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A NIGHT OF TERROR.

THE TEMPTER.

I found myself far from home, on business at Prague. It was in April. However agreeable the diversion, I could not suppress my homesickness. I longed for our little town, where my young wife had been impatiently expecting my return already for seven weeks. Since our wedding-day we had never been so long separated. It is true Fanny sent me letters every week; but these, alas, were only of love and fondness, and melancholy, were only of the fire. Taking leave of my few acquaintances and friends, I told my host to make out my bill. "I was to set off on the morrow with the post."

In the morning the landlord appeared with a pretty heavy account. I felt for my pocket-book; and sought it in all my pockets, and in all corners. It was gone. I felt very uncomfortable, for there were more than fourteen hundred dollars in bills in it.

It was in vain that I turned the room top-sy-turvy; the pocket-book was not forthcoming. It was either stolen or lost. I had it in my hands only the day before; I was accustomed to carry it in the breast-pocket of my coat. Fanny's letters were there too. I was certain that I had felt it the night before when undressing. How, now, were my bank-notes to be recovered? Whoever had got them could easily change them into gold and silver. As my thoughts took this turn there suddenly occurred to me the recollection of a figure that I had seen at billiards about a week before in a close red coat, and that seemed to me like a prince of darkness in human shape. My blood actually ran cold at the remembrance; and yet I was so desperate that I thought to myself, "I don't care for my part! Were he here now he could be right welcome, if he would only bring me my pocket-book."

Just then some one knocked at the door. "Halloo? thought I; the tempter is not going to take a joke in earnest." I ran to the door; my mind was full of the red coat, and I really believed that it was he.

"And lo! wonderful surprise! when I opened the door, stepped, with a slight nod, the very tempter I was thinking of."

I must relate how and where I had made the acquaintance of this apparition.

I had gone one evening to a coffee-house or casino, where I hoped to find the latest newspapers. At a small table sat two gentlemen, engaged at chess. A little elderly man, in a scarlet cloak, was walking up and down the room with his hands behind him. I took up the newspaper.

No one attracted my attention so much as the gentleman in scarlet. There was in his figure, in his movements, and in his features something striking and repulsive, which corresponded with his evident want of taste in dress. He was something under the usual size, but large-boned and broad-shouldered. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and had a stoop in his walk. His coal-black hair hung thick about his head. His tawny complexion, and his hawk's nose and high cheek-bones, gave him a very repelling look. The malice of the infernal regions seemed to mock one from every feature.

"If that man is not Satan himself," thought I, "he must be Satan's brother." I looked involuntarily at his feet for the cloven foot, and, sure enough, he had one human foot like ours, but his left was a club foot in a laced boot; yet he did not limp with it, but walked softly as yet if among egg-shells which he did not care to break.

As the red-coat passed the chess-table one of the players said to his antagonist, who seemed somewhat embarrassed, "you are now lost before salvation." The red-coat stopped a moment, cast a glance upon the board, and remarked to the victor, "You are mistaken. The three moves you will be checkmated. The winner smiled haughtily; his opponent shook his head despairingly, and moved; at a third move the supposed victor was actually checkmated."

I had not seen him since, but I did not forget the striking figure and the infernal physiognomy, and I was really frightened at the thought of dreaming about them.

And now he stood unexpectedly before me in my room!

THE TEMPTATION.

"Pardon, sir, if I disturb you," said he; "have I the honor to address Mr. Robert?"

"I am that person," I replied.

"How do you prove it?"

"Strange question," thought I; "a police spy, without doubt." A half-ton letter lay on the table. I showed him my address on the envelope.

"Very good," said he. "But the name is a very common one; you may find it in every corner of Germany, Hungary, and Poland. You must give me better vouchers; I have some business with you, and have been directed hither."

"Sir," said I, "pardon me; I cannot now attend to business; I am just upon the point of leaving, and have yet a thousand things to see about. You must be mistaken in the person, for I am neither politician nor merchant."

He stared at me, and said, "Indeed! He was then silent for a while, and appeared about to depart; but began again: 'You have, however, been doing some business here in Prague. Is not your brother on the point of becoming a bankrupt?'"

"I must have grown fire-red, for, as I believed, that was known to no soul in the world except my brother and myself. Here the tempter gave one of his malicious smiles again."

"You are again mistaken, sir," said I; "I have a brother, it is true, and more than one, but none that fears bankruptcy."

"Indeed!" murmured the tempter, and his features again became hard and iron.

"Sir," said I, somewhat sensitively, for I was not at all pleased that any one in Prague should know of my brother's circumstances, and I was afraid that the old fox would see into my play as he did into the game of chess at the coffee-house. "You have certainly been directed to the wrong person. I must beg pardon for requesting you to be brief; I have not a moment to lose."

"Have patience only a minute," replied he; "it is important for me that I should speak with you. You appear disquieted. Has anything disagreeable happened to you? You are a stranger here. I myself do not belong to Prague; and I see the city now for the first time for twelve years. But I have considerable experience. Confide in me. You look like an honest man. Do you need money?"

"Then he smiled, or rather grinned again, as if he wanted to buy my soul. His manner became ever more suspicious. Involuntarily I cast a glance at his club foot, and really began to feel a superstitious dread. I was resolved in no case to commit myself with this suspicious gentleman, and said, 'I need no money. Since you are so generous in your offers, sir, may I ask your name?'"

"My name cannot be of much consequence to you," replied he; "that's nothing to the matter. I am a Mandeville. Does the name give you more confidence?"

"A Mandeville!" said I, in odd embarrassment, and knew not what to say, or whether the whole thing was in jest or in earnest.

Just then some one knocked at the door. The landlord entered, and handed me a letter which had just come by the post.

"Read your letter first," said the red-coat, and then we will talk further. The letter is, without doubt, from your lovely Fanny. I was more startled than ever.

"Now, do you know," continued the stranger, with a grin, "do you not now know who I am, and what I want with you?"

It was upon my lips to say, "You are, sir, I verily believe, Satan himself; but I restrained myself."

"But, further," added he, "you are going to Eger. Good! my way lies through that town. I start to-morrow. Will you take a place in my carriage?"

I thanked him, and said that I had already ordered a post-chaise.

"At this he became disturbed, and said, 'There is no getting at you; but your Fanny, and the little Leopold, and Augustus, I must get acquainted with in going through. Can you not guess who I am, and what I want? Sir, I would render you a service. Do speak.'"

"Well," said I, at last, "since you are a wizard, my pocket-book is missing. Advise me, how I shall get it again."

VOL. XI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, . . . THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1857.

NO. 1.

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"Well," said I, at last, "since you are a wizard, my pocket-book is missing. Advise me, how I shall get it again."

"Bah! What signifies a pocket-book? Is there not something else?"

"But in the pocket-book were important papers; more than fourteen hundred dollars in value. Advise me what I shall do if it is lost, and what if stolen?"

"How did the pocket-book look?"

"It had a silk cover, light green, with embroidery, and my initials wrought in flowers, a piece of my wife's work."

