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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 19): November 19, 1857

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The Westminster Review, in an article entitled "The Four Empires," makes some very plain talk, in regard to the Turkish question and the War of the Crimea, upon the Asiatic question, including the Chinese War and Bengal mutiny; and then, in true "manifest destiny" style, seeing that the smaller and weaker are to be swallowed by the stronger, proposes instead of further wrangling among the higher powers, a peaceable division of the spoils. We extract a portion of the article, just to show with how much honesty the world is governed.

The Spaniards have fallen out of the race, but their place has been taken by the Americans; and it may now be said that the control of the future fortunes of mankind, and the ultimate empire over them, lies between France, Russia, the United States, and ourselves. We have accused each other of ambition, of aggression; we have watched one another with anxious jealousy; we have looked eagerly for the mote in our neighbors' eyes, careless altogether whether the beam was in our own; or, again, we have talked vaguely of 'manifest destiny,' or, 'designs of Providence.' But despotism in these matters is but the natural superiority of moral strength over moral weakness; and the aggressions, in the long run (as in our own case we can see clearly enough,) are the natural and inevitable consequences of the intercourse between civilized nations and barbarians. Our merchants open a trade with India; they are received with welcome, they build factories, accumulate property, and then either they awaken the cupidity of the native rulers, who desire to rob them, or they are injured by the people, and can obtain no redress. They appeal to their own government; there is a display of force—an indemnity is exacted for the past, a piece of ground is demanded as a guarantee for the future, and a weak power makes promises which it has no intention of observing. Then comes, perhaps, some act of treachery or cruelty—a murder, or perhaps a massacre. Sterner punishment is necessary; troops are sent, native rulers are deposed; a force must be maintained for future defence, and the nucleus of an empire is commenced. Other princes are next about our frontiers; we make treaties with them, which their subjects do not observe. There are robberies on the border which must be redressed, and the rulers are too feeble to insist upon it; or they make conditions against us which, for our own security, we must break; or English parties are formed in the native courts, which we naturally encourage. So by degrees the strong power grows, generally actual justice on its side, never without pretence of justice; and, taking with it as it goes forward, strength, instead of weakness, order instead of anarchy, it creates its title by the benefits which it conveys. At length the native powers are altogether overshadowed; they court our protection, and at last are absorbed by it, or they attack us desperately, and are overwhelmed. We find ourselves the lords of an empire which our rivals say we have taken by force from its natural owners; while, in detail, each separate step which we have made in advance has been forced upon us by necessity or justice. Such, in outline, is the history of all conquests which have grown, like those of England, out of commerce.

The growth of Russia has been different, yet for Russian writers equally easy to justify in detail—equally carrying with it an ultimate justification in its results. It is a weary business to hear English orators declaim on Poland, and foreigners in return pointing scornfully to the centuries of Irish misery. We censure others freely; and we ourselves do the same thing. But leaving Poland and looking to the East, where our present business lies, the enormous tract now marked on maps as the Russian Empire in Asia was not so long ago the hunting-ground of nomad tribes of hereditary robbers. It is now drilled into quiet and industry; roads cross it, cities rise over it, property and life are secure upon it. The same blessings which England has conferred on India, in smaller degree, perhaps, but the same in kind, the Government of St. Petersburg has carried from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, from the White Sea to the banks of the Tigris. Neither our administration nor theirs is perfect; the worst of the two is immeasurably preferable to anarchy. We clamor at the manner in which Russia has made her conquests. We should remember the proverb of those who live in glass houses: Russia may have been, if possible, less scrupulous, but the question is merely one of degree. Let us compare, for instance, the two last examples of our several aggressions.

The Turks, originally mere barbarian conquerors, treated everywhere their Christian subjects as an inferior race. The evidence of Christians was not admitted in courts of justice; their property even by law was scarcely secured from pillage; as every one who had travelled in Turkey knew, they were the pariahs of society, regarded rather as dogs than men. Some modification of these iniquities had been extorted by the Czar, and had been conceded in treaties; but even the concessions granted had fallen short of what might have been justly demanded; while such as they were, in the Asiatic provinces at least, they were never enforced. The right was as plainly on one side, the wrong was as plainly upon the other. And had Constantinople been on the site of Siberia, we should have looked on with indifference and perhaps with applause while an active but persecuting race were stripped of their power of doing evil. The situation, which affected little the justice of the quarrel, converted demands which would elsewhere have been reasonable into a nefarious aggression. War began, and was called an unjustifiable invasion. The Turkish fleet was attacked in a harbor and destroyed; and Europe rang with the massacre of Sinope.

Turning to the other picture, a Chinese coasting vessel having on board persons suspected of piracy was at anchor in the Canton river, and carrying lawfully or unlawfully (for the point is disputed,) the English flag. She was boarded by the local authorities; the crew being Chinese subjects, and accused of having committed crimes in the Chinese waters, were seized and carried ashore for trial. There is not a doubt that in any French or American harbor the same course would have been pursued, and would have been allowed as a matter of course. Under circumstances infinitely more open to question, the same English flag was hauled down by the Americans at the Consul's house at Greytown, and there has been no resentment. The right of a strong power to deal with its own subjects in its own waters by its own laws would be admitted universally without reserve; but the Chinese are not a strong power, and therefore have not the same rights. We are not quarrelling with the necessity of dealing very different measures to Commissioner Yeh from what we should take with President Buchanan or Louis Napoleon, only it must be allowed that it is different. We insist on the right to confer on Chinese subjects the privileges of Englishmen—to in-

terfere by force in the government of a foreign country; and when our demands are not complied with—not when the reparation which we demand is not given with the absolute submission which we require, we do not even appeal to the supreme authority—we do not even declare war against the Chinese nation; but we take the law into our own hands then and there, and upon the spot: we bombard a city, sacrifice, of course, innumerable lives. As the quarrel deepens, we destroy a fleet five times as numerous as that which perished at Sinope. Had the independence of China been of the same moment to the other great powers as the independence of the Porte—had the growth of England in the East been regarded with the same jealousy as the advances of Russia into Turkey, can we flatter ourselves that the voice of Europe, which condemned Menschikoff, would have acquitted Sir John Bowring—that when Sinope was stigmatized an outrage against humanity, the bombardment of Canton would have been considered a legitimate act of warfare? Let us call things by their true name. Each of these proceedings belongs to that dubious class of actions which are provoked by circumstances—actions which those who commit them consider absolutely right, which a pedantic morality shudders at as absolutely wrong; and the character of which impartial judgment will pronounce upon hereafter by the ultimate consequences, rather than by the immediate motive. If we say that the possession of Constantinople by the Czar is dangerous to Europe, and must not be tolerated, we are speaking like reasonable men. It is true; and we have a right in our own defence to act on our conviction. If we hold up our hands in pious horror at annexations and aggressions—if we affect to be amazed when a vigorous government interferes with its feeble neighbors, shortens their frontier, and meddles with their administration, we may be speaking in entire conformity with the principles which we most of us like to be supposed to act upon; but such language in the mouths of Englishmen must seem, nevertheless, tolerably absurd.

