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THE KING'S MESSENGER.

Jeffrey Hayes was a person of considerable importance in his little neighborhood, for not only was he the champion of every malcontent who braved a quarrel, and resolved to fight it out with the offender, but he had the first and surest news in days when armed men did the work now performed by rail and telegraph, and when gossip, bursting with impetuosity, rushed to the blacksmith's forge to hear from his lips the latest report left behind by some galloping rider, who had been detained while his horse was being shod.

Jeffrey did not fail to make the most of such opportunities; and at a time when insurrection had disturbed a portion of the king's dominions, he was in the height of village popularity, dispensing news and leading politics, and enjoying the well-earned distinction of being known as the best craftsman of his kind, and the most loyal Tory on the great London road.

One dark evening, as usual, the bright fire from the smithy of Jeffrey Hayes shined its ruddy glow across the highway; the sound of labor had ceased, and several idle villagers were lounging round their oracle until he should think proper to put out his fire, and adjourn with them to the nearest ale house. The smith himself, with broad shoulders and muscular arms, was flourishing his great hammer to the eager narrative of an angry youth who was telling of an insult he wished to avenge, and was enlisting the pugnacious sympathies of his athletic friend, who praised his courage and promised all honored assistance on the occasion.

'Ay, I was sure you would stand by me and see justice done,' said the obliged challenger.

'That will I,' said Hayes, warmly, and with various oaths. 'Fix the time and place, I will be there to the minute, if the high sheriff himself, on his Majesty's errand, brought his horse to be shod as no one but Jeffrey Hayes can do it. I'm not the man as you all know, to desert a friend in need, nor keep out of the way when blows are going. But hark! here comes a horseman, and I hear by the footfall there's work to be done yet. Stand by, my lads, and let the gentleman ride straight in.'

In a few seconds more a horseman rode up and asked if a lost shoe could be replaced at once.

'Just in time, sir,' said Jeffrey, stepping forward and lifting the hoof, while the rider dismounted, and leaning against the door-post surveyed by firelight the several persons in the shed.

'You have ridden far and hard, sir,' remarked the smith, as he proceeded to work. 'Yes; and must further still before I rest,' replied the stranger.

'Important business on hand, I suppose, sir?' said Jeffrey.

'Very; I am the King's messenger, and must not loiter by the way.'

If a hammer could speak, that of Jeffrey Hayes would have borne witness to the right royal grasp of its master's powerful hand, as he swung it with increased vehemence and precision on hearing this intelligence.

'Good news at court, I hope sir,' said he pompously.

'The very best. A free pardon for all the rebels.'

'A free pardon!' exclaimed all at once. What, after all they have done?

'Free, unconditional pardon,' repeated the traveller, 'except it be considered a condition that they accept it.'

'They can't, surely, but do that,' exclaimed Jeffrey; 'the very thought of such clemency ought to make them lay down their arms, and be as subjects all the rest of their lives.'

'Yet, strange to say, the fact though quite certain, does not do it.'

'What, are they going on in rebellion in the face of pardon, and with no hope, neither, of success to their cause at last?'

'Even so, excepting here and there one who sees things in a better light.'

'Well, then, they deserve execution; and why should not justice take its course?' said the blacksmith fiercely. 'My opinion is that it's possible to be too lenient, and loyal men look to governments to do their duty without fear or favor.'

'You would have me believe that you are not a rebel yourself, friend, said the stranger. 'I? Yes, I would like to see the man who dares call me a rebel, and mingling his speech with many terrible oaths; he should know something of this arm. And down came the hammer upon the anvil with a blow that made the roof ring again.'

'Then that dare I, said the traveller boldly, and your own lips have condemned you. 'You had better mount and begone,' whispered a villager, at the sight of Jeffrey's face like a thunder-cloud, as he slowly lifted himself from bending over the horse's hoof, and fixed a flashing eye on the stranger's face, who nevertheless stood unmoved and undismayed, adding deliberately:

'Then shall not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain,' so runs the holy law, and I call you to witness that no loyal man trifles with or profanes the name of the prince he loves and serves. How say, my friends, is it not rebellion against God, wilfully and continually to break and despise his law?'

'There was no answer, and Jeffrey was busy with his shoe again.'

'But, continued the stranger, 'I told you I am the King's messenger, bearing unconditional pardon to all who accept it. All have sinned, all are rebels; but God, who is rich in mercy, so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. Is it not enough to silence the blasphemous tongue, and make him reverence the God who loves like this? Will you accept the free pardon and set out on your own views of its consequences, my honest friend?'

'Why ask you me? there are others here who need it fully as much,' said the smith in a surly tone.

'I do say it to all. 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' I have no reserves on my list, and according to my royal Master's will I repeat his own proclamation to every sinner.—He that believeth on him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation.'

'I thought you were on an errand from the real court, and not making up a tale to preach to us,' said Hayes, with remaining displeasure. 'It is no made-up tale, it is solemn truth, as you will one day prove; and I beseech you, as though God himself besought you by me, receive his offers of pardon and grace and be reconciled to him. No man who is reconciled to God talks as you talk. Of your deeds and ways I know nothing, but your own conscience will tell you whether you live and speak and act like a follower of the gentle, loving Savior.'

'Your horse is shod, sir.'

'I thank you heartily for your good speed and good work,' said the stranger, placing the changes in the hand of the smith, 'and I pray that by the grace of God your feet may soon be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace. You carry on more than your mere trade in this workshop, friend; see to it that

the record be written by him who keeps a book of remembrance of them that fear the Lord and think upon his name. What a messenger you might be of love and mercy from the Prince of peace to those who come to talk with you here!'

'They would not come for a sermon, I reckon,' said Jeffrey, attempting to laugh as he looked round.

'Try it; and the next piece of iron you mould by yonder fire, like it in your mind to a hard human heart, cast under the softening influence of Divine love, and reshaped by the omnipotent Creator for holy and happy uses. Good night, friends all, and the Lord be with you.'

'Stop, sir,' said the smith, stepping after the traveller, and laying his hand on the bride. 'Who are you that talks to Jeffrey Hayes in this uncommon way?'

'One who had a message from God unto you, and has delivered it, replied the stranger, as he rode quickly away, leaving the smith gazing after him into the darkness, until the sound of his steps had died away, on the soft night air.'