"Then the cover is worth more than the fourteen hundred dollars. With this he smiled upon me with his horrible familiarity, and then added, 'We must see about it. What will you give me if I supply your loss?'"

At these words he looked at me as sharply and strangely as if he expected me to answer, 'I will make you a present of my soul'; but as I remained embarrassed and silent, he plunged his hand into his pocket, and drew out my pocket-book.

"There, you have your jewel, the fourteen hundred dollars, and all," said he.

"I was beside myself. 'How came you by it?' cried I, tearing it open, and finding all safe."

"I found it yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, upon the Moldau Bridge."

How one may be deceived by a man's physiognomy! I was ready to throw my arms round the neck of my man devil. I said the most obliging things to him.

My joy was now as excessive as my previous vexation had been. But he would listen to none of my thanks. I vowed that as long as I lived I would never again trust to physiognomical impressions.

"Remember me to your beautiful Fanny. A pleasant journey to you! We shall see each other again," said he and departed.

RETURN HOME.

On the way home the strange Mandeville continually arose before my imagination. I could not forget the odd figure with the red coat, the club foot, and ill-omened features. I could not help thinking, too, of the bushel of black hair which stood about his brow.

It is true he had brought back my pocket-book; no man in the world could have acted more honestly. He had read Fanny's letters, and my brother's instructions to me, and so, naturally enough, had become acquainted with my secrets. But his face—no; nature could not have written so illegibly! Had I believed in the existence of a Mephistopheles I should have no doubt of it now for a single moment.

But enough of this nonsense. I had been two days and a night on my way home, and it was getting late on the second day. In vain did I scold the driver, and urge him on with words and money. It was growing later and darker, and I was becoming more and more impatient. Ah, I had not seen Fanny for almost three months, nor my children, who bloomed at the side of their young mother like two rosebuds near a hardly blown rose! I fairly trembled with delight, when I thought that my wife (the loveliest of her sex) would be in my arms that day.

It is true that I had loved before ever I had become acquainted with Fanny. I had even had a Julia, who had been torn from me by the pride of her parents, and wedded to a rich Polish nobleman. It was our first love; to both bordering on mutual idolatry and distraction. At the moment of separation we had sworn eternal love, and kisses and tears had sealed the oath. But all the world knows how it goes with such things. She became the Countess of St.—, and I saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was holier, riper, more tender. Julia was once the idol of my imagination, but Fanny was now the adored of my heart.

The clock of our little town struck one as we drove into the sleeping streets. I got out at the post-house, and leaving my servant behind me with my trunk, as I intended, in case all were asleep at home, to return and pass the night there, I walked out to the suburb, where the windows of my dear home, under the high nut-trees, glimmered in the moonlight.

HATEFUL VISIT.

And all slept! O, Fanny, Fanny, had you only been awake, how much grief and terror you would have saved me! They slept, my wife, my children, the domestics; nowhere any light! A dozen times did I walk round the house; all was fast; I would not disturb any one. Better the rapture of meeting in the morning hour, when one is refreshed by sleep, than in the feverish midnight.

Fortunately, I found my beautiful new summer-house open. I entered. There stood my Fanny's work-basket on a little table; and I saw, by the moonlight, on the table and seats the drums and whips of my children. They probably spent the afternoon there. These trifles made me feel almost as if I were with my loved ones. I stretched myself upon the sofa, and determined to pass the night there. The night was mild and balmy, and the fragrance of flowers and garden-plants filled my apartment.

One who has not slept for forty hours finds every bed soft. In my weariness I soon fell asleep. But I had hardly closed my eyes when the creaking of the summer-house door awakened me. I sprang up; I saw a man enter, and thought it was a thief. But imagine my astonishment; it was friend-red coat!

"Where do you come from?" said I.

"From Prague. In half an hour I must see

out again. I was determined to keep my word, and to see you and your Fanny as I passed through. I heard from your servant that you had gone before, and I expected to find all awake at your house. You do not mean to pass the night here in the cold, damp air, and get sick?"

I went into the garden with him, and quaked in every limb. In my secret heart, indeed, I laughed at this superstitious fear, and yet I could not rid myself of it. Such is human nature. The hard features of my Prague friend appeared by the pale moonlight even more terrible, and his eyes glittered even more brightly.

"You have really frightened me like a ghost," said I; "I tremble all over. How came you to seek me in my summer-house? You seem to know everything."

He smiled maliciously, and said, "Don't you know me, and what I want with you?"

"I don't know you now any better than I did at Prague. But just for the joke, I will tell you how you appeared to me; you will not take it amiss; I thought that if you were not a wizard, you must be Satan himself."

He grinned again, and replied, "What if I were Satan, would you make a bargain with me?"

"You will have to offer me much before I should give you my hand upon it. For truly, Mr. Satan, permit me to call you so just in joke, my happiness is complete."

"Oh! I shall offer you nothing, give you nothing. That was the custom in old times; but now-a-days the children of men are as cheap as dirt. You come to me of your own accord. You have reason upon your lips, and the might of a hundred passions in your hearts. The best among you, corrupted creatures, is he who has the least opportunity to sin."

"This is talking like the devil indeed," cried I. "Certainly!" cried the red gentleman, and grinned.

"But I speak the truth because you people do not any longer believe it. So long as truth was yet sacred among men, Satan must needs be the father of lies. But now the case is reversed. We poor devils are always the antipodes of mankind."

"Then, in the present case at least, you are not my opponent; for I think just as you do, my philosophical Mr. Devil."

"Good! then you belong to me already. Let a man give me a hold of a single hair, and I will have his whole head; and—but it's cool here—my carriage is, I guess, all ready; I must start. So good-by."

He went. I accompanied him back to the post-house, where, indeed, his carriage stood waiting.

"I thought you would come in and drink a parting glass of punch with me, which I ordered before I went away."

I accepted the invitation. The warm room was very agreeable.

THE TEMPTATION.

The punch was standing on the table when we entered. A stranger was walking, moody and dazed, up and down the room. He was a tall, meager, elderly man. Baggage was lying around on the chairs. I noticed a lady's shawl, bonnet, and gloves.

As we were drinking together the stranger said to a servant who brought in some baggage, "Tell my lady when she comes, that I have gone to bed. We must start early."

I determined not to return to the cool summer-house, but ordered a bed for the night. The stranger retired. The red gentleman and I chatted together, and drank the punch-bowl empty. The brandy warmed and exhilarated me. The red-coat basted to his carriage, and as I helped him in he said, "We shall see each other again." With this the carriage rolled away.

When I went back into the room there was a lady there taking away the bonnet and shawl. As she turned towards me I lost all self-possession. It was Julia! My first love, upon an excursion to Italy, as I afterwards learned. She was no less startled than I.

"For heaven's sake, Robert, is it your spirit?"

"Julia!" stammered I; and all the rapture of first love awoke in me at this unexpected meeting.

I turned respectfully towards her. Her eyes were full of tears. I drew her to my heart.

"This is not my room," said she, drawing the shawl around her. "Come, Robert, we have much to say to each other."