In truth, were the world wide enough for all of us, we should each advance in our own way and fulfil our own mission, troubling ourselves little with mutual jealousies. Unhappily we are, or have been, competitors for the same prizes, or we foresee a time when we may become so. The inevitable work of annexation goes forward; and as we approach more nearly to each other's frontiers, as countries lie at our feet in which we all may claim a share, we watch each other with anxiety and terror. Again and again, in the last twenty years, our animosities on this ground have brought us to the verge of war. The French occupation of Algeria is in itself a good thing. Quiet people can till the ground there without fear of marauding Arabs. Honest merchants can trade there without alarm for the pirate's flag; and yet to us, almost till the recent alliance, it was an object of mere alarm and annoyance. In 1838, a dread of Russia plunged us into the ill-omened invasion of Afghanistan. In 1840, we barely escaped a quarrel with France on the question of Syria and Egypt. The French had not forgotten that they once disputed with us for the Indian peninsula; and French officers trained the Sikh artillery, whose fatal excellence we felt to our cost upon the Sutlej. The Turkish affair came after; and though the wound is closed, it is not healed, and it cannot heal till in some form it is re-opened; for the sickly days of the Turkish rule are numbered, and will not be prolonged by the skillfullest leech in Downing-street. From the Russian war grew out the Persian; we could not avoid it; nor so long as we continue in our present spirit towards each other, is there any end to the long vista of similar difficulties which open before us. If we would, we cannot stand still; the present war with China has grown out of a shadow—a mere casual accident which may occur any day. In the Crimea, we had Franco upon our side, and Russia for our antagonist; but times change, and one quarter of the world is not as another—new combinations may be formed. In China another competitor enters upon the scene who will not stand by and see us play again the same game which we have played in Hindostan. For the present, both France and the United States may be pleased to see us fight a battle at our own cost by which they will profit as well as we; but when the work is finished, at our peril we must seek for no advantages, of which we ourselves are to be the monopolists—a single eagle will not be allowed to fatten on so rich a carcass as China; and when the present difficulty passes off, the Chinese Emperor, if he is wise, may make his game out of our quarrels. The Russians have their Embassy at Peking. Both Russians and Americans have their fleets in the Chinese waters. And in the common jealousy which England has displayed towards them, they have shown a tendency, as natural as it is marked, to coalesce. The Celestial Emperor, in his terror of ourselves, may bribe them to become his patrons; and there, where the French have little interest and little ability to help us, we may find the tables turned against us by a combination as formidable as that which has crushed Subotopoli. This is no imaginary danger; with the same measure which we mete it shall be measured to us; and if we make it our business, as some of us pretend, to curb the aggression of the Muscovites—to check the growth of the United States, and quarrel with them for the Protectorate of vagabond Indians upon their frontiers—in self-defence they will retaliate upon us in our own coin, and teach us that if annexation is a crime the English have no dispensation for the exclusive practice of it.

But annexation is no crime, when it is the substitution of a just and vigorous government for a wicked and worthless one. The arbitrary frontier lines which divide kingdom from kingdom have no magic in them which limit the right of interference, and convey a license to those who live within the boundaries to acknowledge no law but their own wills. The conditions cannot be laid down in terms and propositions which decide when interference becomes justifiable; but each separate case contains the principles of its own adjustment. The liberties of the individual are abridged by the interests of the state; the liberties of each particular state must yield to the common interest of humanity; and the same right may be said to exist in well-ordered nations to coerce the vicious and disorderly nations as exists in separate communities to punish individual criminals. This is the true object of war; and in this spirit, for the most part, after large necessary deductions for the imperfection of all human things, the four empires which wield

the present strength of this planet have grown. Ambition, policy, fanaticism, pride of power, and perhaps even baser passions have had their place in building up the fabric; but this is for the most part true, that wherever England, France, Russia, and America have set their foot, they have taken with them something better than what they have supplanted, and the further they go on in the same course the better for mankind. A military mutiny has broken the peace of Hindostan; but that peace has already lasted for a century, and will return again more firmly assured. Who can doubt that the Chinese would lead far happier lives—if not happier, at least purer and better lives—if they too were under a strong just hand, if their country was opened to commerce, and themselves wheeled into intercourse with the rest of the world. If Asia Minor could be governed as Georgia is governed, or as the French govern Algeria, the cities which it once was covered might rise again from their ruins, and the shores of the Archipelago become once more the garden of the world. California, as a Mexican province, was the hunting-ground of Indians or the asylum of half-breed cut-throats. California in ten years had become the cynosure of emigrants—the Eldorado of the old imagination. In the luxuriance of its growth, evil had sprung up with good. It was the scene of aspiring toil, where the finer culture as yet waited for admission; yet who will compare the worst errors of the worst governed American State with the degenerate ferocity of New Spain?—who does not feel that with the Americans in possession of Mexico, property would rise to twentyfold its value, and life would be least moderately secure?—that in Cuba, if slavery remained, the hateful slave trade would be honorably closed?

And it may once for all be assumed, that the human race, whatever Cabinets or Parliaments may think of it, will not be driven from their inevitable course. The work which has begun so largely will go forward. The Asiatic independence which survives will narrow down and grow feebler, and at last die. The will and the intellect of the more advanced races will rule in due time over that whole continent. The genius of France will follow the shores of the Mediterranean; the line of kingdoms which divided the Empires of England & Russia will grow thinner, till their frontiers touch. In spite of Clayton-Bulwer treaties, and Dallas-Clarendon interpretations of them, the United States will stretch their shadow ever further south. Revolution will cease to tear the empire of Montezuma. The falling republics of Central America will not for ever be a temptation by their weakness, to the attacks of lawless ruffians. The valley of the mighty Amazon, which would grow corn enough to feed a thousand million mouths, must fall at last to those who will force it to yield its treasure. The ships which carry the commerce of America into the Pacific, carry too, American justice and American cannon as the preachers of it. The Emperor of Japan supposed that by Divine right, doing as he would with his own, he might close his country against his kind; that when vessels in distress were driven into his ports he might seize their crews as slaves, or kill them as unlicensed trespassers. An armed squadron, with the star banner flying found its way into the Japan waters, and his Serene Majesty was instructed that in nature's statute-book there is no right conferred on any man to act unrighteously, because it is his pleasure; that in their own time, and by their own means, the Upper Powers will compel him, whether he pleases or not, to bring his customs into conformity with wiser usage.

The fact must be accepted then. Order will triumph over disorder, industry over idleness, justice over crime, Good will grow when it can by its own merit. It will enforce itself by arms when it cannot otherwise find entrance. It will be despotic, interfering, dictatorial, aggressive. If useful, it will obliterate frontiers, invade, depose, annex—with the most entire composure. These influences, again, will not radiate exclusively from ourselves. There are other centres of civilization besides England, which England cannot annihilate by denying, which it would be wise, therefore, for England to recognize and admit. Our fashion, hitherto, has been to justify our own conquests on the ground of their utility, to condemn all others as rapacity and ambition. We abolish without compunction the independence of Oude because its court was feeble and licentious, its government dangerous from its worthlessness. When a Turk is the sufferer, and from another hand, we imagine virtues in him which have never approached so much as his dreams, and we call him the victim of lawless aggression. Fact is wiser than we are; and goes its own way, whether we like it or clamor at it. After all necessary allowance for the uncertainty of human things, the decisive balance of probability declares that, in the immediate future, the four powers which, by commerce, conquest, and colonization, are brought in contact with the surviving barbarians or semi-civilized nations, will each continue on the same road; and the choice remains to them whether their relations to one another shall continue also the same relations of mutual jealousy, suspicion, and distrust, which they have hitherto proved, or whether, once for all, they can arrive at some common understanding, no longer closing their eyes or opening them, as it suits their separate convenience, but looking the truth in the face, and submitting to be guided by it.