About half an hour afterwards as Mary Hayes sat knitting by her cottage fire, she was surprised by the arrival of her husband full two hours before his usual time; and being a person of good sense she uttered no comment, but set his chair, and while he washed away the marks of his daily toil, prepared supper, and brought a small jug of ale, as naturally as if it was his custom to drink it quietly in her company at home. Hayes did not seem to have much appetite, nor was he disposed to be very communicative, but after looking at the fire some time he suddenly spoke.

'Mary,' said he, 'have we got a Bible?'

'A Bible! O, yes! don't you remember the big book that Mistress gave me when we were married?'

'Ah, to be sure! Got it, will you. I want to find something in it.'

But leaf after leaf was turned over in vain; the Bible to Jeffrey Hayes was like a foreign land, to one ignorant of geography.

'I can't,' said he, 'can you Mary? Something about feet shod with the Gospel of Peace.'

Alas! Mary was not much better informed than her husband, until she remembered that there was a passage about armor, in one of the Epistles, whereupon, with her knitting needle to guide before her eyes down the pages, verse by verse, she finally settled it triumphantly upon the 15th verse of the last chapter in the Epistle to the Ephesians.

'That's it!' said her husband, gratified at the discovery; and having read the verse, he read the chapter and afterwards the Epistle too.

'Mary,' said he again, after another reverie, 'there's to be a fight between Young Moss of the dell and Will Crofts of our village.'

'A fight!' exclaimed Mary, for such an announcement was the farthest from her busy thoughts at that moment; 'and are you to be in the thick of it as usual?'

'I promised to be with them, and see fair play, and I must keep my word.'

'Then what have you to do with the Bible and the gospel of peace?' asked Mary quickly.

'I want to see if we can't have fair play and yet no fighting,' said Hayes thoughtfully, 'and I shall search here for a way till I find one.'

Mary marvelled greatly as her husband came regularly home every evening to pursue that search, and she remarked how much fewer were the profane or angry expressions which now mingled with his conversation.

The day fixed for the fight at last arrived, and Jeffrey Hayes, standing between the waiting combatants, and surrounded by an eager ring of village gazers, took a hand of each.

'Well,' said he, looking from one to the other, 'which of you is the most like Cain? which is prepared to show himself a murderer?'

The young men surprised and sullen, sought to withdraw their hands from the blacksmith's grasp.

'Look you, my friends,' said he, 'I promised to come here to see fair play, and as I helped on the quarrel in the beginning, it is fit I should see the end of it. I tell you both that fair play is to forgive one another, and the bravest of you is he who dares to forgive first. Come down, now, and talk it over with me at the forge, and I'll prove to you that this is the right way of thinking. Good-morrow, friends; there will be no fighting here to-day, I promise you.'

'You are making fools of us, smith,' said one of the youths, angrily.

'No, no, you did that for yourselves when you quarrelled about nothing, and I want to see you wise men again.'

'What a queer end to a fight!' exclaimed the disappointed villagers, as Jeffrey Hayes marched triumphantly off the ground, with a stout, sheepish-looking youth on either side.

'Only to think of great Jeffrey Hayes turning peace-maker; it's as good as a fight to see it, so we haven't altogether lost our time.'

Some four or five years afterwards a passing visitor at the Hall walked through that village with the aquire. The evening was drawing on, and the blacksmith's forge was becoming conspicuous in the deepening twilight.

'You must look in here a moment before we return,' said the squire, 'for I am proud of our village smith—he is a tamed lion; once the most fiery, quarrelsome fellow in the country, and a violent politician, too, with a frame strong enough to enforce any argument and carry any bad majority; but now the quietest, soberest, and most Christian man I know of.'

Here they reached the forge, and were respectfully received by Jeffrey Hayes.

'My friend,' says the visitor, after looking at him for a few moments, as if endeavoring to recall some of the recollections of the past, 'if I mistake not, you once shod a horse on a dark winter evening, and I—'

'Sir, if I mistake not,' said Jeffrey, with a glow of pleasure on his face, after an equally searching look at the stranger's countenance, and an attentive ear to his voice, 'if I mistake not, you are the King's messenger, who bore the pardon for guilty rebels on that night. It was a word in season, sir, and I have proved how good it was. It led me to turn from darkness to light, and changed the village firebrand into a meeker, happier man. And now, by God's mercy, the rebel blacksmith seeks to be a King's messenger himself.'

DULL TOOLS.—Frank, says one student to another, whom he caught availing a scythe most lustily in a field of stout herds-grass, 'What makes you work for a living? A fellow

with your talent and ability should not be caught engaged in manual labor. I mean to get my living by my wits.' Well, Bill, you can work with duller tools than I can!'

[From the National Era.]

THE WIFE'S MISTAKE.

The carriage stopped at the door, and, in a few minutes, Margaret Hale entered the apartment where her husband sat, wholly absorbed in poring over day-books and ledgers.

'Those tiresome accounts still,' she exclaimed. 'Will you never find time for anything but business, Ralph? Have you no taste for anything beyond figures?'

'Margaret! but the sadness in the tone was unheeded, as she continued—'

'We had such a charming evening at Mrs. C's. Capt. Hill related many interesting incidents of his residence in Egypt, and Mr. Warren, the famous young poet, read "Maud," and some of the most beautiful passages in "Aurora Leigh." I must read to you some of Romney's Great Thoughts on Duty.'

She went hastily to her chamber for the volume. When she returned, her quiet entrance was unheeded by her husband, whose pen was rapidly moving along the almost interminable columns of figures. With an expression of impatience, almost of scorn, resting on her face, she hastily turned away.

'And this is the end of all my dreams of marriage,' said she, as she reached her room. 'He has a taste for drudgery. His pursuits and tastes are all commonplace, and I must go from home to find the sympathy I need, to find those who will appreciate, with me, the books I love, and the beautiful in art, for which he has neither eye nor ear. Why did he not marry a woman who had neither heart nor mind to be continually unsatisfied?'

In the room she had left, Ralph Hale sat, hour after hour, till his brain was weary and his eyelids drooped. Then laying aside his books, he remained a long time in deep thought.

'God bless my Margaret,' he prayed, 'and give me strength to bear all things. Give me power to make her happy.'

Putting far away all thoughts of her husband's real nobility of character, jealously preserving the memory of every slight difference in their tastes and pursuits, Margaret cherished the spirit of discontent, till it embittered every hour of her life, and sent suffering she never dreamed of, to the heart of her husband, who would gladly have sacrificed every earthly good for her happiness.

