residence of the builder, the late James Hasty, Esq., and later, of his widow, and of his son Joseph Hasty—the latter having occupied it all about the time of its demolition. It was one of the "old landmarks," the description in the deed to the builder "commencing at a willow tree near the road leading from the ferry to the Jackins house, so called." The Jackins house is the present residence of Moses Hanscom, Esq., on Main-st. opposite the head of Center street. That house was of course the senior of the two, and at that time kept as a public house. Some of our "oldest inhabitants" say they remember it as the theatre of "many a good and merrie time." It is still in good condition and well tenanted, while its junior yields its relics to be rejuvenated by the hand of luxury and fashion.

REAL ESTATE SALE.—J. M. Crocker, Esq., has purchased of C. S. Newell the lot on Main-st., on which stands the small portable tenement occupied by C. K. Currier—about 16 feet front, running some 80 feet back, for \$42 per front foot.

On the adjoining lot north, the remains of the late Johnston & Carleton store, recently partially destroyed by fire, are being removed to give place to a new building.

THEFT.—An Irishman named O'Connell was arrested at Belgrade on Sunday night, for stealing seventy dollars the same morning, from a boarder at Mitchell's boarding house, near the upper depot in Waterville. He took a coat, with the money in the pocket. He pleaded guilty before Justice Drummond, most of the money being found in his glove which he jerked from him when arrested. He was ordered to give bonds in two hundred dollars; but while in charge of a keeper to whom the officer entrusted him, he took French leave from a back window, and has not fallen into Yankee hands since.

PROBABLE SUICIDE. ANOTHER LOVE AFFAIR.—A woman named Huldah Townsend, who boarded at 215 Hudson st., left the house yesterday morning about 6 o'clock, and under circumstances which indicate an intention of suicide. She left several notes, and among them one stating that if any one should inquire after her, she had gone to her home in heaven, where she would be happier than she was here. Her friends think she drowned herself. She was 20 years old, and belonged in Gardiner, Me. She is said to be in love with a young man, a boarder in the house. The affection however appears to have been entirely upon her side. She had performed for him at times sundry favors in the way of sewing, and in return he had presented her with a handsome silk dress; but had never given her reason to suppose he regarded her with special favor.

She stated in one of the notes that the silk dress referred to would be her winding sheet. Both parties are respectable. The case is another of those "unfortunates" which from time to time sadden the record of unrequited love.

PREFATORY LAST.—The Southern Standard says that "South Carolina is the very seat of moral and political chivalry." We can well imagine that if moral and political chivalry were personified South Carolina would be its seat. [Louisville Journal]

Washington Matters.

Washington, May 3.—(Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.) Highly important despatches were received to-day at the State Department, brought by the Africa. Gen. Cass has just received a communication from Mr. Dallas, announcing that the British government has rejected the Dallas Clarendon Treaty.

This rejection has not been accompanied, as yet, by any explanation of an extensive character, but by the next steamer it is expected that a full statement of the views of the British Government will be forwarded by Mr. Dallas. The British Minister, Lord Napier, has also received the same intelligence. It has much astonished him, and there is a great deal of excitement at the White House and the State Department at the unexpected announcement.

The merchants and business men in Washington are taking up a subscription of \$10,000, which will be paid to any person or persons ascertaining the cause of the poisoning cases at the National Hotel. The developments that have recently come to light have caused much excitement here.

The orders of the late Administration, regulating the protection of persons and property of citizens of the United States at Panama remain in force and require, it is said, that this protection must be afforded at all hazards even to the seizure of the Isthmus.

THE BURDELL MURDER TRIAL.—N. Y. May 4.—The Burdell murder trial commenced to-day before the Court of Oyer and Terminer. A large concourse of people were present. Mrs. Cunningham was present with her two daughters, all dressed in deep mourning but looking very cheerful. Eckel was also present. The whole day has been spent chiefly in getting a jury.

One hundred and fifty jurors were fined for non-appearance. Mrs. C.'s counsel waived the reading of the indictment, her counsel pleading not guilty and demanding a trial of the indictment.

Judge Roswell's injunction in the matter of the police commissioners was dissolved this morning, leaving the new commissioners at liberty to make their appointments and go on with the other business of their office.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS ADOPTED.—On Friday last, the people of Massachusetts voted on their proposed amendments to the State constitution, the first requiring a knowledge of reading and writing the English language as a qualification for voting; a second reducing the number of legislators; and a third providing for the choice of State Senators by districts. They were all adopted, the first by a two-thirds vote, the others receiving about four-fifths of the votes.