Either of these courses is possible. We have seen, however, what the past has already cost us, and the same dangers and difficulties will in the future multiply indefinitely. Asiatic independence will daily become more impossible. Parties will form or have already formed, in the various courts—Russian parties, English parties, French parties. There will be intrigue and faction, and civil war and invasion. Pashas and Governors will revolt; and, as in Egypt in 1840, one of us will support the master; another the rebellious satrap. Other wretched Shah-Soojahs will be thrust upon the thrones which they will disgrace. Other Akbar Khans will revenge their insults by treachery and murder. Which of us cares to know the true deserts of the Circassians? They are opposed to Russia, and therefore we imagine them to be heroes. Yet what worse abomination have we heard of the Princes of Oude than the willing baseness which feeds the barons of Constantinople with the daughters of these patriots of the Caucasus? We shall call evil good, and good evil; careful only to support whatever will lend itself to our separate cause; from time to time, as oc-

casions rise, we shall find ourselves dragged into the quarrel; we shall intrigue with one another's subjects, stimulating villains like the Sepoys to rebellion in the name of liberty. We shall be precipitated one upon the other, tearing each other to pieces for Turkey, Egypt, Persia, Cabul, or China, each of which will be cursed by the independence which one or other of us may be fighting to inflict upon it—each of which would be infinitely blessed in lapsing honestly under any one of our separate protectorates. Sometimes, as in the recent struggle, the balance of power may be on the side of England, but in a conflict where justice will be determined by interest, other coalitions will rise on the wheel, and our turn may come to struggle single-handed against a confederacy. Looking to the complications before us, which will not be avoided—looking to the elements of folly and fanaticism, of conceit and vice, of cruelty and treachery, which enter so deeply into the character of Asiatics—we may feel some certainty that if we allow ourselves to drift any longer as the circumstances for the moment flows, the world is entering on one of the most frightful centuries which history as yet has chronicled.

The same event will in the end be arrived at; weary at length of strife, those who survive the conflict will be forced to acquiesce in a peaceful settlement, and after ages will wonder at the perversity which refused to accept tranquility except at the price of wretchedness.

#### "Home Made Chips."

Under this unique head, in the Chicago Journal, B. F. Taylor is throwing off his beautiful fancies with a reckless profusion. Our readers, who are already familiar with his style, will find these to be veritable "chips of the old block," spicy as though from wood grown in Araby the blest or the fragrant Isles of the South. We shall gather a few in our basket occasionally.

There is no extravagance so wild as that indulged in the use of words. We beggar the language upon the most trifling themes; we load a miserable painter of sign-boards, until there is nothing left for Claude or Titian. We deck out some Joseph of a thought in a rainbow coat, until an idea new and nude, has 'nothing to wear,' except clothes that have been worn before.

Setting forth the virtues of a corn-exterminator, exhausts 'Childe Harold,' and after a eulogy upon a patent mousetrap, there is nothing left wherein to talk of 'Paradise Lost'.

Your Durhams are magnificent, and Juno was nothing more; you love turnips, you say, and what stronger sentiment can you claim for truth?

And it so happens that when you really have anything to say, there is nothing to say it, that has not come to 'baser uses,' its fresh significance worn off, like the pillars of a Spanish quarter.

It has come to such a pass—this extravagance—that one can hardly be said to call anything 'good,' unless he pronounces it 'best,' and what you say of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' hardly contents your poetical correspondent, whose verses trot like an Indian pony, and who indicates her precious personality with a little 'I'.

It is within bounds to assert, that the discovery of a shoe-blackening has left nothing new to be said of the discovery of America, and that the merits of a terrier have been known to draw as heavily upon adjectives as did the exploits of Tamerlane.

In the world of words no coin is current, made of any meaner material than gold, and the way it is scattered about has no parallel except when 'the sower goes forth to sow.'

People have grown so grand, that they cannot sing a ballad without performing an anthem, or set forth with 'Mother Hubbard,' without rising to Handel.

We wish there could have been a word or two saved, that we might have something for a thought to put on, in the holidays. But let this not instigate anybody to make new words: to smother a handful of Greek roots together, after the fashion of the witches in Macbeth, and ladle out the product over afflicted Christendom. We protest against the making of any more philological monsters.

We pay for 'tyrophenous,' and get hog's lard and burgomast; 'cathairon' and 'Paphion Lotion' are more common than bear's oil or cologne, and it is an every day affair in summer weather, for a mere mortal to drink 'nectar' and not turn into 'one of the gods' that have been passed over.

You cannot get your clothes cleaned, if you try; but here's your 'renewator.' Do you think you can buy a tooth powder? It will be nothing less than an 'eburifer,' or a 'dentifrice' at the very least.

Fraser's Magazine talks sense when it says: "Can any one tell us the meaning of 'diagnoses' as applicable to disease? If it has any significance at all, we will guarantee to find half a dozen Saxon monosyllables expressive of the same idea. Medical gentlemen, too, talk of phlebotomy; we know that it has some connection with bloodletting, and for our own part we always associate the terms with a night we once spent between the sheets, all alive O' in an Irish hotel. Who would believe that 'epistaxis' means simply bleeding at the nose? Fancy one school-boy doubling his fist, and telling another to look out for 'epistaxis'! What is meant by that fashionable word 'aesthetics'? We take up the first book within reach, and open it at random. It is William Wordsworth: a Biography by Edwin Paxton Wood. Well, what do you read? 'By aesthetic biography,' he says, 'is simply intended a life in its ideal attitudes.' Simply intended! Did ever mortal man listen to such verbiage run mad? What, again, are we to understand by the words, 'objective,' and 'subjective,' which every goose with his sham metaphysics has now-a-days on his lips?"

And then, how delicate we are getting. We desire all well disposed people to have legs as they used to do, and leave 'lower limbs' for modest and respectable trees. People are no better for being indisposed, when they call themselves sick—are they? If you intend to have the girl, why not marry her in plain English, instead of leading her to the altar, as Abraham led the sheep? Gentlemen do not go to bed; they only retire. Ladies never dress; they merely make their toilet; they dispose their zoffares, but bless us, they never comb their hair. It is always good evening and never good night.

Your barber has grown an artist: Darby's wages have turned into a salary, and Darby's

Joan into a lady; the shop is sunk below soundings, and store and office alone remain; plain Saxon 'work' is just to be 'engaged,' and our hired girl has kindly consented to reside in the family!

Really, it will come to pass by and by, than nobody will dare to sneeze in plain English, and people will civilly be said to *sternutate*!

Now see how boldly he taketh the Autocrat of the Atlantic Monthly by the beard:—

The 'Breakfast-table Autocrat' is not always quite right. He says he has an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* the mathematics, and thinks Babbage's calculating machine a satire on the mathematician. He supposes too, that the power of dealing with numbers is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily. To all this we say with the most decided indecision, 'yes?'

The 'Autocrat's' confession that he is sort of numb skull in numbers, was a waste of breath; he doesn't *talk* like a mathematician. One piece of counsel, we give the 'Autocrat' of the Atlantic Monthly: speak no ill of strangers.

It may never have occurred to him, perhaps, that while for anything he has to tell, his vernacular is quite sufficient, there may possibly be truths in the world, to whose expression, the language of mathematics is alone equal. His highness confounds mathematics with 'cyphering,' and is pathetically reminded of his eight-times-eight-are-sixty-four achievements. It is very much as if he should insist that the act of scanning is the Iliad of Homer.

He breakfasted too early, no doubt, to learn that if there is anything in architecture or painting, in the work of the sculptor, the musician, or the poet, worthy of all acceptance, its complete expression is due to Mathematics.

He has never heard, perhaps, that the beauty of nature in shade and shape, in music and motion, is a mathematical piece of work; that the man who knocks at the pale tombs of Paria, and bids them 'bring out their dead,' and removes the marble shroud, until the fair white thought stands up sublimely in the day, and answers 'here,' as they call the roll of beauty, summons the dead, and clothes it with immortality, in the language, and by the power of Mathematics. It is not, as the 'Autocrat' seems to think, an idle formula rattling like a wired skeleton; a formula resembling that he used to delight in, when he knew more of Mathematics than he knows now:

"Seven—eight—nine—ten!"

I dare red lion out of his den."

When men have escaped the prattle of the Breakfast table; when they have chipped the shell of self, and ventured away into the universe of God, Mathematics has furnished the wings; when men have boldly hailed strange worlds in the office of heaven, Mathematics has interpreted and recorded the response.

Has any caught the musical footfalls of angels, as they walked together upon the battlements of night, Mathematics has timed the echo.