A sudden and severe illness came to her, while Ralph was in a distant city. One day during her slow recovery, the aged minister who had baptized her in infancy, was sitting by her side.

'Margaret,' he said, after steadily watching her troubled face, 'you are very unhappy. I have seen it a long time. I should not recognize in you my once cheerful happy child. May I not know what great sorrow has come to you?'

Then, with sobs and tears she told him all her unhappiness.

After a short silence, the old man spoke again; and there was sadness, almost sternness in his voice. 'Years ago, Margaret, a wealthy New York merchant, became involved in a speculation, whose failure suddenly took from him the accumulated wealth of his years of commercial enterprise. There were a few years of weary vain struggling to regain what he had lost; then deep despondency, a lingering disease, and death. His wife and four children were left penniless. The eldest child, a boy of sixteen, had finished his preparatory studies, and was about to enter college. By this stroke, he found his prospects for the future clouded; but with a noble self-forgetfulness he turned cheerfully into the way fate had marked out for him, and walked resolutely in it.'

He obtained a situation with a merchant, who had known his father, where his faithful and untiring devotion to his duties, won the confidence of all who knew him. During the first years of her widowhood, his mother had taught a private school for young ladies; and it was the boy's highest ambition to relieve her of this necessity, and give her the rest her feeble health required. I cannot tell you all his privations, his willing sacrifice of every recreation, his continued self-denial, that he might lighten the burden of those so dear to him.'

Year after year, success crowned his efforts. In the village where his mother had passed the years of her childhood and the first years of her married life, he purchased a pleasant residence for her, and then, a lucrative business being opened to him in the West he came here.

At the time of his arrival here, accident revealed to him the fact that the widow and invalid daughter of one whose fortune was, by his father's advice, risked in that unfortunate speculation which had so changed his own life, were living in extreme poverty. To him they are indebted for the pleasant home that now shelters them, and for the delicate, thoughtful ministrations to their daily comfort.

Now, when the commercial world is clouded, and disasters crowd thick and fast upon him, as upon others, his anxious thoughts turn to the mother and suffering sister, in the little village home, whose comfort depends upon him, to the other lonely fireside, to which his constant thoughtfulness imparts its only light, and to his own home, and the young wife whose happiness is dearer to him than life.

For this, Margaret, Ralph Hale gives his days to incessant toil, and willingly sacrifices the social pleasures he is so eminently fitted to enjoy.

I have been in these three homes. With a love that is almost revered, his mother and sister speak his name, and with full hearts thank God for his life—that life so filled with the beauty of self-renunciation. The widow and daughter whose hearts he has made glad, tell of his numberless acts of kindness, of his delicate and unceasing watchfulness, and daily they ask God's blessing on him whose life is a blessing to others.

In his own home, the wife whose love should bless him, whose gentle ministry should comfort and strengthen him, turns coldly from him, because he prefers the happiness of others to his own gratification, because the pressing duties of life claim all his waking hours, leaving him little leisure time for the claims of society, or for the high intellectual culture which few attain whose lives are not wholly devoted to it.'

Oh, Ralph, I have never known you! I have so cruelly misjudged you,' said the weeping wife.

The old man continued: 'Some men talk poetry, some write it in words, and some write it in their lives. The true heroism which poets have sung, the beauty of self-abnegation and of ceaseless devotion to duty, which have been their inspiration, Ralph Hale has lived. The woman who has won the deepest love of such a heart should reverently and gratefully cherish it, as the richest blessing of her life.'

In the twilight of that day, Margaret was awaiting her husband's return. Amid the bitter self-reproachings that darkened the hour, gleamed a new and holy light. Higher purposes were aroused within her. In the future she would make divinely real in her life the beautiful ideals which had filled her heart with unsatisfied longings. She, too, would live for others, and first of all for him whom she had so misunderstood.

A hurried step in the entrance-hall, then on the stairs, and the next moment she was clasped in her husband's arms.

'You have been very ill, said a voice, faltering with emotion, 'but thank God, you are safe now, my Margaret!'

'Oh, yes, I am safe indeed now,' said Margaret's heart.

In that hour, all was clear between them. With new resolves for the future, with deeper love for each other, and a prayer for strength, another page of life was turned for them.

Years afterwards, Margaret, a proud and happy wife, wrote: 'I cannot tell you all he has been to me—my guide when I was ignorant, my strength when I faltered, my best earthly friend always. What do I not owe you for revealing the mistake which had almost wrecked the happiness of both!'

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

There are scores of husbands who might profit by this little story; our lady readers know who they are, and will commend it to them:—

'What is it, my love! can't I get it for you? said the silvery voice of a young bride; and she jumped up from her seat and stood with foot all ready to spring up stairs, or down stairs, the instant the word was given.

The husband, a large, strong, handsome young man, who had been looking about as if in search of something, said pleasantly: 'I've lost my gloves; but you keep your seat, little wife; I can find them myself!'

'No, no, let me get them; and with eager haste the fair bride rushed up to her chamber, where she remembered to have seen a pair of gloves, upon a table.

'Thank you, my love,' said the husband, as he received the gloves from the hand of his wife. Then he stooped to pick up his slippers, which he was going to put in the closet.

'I'll put them away, Justin,' said the wife, taking the slippers from him.

'Now let me tie your comforter for you, and O, my! how mused up your hair is—do let me give it another brush!'

So she tied the comforter and brushed up the hair, and the hat also, of the man who had until marriage always been accustomed to do all such things for himself; and then with a loving embrace they parted for the day. At eve, when Justin returned, chair and slippers, papers, books and wrapper, were all awaiting him, and Mary stood ready to aid her husband in getting out of his cold things into his warm ones. Everything that she could possibly do for him she did—if she did not breathe for him it was only because she was not able to do so. He couldn't lift his hand towards anything, or look around the room, but what she asked—

'What is it, my dear; can't I get it for you? This habit made things so very easy to Justin that he soon refrained from saying "Don't disturb yourself, my dear; I can wait upon myself better than you can wait upon me." The fact was he couldn't—and it did not take him long to find it out.

The less a man has been waited upon before marriage, the better it will seem to him to be much waited upon afterwards—after the first feeling of shame at seeing his pretty wife flying about the house for him while he keeps his sitting, has been mastered.

Six weeks suffice to educate a man in the art of being waited upon; when all the days of his life, he could never have dreamed of such a state of things, had it not been for his teacher's efforts.