"She went; I followed her to her room. 'Here we can talk freely,' said she, and we sat down upon the sofa. How we talked! Once more I lived again in all the fever-tumult of an old love, which I had supposed was long ago extinguished. Julia, unhappy in her marriage, treated me with all her former tenderness. She was more beautiful, more blooming than ever.

There was a magic, which I cannot describe, in Julia's words and in her whole manner. All the past rose vividly before me. Our first acquaintance at her sister's wedding; the emotions which filled us then; our meeting again in the garden of the ducal castle; then the excursion upon the water with our parents; then—

Suddenly the door opened. The tall, lank man entered, with the question, 'Who is this with you, Julia?'"

We sprang up, terrified. The count stood for a moment speechless, and pale as a corpse. Then, with three steps, he strode towards Julia, wound her long chestnut locks around his hand, hurried her shrieking to the floor, and dragged her about, exclaiming, 'Faithless woman! false wretch!'"

I rushed to her aid. He pushed me away with such force that I tumbled back upon the floor. As I rose to my feet again he let go the unhappy Julia, and cried out to me, 'You'll throttle!' In my desperation I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to plunge it into him if he did not keep still. But the frantic man threw himself upon me, and seized me by the throat. I lost my breath, and brandished the knife in all directions. I thrust it repeatedly at him. Suddenly the unhappy man fell. The knife was in his heart.

[SOME OF THE BEST.]

An exchange paper says that the Rev. R. W. Griswold will not probably accomplish any more literary work. He is quite ill, and has been in feeble health for some time. A few days since he attempted to visit his parents, residing in Vermont, who are now both over 80 years of age, but he was taken back to New York, which he will probably never leave alive.

POETRY OF THE MILL-STREAM.

Is fancy fled? Does life's high knightly sink
To lowest zero at the hammer clink?
Is steel less true because it springs our beds,
And stitches coats, instead of slashing heads?
Are there no soothing notes in labor's din,
Nor simple legend in the strong machine?
'Tis but a trill at first, that hardly flows
From the cold bosom of Canadian snows.
Till staggering with ungoverned strength, it feels
And grasps, and whirls invention's many wheels,
And, myriad-handed, spreads before our eyes,
The loom's long fabric, flushed with Tyrian dyes.
Pleasant the sight it sees, as crawling down,
The river glows from forest on to town
When through bare boughs the stars of April shine,
Or June's hot twilight drains the sunset's wine.
When deep in August grass the mower leaves
His brown hand foremost in its crinkling waves,
Or in some dark and pickering-haunted nook,
Where the slow current intersects the brook,
The shy pond lilies, which like nuns retire,
With petals white enfold their hearts of fire,
Or under waves of lufy fescue rolled,
And tell its suns and pictured stories of old
In woven damask, on the parlor floor!

[Wm. G. Williamson.]

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

Away—away o'er the foamy crest
Of the beautiful blue sea we:
For our toll-hut lies on the boiling breast,
And our wealth is in the glorious sea,
And we've hymn'd in the grasp of the forest night,
To the god of the sons of toil,
As we elude the wave by its own white light,
And away with its early spout.

Then oh for the long and the strong oar-sweep
We have given, and will again;
For when children's feet lie in the deep,
Oh! their fathers must be men.

And we'll think, as the black grows loud and long,
That we hear our offspring's cries—
And we'll think, as the surge grows loud and strong,
That we hear the mother's eyes—
And we'll rest through the clutch of the shivering green,
For the warm, warm clasp at home—
For the soothing smile of each heart's own queen,
And the form of a mortal man.

Then oh for the long and the strong oar-sweep
We have given, and will again;
For when children's feet lie in the deep,
Oh! their fathers must be men.

Do we yearn for the land when tossed on this?
Let it tug to the point and the tread!
Far worse than the waters and winds may his
Where the poor man pleases his head.
If the soldier-tongue of the upstart knave
Can bleed what it may not bleed,
'Twere better to battle the wildest wave
That the spirit of sloth could send.

Then he sings a hymn to the old salt-sweep
We have given, and will again;
If our souls should bow to the savage deep,
Oh! they'll never be saved men.

And if death, at times, through a foamy cloud,
On the brown-brown bottom glares,
He can pay his bill with a son's as proud
As the form of a mortal man.

And oh! how glorious, sure, to die,
In our lot for some on shore.
If he sing a hymn to the old salt-sweep
We have given, and will again;
If our souls should bow to the savage deep,
Oh! they'll never be saved men.

NICE GIRLS.

BY A DANCER.

To my mind there is nothing in the world
Half so beautiful, half so delightful, or half so
lovable as a "nice girl." I don't mean a pretty
girl, or a dashing girl, or an elegant girl,
but a "nice girl," one of those lively, good-tempered,
good-hearted, sweet-faced, amiable, neat,
natty, domestic creatures, whom we meet in
the sphere of "Home," diffusing around the domestic
hearth the influence of her goodness,
like the essence of sweet flowers.

What we all know by a "nice girl" is not
the languishing beauty, who dwells on a sofa
and talks of the latest novel, or the latest
new opera; or the great giraffe-looking girl,
who creates an effect by sweeping majestically
through a drawing-room. The "nice girl" does
not even dance a waltz, and she does not
know a bit how to use her eyes or coquette
with a fan. She never languishes, she is too
active for that; she is not given to novel-reading,
for she is always too busy. And as to
the opera, when she goes there she does not
think it necessary to show her bare shoulders;
but sits generally in the back box, unheeded
and unnoticed. It is not in such scenes that
we discover the "nice girl." It is at "Home."

Who is it that rises first in the morning and
gets the breakfast ready before the papa's
toast, and carries up mamma's tea, and puts
buttons on the boys' shirts, and waters the
flowers, and feeds the chickens, and makes
everything bright and comfortable in the parlor?
Is it the sofa beauty, or the giraffe, or the
elegant creature? By no means. It is the
"nice girl." Her unadorned toilet has been
performed in the shortest possible space of
time; yet how charming her hair is done! how
simply elegant is her silk dress and plain white
collar! What hearty kisses she distributes,
unasked, among the members of the family.
She does not present her cheek or her brow,
like the "fine girl," but takes the initiative
herself and kisses the boys, one after the other,
with an audible "smack," which says aloud, "I
love you, ever so much." If ever I coveted
anything in my life, it is one of those kisses
from that "nice girl." She is quite at home in
all the domestic duties. She troubles no one
to "help the kettle." She has fetched it from
the hob, and replenished the teapot, while
some one has been thinking about offering his
assistance.

Breakfast over, she dives down into the
kitchen to see about dinner; and all day long
she is running up and down-stairs, always doing,
and always cheerful and light-hearted.