If there is any thing in the world that resembles the ladder the patriarch saw in the vision, along which forms of light and truth did come and go through all the night, it is Mathematics. By it we creep up, round about, out of the dust of this great cemetery, and descend with torch-like truths that blazed around the throne; the burning lamps that light the legislative chamber of the Infinite.

Where they curb the mountain spring; where they put a nerve of thought into the bosom of the sea; where they make the gray canvas glow with the twilight sky, or fling a spidery web amid the clouds and thunders of Niagara, there you will find Mathematics.

One moment, it gauges the dew-drop, that satellite of sod, and the next measures the star-beam that shines in it; now we find it guiding the painter's hand as he parts with his pencil, the blank, unbroken wall, and lets in a cleft of heaven and a break of day; and now the dialect of Nature's court, wherein her laws are rendered and preserved.

If any gift of prophecy remains upon the poet, sure we are, that it has passed from the poet to the mathematician. How much 'at home' he walks along the centuries to come; how he foretells the shadow that shall fall on your forgotten grave and ours, and marks the wanderings of gipsy worlds amid the bright encampments of the sky.

The anatomy of mathematics is what we oftenest see; but this is to clothe it with its own wardrobe of life and beauty. This is beyond Babbage's calculating machine, and beyond 'the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table,' to whom we hope, as Jupiter is just, belongs 'the power of moving the ears voluntarily,' inasmuch as 'the detached lever power, of dealing with numbers, has not in his case, been' put into a mighty power watch.

**THE SAVAGE VIEW.**—The Charleston Mercury says:—

"The time was when the recall or coerced resignation of Walker would have benefited the South; and that time was when he first fairly and clearly violated the non-intervention policy of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, by urging and dictating threats, for himself and the Administration, the reference of the Constitution to the vote of the people. The proper time was when two Southern States in their Democratic Conventions, requested the President of the United States to recall him. At this time the recall of Walker would have satisfied the requisitions of Kansas-Nebraska Act. But to leave Walker and Stanton in the Territory, clothed with all the authority of the Government, until he has exhausted all the unprincipled efforts to cheat the South, and make Kansas a free State, and then to recall him when it is known that he will be rejected by the Senate, may be a policy as shallow as it is vain, to screen the Administration from responsibility. Our only hope for Kansas is in the Southern spirit of the pro-slavery party in the Convention. The unprincipled efforts to defeat them, might nerve them to a sterner determination to assert their rights. If the Convention, by a majority of but one single vote, will send a pro-slavery Constitution to Congress, the South will get win Kansas."

**SLAVERY IN NEW MEXICO.**—It appears that the question of Slavery or No Slavery, had much to do in the recent contest for Congressional delegate in the Territory of New Mexico, and that by the re-election of Mr. Otero, the slavery party triumphed. A pro-slavery correspondent, writing from Westport, Mo., to the Richmond Enquirer, says:—

"I send the Santa Fe Gazette, published in

New Mexico. You will find in it an account of the success of the Democratic party in that territory. Judge Davenport, one of the associate justices of said territory, tried his hardest to defeat Otero, the Buchanan nominee for Congress. The people of New Mexico, generally are clamorous for his removal. I would be glad if it could be done. It is not an office of much duty; but is of an important character. The matter wears weight when it is known that Senator Otero, whom I know to be an estimable gentleman, is in favor of slavery for New Mexico. Davenport, Baird and others, are against it, and this is the commencement of the question. New Mexico is bound to be a slave State.

The Kansas question I consider closed—the batteries of the North and South, will next be turned upon New Mexico.

This is a region of country which Mr. Webster claimed to be so totally unfitted for slave labor by geographical and geological character, that to exclude slavery from it by Congressional enactment, was entirely unnecessary. He regarded such legislation, in this case, as merely 're-enacting the will of God;' as attempting to secure by statute, what had already been divinely decreed. If we mistake not, this sentiment at that time found great favor at the south.

**UNIQUE PRAYER.**—A certain divine of Massachusetts being called upon to offer prayers at a masonic celebration, and not being initiated into the secrets of the institution, made use of the following form:

"O Lord! we have come to offer our prayer unto thee, for what we know not. If it be for anything good, wilt thou bless it! If for anything bad, wilt thou curse it!"

On being remonstrated with on account of the nature of this prayer by one of the fraternity, he replied:

"If you tap the barrel, you must take the cider as it runs."—[Harper's Monthly.

**COMMON SENSE VIEW OF NATURALIZATION.**—Hon. Geo. Gould, of Troy, while holding a circuit of the Supreme Court in the Third District, N. Y., was applied to by a stout Hibernian for 'his papers,' in the following manner, to wit:

The clerk informed the Judge that the man wished to be naturalized, and that he (the clerk) proposed to conduct the matter as usual, at his own desk, without interrupting the business of the Court. The Judge replied that he knew of no business more important than giving a man the full rights of an American citizen, and that he would himself conduct the proceedings in open Court.

The applicant thereupon produced his certificate of intention, and his witnesses as to residence, good character, &c. After which, the following colloquy ensued.

Judge. You say you prefer living in this country to returning to Ireland; will you tell me why?

Pat. This is a land of liberty, your honor.

Judge. You show that you are attached to our institutions; what are they?

Pat. (No answer).

Judge. Who governs the country?

Pat. The President, sure.

Judge. Who makes the laws?

Pat. Such as yer honor.

Judge. No; I only administer the laws.

Who governs this State?

Pat. (No answer).

Judge. Mr. Clerk, hand me the blank form of the naturalization oath. (This being handed to the Court, he addressed the applicant again.)

There is in this oath a clause by which you are to swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States.

Pat. Oh, yes, yer honor! I'm ready to swear to that.

Judge. Did you ever read the Constitution?

Pat. No, yer honor.

Judge. Or a word of it?

Pat. No, yer honor.

Judge. Did you ever hear a word of it read?

Pat. No, yer honor.

Judge. Can you read and write?

Pat. Yes, sir.

Judge. Do you know one word that is in the Constitution of the United States?

Pat. Indeed and I do not, yer honor.

Judge. You have lived in this country nearly six years; you can read and write, and you have been all this time intending to become a citizen here, yet you have never taken the trouble to learn or know one word of the instrument you are now ready to take a solemn oath to support. An American born here, and living here until he is twenty-one years of age, learns more or less of the Constitution under which he lives, as well as the rights and duties of citizenship. At any rate, whether he does this or not, he is presumed to have done it, and therefore the laws of the land give him the right to vote without the formality of an oath; it is his birth-right. To those not born on the soil, the law applies a different rule, and requires from them the oath now under consideration in your case. I hold that the due, even the decent administration of that oath depends in part on the condition that the applicant should at least understand it; and I will never allow such an abuse of the law as would be committed by your taking that oath in your present circumstances. You cannot be naturalized by this Court.

**AN AFFECTING SCENE.**—The Cincinnati Gazette relates the following incident, which occurred at Xenia, Ohio, on the 4th:—

"Among the passengers in the train from Cleveland was a young man perhaps twenty, and a lady, some few years his senior. The gentleman was plainly clad, but the girl was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and rounded beyond even brazen wantonness. It was frequently observed by the passengers that the young man appeared to be earnestly remonstrating with the girl, and seemed to be deeply affected. At Xenia both left the cars, and it was apparent that the course of each lay in different directions—the man to this city and the girl to the West. As the cars were about starting, the young man kissed her a hasty good bye, and both burst into tears. The conductor, seeing there was some deep grief at heart, invited the gentleman to a seat in the baggage car, as more secluded from the gaze of the crowd. 'Anywhere,' said he, 'only come with me. I must speak to some one, or my heart will break!'