Twelve years from the time of the foregoing scene, we give one more look at the home affairs of Justin and Mary.

Can that follow-cheeked woman, with the sallow skin, be our former loving acquaintance? Ought twelve short years to make such a havoc with one not yet at life's meridian? But it is Mary—we know her by her soft, sweet smile; that is the same; though cheek and eye, and form, and hair are all changed, as if age had touched them—yet no—even the smile is changed; its brightness is dimmed—there is not the former touch of heart's ease in it, yet it is just as loving and pleasant as ever.

There are children romping about the room—seven, eight children! O, mortality! eight children, under twelve years old—no wonder that mother's face is hollow and care worn.

If we list a few minutes, we shall find that a variety of dispositions are here represented. The combative element predominates in one small individual; explorative and venturesome in a second and third; and musical in a fourth; the mirthful in a fifth; and alimative in a sixth; the seventh and eighth are twins and infants; while the active temperament distinguishes them all to such a degree that it would take a New York police force to keep them still for a single half hour. The mother long since gave over the vain attempt; and in patient submission to an inevitable necessity sits sewing and rocking the twins, (who bravely sleep on undisturbed,) while the troop of young angels go under the tables and over chairs, into closets, and out of shoes and stockings; under her garments, playing 'hide and coop,' and over her back, (lucky if it isn't her head,) playing 'tag.'

She bestows no reproof as long as kindness and harmony prevail, reserving all such discipline till contentious rise.

In the midst of 'puss in the corner,' 'father' comes in.

'Hush your outrageous noise, you young savages,' he says, not feeling so cross as the words sound.

The children cease off a little.

Father throws himself on the sofa, and looks towards 'mother.'

His eyes are as light as ever; and his form almost as straight and well made, is now more robust than it was when he was a bridegroom. The hue of high health overpreads his features; and not a line of care has time's sharp finger scored upon his brow. Altogether he is a handsomer man than he was twelve years ago.

'Will you have a pillow, dear?' asked Mary, seeing her husband's eyes fixed on her.

'Yes!' and she laid down her work and crossed the room to the bed-room, which opened out of it. Returning with a pillow, she placed it under Justin's curly head.

'I guess I'll have something over me,' he said. So she went again to the bed-room, and brought a blanket. She had covered him up snugly, when he said:

'Now get me a drink of water.'

He had just come from down stairs where the water was, but his wife did not tell him that; she would have sent one of the children down for a glass, but as usual when you want them, there was no longer one to be seen. They had scampered off on seeing their father taking a nap.

Well, as there were no children to go for the water, Mrs. Wear went herself and brought it. When Justin had taken it, she re-tucked him and kissed him, and then returned to the cradle. But now the twins left so long unrocked, awoke and began to cry.

'Dear me, now you're going to have those young ones up to help a fellow's nap, are you? Why couldn't you have kept them asleep a little longer, Mary?'

'Perhaps they'll get quiet again,' was her reply; and at last she managed to hush them.

'I must have my wants attended to first,' said Wear, one morning at ten minutes to nine o'clock. The children were clamoring to be got ready for school. Mother has been distracted with a headache all the morning, and that had seemed to make everything go wrong and behindhand.

'Wait children, till I help father,' said the poor mother who could just step without staggering.

'Help me on with my coat, my dear, and then get me a clean handkerchief, and a tie and a new ribbon into this watch; I want a bundle of those bills up stairs—and I am in a great hurry this morning; do be quick, wife.'

Wife, poor distracted looking creature, was as quick as she could be; and at last the husband and the children were got off, and she, with her almost bursting head, set about clearing the breakfast table and doing up the morning's work.

They kept no servant—they could not afford to hire a girl to do the house work; it took all the spare cash to pay the wages of Mr. Wear's clerks.

We will not follow the languid, forced motions of that over-wearied woman, nor speak further of her pain; we will not blame her for having taught her husband to be a burden which helped to crush out her life, though just as easily she might have taught him to place his sturdy shoulder beneath every burden that life had bound or should bind for her, for he had a kind heart, though a blindly thoughtless one; and he truly loved his Mary, though of late years he had wondered and fretted a great deal, (secretly of course, for he wished not to hurt her feelings,) because she no longer looked the peer of young, blooming girls, when he had said to himself more than forty times, 'what a pity it is that beautiful woman will fade so soon—why can't they hold their own as well as men; they are weak creatures that's a fact'; as if his wife had not borne hardship enough, both of body and mind, to annihilate the strength, beauty, courage, and common sense of a dozen men, though every one of them had been, in the beginning, as robust as he. We will leave what has been told, a warning to those who come after, and only say that after one more year of trial, the grave closed over Mary, and her long suffering heart at last found rest.

Then, indeed, when Justin sat down alone in the house which seemed now so emptied of all that made home; when he brooded over the loss which darkened even life itself; which took the warmth out of the years, and left him to go struggling through life like one smitten at noon with total blindness, he began to remember how his poor Mary's life had been worn out for him, and in remorse and bitterness he bewailed the sacrifice. And there is no doubt that Mary's successor will be the gainer by those hours of retrospection and remorse.

PARTON'S LIFE OF AARON BURR.—The New York Independent has a sensible article on the life of Aaron Burr, recently published, from which we take the subjoined extract.

Our readers can see—though we fear Mr. Parton will be unable to see—why we regard the recent life of Aaron Burr, with unmingled disapprobation. The book is an attempt to efface the stigma with which the memory of the worst man in our country's history (though perhaps not the most mischievous) has been justly branded. Burr's infamy is the good which the Divine nemesis that followed him is bringing out of the great evil of his life and example. That man, born of easily parents, guarded and stimulated by the memory of an ancestry illustrious for goodness, consecrated to God by the breath of loving lips that kissed his infant brow and then were silent forever, nurtured under the strict moralities of a Christian household, endowed with gifts of nature and of education for the most eminent usefulness in the service of his country and of God,—deliberately threw off the restraints of principle and of conscience, rejected the fear of God, laid the reins upon the neck of selfish and impure desire, yielded himself to licentiousness and to unscrupulous ambition, and followed through life, without one sign of remorse or of inward grieving, his own devices and desires. If we did not believe that God is angry with the wicked every day, we might learn the awful lesson from the history of that bad man. The faith that was in his mother Esther Edwards, and in his grandmother Sarah Pierpont, he expelled from his mind. The illustrious examples of his father, President Burr, and of his grandfather, President Edwards, whose greatness was so adorned by their purity and piety, were scorned by him. Those holy scriptures which he had known from a child, and which were able to make him wise to salvation, were not permitted to become the guide of his life. Rejecting the Gospel of Christ he embraced the Gospel of Chesterfield, the Gospel of Voltaire, the Gospel of all licentiousness and godlessness. And what a life was his! The God who would have led him in the right way, permitted him to walk in his own way. He had success, ad-