The Temperance Journal backs down from its charges against Mr. Hamlin, and says it has been imposed upon by its informant, and adds that if it is again so grossly taken in it will be when it has more confidence in the integrity of men who claim rank in the social scale, that it is now disposed to indulge.

Robert Sullivan has been convicted of being a party to the atrocious outrage upon Ellen Desmond, in Williams Court, Boston, last winter, which led to her death. The Boston Journal says the minimum punishment for the crime of which Sullivan is convicted, is imprisonment at hard labor in the State Prison during the remainder of the natural life of the offender, and in view of the brutal character of the assault, and its fatal results, the punishment is not a whit too severe.

RIOT AMONG FREIGHT CONDUCTORS.—Baltimore, May 1.—The strike among the freight conductors on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad partook of a riotous character yesterday. Several freight trains were stopped on the road last evening by a mob of 100 conductors, who assembled at some distance from the city, and meeting the cars while in motion, uncoupled the trains, carried off all the couplings and drove the engineers and firemen into the woods.

Gen. W. B. S. Moor is to be appointed Consul General of the British Provinces, so say the papers. The office, we believe, is kept at St. John N. B., and is worth \$4000 a year.

After the first of January all public accounts in Canada are to be kept in dollars and cents. The time will come when the decimal currency will be adopted by all enlightened nations.

MR. SUMNER.—Private letters received in this city from Mr. Charles Sumner state that he is recovering. He says that exertion fatigues him but does not, as it did here, affect the brain. That throbbing of the head which followed exercise here has ceased, and he now anticipates a speedy restoration to health.

COURIER.

NEW POLITICAL MOVEMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A despatch from Harrisburg reports an important combination as developing in the politics of that State. The regular Democrats have nominated William J. Parker for Governor, and the Republicans and moderate Americans have united on David Widom. Now, however, the disaffected Democrats and straight-up Americans propose to unite upon Governor Geary, as an independent third candidate, and the despatch says he has agreed to accept their nomination. Great excitement prevails among the politicians of the State.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Capt. David Ryan, of this city, while walking High Street near his residence, Wednesday noon, was suddenly seized to fall; and when reached by the bystanders he was already dead. Capt. Ryan returned from his last sea voyage, about three months since, during the most of which time he has complained of being somewhat unwell. His sudden decease was it is probable caused by an affection of the heart. The deceased was well known and respected throughout the city.

OHIO RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—The construction of the towers for the great wire suspension bridge over the Ohio River, from Cincinnati to Corington, is reported to be rapidly progressing, the intention being to make the bridge absolutely safe, and suspended at such height as to be positively above the highest steamer's pipes at all stages of the water. The towers are eighty by thirty-two feet at the base, will be two hundred and thirty feet high, and one thousand and six feet apart. The cables will be anchored three hundred feet back on each side of the river, pass over the tops of the towers; and thus be made to sustain the weight of the bridge.

The Burlington, Iowa State Gazette says that while some workmen were engaged in excavating for the cellar of Gov. Grimes' new building on the corner of Main street, they came upon an arched vault some 10 feet square, which, when opened, was found to contain eight human skeletons of gigantic proportions. The wall of the vault was about fourteen inches thick, well laid up with cement or indestructible mortar. The vault is about six feet from the base to the arch. The skeletons are in a state of preservation, and we venture to say are the largest human remains ever found, being a little over eight feet long.

MAINE CONFERENCE.—M. E. CHURCH.

The Maine Conference of this Church, which commenced its session in Saco on Wednesday, the 22d, closed on Monday afternoon, the 27th. Bishop Baker presided. The following is a list of appointments for the Readfield District:

Augusta, Joseph Colby; Hallowell, Asbel Moore; Sidney, N. Andrews; East Readfield, &c., (not obtained); Waterville, Caleb Fuller; Kendall's Mills, John Allen; Fairfield, S. F. Wetherbee; Skowhegan, J. Armstrong; Solon, J. Collins; Anson, J. Farrington; New Vineyard, G. Day; Strong, Cornelius Stone; Phillips, Squire B. Chase; Industry, James Farrington; New Sharon, W. H. Foster; Mercer, &c., J. Hawkes; Mt. Vernon, (not obtained); Farrington, Charles F. Allen; Wilton, &c., Isaac Lord; Fayette, Herman Nickerson; Winthrop, Stephen Allen; Wayne, F. A. Crafts; Kent's Hill, J. Mitchell; North Wayne, Marcus Wright.