After becoming a little calmed, he said: 'That lady and myself were raised together; with moss for carpets, acorns for cups and saucers, and pebbles for walks, we played in childhood. She was a few years older than myself, but we were inseparable. She grew up to womanhood, was married, then separated from her husband and sought the city, and became a wanton, a heartless and disgraced courtesan. Steeped in sin as she is, shameless as she may be, I could not but kiss her good bye, for she is my sister! She has already buried a loving mother to the grave, and brought disgrace upon her brothers and sisters. But while she acknowledges it all, and sheds tears of apparent contrition and regret, no remorse can change her course. She has just been home to make us a visit, but has left again for her residence in the city, to drown in the wanton life the remembrance of what she was and what she might have been.' Do you

blame me, then turning to the sympathizing conductor, for weeping as I do, over one so loved and fallen?

It was no tale of fiction. It was a painful truth. Fallen, disgraced, and shameless, she still shared a brother's love, who would win her back to virtue's path, at any sacrifice.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, . . . NOV. 19, 1857.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

Y. 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 are at Seely's Building, Court street, Boston; Tribune Building, New York; W. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

**DOCTRINAL.** The editor of the Banner is disposed to argue that it is wrong for Christians to send their armies to butcher the "poor heathen." He contends that the spirit of the gospel of Christ is "peace on earth and good will to men,"—quoting the scripture that says—"if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his," and drawing the sweeping conclusion that "just so far as a man has a disposition to fight he has not the spirit of Christ, and therefore is no Christian."

Now, we make no claim to the right to "decide when doctors [D. Dr.] disagree;" but this position of the Banner throws the Christian world into such a boggle, that we are thrown into a quandary,—for we began so early to question the verity of Christianity as to have abundant time to reach the full conviction that the Savior taught the world God's truth and nothing else. Here is our starting point, and having spent time enough in getting it, we aim at nothing but to clear the track—our track. Even without revelation, we know that "truth will stand." The Banner doctrine on this point smacks of truth, and should therefore stand. But if it stand, the Christianity of Christian nations must fall. Britain is par excellence the Christian nation of the earth—"defender of the faith," and all this and that—and yet her government is one great slaughter house, and has been so ever since her conversion. She has butchered half her own kings, even while admitting their divine right to rule. She is now slaughtering the heathen of India by thousands, even at the cost of the lives of the missionaries she has herself sent to proclaim "peace on earth." Nay, she even claims to execute these butcheries "for Christ's sake, Amen!" Our own country—but who wants to tell what she has done? In the name of her God she lifts up her banner; and the chaplains of her armies, who bear the prayers of a "Christian nation" to her fields of blood, should be the reporters of her deeds. God knows them, and He who is "the way, the truth and the life" knows whether these are the fruit by which he intended his followers should be known.

But—we decide no questions for the doctors; though they should settle them for the world. Grapes do not grow on thorns; and if the Banner is right that Christians cannot fight and kill and yet be Christians, then the nations now claiming the true banner of the Cross must be following one of the false Christs of which the world was long ago cautioned to beware. Cannot our friend of the Banner defend his position, so as, by "hook or by crook" to let the British army in India go on with their butcheries, and yet Britain remain a "Christian nation," and queen Victoria continue to be the "Defender of the faith?" Can't he?

**REDUCTION.**—The Directors of the A. & K. Railroad have decided upon a reduction of the wages of all employees of that road, to commence on the first day of December. The amount is ten or twelve per cent, and the process is to range from the president down to "the man with the shovel." This is much better than to throw out of employment a portion of the men; and it was doubtless proper to do one or the other, to meet the stringency of the times. The cost of provisions is at least 25 per cent lower than last year; and as the men in the employ of this road are noted for intelligence, they will doubtless figure out the "why and wherefore" of the matter, and submit with good grace to a measure that necessity seems to impose, and one that we hope to see revoked at a proper time.

"Punch says that the trees, with the modesty of nature, knowing that they are about to be stripped of their foliage to stand naked, will soon commence to change color."

This is weak punch. If the trees are afraid of being blow'd they had better leave.

**CLOTHING WAREHOUSE.**—"Prepare for Winter" is now in everybody's thoughts and plans. Clothing is among the chief items, and it is among the most important matters of good calculation and economy to consider where one can get well clad, in fashionable and well made and durable garments at the least expense. We recommend all to try J. W. SMITH & Co., Duck Square, corner of Elm street, Boston. All persons visiting the city should cut out his card in another column, and give him a call. If they try this firm once, they will find sufficient inducement to become permanent patrons.

**BOOK SUSPENSION.**—On account of the tremendous panic existing all over the country, T. B. Peterson, the enterprising Philadelphia publisher, has thought best to delay the publication of Mrs. Hale's Receipts for the Million, as well as also The Lost Daughter, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, both of which have been announced in our paper, until the early part of December next.

**NEW YORK AND PORTLAND.**—We learn from the Argus that a new steamer, the Chesapeake, has been put on this route, for which it was expressly fitted; and it will be seen by reference to advertisement that a change of time is also made.

### OUR TABLE.

**GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.**—The December number closes the year in good style with one of the richest treats of the season. The engravings are good, the stories, &c., better, and Leland's Easy Talk best of all. A new volume will commence with the next number, and of this the publishers say, "The same attractive features which have characterized Graham during 1857, and which have tended so materially to increase its popularity and circulation, will be continued during the year 1858." Of the Fashion and Home Department they say—"The latest and best engravings, with full and plain descriptions given each month, of the most serviceable and attractive costumes for ladies and children." In the course of the year, sixty colored fashion and other plates will be given, with a large number of handsome patterns for all kinds of crochets and needle work. Beautiful steel engravings will embellish every number as heretofore.

An original story, entitled "The King's Love," by Jos. J. Reed, will be commenced in the January number; also an original poem, by George H. Baker, Esq., and a great dramatic story by Mrs. B. C. Hirst, "The Easy Talk," a department, which in the hands of the editor, Charles G. Leland, Esq., has become so popular, will be continued in such a manner as to justify the high praise bestowed upon it by the press and the people. All the other departments will improve upon all previous attempts and keep pace with the progress of art and literature.

We make room for a few of Leland's tit-bits below:—

One of the unimpeachable guests at the Girard, the other day, having taken possession of his room, looked it up to go out into the city, and leaving the key at the bar, told Chadwick with great simplicity "not to wait dinner for him."

As we believe that "Chad" didn't—leastways, it's reported, that some character once stopped at the Astor House, where they put him up, of course, under the roof, and two in a room. During the night his room-mate felt cold, and proposed to get out a servant for blankets. "Hush," quoth Green, "Hush! I'm afraid you'll wake poor old Mr. Astor, if you go to holler round this time of night." In the morning, being highly pleased with his breakfast, he informed the waiter in a tone meant to be very gratifying to the latter that he thought old Mrs. Astor a very good cook—she fried them breakfast cakes first rate—and concluded by asking, "if they brought their own milk—but speed as they used such a lot on't they mebbe kept a cow?"

And when we lived at the La Pierre there was one customer who always called Mr. Sykes "Mr. Lapperer."

We are afraid, from what we read, that there are some people in this world rather given to watching their neighbors. At least, if we can believe the following, John D. Dueser, there are some in that town. Hope that there are none where else.

**SHE HAD THEM THERE.**—A lady in town chances to be unfortunate in the opinion of some of her neighbors. A physician friend of hers was called to see her, and she, when next Eccequias made his appearance, he asked the lady, who was at one of the windows of the house, "the prompt reply," "the neighbors will watch him for you!" Enough of those same neighbors heard the complimentary remark—we only hope it did them good.

This and that and the other, but the nothing to what the inhabitants of—well, suppose we call it Squawville—used to be. There were once; only rode through the town—came again eleven years after—rode through again, and he said to the doctor, "Just look at me!—how's that? I mean three dollars per year? There was a slight difference in prices there."