And she never ceases to be active and useful
until the day is gone, when she will polka
with the boys, and sing old songs, and play
old tunes to her father for hours together and
never tire. She is a perfect treasure, is the
"nice girl." When illness comes, it is she that
attends with unvarying patience the sick
chamber. There is no risk, no amount of
fatigue that she will not undergo; no sacrifice
that she will not make. She is all love, all
devotion. I have often thought it would be
happiness to be ill, to be watched by such
loving eyes, tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics
of a "nice girl" is tidiness and simplicity
of dress. She is invariably associated in my
mind with a high brock, a plain collar, and the
neatest of neck-ruffs, bound with the most
modest little brooch in the world. I never
knew a "nice girl" yet, who displayed a profusion
of rings and bracelets, or who wore low
dresses, or a splendid bonnet. Nor can I imagine
a "nice girl" with curls, but this may be a
prejudice.

I am quite sure, however, that "cozzers," or
"c-c's,"—those funny little curls which has
been the fashion to gum upon the cheek with
bandoline—are totally inconsistent with the
character of the "nice girl." And if any one
whom I have been disposed to regard as a

"nice girl" were to appear with her bonnet
stuck on the back of her head, I should cease
to believe in her from that moment. The only
degree of latitude which I feel at all disposed
to allow to my *beau ideal*—or, should it be
in this case, *belle ideal*?—is kid boots with
brass holes. There is a nameless charm about
tidy feet, which, I believe, the whole world
recognizes. I maintain that a neatly booted
foot, and a well-shaped ankle, in conjunction
with a clean white petticoat, and a tight stocking,
will nearly make amends for a squint.—
Young men, is it not so? yes, you confess it.

I say again, there is nothing in the world
half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a
"nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the
path of life. There are others far more stately,
far more gorgeous; but these we merely
admire as we go by. It is where the daisy
grows that we lie down to rest.

Under every condition, every aspect, I admire—nay that is too cold a word—I love the
"nice girl." Under every condition, every aspect,
save one—that one is the condition of
matrimony. When I hear that one of the
"nice girls" of my acquaintance is about to be
married—about to be monopolized by some
jealous beast with whiskers, and an ugly
stomach, who is to be bridesmaid, I come over faint
and sick at heart. "Where 'nice girls' dwell
it should be written up, as on gates of choice
gardens, 'Do not pick the flowers.' Oh, it is
horrid, horrid, to see that spruce gentleman
come in and take her away into a corner for
the rest of the evening. I may not wait with
her now; I may not catch her at blind-man's
buff; I may not sit by her and turn over the
leaves as she sings 'Auld Robin Gray'; even
though it were Christmas time, I may not
any more kiss her under the mistletoe; I may
not even look at her! There is that horrid,
spruce man with whiskers glowering at me
as if he would eat me. I sigh as the remem-
brance comes over me of the many "nice girls"
who have thus been torn, ruthlessly, from
me by spruce, and I am sure, stupid men in
whiskers. Why, why are there such things as
spruce men with whiskers? I am sure we
should get along much better without them.

I cannot but think of a "nice girl" get-
ting married. I cannot contemplate with
patience what she is about to become. What
is she about to become? She is about to become
the slave of one man. In less than a year
her figure will be eternally spoiled. In less
than a year she will wear sloppy dresses and
wrappers of a morning. She will leave off
garters, and her stockings will hang loose.—
She will lose the bloom in her cheek and the
merry twinkle in her eye. She will have a
baby and smell sour. I say I cannot contem-
plate this spectacle with patience. I once visited
one, who had been a "nice girl," a year or
two after her marriage. The figure she pre-
sented shocked me. I could have cried with
vexation; and I am sure if her husband had
known of it, I should have kicked him. I have
resolved never to go through such an ordeal
again. When a "nice girl" marries now, I have
done with her forever.

You may wonder why, since I am such an
admirer of "nice girls," I have never made one
my own—why, in fact, I have never married
one. I have loved, admired, and adored them
too much for that. I could no more marry a
"nice girl" than I could willfully trample down
a bed of flowers. I have all my life considered
it, and still do consider it, a crime, little
short of sacrilege, to marry a "nice girl." Who
but a savage would deface a beautiful piece of
sculpture? Who but a wretch would stand with
his back to the fire and monopolize all the heat?

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE. . . JULY 16, 1857.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
 V. P. TAYLOR, 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. 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.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—For a week or two past the weather has been most delightful, and the effect upon all kinds of field crops has given renewed hopes of an abundant harvest. Corn, which had fallen a little in the harvest, is now making strides that promise to bring it round to the basket in good condition. Green peas are already in our market, and of home production; and new potatoes are here and there finding their way to the table—in fact, we have one in our own pocket, from the garden of Mr. Golder, considerably bigger than a piece of chalk. It is of the "Jackson" variety, which is endorsed by that excellent farmer Samuel Taylor, as superior to any other for the table. When potatoes are worth a dollar the bushel, had their quality becomes a point of some consequence. The scythe is rapidly at work, and upon a heavier swath than has been for many years past. This is said to be the case throughout the Eastern States, and generally through the country. With the meagre stock of cattle now on hand, the market price of hay must run very low. How blindly the Kennebec farmers have acted, in selling so many calves to the butchers! The cutting open of the goose that laid the golden egg is the only parallel we can think of. Prices we know have been strong temptations, but not enough to ward off the charge of exceeding bad management and want of foresight. "I can't help it," says Mr. Doonville, "though it is positively wicked to kill such calves as they sell us this year, and if they will be so foolish they must blame me. It is a great mistake," he continues, "and one they will not get over for years." Mr. D. is a shrewd man, and sees just how this matter looks for the future. How many thousands of cattle might have been raised from this year's extra grass crop!—and what matters the high prices of stock to those who have none to sell! And the butcher is selling all the best lambs, while wool brings 40 to 44 cents! Not one farmer out of ten can stand an offer of three dollars—and so spoils his flock, and next year sells for two. But we are getting away from our subject, of the weather and the crops. Here is a paragraph from the N. Y. Journal, of Commerce, which looks about from a higher point of observation.

"A general survey of the country, with reference to its agricultural prospects for the current year, authorizes the most cheering expectations. The wheat crop, especially, is in a most flourishing condition, and in a very large portion of the Southern States it is already secured. The harvest is nearly completed in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and a large portion of Virginia and Tennessee. The breadth of land sown with this grain in the principal wheat growing States exceeds that of last year. Reports respecting the other small cereals are almost as favorable. Corn is backward, and has been injured to some extent by excessive rains. From the middle States accounts are more variable; but it is reasonable to expect, at least, a fair average yield. The great Western wheat harvest, though rather late, will generally commence about the middle of the present month. Winter wheat was killed to a great extent in the Northern portions of Illinois, Ohio, and more or less throughout Iowa and Wisconsin. The ground having been replanted with spring wheat, the quality of this grain from these districts will be inferior. Little danger is now apprehended from either excessive rain or insects. In the Eastern States crops of English grain are believed to be as good as usual, although backward, particularly English corn. The latter, with more favorable weather, will be an average crop. Potatoes and the coarser esculents will be abundant. Fruit, too, promises a large yield, except in some limited localities."

Now what can hinder a reduction of the present excessive prices? If present prospects continue, and the frost-delay to their usual period, the corn crop in N. England will be full an average one, while everything else is abundant. Can speculation retain present prices, and yet hold the day laborer down to a dollar without board? For the sake of faith in an overruling Providence, we hope not.