miration, pleasures, riches, honor, power.—Yet how does the story of his life illustrate the wretchedness of his choice and such a course as his! A finished profligate—a murderer—he becomes the abhorrence of all good men. He becomes like Cain a fugitive and a vagabond, fleeing alike from public detestation and public justice. At last he returns to his country, and finds safety in his insignificance. He lives through a dishonored and miserable old age, a reprobate to the last. He dies and makes no sign of penitence, of relenting or of shame. The infamy piled on the grave of such a man is a public good.

Mr. P. has undertaken the task of removing from the grave of Aaron Burr that retributive and monitory infamy. He cannot deny if he would, the facts of that man's career, therefore he attempts to palliate them and to make them seem amiable and honorable. Therefore his book is a bad book. We do not say that it is a dull book. It is all the worse for not being dull. We abide by our deliberate censure; it is a bad book—thoroughly bad. It is an apology for Burr, not by denying his vices and his crimes, but by the far more subtle and mischievous method of leading the incautious reader to feel that, after all, wickedness, even such as that of Aaron Burr, is not so bad as vulgar prejudices represent it. Just this is what we mean by saying that it is not so much a defence of Burr as it is a defence of wickedness itself.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, . . . APR. 22, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PITTERS & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

J. B. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Bechler's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

J. B. NILES & Co., No. 36 Kilby street, Boston, are authorized to receive advertisements for the Mail, on the same terms as the above named agents.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

Removal.

The office of the Eastern Mail is removed to Frye's new building, first door North of J. P. & W. A. Caffrey, and over the grocery and provision store of Stephen Frye.

May Day—Levee.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

It may be already known by our village readers, that several benevolent women connected with all the different religious societies in this place, will hold a Levee, in the Town Hall, on the first day of May next. As their object is a benevolent one, interfering with no person's idea of justice, but commending itself to every individual's noble feelings, namely, to aid in purchasing the freedom of a young woman, and so completing the emancipation of an interesting family from slavery—we doubt not that their efforts will be generally and generously rewarded. Let them have a full house and liberal patronage throughout the day and evening, and thus the first day of May will be finely celebrated and honored.

CITIZENS' MEETING.—The adjourned meeting takes place at Town Hall on Saturday evening. The last meeting was well attended; and though the committee appointed for the purpose has not been able to ascertain the prices of each of the several interests in the water-power, their statements made through Mr. Doolittle were interesting and encouraging. The meeting was further addressed by Daniel Moor, J. Arnold, J. R. Elden, Jos. Percival, and others; the general tone of all indicating confidence in the practicability of bringing some useful enterprise out of the present movement. The committee expect to make a definite and full report on Saturday evening.

W. WATERVILLE.—We hear of vigorous business movements at the west village. The extensive manufacturing facilities in which the place abounds are to be turned to immediate account—standing upon a basis that leaves little room for failure. No place in this vicinity holds out better invitations to enterprising men. In addition to its almost unequalled water power and privileges, the village possesses rural beauties and facilities rarely found. With its own population it has all the business energy, skill, enterprise and industry requisite for a flourishing manufacturing village. Any large and bold enterprise, beyond the present capital and means of the place, may rely upon the sympathy and co-operation of the entire vicinity, without the settled divisions and prejudices that characterize older places; and we know of no New England village, of equal pretensions, that more winningly invites enterprise and capital from abroad.

HOW WE DO IT.—Those who would have early tomatoes, and other garden vegetables, for transplanting, will find a very cheap and convenient process in taking strips of thick brown paper, pasting the ends, and forming little pots two inches across and two or three deep, without bottoms—like slips of birch bark. Set any number of these on a board, close together, and fill with fine earth. Plant 2 or 3 seeds in each, and set in a sunny place, watering at suitable times. When it is time to transfer to the garden, set each into the ground without disturbing the paper or the roots. The convenience of this plan is readily seen. Any little girl may prepare hundreds in a day. We have tried them with success. They are adapted to squashes and other vines, celery, cauliflower, peppers, cabbages, and even to many articles that do not bear transplanting in the usual way.

MORE BIG EGGS.—Mrs. Samuel Runkle, well known at our fair for her fine poultry, sends us a pair of eggs suitable for a family breakfast. Her hens are doing their part to bring about the custom of setting eggs by the pound. Without this change they must do a losing business.

Snow Storm.—During Tuesday night and Wednesday forenoon snow fell at Waterville over six inches deep, though it was thawing most of the time. Today it is nearly all gone, and the weather is warm and sunny.

PERIODICALS, &c.—We call attention to the advertisement of our young friend Evans, at Kendall's Mills, and take pleasure in commending both him and his enterprise as worthy of patronage.

Miss E. E. Gibson, whose late lectures at Town Hall attracted full houses, will lecture again on Friday evening, at the same place.

We have now in our employ, a man whose wife is second cousin to the present king of Prussia. Can any other office in the State boast of such distinguished honor?

[Irish Standard.]

Sartin—we have a first cousin of our own, who is himself an honest man, and not one drop of royal blood ever disgraced his ancestors—this side of Adam. Now brag of your wife's relations, will ye!

Do not overlook the reading on our fourth page this week.

FLORAL.—A beautiful bunch of flowers, from the conservatory of Mrs. J. S. Craig, saves us the trouble of going May-ing in April. They are double and single cactus flowers, and their exceeding delicacy and beauty must well reward the care bestowed upon them. Mrs. Craig had more than usual success in cultivating these and other choice flowering plants.

OUR TABLE.

LIFE THOUGHTS. Gathered from the Extremities of Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher, by one of his Congregation. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. We recently announced that this work was about to be issued, and gave some specimens of its contents. It makes a handsome volume of 300 pages, and is filled with the gathered gems of one of our most vigorous thinkers and eloquent and effective preachers. Of course this 'broken gold' will be eagerly sought for, and the work will find a ready sale. It can be found at C. K. Mathews's, Waterville.