**GRHAM'S MAGAZINE** is furnished at the following low prices:—One copy, one year \$3; two do. \$5; three do. \$8; six do. \$10; and every three dollar subscriber will receive a copy of each of the beautiful portraits, in Oil colors, of Gen. Washington and Henry Clay. For \$5, two copies of the magazine are sent and a copy of each of the pictures. Address Watson & Co., Philadelphia.

**PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.**—We enumerate the titles of some of the articles in the November number of this work, but to get a correct idea of its value, one must examine this rich literary treasury for themselves:—Charlotte Bronte, Helena Mathewson, The Confraternity of La Sallerte, Plots for Three, One Hundred Years Ago in America, Isaac Watts, The Home of Bethany, part 2 of Janet's Repentance, Prof. Felton on Spiritualism, Prof. Porson, The Pastoral Religion of the West, A Year of Married Life, Letters of John Calvin, N. P. Willis on a Visit to Washington Irving, Who was He? Early Christian Songs, A Fair Penitent, with poetry and art articles in abundance. The Panorama is published in monthly numbers of 144 pages each, filled with the best articles of the best of our periodicals, and sent free of postage, to all parts of the country at \$3 a year. Address Little, Son & Co., Boston.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.**—The December number has three colored plates, 1 colored fashion plate, 1 slipper pattern, 24 pages of original and beautiful engravings, 100 pages, and 50 contributions. "The Night before Christmas, and Christmas Morning" are two beautiful pictures; the slipper pattern would cost 50 cents at the shops, and the music 25; so that in these two items the purchaser gets three times the price of the number. Handsome as is the December number, however, Godey promises that the one for January shall surpass it, and he was never known to fail in fulfilling his promises. Send in your subscriptions, ladies; for the times are too hard to do without this valuable assistant and delightful companion.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

### IMPROVED BUSINESS ASPECT IN BOSTON.

—The Boston Advertiser of yesterday has the following encouraging statement of business affairs in that city:

"There was rather more animation in State street on Saturday, than for some days past, and there is good reason to expect a considerable revival of business dating from this time. It is certain that there has been a gradual improvement in the aspect of affairs every week, since the first few that followed the suspension of specie payments. Good use has been made of the interval by all parties in business, and merchants are now beginning to feel that they need fear no new dangers of which they have not had seasonable notice, and these will be withstood by the preparations which they have already had time to make. Of course it will be a long time before confidence will be restored to an extent that will permit business to be fully resumed in the old channel with its wonted life and spirit; but the beginning may be considered as fairly made, and the future progress, if slow at first, will be sure, and its rate will accelerate with time.

Thanksgiving turkeys have sold at 8 to 10 cts. not "according to quality," but according to skill in buying or selling. Last year we gave 17 cts. for a plump little one that we found stowed away under the counter for the owner's own use.

"Bro. Maxham of the Eastern Mail, is decidedly the most hoggish Editor we ever heard of."—Clarion.

O no, friend Clarion!—not hoggish, but only piglish. We have an excellent friend who weighs about 300 pounds, and feeds on raw pumpkins by the cartload. You must refer to him—eh?

**CARRYING OF CONCEALED WEAPONS PROHIBITED IN WASHINGTON CITY.**—The city council of Washington, D. C., have passed an ordinance making it unlawful for any person except the police and military to carry any deadly or dangerous weapons about their persons. The National Intelligencer remarks:—

"No good man, old or young, but will rejoice at this enactment, which at once strikes away one of those rank features of savage life with which society has of late been marked. Nine-tenths of our young men for a year or two past have gone about our city—metropolis as it is of the world's great Christian republic—armed with knife and revolver, as if they were traversing the country of the ruthless Comanche or sneaking Apache. How inconsistent this with our national reputation and standing before the world need only be stated to be understood."

**ASSAULT ON REV. WM. P. MERRILL.**—Two men were arrested on suspicion of having committed this crime, but after examination at Biddeford, they were discharged. The Union says:

"In our brief notice of the assault on Mr. Merrill last week, prepared after our paper was put to press, we mentioned that he had received a short time since a threatening letter, cautioning him against 'interfering with the business of others,' and warning him to leave town or evil would befall him. Rev. Mr. Blake of the Alfred St. Methodist church, about the same time received a similar letter, from an anonymous source, threatening him with personal violence if he did not 'mind his business and let other people's alone;' and since the reward has been offered by the city authorities, they too, have received an anonymous letter, purporting to come from the assassin, and apparently in the same handwriting as the other letters, and containing similar threats of a bold and defiant character."

**IMPORTANT RAILROAD DECISION.**—The New York Court of Appeals have made a very important decision in a case which is stated as follows by the New York Times:—

"Mr. Mather Williamson, owning sundry lots fronting upon Washington street, in the city of Syracuse, sued the Central Railroad Company for damages to his property, in having laid their track in that street. It was alleged in their reply, that as it was a public street, and had been surrendered to the public use by the owners of the adjoining property, the Company had a right to build a railroad through it, inasmuch as this was one mode by which the public made use of it. In the Supreme Court the case was decided in favor of the Railroad Company; but the plaintiff appealed, and the Court of Appeals has now reversed the judgement, and ordered a new trial.

The ground taken by the Court, in the opinion which was delivered by Justice Selden, with the unanimous concurrence of the Court, is, that the dedication of land to the use of the public as a highway, is not a dedication of it to the use of a Railroad Company; that the two uses are essentially different, and that, consequently, a railroad cannot be built upon a highway without compensation to the owners of the fee. The case is argued at considerable length, but with clearness and force."

When shall we have an administration that will protect the public mails from espionage and robbery? The publisher of the Sabbath Recorder, a Baptist paper in New York, has received the following letter from the postmaster at Janelaw, Lewis county Ky:

Dear Sir:—I have been notified to examine your paper, and find it contrary to the laws of this State to hand it out of my office. You had better discontinue the paper. Your subscribers here are Rev. Samuel D. Davis and P. Pond. I shall retain your paper and not hand it out of my office.

M. W. BALL, P. M.

A deliberate murder was committed in the quiet village of Topsham on Monday evening, between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock. As usual, rum was at the bottom of the deplorable affair. Several young men were returning from the adjoining village of Brunswick, where they had been freely imbibing, and after entering the main street of Topsham, a dispute arose as to the ownership of a bottle of liquor. One of the party, named Eliphaz Berry, seized the bottle and started to run with it, when he was pursued and overtaken by a man named Dudley, who plunged a knife into his body, causing death in about ten minutes. The murderer was arrested.

"HONEST INJURY."—Jo. Newell, of the Penobscot tribe, is in Bangor calling on the white occupants of his father's hunting grounds for material aid to help him weather the hard winter ahead. Joe is 70 years old. He carries the following paper:—

"Joseph Newell, son of late Lewis Paul Newell, having lost all his property by the failure of the Grocer's Bank, and unfortunate speculation in Musquash, is compelled to call on his friends to help him winter. Joe is an honest Indian, drinks no rum, and wants to live as long as his father, who died old and blowed away at the advanced age of 116 years. Give the critter a dime and pass him along."

**MISCHIEF MAKERS.**—There is a class of persons who seem to take a special pleasure in instigating mischief, and such men are always found in every crowd upon exciting occasions, striving to excite the ignorant and discontented to acts of violence. At the meeting of unemployed working-men, held in New York city on Tuesday afternoon, a man rendered himself conspicuous among a squad of men to whom he was talking, by counselling the perpetration of outrages. "If you would only follow me," said he, "you would go down into the city and tear out the banks and the brokers' offices, and help yourselves to the money in them!" Some of the persons who were standing by replied to this incendiary speech, telling the speaker that if he would pay all his debts some persons who are now in want would be much better off than they are. It seems that the demagogue has retired from business with ample means. When he was in business he employed a great many laborers, and he invariably cheated them out of their wages when he could. Now this scoundrel would endeavor to incite a crowd to plunder the property of others.