The Maine Baptist State Convention, which met recently at Portland, voted to hold their next anniversary at Waterville. The following resolutions on slavery were adopted.

Resolved, That our general views of American Slavery, as entered upon our records in former years, remain unchanged.

Resolved, That while we do not ignore human agencies as suitable instrumentalities to be employed for the removal of social evils, we rely upon the "glorious gospel of the blessed God" as the only sovereign remedy for the wrong and sin which afflict the human family.

What does the "glorious gospel of the blessed God" do, but make "human agencies?" Let human agencies be held responsible to the God who gave the gospel; and God forbid that they should have clerical help in getting behind it. We would as soon talk of "ignoring" works, and leaving faith to execute the deeds of the gospel alone. The Advocate says these resolutions were adopted without discussion; and but for this, we should think they constitute one of those dodges which send back to God the works he committed to human agency, and tell him to do them himself! When human agencies talk of getting behind the gospel instead of standing with it, we look to see inquiry stalking ahead of both. Give us "human agency," backed up by the "glorious gospel of the blessed God," and then we have faith that slavery will have an end. We are constrained to think the resolutions were well meant—though we confess they remind us of the mechanic who "resolves" that it is

poor trade that will not support a man without labor.

Spiritualism. No. 6.

Having as I believe, excused me from sharing a game of billingsgate, I ask the same favor in respect to mere theological carping or caviling. I am a graduate of no school where they are taught, and shall stand but a poor chance. You claim to be "set for the defence of the gospel," while I stand for truths which I believe harmonize with and corroborate it. Of this harmony, as I have said before, I honestly labor to convince the reader; and when you object to this or that question being "raised," or assert that there are but "two questions to be answered in the premises," you must excuse me if I raise another, and insist that there are three. So, when you say in reply to an assertion of mine, "I beg your pardon, I stated no such thing," I will consume no time in useless argument further than to add, that on careful re-perusal I still so understand you—and pass your application for "pardon" to Him who only has the power. So also, it is enough to say that for your laugh at the "conversion of Paul on the day of Pentecost," you are indebted to a slight typographical error in the work from which I copied too carelessly to correct it, and cannot of course blame you for the same blunder. But have we time to cavil about such trifles?

Before proceeding further, I must call your attention to what seems to me to be your position. You may claim that this is another "question that we have not raised," though I feel sure that while you raise questions ad libitum, you will kindly concede me the privilege of raising this one; the more especially as I cannot answer yours without knowing where you are.

You begin with an agreement to admit the general phenomena of spiritualism. You quote from Leviticus to show that these phenomena are a violation of the law of God; and when I quote the same authority in refutation, and authority of which you both live and teach daily violation, you turn a clerical somersault and say "Whether these laws are applicable to this age of the world is another question, and one that we have not raised." You might have added that it is also a question you dare not raise, except so far as you can make one side of it useful without touching the other. This constitutes one point of your position.

Having agreed to admit the phenomena of spiritualism, and written several numbers to show that their origin was not spiritual in the sense I claim, you again wheel about, in reply to my classification of some of these phenomena, and lift yourself out of a dilemma by declaring that you "have never admitted any such phenomena!" This constitutes a second point in your position:—and will you tell me, then, what phenomena you do admit and agree to stand to? This is a point we must settle.

You request me to show wherein the phenomena of spiritualism are of a class with the apostolic miracles; and under circumstances which lead me to infer that such proof would be admitted as a "strong point" gained on my part. I proceed to comply; when you again turn upon me and say, "Even should spiritualists perform just such miracles as Christ did, it would not be proof that they were performed by the spirits of the departed." And, as though still afraid of getting into a corner of your own selecting, and determined to fix yourself like the politicians, "no where," you back off still further by protesting that you "have never undertaken to prove that Christ or the apostles ever performed a single miracle!" Did Peter ever fall backward from his divine Master to such a distance as this? Why did you trumpet me to show the harmony between modern and ancient miracles, if you dare not assert that there ever were any ancient miracles?—or of what avail is it that I proceed further to show this harmony, while you break in upon me with the protest that if I do show it, it proves nothing? This is a third point in your position—which if not regularly one of the "points of Calvin" is quite as tangible as any of them.

While you are struck with well affected religious horror at my assertion that the reputed manufacture of wine by the Saviour, to be used as a social beverage merely, was an act of "doubtful morality," you cannot be ignorant that this act has been a stumbling block to all ultra temperance men of your own stamp; and yet you cautiously avoid any attempt to reconcile it to true morality, by getting behind a barricade of your own truly clerical sneers. You also charge me with accusing the apostles of "lying," but shrewdly dodge your apparent duty of attempting to reconcile their apparent contradictions, or boldly asserting that they do not exist. Here is a fourth point in your position, to which your attention is called.

A fifth point leads me to the unavoidable conclusion that you are not only ignorant of the general views of the believers in spiritualism, but that you do not know what are the phenomena upon which they base their faith. The former I infer from your charging me with contradicting myself by imputing these phenomena to divine agency; and the latter from your refusal to admit the existence of the phenomena cited, after having agreed to admit those of spiritualism.

Now, friend Clericus, you need have no fears that I shall decline making my best efforts to give you all the numerous items of "proof" you still continue to call for; but you must first either allow me to go back and teach you the A-B-C of spiritualism, or else inform me what you credit and what deny, in regard to it. Can I show you the harmony between modern and apostolic miracles, if there were no apostolic miracles?—or labor to give you the proof you call for, while you premise that if I do give it you will deny that it proves anything? You must either be somewhere or confess that you are nowhere;—then I can proceed with my argument, without being back-

oned here and there by an opponent who seems to be about as intangible as the fabled money bag that lies buried at the end of the rainbow.

CITIZEN.

OVER AGAIN.—It will be seen from their card that "Waterville No. 3" challenge "Dirigo" to another trial. The Courier says, "We think the Waterville was not fairly used, by those who crowded into the range of her play," and expresses regret that there was any ground of dissatisfaction. It adds, "The Kennebec companies and their engines were the admiration of the city." It is reported that the "Victor" company will forthwith vote a challenge to both the Dirigo and the Waterville. They have got both the pluck and the backbone, and it but remains to see whether they have got the machine.

THE REPORTED MASSACRE OF TROOPS AT THE WEST.—We copy from our Western papers all the information they contain in regard to the reported massacre of one hundred and fifty troops by the Indians on the Plains. The St. Joseph Journal of the 2d inst. has the following:—

"Capt. Dixon came down on the United States steamer Mink, yesterday morning, and reported the loss of many of our soldiers in a conflict with a very large body of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, two hundred miles west of Fort Kearney.

The messenger who brought the news reached St. Mary's on last Saturday. His name is Vellandier, an old French trader, whose statements are perfectly reliable. He stated to Capt. Dixon, Col. Sarpy, and others, that eleven days before he had left Col. Sumner, who told him that he had sent one hundred soldiers and fifty teamsters a little in advance of his main body, when they were attacked by a large body of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and all were slain; that he intended to proceed directly in pursuit of the enemy, and would not pause until he had avenged the loss of his companions, and punished the savage hordes who butchered them."