Mrs. STEPHENS'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY for May is a beautiful and attractive number. 'The Crimson Lily,' by Frank Lee Benedict, is continued, and so is Mrs. Stephens's novelette, 'Barbara Stafford.' It is not necessary to enumerate the other articles, of which there is a great variety, but they will all be found excellent, and the illustrations are truly elegant. Persons of the most refined taste will not fail to be pleased with this unique work. Published at 133 Nassau street, New York, at \$2 a year. Edward Stephens, publishing agent.

GLEANER'S MAGAZINE for May is brimful of good reading—that which will please full grown men as well as the ladies. Leland's special department abounds in ribticklers and quaint conceits. The engravings—including a beautifully colored fashion plate—are very good; and the ladies will find a new era explained and illustrated, from which they will derive much pleasure. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The steel engraving in the May number—'Kathleen'—is a gem, the fashion plate is beautifully colored, and the numerous other engravings, patterns and designs, will be prized by the ladies. Under the charge of T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend, the literary portion of the work, as a matter of course, is of great purity and excellence. Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—A beautiful colored frontispiece now graces each number of this unique monthly. The one for May is entitled 'The Gipsy Campment,' and illustrates the story of 'Myra, the Gipsy Prophetess,' commenced in this number. 'My Trip to Australia' is full of graphic scenes and stirring incidents; 'Vere Egerton' is continued; 'A Day and Night with a Tiger,' 'The Mysterious Box,' 'The Flowers of Spring,' 'The Treasure Seeker,' 'Jada and the Javanese,' 'A Chapter of Natural History,' 'Gold, Silver, and Lead,' 'A Chronicle of St. Patrick,' 'Robert Burns,' 'The Pilgrims of Nonneheim, &c. &c.,' will all be found curious and interesting, and the most of these articles are profusely illustrated. The Department of Fashion—quite a magazine of itself—is elegant, full and complete. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

THE CROPS AND THE PROSPECT.—There is light ahead. All accounts from the West—the great granary of the country, if not of the world—represent the prospect for the coming crops as in all respects cheering—and not merely cheering, but surpassing anything heretofore known. At the East, in addition to an early spring, we have evidences of improvement in all branches of business, and indications that the country will speedily outgrow the financial disasters of the past year. Manufacturers are renewing their energies, and labor is in increasing demand. The whole world has taken lessons in humanity and economy, and everything indicates increased enterprise upon an improved basis. All these things are not realized today, but cheerful hope and sound philosophy bring them 'nigh, even at the door.' The world has not forgotten the idea of progress, nor is the great globe destined to stand still. Men will yet get rich, and labor again secure bread; and pomp and fashion continue to swell and play the fool. Those who have thought otherwise are destined to disappointment. Neither the millennium, or the 'end of all things,' are yet here; though if 'at the door' eighteen hundred years ago, they may now be knocking, to gain admittance eighteen hundred years hence. This is too long measure for humbler three-score-and-ten; and we advise all men to turn to the good old promise of 'seed time and harvest,' and will even add our endorsement, that they shall reap if they faint not. Let the long faces be shortened, and every sighing breath be turned to the tangible employment of 'cooling porridge.' The effort may be painful, but the reward will be bread and meat. Our word for all this—provided as the lawyers say, that you stop grunting and cheer up!

Snow fell in Portland only an inch and a half in depth, on Tuesday night.

Rev. J. C. Fletcher, author of a work on Brazil and the Brazilians, and who was stationed at Rio for some years as resident chaplain of the Seamen's Friends Society, preached in aid of this society at the Congregational and Baptist Churches, last Sabbath. A collection was taken at both houses sufficient to constitute each of the pastors life members. On Sabbath evening he lectured to a large audience at the Baptist house, on the Bible in Brazil; and on Monday evening at the Congregational house, on the political and social institutions of that country. He is a pleasant, off-hand speaker, and his lectures were highly interesting.

LAWS OF 1857-8.—We this week send out an extra sheet, containing the laws passed at the recent session of the Legislature.

Several cases of small pox are reported at Gardiner.

New Triumphs in Missouri.—Boonville and Kansas City, Mo., have followed the lead of St. Louis and Jefferson City in electing free state mayors. Mr. J. Payne, a Douglas Democrat and an outspoken emancipationist, is the mayor elect of Kansas City, and Mr. McDermott, a Benton Democrat and a free state man, is the mayor elect of Boonville. These triumphs in the strongholds of pro-slavery are more remarkable than that at St. Louis, where the free state sentiment was known to prevail, and more significant of the rapid and beneficent change that is going on in Missouri. That state is preparing to place itself among the great and thriving free states of the West. Let it not be forgotten that the only organized opposition to a result every way to be desired arises from the party falsely calling itself democratic—a democracy that would exclude free white laborers from the States and territories that nigger-driving may be profitable.

Fatal Accident.—Mr. Hiram Rollins, of Gardiner, was so badly injured while at work with a circular saw, in the steam mill of Messrs. Berry & Milliken, in Pittston, on Monday last, that he lived but a few hours after the accident occurred. He leaves a family in indigent circumstances, who are entitled to sympathy and material aid. We trust those who have the ability will not be wanting in the disposition to render the afflicted family the assistance they may need. [Gardiner Journal.]

THE LIFE-BOAT.

A COLD-WATER SONG.

When though the torn garb of the wild tempest was streaming—
O'er the waves of 'blue rain' red lightning was gleaming—
Scarcely hope lent a ray the poor drunkard to cherish—
'Humanity's cry was, 'Oh help, least he perish!'

First TEMPERANCE extended his hand for protection—
But gently—as if to be done on reflection—
Not to 'plunge as a brand from the burning'—but taken
With care—lest the system should be shaken.

Bold ABSTINENCE next, with a zeal more engaging,
His war with the elements manfully waging.
Was seen to reach forth, 'mid the waves' wild commotion,
A plank, that seem'd firmly to ride the old ocean.

But not till the Life-Boat 'RESCUE TOTAL,' appearing,
Hove round through the breakers triumphantly steering,
Came full to the rescue, was safely ensnared,
'Drowning honor' sunk 'up,' and the lost one secured.

Then hail to the Life-Boat! salvation extending—
The poor making rich, and the friendless befriending;
And success to the element—thus far that brought her
On her voyage of benevolence—real cold water!