In conversation with an intelligent magistrate a few days since, on the probabilities of an increase of crime in consequence of many persons being out of employment, he replied that his experience sustained the opinion that those who commit crime would not toil at any honest employment, let work be ever so plentiful or wages ever so high. It is not the working poor who form mobs or commit depredations. Rascals may make the extremities of the times a pretext for crime, but they would be rascals under any circumstances.

[N. Y. Herald.]

**A TUNNEL TO FRANCE.**—The Siecle states that the possibility of uniting England and France by means of a submarine tunnel has been "practically and scientifically" considered by a skillful engineer, M. A. Thome de Gamond. This gentleman has submitted his project in the first place to the Emperor, who was greatly struck with it. Afterwards the Minister of Public Works, in accord with the Minister of Marine, named a special commission, composed of the most scientific notabilities. The commission has decided that M. Thome de Gamond was no mere dreamer. The English government have also named on their side a commission, and it is probable that in the coming spring French and English engineers will apply themselves to the work of vigorously examining the practicability of the project.

**ECONOMY IN BOOTS.**—How to make three pair of boots last as long as six, and longer. The following extract is from Col. Macrone's Seasonable Hints, which appeared in Mechanical Magazine, dated February 23, 1848. After stating the utility of sheep-skin clothing for persons whose employment renders it necessary that they should be much out of doors, &c., he says: "I will not conclude without inviting the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet and their boots from wear. I have only had three pair of boots for the last six years (no shoes) and I think that I shall not require any other for the next six years to come. The reason is: that I treat them in the following manner: I put a pound of tallow and a half pound of rosin into a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, I warm the boots and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the sole nor upper leathers will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take polish, dissolve an ounce of beeswax in an ounce of turpentine, to which add a teaspoonful of lampblack. A day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and rosin, rub over them the wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and the shoe like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease, becomes rancid and rots the stitching as well as the leather; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots or shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing in them cork soles—cork is a bad conductor of heat."

**TENNYSON.**—It is no secret that Mr. Tennyson is an almost hopeless victim to opium. Those who have read his poem of *Maud*, will the more readily believe this story true by the singular character of this production. He is living on a beautiful little estate on the Isle of Wight, though he has been at the Lakes for some time past. It may shock some of our sentimental lady readers to be told that the author of the "Princess," has a decidedly African head, anything but a handsome face, a very sensual looking lips. He is by no means popular with the mass of the English people; indeed, a large bookseller in Oxford told me that where he sold one copy of Tennyson, he sold three copies of Longfellow; that indeed, the latter had more English readers than any other living poet on either side of the water!

**A ROBBER DETECTED.**—About ten days ago, the sch. Alhambra at this port, was robbed of about \$100 worth of property, consisting of a quadrat, spy glasses, charts, coats, pantalons, shirts, boots, &c., &c. On Thursday last officer Walker traced the thief through Waldo into Lincoln county, and found him at last in a very appropriate place—sitting on the steps of the State Prison, under keepers—having been arrested by officer Moore of Thomaston for an offence committed there in May last. He could not be brought away; but after an interview, officer Walker succeeded in obtaining the most of the property stolen here—having been deposited in Thomaston, Rockland, Camden, Belfast and Bangor. The warrant was left in Thomaston, to be used in case the rogue gets off from the charge against him there. He has gone under various aliases—such as "Tom Rankins," "Tom Smith," "Charles Jones," &c.,—Bangor Whig.

The Norway Advertiser says that one day last week, as a little son of Mr. T. F. Beals was playing in the saw mill at the upper part of that village, he accidentally fell through a hole in the floor, about two feet square, into the room, where the water was about eight feet deep. The alarm was given by the little ones who were at play with him, and the boy's mother was the first to arrive at the place. On discovering the little fellow she bravely plunged in and dove for him, and the second time succeeded in bringing him to the surface, where she sustained herself and boy by holding with one hand to a brace, until assistance came to relieve them both from their perilous situation. The little fellow had taken considerable water into his system, but was not insensible, and both he and his mother have derived no serious injury from their cold plunge.

**A FALLEN METEOR FOUND.** The people of Marblehead think they have found a meteor on River Head Beach, which fell in May last. The meteor, when found, was in a solid mass, and covered a space of eight or ten feet in diameter. The substance is of a dark color, and resembles scoria, or molten iron after cooling. On being broken it emits a strong sulphureous smell. It is in no way affected by the magnet. The substance presents the appearance of having cooled from a fluid state. The whole mass weighed from six to eight hundred pounds.

**DAMAGE BY THE RAINS.**—The Montreal Commercial Advertiser says that the amount of damage done by the recent freshets in the townships bordering upon the State of New York, between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain is enormous. Nearly a hundred bridges have been swept away or seriously damaged; much injury has been done to mills and dams, and large quantities of produce destroyed in barns and stacks. The water in the Chateaugay, Trout, and other rivers rising in the New York mountains, rose to a height never before witnessed, and overflowing their banks, submerging miles of the flat country. Cattle were drowned in their stables, houses were flooded to the depth of several feet, the inhabitants being driven to the upper stories, and all communications were cut off for several days.

**ANTI-SLAVERY ACTION OF THE METHODIST CONFERENCE.**—Cincinnati, Nov. 14.—A special convention of the delegates from the various annual Conferences of the Methodist Protestant church of the north and west, has been in session here for several days. No important action was taken until yesterday, when the following report was adopted:

Whereas, we have received satisfactory information that the entire freedom of discussion on the subject of slavery cannot be enjoyed in Lynchburg, and whereas, we do not feel under obligations to meet our Southern brethren upon any other ground than terms of equality, therefore,

Resolved, That it is inexpedient and unnecessary for the representatives of the north and west to attend the general Conference at Lynchburg, with a view to secure redress of the grievances with which we suffer. At the afternoon session a memorial to the general Conference was drawn up, which says it is our earnest desire to perpetuate the union with the general association, but we must in christian fairness, state that insufferable impediments prevent the continuance of the union. That the traffic in slaves, and the voluntary holding of slaves, conflicts with the rights of humanity, and we regard it as our bounden duty as ministers and members of the church, to oppose the above practice, also that the word "white" be stricken out from the Constitution. The memorial was adopted.

**THE WOODMAN SCANDAL CASE AT NEW YORK.**—Hardly anything either very good or very bad comes from the south, without some connexion with it being traced ultimately to New England. It is now stated that Oliver Ois Woodman, the husband of the beautiful but foolish woman at New York, who has given so much occasion for scandal, served his time in the apothecary business with Franklin Seamon, in Hallowell, Maine. He then went to Philadelphia and finally out West, where he has done a large business in the Drug line, and finally settled down at New Orleans, and is supposed to be worth \$200,000.

Mr. Woodman, it is said, has been one of the most devoted and indulgent husbands a woman ever had, and Mrs. Woodman has not had the reputation of being an unfaithful wife. But she was a belle, greatly given to dress, and loved Saratoga, Newport, and fashionable follies,—having appeared at Saratoga in evening, fifty-five different dresses. Her age is 28, and she has been married ten years. One who knows both the husband and wife, prophesies that such is the bond between the married pair that they cannot live apart, and that she will again be taken to Mr. Woodman's heart and home.

The Police Gazette posts us in the antecedents of Furness, who is known in Broadway as a "fancy man."

In appearance he is a perfect fop. He is well known, not only in this country, but also on the Continent of Europe, where he boasts of having made greater conquests than the one in question; indeed, he talks lightly of this and looks upon it as a small affair. He is very showy and tidy in his dress, and never fails at night, before retiring, to put his pantaloons in a stretcher. This is to keep them in shape. He does the same with his boots; as soon as they are taken off they are boot-treed during the night, and to give the boot a high instep, it has an extra pad of leather. This gives his feet a very pretty shape, which, with his small hands, he considers his great forte. He imagines that they are truly captivating.