The Pacific City (Iowa) Enterprise, of July 2, adds the following in confirmation:—

"A trader has just arrived here from the mountains, bringing the startling and harrowing intelligence that an entire detachment of U. S. troops (cavalry), consisting of one hundred privates, two officers and thirty teamsters, en route for Salt Lake, has been attacked by the Cheyenne Indians at Ash Hollow and every man of them slaughtered! He gives no further particulars, nor is he able to give the names of the officers or men."

P. S.—Since the above was written, a train of emigrants from Salt Lake has arrived. They corroborate the distressing intelligence brought by the trader above referred to, but are unable to furnish us with any additional particulars. We shall look with much anxiety for the details of this horrible massacre."

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Joseph Fellows, one of "our boys," who was formerly connected with the Express and Telegraph office here, has been appointed Express Agent at Lewiston, and has entered upon his duties.

We learn from the Rural Intelligencer that the steam mill in Augusta, whose out-buildings were burning when the Banner was issued, was saved unharmed by the flames. The dry-house, store-house, and shed adjoining, with several hundred dollars worth of lumber, were consumed.

GOOD ADVICE TO THE WOMEN FOLKS.

The editor of the Charleston Courier, who evidently is a man of good sense, in his Fourth of July address, gives some very good advice to the women folks—so good that we cannot refrain from picking out a "specimen brick," as follows:

"We advise our gentle friends of the other sex to get up for themselves a new Declaration of Independence. There are some, perhaps it would not be slanderous to say, a good many, who have notions of independence not such as we like; independence of the restraints of politeness and true courtesy, of womanly delicacy which shrinks from making show of itself, of the necessity of being industrious; and prudent; of the true and sacred responsibilities of woman's sphere; is not of the bonds of matrimony, yet too often, of its most momentous duties; of parental restraint and authority, while they are living in their parents' home! Not such independence as this. There is already too much of it. We would have our young women declare themselves independent of the caprices of foreign fashion, of the dictates of a fashion which is against their own good taste and judgment. We would have them free of the misleading influences of certain inmates of their own bosoms; vanity, that loves to be noticed and admired, and seeks its end by extravagance of dress, whether in material or style; the sentimental weakness that makes them languish and weep and dream over foolish stories; the too frequent error of thinking that the one great end of life is to get married, without taking thought of their fitness to assume and well discharge the duties of home life; the hardly less frequent error of thinking it all one thing to be handsome and beautiful; so that, in striving for the first, or for the seeming of it, they divest themselves of the last vestige of the other, which cannot exist where there is vanity, self-conceit and complacency in mere symmetry of figure or feature and fairness of complexion."

We advise our young ladies to practice the virtue of economy, and to persuade themselves that when they buy silk dresses and cheap jewelry to the extent of their means, they do most wisely to exemplify an old proverb, which we would not on any account be so uncourteous as to repeat to them. Let the women of our own dear land be such as a free nation ought to have—as sensible, prudent and wise as they are fair."

RAILROAD MEETING.—Bangor, July 14.—The annual meeting of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad Company was held here to-day. The annual reports were read, and the following Board of Directors elected:—T. W. Baldwin, Hollis Bowman, James True, and Samuel Larabee, of Bangor; Wm. Conner, of Kendall's Mills; John Webber, of Waterville; and Wm. M. Longley, of Greene. They all received 2080 stock votes, with the exception of Mr. Longley, who received 1614 to 464 for Samuel Taylor.

A terrible riot was threatened in New York, at last accounts.

Col. Sumner's command is safe.

OUR TABLE.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Washington Irving. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.
 From L. A. Elliot & Co., Boston, special agents for New England, we have received the fourth volume of this valuable national work. It is ornamented with a portrait of Mrs. Washington, a profile likeness of Washington, and maps of "Operations on the Hudson" and "Siege of Yorktown." Having carried along the biography of the Father of our country to the time of his inauguration as President, it concludes thus:—

"There for the present we leave him. So far our work is complete, comprehending the whole military life of Washington, and his agency in public affairs, up to the formation of our constitution. How well we have executed it, we leave to the public to determine; hoping to find it, as heretofore, far more easily satisfied with the result of our labors than we are ourselves. Should the measure of health and good spirits with which a kind Providence has blessed us beyond the usual term of literary labor, be still continued, we may go on and in another volume, give the presidential career and closing life of Washington. In the present time, having found resting place, no other task, we stay our hands, leaving by our pen, and seek that relaxation and repose which gathering years require."

The life of America's greatest man, by one of her best writers, ought to be in the hands of all her sons.

FOR SALE AT MATTHEWS.
GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—First in the field for the month of August comes "Graham," under the able management of Chas. G. Leland. A fine steel engraving—"The Freed Bird"—graces the number, and the fashion plate is a beauty, being an improvement on any preceding one, and a sample of what may be expected hereafter. Numerous wood cuts, including a leaf from "Punch," are given, and a free translation of "Der Eiferchütz," is copiously illustrated "in black." The number is full of attractive reading, and the "Editor's Easy Talk" is the richest and most treat to be found anywhere. Under the charge of its present editor, "Graham" is a decided success. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

NEW MAGAZINE.—The following announcement, which we find in the Boston Traveller, will doubtless be hailed with joy by all literary men, particularly in New England. The attempt has been often made to publish a first class literary magazine in Boston, but always without success, for lack of support; indeed since Putnam's Monthly has drifted into the popular current, there can hardly be said to be one sustained in the whole country. The enterprise is in good hands with the firm mentioned below, who will not fail to deserve success; and should there be a failure anywhere it will be on the part of the public. But let all do their duty and there will be no failure.

"Though there has been great advancement in our magazine literature, within the last few years, through the enterprises of Harper and Putnam, and their influence has stimulated previously existing magazines, the want of something more something higher and better, never more keenly felt by the reflective and intellectual portion of the American public than it is now. There is a demand for a better representation of the American mind and moral and political life, and the magazine shall unite respectability with force, originality with practical thought, pleasure with instruction—that shall give tone, direction and symmetry to the loose, falling, conflicting thought of the general average American mind. We have, it would seem, abundant material for the production and the support of such a magazine—one that shall take a kindred position to Blackwood and the Edinburgh in Great Britain. And though it may well be doubted, we think whether we have a sufficient number of that class of writers who, with knowledge and ability, have the motive, the taste, the persistence and the subjectivity necessary to make a good magazine of the character desired, we welcome every effort in the right direction as a step, at least, toward an ultimate success."

Such an effort, rarely formed and strongly based, is now soon to be developed by the wealthy and enterprising publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., of this city. They propose to start, early the coming fall, *The Northern Magazine*, monthly, at three dollars a year, to be altogether original, and to aim at the highest literary and political character. The paper and the writers have been secured for its pages, and an agent of the publishers is now in England to secure aid in that country. Such men as Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Hunt, Follen, Agassiz, are to be its master-spirits. It will, like the first-class British reviews, discuss affairs of state—the higher grade of politics—and seek to give food for strong men, not milk for babes, on all the greater themes of practical life, as well as to separate the false from the true, the low from the high, in our struggles after an American literature. The advent of this important enterprise will be awaited with interest, and its progress watched with eager and hopeful curiosity and favor.