POPULAR FEELING IN KANSAS.—A letter from Wyandott, Kansas, says:

"Many men mistake the true issue in Kansas, and suppose it to be negro slavery. This, sir, is not the question in Kansas. No man in Kansas looks upon that question as a living issue at this day. The issue is that of free government for white men. Shall the people rule, or shall an unscrupulous minority, that have by fraud and corruption usurped all the powers of government, and held by a corrupt use of their authority, in overthrowing the will of the people; not so much by violence as by deliberately forging election returns, and sustaining those frauds by the connivance of election officers whose duty it should be to ferret out, expose and condemn the act? The question of slavery, like all others, will be settled by the will of the people, when legitimately and fairly expressed; and as an evidence that it is held to be a question of very subordinate importance now, I have only to say that the bulk of those who own any considerable number of slaves in Kansas are to day in the ranks of the people, fighting for the great principle of popular government, and is itself the great issue that embraces all others."

The Philadelphia North American, one of the ablest papers in the country, thus speaks of the important motion made by Mr. Washburn of Maine, on the day the Conference Committee was carried in the House:

"Mr. Washburn made the point of order that the motion of Mr. English for a conference could not be entertained without a reconsideration of the vote to adhere, and there can be no clearer point in parliamentary law than this. It was overruled by the Speaker, affording another instance of abuse of place on his part, corresponding to the appointment of Stephens' committee. A vote to adhere is conclusive, or there can be no force in language and no use in parliamentary rules. It was evidently prearranged that this slippery spot should be made the tripping ground, and that Mr. English should move the ball and furnish the lubricating oil to bring the House on its knees."

ANALYSIS OF SOILS.—The following agrees very much with our own views on the subject long entertained. We take it for granted that within the range of our readers there are few farmers green enough to allow any other analyzer than themselves of the quality of their soils. Mr. Sanfield is the best practical chemist, so far as his own land is concerned, provided he is a good practical farmer. He writes to the Genesee Farmer:

"Not being a practical chemist, perhaps I should not speak upon this subject. But I understand the views of farmers, upon it; and though they may be in error, yet I must believe that soil-analyses, in discovering what manures are necessary upon certain soils, are of very little practical benefit. No farmer with his eyes open cultivates his farm for many years without a more thorough and useful analysis of his soil by cropping it than he could make with the crucible. The fact is, none but alluvial soils are uniform enough to give even a guess at their value throughout a field by analysis. The crop grown by the farmer is his best and most reliable analysis of the soil. If the berry is heavy and abundant, he knows that the soil is filled with the proper constituent elements. If the straw is very large, and the grain light in weight and yield, he knows that the soil is better adapted to grass than grain, without a learned professor to stand at his elbow and announce the fact for a given sum of money. The farmer also holds to the opinion that costly manures frequently specified by analysis as wanting, can not be profitably added. The farmer, as well as the chemist, works for pay."

JOHN SANFIELD.

A NEW COIN.—Did our readers ever think of the convenience that would arise from a seven cent coin? In the present abundance of currency of small denominations it would obviate the necessity entirely of the use of cents. A four cent coin would answer the same purpose, but there are objections to the size of a coin of this value inasmuch as it would involve the necessity of an increased emission of small coin, and besides would be so nearly the size of a five cent piece, that mistakes would be likely to occur. But these objections would not apply to a seven cent piece. The present amount of specie in small denominations would be amply sufficient for purposes of change, while a seven cent piece being a medium between a five and a ten cent piece, would not easily be mistaken for either. To illustrate with what facility a seven cent piece would supersede the use of cents, at any necessary evil, suppose you wish to pay one cent, you give a seven cent piece and receive two three cent pieces; if two cents, a seven and five or five and three are exchanged; three a three cent piece; four, a seven and three; five, a five cent piece; six, two three cent pieces; eight, a five and three; nine, three threes; ten, a ten, eleven, a five and two threes; twelve a seven and five; thirteen, a seven and two threes; fourteen, two sevens; fifteen, a ten and five; sixteen, a ten and two threes; seventeen, a ten and seven; eighteen, a ten, five and three; nineteen, two sevens and a five, or a ten and three three cent pieces, and so on.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Temperance Journal of this week announces that Darin Forbes, Esq., of South Paris, will hereafter have the editorial charge of that paper.

ANOTHER MEETING OF THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.—Washington, April 21.—This morning the Conference Committee met. Senator Hunter of Virginia is still unwilling to accept the bill of Mr. English. The Committee will probably report on Thursday.

A new counterfeit two dollar note, purporting to have been issued by the Merchant's Bank of Newburyport, Mass., has made its appearance. The vignette is a ship in full sail. The note is lettered 'A,' and is dated May 10, 1857. The counterfeit is well executed, and a number of people have been victimized.

LIQUID GLUE.—This is one of the most convenient appendages of domestic life which modern ingenuity has devised. Every careful housekeeper will prize it as a convenient assistant in cobbling up a broken chair, or in replacing a bit of loose veneering on the furniture. Indeed for all purposes where it will not come in contact with water, this glue may be used with safety. But few of the many who would like to have it, know how to make it. To prepare it, take glue of good quality and dissolve it in as small a quantity of hot water as possible; then, while yet hot, remove it from the fire and dilute it to the proper degree of thinness by adding alcohol, after which it should be bottled and the mouth of the bottle kept covered with a piece of India rubber, or any thing else that will exclude the air. Alcohol will preserve glue made in this way for many years, keeping it from putrefaction in summer and from freezing in winter. In cold weather it needs only a little warming to make it ready for use. This convenient article has been in use in England for many years, but never has been extensively known in this country. [Maine Farmer.]

A DETESTABLE PROPOSITION.—The telegraphic despatches from Washington, in yesterday's paper, pretended to foreshadow a basis of adjustment for the Lecompton difficulty, to be proposed in the conference committee by Mr. English. The chief features of this new plan are thus stated:

"The question of admission under the Lecompton Constitution is to be referred to a fair vote of the people of Kansas at an early day. If the majority vote for it, Kansas to come into the Union at once, under the President's proclamation; if against it, then the bill provides for the transformation of a new Constitution, whenever the population there equals the number required for a member in the U. S. House of Representatives. The committee adjourned till to-morrow."

This is a detestable proposition. It is in fact offering to allow the people of Kansas to come into the Union now if they accept the Lecompton swindle, but if they will not accept it, they are to be kept out until the territory attains a certain arbitrary number of inhabitants. It is offering a premium to them if they will accept the swindle; and loading them with a disability if they desire any different constitution. No true hearted opponent of the Lecompton iniquity can for one moment think of voting for a proposition which does such evident and palpable injustice to the people of Kansas. [Portland Advertiser.]