Furness was at one time the fancy man of Kate Hastings; but his friends tried to break up the intimacy existing between them, and obtained for him the position of Secretary to the Legation at the Hague.

When Furness returned from Europe he went to New Orleans, where he first became acquainted with Mrs. Woodman, at the St. Croix Hotel. They had a difficulty at a soiree when at this house, and the proprietor ordered Furness and Mrs. Woodman to leave.

A young man about 17 years of age, Libby by name, attended meeting at York's Corner, Standish, last Sunday evening, as all young men in that neighborhood should. During the services, he left the house to get a drink of water. As he left the church, two men approached him to enquire the way to Abraham Camach's house, and offered to pay him liberally if he would go with them in a covered carriage, and show them the way; they were coming "right back," and would bring him with them. Having in prospect a generous fee, he consented to show them the way. After entering the carriage, one of the men placed his hand over Libby's mouth to prevent an outcry, while the other ransacked his pocket and took from him his wallet and a knife. The men were disguised as negroes, and threatened, if he resisted to kill him. After taking all the young man had in his pockets, they drove to the edge of the thick forest in Waterborough, near Carle's Corner, where one of the men left to take care of the horse and carriage, while the other carried the young man quite a distance into the woods, and erected a shanty of boughs for the accommodation of his prisoner. The food of the young man was crust of bread and cold water. Monday afternoon as the keeper returned with some water for his prisoner, the prisoner managed to "bit him a clip" in the head, which filled him, and after "putting his boots" into him several times, he escaped, and after wandering some time in the woods, he succeeded in finding his way out, and reached his home at York's Corner, late Monday night, pretty well exhausted by his treatment and his travels. The above is all that the young man can tell about the matter. The men returned the wallet to Libby, but not his knife.

He says they were either "niggers," or white men disguised as such; he thinks the latter.

**THE TOPSHAM MURDER.**—The jury of inquest upon the body of Eliphaz Berry, who was murdered at Topsham on the 9th inst., brought in a verdict that the deceased came to his death by a wound inflicted by a knife or some sharp instrument in the hand of David Y. Dudley of Topsham.

Dudley was arraigned on Thursday before a justice and pleaded not guilty to the complaint but waived an examination. He was

committed to jail to await his trial which will take place in Bath at the April term of the Supreme Judicial Court.

Berry was about 35 years of age; he leaves a wife and three children. Dudley has a wife and two children and is represented as a hard working man, peaceable except when in liquor. He stated at the inquest, that he had a tussle with Berry about the demijohn, but could not tell who struck first.

**INJUNCTION ON THE SANFORD BANK.**—An injunction was placed upon the Sanford Bank on Thursday, on application of the Bank Commissioners, and there is no doubt the bank will be put into the hands of receivers. The name was originally the Mousam River Bank, but changed to Sanford by the Legislature. In the list of discarded banks both names are used, though there is but a single bank. The bills were selling in our streets yesterday at 50 cents on the dollar.

The Bank Commissioners examined the Bank the present week and immediately placed an injunction upon it. The assets of the Bank are thought sufficient to pay the bill-holders, and depositors. These amount to only about \$30,000, and the bank assets are nominally \$81,000. About \$40,000 of worthless paper has been discounted, and is now held by the Bank.

John Mitchell's new democratic paper, the Southern Citizen, at Knoxville, Tenn., makes the re-opening of the African slave trade its chief hobby, and openly declares itself for the sectionalism which its northern co-workers attempt to hide under the cloak of nationalism. In his last number Mitchell has an article on this subject, the following sentence of which contains the pith of the whole:—"For any rational man, living at the South, and having his lot cast there, to be sectional is no matter of choice, but of mere necessity—is not faction, but patriotism." [Chicago Journal.]

The contractor for building the new Jail, Mr. Webb, has the foundation nearly laid; and for some time has employed a large number of hands, in the various departments of his business. The work of laying the stone for the walls will soon be suspended, on account of approaching cold weather, but will be resumed in the spring.

Comfortable sheds have been built near the site of the jail for the accommodation of the stone dressers during the winter.

The county commissioners have many whippers for portions of the permanent loan which they will by and by order, for the payment of cost of building the jail; and they have offers of any accommodation they need in the way of temporary loans. [Ken. Jour.]

**OUR MILLS.**—Business is very sensibly affected by the stoppage of the looms and by short work in our manufacturing establishments. The Bagging Mill shut down altogether some weeks since. In the Hill Mill some of the looms are stopped, and the remainder are only run four days in the week. In both of the Bates Mills the wide sheeting looms are stopped. The remainder of the looms run four days in the week. This short work with a reduction of the pay, has induced many operatives to return to their homes. The agent of the Lincoln Mills has given their operatives notice that they intend to stop a week from Saturday. The Woolen Mill now runs four and a half days in the week. [Lewiston Falls Journal.]

**DROWNED.**—Joseph Hume, aged about 12, fell into the canal near the lock, at the east end of Kennebec Dam, on Sunday, and was drowned before assistance could be rendered.

[Maine Farmer.]

A public reception of Hon. Neal Dow took place at Portland on Thursday evening. The audience filled Lancaster Hall, and the occasion was one of much interest and enthusiasm. An elegant entertainment was provided, of which about 800 persons partook. Mr. Dow made a speech of about half an hour in length and was warmly applauded. Addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Bosworth, Shuller and Pratt, and by Hon. B. D. Peck and others.

**"YOU OWE US A LIVING."**—So say the hungry orators in the Park. "You owe us a living." Who owe it? Certainly not the city as a corporation. Certainly not the citizens as individuals. This idea that "the world owes me a living" is an atrocious fallacy, and has been the ruin of many a man. Ten thousand foreigners in this city have no claim upon us, more than upon any other city, and not so much as they have upon the lands that gave them birth. Their coming here does not impose on us the obligation to give them bread.

We shall see to it in common humanity, that no man perishes for lack of food. But charity is one thing and debt is another. Let us disabuse the common mind of this popular fallacy, that the world owes a man a living. A debt is incurred for services received, and no man has a right to say, "I will help myself to the property of another because the world owes me a living." [N. Y. Observer.]

We are glad to know that, by a bequest of the late Seth Grosvenor, Esq., of New York, Judge S. C. Fessenden of this city has met with a very pleasant little piece of good fortune in the form of a \$50,000 legacy.

[Rockland Gazette.]

**POWER OF WORK IN WOMEN AND MEN.**—Nothing is so hard to women as a long, steady struggle. In matters intellectual and moral, the long strain it is that beats them dead. Do not look for a Bacon, a Newton, a Handel, a Victoria Hugo. Some American ladies tell us education has stopped the growth of these. Not madames. These are not in nature. They can bubble letters in ten minutes that you could no more deliver to order in ten days than a river can play like a fountain. They can sparkle gems of stories; they can flash like diamonds of poems. The entire sex has never produced one opera, nor one epic that mankind could tolerate a minute; and why?—there come by long, high strung labor. But weak as they are in the long run of everything but the affections, (and there they are giants,) they are all overpowering while their gallant lasts. Fragella shall dance any two of you flat on the floor before four o'clock and then dance on till the peep of day. You trundle off to your business as usual, and could dance again the next night, and so through countless ages. She who dances you into nothing is in bed, a human jelly crowned with headache.

[White Lies, by Charles Reade.]

**LEATHER BITS.**—Now that winter is approaching, let our friends who would preserve their horses mouths in good condition, and not continually keep them sore by placing frosty bits in them, use a leather bit,—or an iron bit covered with leather. This may appear a trifling affair, but your horses will thank you for a little care in this respect. We used a leather bit all last winter, and indeed have not removed it this summer. A horse with a sore mouth in winter is bridled with a good deal of difficulty. [Brunswick Tel.]

The Montreal folks, in their loyalty, have banished Harper's Magazine from their reading room, because it called Queen Victoria a "snob."