Later from Europe.

The following items are all we find of interest in the news by the last foreign arrival.

There are great complaints of the want of rain in the North of Europe.

The political and general news is of about the average interest.

There had been two very serious accidents on English Railroads, in which twelve deaths occurred, and over one hundred wounded.

The shipment of the Cable for the Submarine Telegraph between Europe and America had commenced on board the Niagara, and would be proceeded in with the utmost dispatch. Capt. Hudson, of the Niagara, together with his officers, attended, by special invitation, the Manchester exhibition, on the occasion of the Queen's State visit there. They were received with loud cheering, and other demonstrations of good feeling.

Political troubles are rife in Genoa, where party conspirators have been arrested.

The Italians, whose arrest in Paris, was announced by a previous steamer are to be tried for an attempt to assassinate the Emperor.

France, at the request of England, is to send out fourteen transports with troops to China. This will be done at the request of England, in order to prevent the withdrawing of British troops from India for the China war, as was at first contemplated; the starting news of the mutiny among the native troops of the former country having made their presence there more than ever necessary.

Latest accounts state that a reinforcement of 14,000 troops is to be immediately sent to India.

The Commercial news by this arrival is not of very special importance.

Later from California.

There is nothing of great importance from California. The crops in the southern part of the State are suffering severely from drought. Gen. Lane has been elected a delegate to Congress, in Oregon, by a largely reduced majority.

Nicaragua is in an unsettled state. Rivas refuses to act in concert with the allied Generals, and a collision is expected soon between the Leon party who favor Walker, and Chamorro.

The California markets are generally dull. Breadstuffs are depressed. The crops, on the average, are promising. Mining operations are active and increasing largely.

The Superintendent, and the federal officers, having charge of the Western Division of the general road, have left on their tour of exploration and survey. They are to locate the line of the road as far East as Salt Lake.

The flourishing mining precinct of Drytown was almost totally destroyed by fire on the 15th. Loss \$75,000.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—Panama, July 4.—A report reached here yesterday, from Cartagena, that the President of the Republic had at length been invested with full power to settle the claims of the United States against New Granada, arising out of the 15th of April massacre.

We are informed that a report had reached Greytown, to the effect that a large force had arrived off San Juan del Sur from California, to assist Walker, consisting of two vessels, with 600 men, arms and ammunition. The report is probably correct, as it is known that the steamer Ocean Bird sailed from San Francisco a month ago, with a load of filibusters.

A RICH ORATORICAL CLIMAX.—The Toledo Blade says that a good story is told of an aspiring orator who held forth on the 4th of July, at one of the many celebrations in the "rural districts" in Ohio. His maiden speech fully prepared, and the telling portions committed to memory, he found himself, in a state of thrilling nervousness, before the people. All went on well, and he had in a measure, recovered his self command, when he arrived at the grand climax of his speech, that portion of it in which he was to allude to "The American Eagle." Proudly he began, and tossed off, almost flippantly, "The American Eagle, gentlemen, that proud bird! the emblem of our liberties, gentlemen, as she stands—when suddenly the rest of his labored simile faded from his memory. Terrified at the discovery he gasped—he seized, nervously, a tumbler of water, and turned it by mistake inside his cravat, and took a fresh start with a rush of desperation which bid fair to burst the bonds of his fettered imagination, and soar majestically away on the wings of the apostrophized "bird." "The American Eagle! the American EAGLE, gentle men, that proud bird of our liberties, as she stands—standing—as she stands—standing (with great vigor,) "with one foot on the Alleghenies and the other on the Rocky Mountains, and stretching her broad wings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, shall—stretching her broad wings—with one foot on the Alleghenies, shall—shall rowl, gentlemen and fellow citizens in the glorious freedom of—her NATIVE AIR!"

At a late meeting at Rockland of the Maine Universalist missionary society, Rev. J. C. Knowlton and R. K. Littlefield, were elected to fill the vacancies in the board of trustees. At a subsequent meeting of the trustees, the following officers were chosen:—

Rev. C. Gardner, president.
 Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, corresponding and recording secretary.

Jos. A. Homan, treasurer.
 Rev. R. Blacker and J. P. Greeley were elected trustees of the tract society. At the meeting of the trustees, the following officers were elected:

Rev. J. Blacker, president and recording secretary.
 Rev. H. C. Leonard, corresponding secretary.
 J. A. Homan, treasurer.
 Rev. J. W. Hanson, committee on printing.

[Bath Tribune.]

VERY CREDITABLE TO THE CANADIANS.—For the relief of the sufferers by the late steamboat conflagration, the Committee of St. Andrew's Home, Montreal, acknowledge the receipt of a letter from the St. Andrew's Society of Quebec, enclosing the sum of \$400; also a despatch from the same, stating that they had provided the survivors now in Quebec attending the Coroner's inquest, with clothing, (to the amount of about \$400 more, we believe.) The Committee report to persons offering subscriptions from other places, that funds sufficient for the emergency have been received through the liberality of the public in Montreal. The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society there gave a donation of \$400, and the German Society also contributed.

FLIGHT OF MORMONS FROM SALT LAKE.

—One of the officers of a steamer which arrived at St. Louis, July 6, from the Upper Missouri, states that at Omaha City, he was informed that a party of Mormons had arrived on the 2d, encamped in the town, and intended to start down the river, in a few days. They were loud in their denunciations of the leading men of Utah, and aver their firm belief that a large number of the inhabitants of the valley, as soon as they see a chance of protection by the arrival of the U. S. troops, will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity of withdrawing themselves from the yoke they are now groaning under. These persons were a portion of the dissatisfied citizens of Salt Lake City, and their escape (that is the word they use) was the result of a well devised and cautious stratagem. They left Salt Lake about April 20th.—[Missouri Democrat.]

A party of several hundred Mormons, just from Utah, and en route for the southern part of Kansas, where they propose to settle, passed Fort Leavenworth on Tuesday. They are heartily sick of the tyrannical rule of the Mormon leaders, and dread the anticipated conflict between the United States government and the Brigham Young oligarchy.

Quindaro (Kansas.) Chindwan.

The Lewiston Falls Journal speaks encouragingly of the business and prospects of that place. It says:—"Our embryo city is wide awake at the present time. Business of all kinds is brisk, and our streets present an exceedingly lively appearance. The Franklin company are pressing their works with vigor, private individuals are erecting blocks, stores and shops, and dwellings are going up in all parts of the town. Labor is scarce, and in great demand. Mechanics are busy. Lumber dealers are doing a large business, and our merchants are having a good trade. We advise those who want to see what a judicious use we make of the materials which nature has granted us, to visit Lewiston. We are growing fast, and if we had taken our population and business as a basis, should have been a city long ago. We have now a population of about 8000 within the limits of the villages on both sides of the river."