The next session of the Conference is to be held in Farmington, in the Spring of 1858.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.—The course which this society has taken in reference to slavery has been condemned by many who have been its patrons. While it has denounced through its publications, intemperance, swearing, sabbath breaking and other national sins, it has refrained from saying anything in regard to the evil of slavery, and has expurgated all books which contained anything on the subject. This policy has been condemned, and so great was the opposition manifested to it, that at the last meeting of the society, a committee was appointed to investigate the charges made and reported. It is now said that the committee have prepared their report, in which they agree that the past action of the society has been an erroneous one, and that a necessity exists for a dignified but decided action against the national sin of slavery. Good will result from such a course.

Information has reached England that upwards of 10,000 Norwegians will proceed from Norway to Quebec during the present summer. Several of these will remain in Canada, but the larger portion will pass on to the North-Western States of America. Sir Cosmo Roney has left England for Christians, to make arrangements for the transit of these persons from Quebec to their destination, and also to disseminate information with reference to Canada on behalf of the government.

A RETIRED HUMBUG.—A Retired Physician, whose sands of life have nearly run out, advertises extensively in the pathetic and benevolent strain, that he has discovered an invaluable remedy for consumption,—"and" wishing to do all the good he can before he dies, he will for the moderate sum of one shilling York currency, send the recipe for his astonishing remedy, to such of his afflicted fellow-beings as may request it. This apparently disinterested offer undoubtedly produced a sufficient crop of shillings for the retired confidence man to pay all his outlay in the matter; but when the recipe is received in return, it appears that the gentleman has a "little" game beyond all that. The applicant is furnished with a list of ingredients for the medicine—but is informed at the same time that one of the important articles—in fact the important article—is difficulty to get, and can only be obtained of him in sufficient purity for the purpose. But he kindly offers to furnish the medicine itself ready made, for a couple of dollars per bottle!—although he has failed to do even that, in one or two cases where the money was sent.

THE GROUND CHERRY.—Concerning this humbug, which hawkers are trying to palm off upon our fruit growers, the Boston Cultivator remarks:

"We see the vendors of this worthless thing are still at their tricks, and with so much craftiness that they deceive the very elite. Our good friend of the Maine Farmer has listened to the humbug tale, and is so far deceived as to 'recommend a general trial of it.' Now, Dr., we have had some experience with this plant—have destroyed thousands in a year as mere pests. Instead of the fruit being, as the pedler represented, 'valuable for pies, pudding, and preserves, and make good wine to boot,' it is not fit to be used for any such purpose, and is not, where even the most ordinary fruit or berries can be had. The whole scheme of selling this 'ground cherry' is a cheat."

DEATH OF A HERMIT.—There died in Camden last week, (23d inst.) a peculiar character by the name of Almond Sherman, who for the past twenty years has lived the life of a recluse.

His hermitage may be seen from the stage road, near the shore, in the glen called Spring Brook. His old hut was replaced by a new one built the past year by his relatives, who have always bestowed upon him their kindness in times of need. The cause of his eccentricity is attributed to disappointment in love. He is said to have had as great an aversion to the sight of the fair sex, as ever Saint Cuthbert was famous for.

He died of consumption, at about the age of sixty-five. [Belfast Age.]

OF THE STATE OF VIRGINIA. It is said, not one fourth is under cultivation this day, and two thirds of her soil that was formerly fertile and productive has been exhausted and much of it thrown into common. Jamestown, near Plymouth Rock, is a houseless waste; even Mount Vernon is the picture of desolation. Her debt is heavy; her taxes high; reputation stares her in the face; and her people are moving on by thousands to the more inviting lands of the South-West and West. Her farms are offered for sale by thousands; and there is no other part of this continent where a fair allotment of timber and improvement is so cheap as in Old Virginia. These lands are not exhausted, except superficially, and may be recovered and made profitable by such labor as free and intelligent men can apply to it. The movement in this direction and the determination which has begun in St. Louis to make Missouri a free and prosperous State are hopeful signs of the times.

A French horse-dealer was asked if an animal which he offered for sale was tame. Not at all," said he; "he often passed many nights together by himself in the stable."

THE WAX CATTLE ARE WINTERED IN ILLINOIS.—A correspondent says, the way some of the old farmers of Illinois winter their cattle, is enough to shock any one with common sense or feelings of humanity. The corn is husked on the stalks in the field in the fore part of the winter, and the cattle are turned in to eat the bleached stalks. The wheat is threshed on the prairie, and the straw loosely piled, and when most needed by the stock is found wet through and perhaps frozen, and the only shelter afforded many thousands of cattle is such as they may find under the lee of a mill fence, or in a patch of brush. "Is it a wonder," that so many cattle die here every winter? Now, April, the poor beast has no fodder, and the snow falling and mud frozen stiff. This and the adjoining counties pay every year a tax to the slaveholders, which, if levied, the government would almost raise a rebellion.