COLORADO SOLDIERS.—Among the American soldiers who particularly distinguished themselves at Bunker Hill, was a colored man named Salem. He is said to have shot Major Pitcairn, the man who gave the first order to fire in the war of the Revolution. In the final attack on the redoubt, Pitcairn was the foremost of the English who mounted the American works, when Salem who does not seem to have been a peaceful man on that day, in spite of his name, shot him through the body. We do not find any mention of Salem and his deed in Mr. Fortingham's work, though it may be he escaped us, as our examination has been rather hurried.

It was an awful presumptuous act on the part of Salem to shoot a white man, and if there had been any Taney about in those days, he must have been called to account. Major Pitcairn left eleven children, and if any one of his descendants should come to this country, he might soon be converted into an American citizen and rise to high office, while a descendant of Mr. Salem, according to Justice Taney and most of his associates, can never rise to the position of citizenship. All people have been more or less unjust and ungrateful, but if Supreme Court law is to be taken as the law of the land, we are not only the most unjust and ungrateful of nations, but the most foolish, also.

There were several colored men at Bunker Hill, in the American ranks, beside Mr. Salem. Mr. Nell mentions the names of Titus Coburn, Alexander Ames, and Barzillai Lew, all of them men of great valor. All these men received pensions. What a waste of money! to pay to persons who were not citizens of the country, and who, we are told, never could have become citizens, had

they lived to the age of Methuselah. For what did they fight? That a government might be established which should place them out of the pale of humanity by solemn decision! The idea that they and many others of their race fought to make their condition worse than it was under the British dominion, would be exquisitely absurd if not diabolically wicked. If they were deceived, what are we to think of their deceivers, who were no less personages than our revolutionary ancestors? [Exchange paper.]

Mob Violence in New York.

New York, July 13.—An attack was made late Saturday night, upon the Metropolitan Police force, and the Hospital building at St. George's Point. About one hundred systemen and others, hostile to the selection of that locality for a temporary quarantine, participated in the assault. The assailants fired over a hundred shots upon the policemen, and were finally driven away by Capt. Walling bringing out his cannon and howitzers. It is supposed that several of the assailants were killed and wounded. None of the police were injured.

A serious riot occurred last evening between the German and Irish population of the 17th Ward, and the Metropolitan police force, which resulted in the death of a German named Muller, who was passing the scene of riot at the time, with his wife and child.

Sergeant Madden, of the 17th Ward police, it is feared, is fatally wounded, and several of the police were more or less injured. Six or seven of the ringleaders were arrested, and at a late hour all was reported quiet in that Ward.

There is a rumor that the riot of last night has been renewed, and that the Seventh Regiment has been called out. The police and Commissioners have repaired to the alleged scene of disturbance.

The riot going on this afternoon in the 17th Ward is of a very serious character. A mob of 500 Irish and Germans attacked the Metropolitan police, with missiles and firearms. The police were driven back, as were also a squad sent to their relief. Another detachment of 100 men was immediately sent to the scene of conflict, and a requisition has been made for a detachment of military.

THE GRASSHOPPER SCOURGE.—We learn that the crops of several farmers in the southeastern part of Danville, and the north-eastern part of Durham, are in danger of being entirely destroyed by grasshoppers. On the farm of Mr. Joshua Lambert, they have eaten all his growing corn, and attacked his wheat and oats, so that that he has been obliged to mow them for fodder. Their operations are confined to a narrow strip of surface, and they are cutting down all before them. Their appearance was sudden and unexpected, and doubtless their exit will be in the same manner. Where they came from in such clouds, is a mystery. [Lewiston Falls Journal.]

INCENDIARISM AT ELLSWORTH.—A Man Shot. A despatch received yesterday from Ellsworth states that a man, who was unknown was discovered in the act of setting fire to a barn on Thursday night, and was shot (we suppose by persons who were watching.) He is thought to be shot in the face. He was tracked about a hundred rods by the blood, which came from his wound; but finally managed to escape. A reward of \$200 for his arrest is offered by the Selectmen of Ellsworth.

The recent burning of the Tisdale Mills, supposed by incendiaries, has probably caused an extra degree of vigilance to be used in that town.

RAILROAD TO FARMINGTON TO BE COMPLETED IN NOVEMBER.—We have assurance from the contractor, Mr. Jones, on the Androscoggin extension Road to this place, that the Road will be completed and the cars on the track will visit us in course of the coming autumn, by November at the farthest. The iron for rails is now being transported to Livermore for car loads and preparations on that end of the road are quite ready made for laying the track. Messrs. E. D. and J. Prescott of Phillips, are delivering a large contract of sleepers at the terminus of the road, which are to be immediately distributed and laid.—[Chron.]

Do not waste your health and money in purchasing worthless nostrums when there is medicine which will perform all its promises. The Oxygenated Bitters will cure any complaint arising from impaired digestion, or debility.

HANOVER, N. H., July 9.—H. E. B. Stowe, a son of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, a member of the Freshman Class in Dartmouth College, was drowned in the Connecticut river this afternoon.

AN ABOLITIONIST PRESS REMOVED FROM TEXAS.—The citizens of Wood county, in the northern part of Texas, being disgusted with the course of a paper published in Quinn called the Free Press, held a meeting and passed resolutions repudiating the reports in circulation that they were abolitionists, and calling a mass meeting to decide whether the Free Press should continue to be published, or removed as a nuisance. At the mass meeting of citizens, they decided to destroy the office, and gave Winston Banks, its editor, and his friend Mr. Lemor, 24 hours to leave. The citizens carried out the resolution, and Banks and Lemor left in less than the time specified.

YOUNG RUNAWAY—LOVERS OVERTAKEN.—A couple of young sprouts, of American blood, made their appearance before a Detroit Justice the other day, and requested to be united in the holy bond of matrimony. Their ages, judging from their looks, were about twelve and fourteen. They claimed a right to the performance of the ceremony, the young man twirling a ten spot round his finger with the greatest nonchalance. The young lady, holding up her right hand, swore roundly that she was "over fourteen." When in walked the paternal ancestors of the two young hopefuls, and a general disconcertion of their plans followed. They were about being led off by the ears to their mamma, when Justice Fordy requested the young lady to explain how she dared to take the oath she had just taken, which she knew must be false. Nothing disconcerted, she stooped down and unlaced a little garter, and drew out a piece of paper on which was written the word "fourteen." On the strength of this she had sworn that she was over fourteen. That young lady ought to be made a wife as soon as possible.

HEROISM ALL AROUND US.—It is the cant of the day that the age of heroism has past. Men talk of Leonidas or Tell with kindling eyes, and lament that no such noble souls survive in modern days. If need be, however, we could show that hearts as bold as ever marched to Thermopylae still existed and that Ingham and the Malakoff proved it to any notion of Lexington and Bunker Hill. But it is a radically false notion to look only to war for heroism. The truest courage, perhaps, is that which fights the battle of life under adverse circumstances, day by day, month by month, and year by year, rather than that which rushes to the assault, or defends the "imminent breach." Of such heroism modern times are full. [Phil. Ledger.]