BOGUS LOTTERIES.—In the New York Tribune we find a long and interesting account of the efforts which have been made in that city to break up the various bogus concerns whose swindling operations extend over the whole country. No less than twelve bogus concerns, pretending to be located in New York, but in reality in other places, have been broken up by Mayor Tieman and his officers, and the three heavy swindling lotteries at Norwich and New London were broken up through his efforts. Since the beginning of the raid on the lottery establishments many thousands of letters addressed to them have of course accumulated in New York. Of these the Mayor has opened 2000. Where there was money inclosed, which was the case nine times out of ten, it was remitted to the sender. These letters contained about \$8000. There are now remaining in the New York City Post Office, addressed to the nine swindling establishments that have been broken up, 3475 letters probably the larger portion of them containing money.

SEEKING EMPLOYMENT.—The Boston Traveller says:—Business revives but slowly, and the number out of employment is still quite large. Many flock to this city in the hope of obtaining work, where there is not enough for those who reside here, have the best right to claim it. Every day squads of men sail out into the surrounding towns seeking work, and offering to engage at very low rates. It is a sad sight to see able bodied men willing to work and not able to obtain it, but the present business revulsion, will, probably, have its bright side in the future when all who desire will obtain employment at fair prices. To those who have any capital left, the unoccupied lands of the West, and even of the less distant Northwest, offer advantages for emigration, for there every bold stroke is for a future independence of the panics and business revulsions to which our country is periodically subjected.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH DIFFICULTIES.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Courier, says the French Government have formally demanded the abandonment by Great Britain of the island of Perim, in the Red Sea, and it is reported have declared that the refusal of the English Government to do this will be regarded as cause of war.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial writes as follows:

"The position of England on the Suez canal question and on that of Perim, is exciting a good deal of dissatisfaction here. The speech of M. Disraeli on the Suez canal shows that the new Cabinet, like that which has just gone out, is opposed to this project. Again the English are fortifying the island of Perim, an island which as much belongs to Turkey as Cuba does to Spain, but which lies in a position of immense advantage to England as a strategic point. This strategic position of Perim is the only excuse that can be offered by the English for its seizure and fortification, and with this argument England could not withhold her approbation of our seizure of Cuba."

Situated in the mouth of the Red Sea, this island, well fortified would neutralize the dangers from France if the Suez canal were executed, and it would defend the approach from that side against India from all powers. The point, therefore, was too important to be lost, and the persistence with which the English Cabinet or journals refuse to talk on the subject, shows that it was a seizure clearly in the category of filibusterism. French diplomacy is doing its best at Constantinople to induce the Turkish Government to make a formal demand on England for the evacuation of the place.

Condemnations under the new law of general surety, for seditious words against the Emperor, are so frequent that they no longer excite remark. It has become dangerous to express any kind of opinion against the government, unless one is very certain that he is not heard by dangerous ears. A man who asserted that the Revolution was going to break out in February, was fined two hundred francs and imprisoned six months! Cafes and hotels are being closed, because therein are held discussions on politics. All this only proves that the government has not so many friends as it professes to have."

THE BORER.—Mr. Travis, of Natick, states that a mixture of one part salt, two parts fresh slacked lime, and two parts soft soap, applied to the lower limbs and the body of the apple

tree, after first scraping the tree gently, will prevent the borer from depositing its eggs in the bark. It should be applied about the middle of April. He states that the success of this remedy is complete.

[New England Farmer.]

ANARCHY IN MEXICO.—The accounts from Mexico all concur in the statement that the country is in such a state of anarchy that it cannot long remain a nation, but must fall into the hands of some foreign power.

At Cuernavaca the Spanish residents have been massacred in a brutal manner by the rabble population.

The Zalozaga government has issued a decree abolishing all State and territorial governments, and centralizing the administrative power in the general government.

The Indians are overrunning and ruining the State of Sonora, as they have already done Chihuahua and Yucatan.

Sonora is like Yucatan in her white population: they are always quarrelling among themselves, and in the meantime the Indians plunder them all.

At the present time, the whole country, says a correspondent of the New York Herald, is filled with parties which, under the name of guerrillas, are making their harvest wherever they can find it. It is the existing belief that the government of President Zalozaga will never be able to put them down and that the republic will not see internal peace for a very long time to come; in fact, until a foreign intervention establishes a new order of things. There is a small party working for the purpose of bringing about a European intervention. Their dream is a European prince, supported by ten or twenty thousand Spanish bayonets, and the money and moral countenance of Louis Napoleon. This is said to be a favorite idea with the French minister, and their views are now turned to one of the children of Maria Christina, dowager Queen of Spain, by the Duke of Riazarres, her present husband.

The war of races seems to be making frightful headway in Yucatan. The Indians of that region appear to be a determined set of savages, and their war-cry is terrible to the civilized inhabitants. We have now news of their sacking three more towns. The account says that nearly all of the inhabitants were slaughtered, but does not give an exact number. A few months since four hundred people were murdered in one village.

THE AMISTAD CLAIM.—This old and iniquitous claim of the Spanish government has been revived, and is now being pressed upon our government for payment, and leading Buchanan politicians in the Cabinet and in Congress, are using their utmost endeavors to induce the payment of \$50,000 on this claim. We presume that most of our readers will readily recall the circumstances of this case of the Amistad negroes. This Spanish vessel was on her way from Africa to Cuba, with a cargo of slaves; they rose upon their masters, murdered some of them, and compelled the remainder to navigate the vessel into port. They landed at New Haven, Connecticut, where the negroes were, after trial, set free by the proper authorities, provided for, and sent back to Africa. The Spanish claimants resisted the claim of the negroes to their freedom, but were defeated; they carried the case to a higher court, and were again not suited; they finally brought the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, and here it was decided that the Spanish claimants had no right to the possession of the negroes, nor to any indemnity from our government. The Supreme Court was not then just what it is now, and the decision was in favor of freedom and the rights of the negroes. Thus having put an end to the claim before the courts, the Spanish Dons have been pressing the claim upon Congress session after session with great pertinacity. It has always been successfully resisted, and it will be remembered that the 'old mar. eloquent,' John Quincy Adams, was speaking on the floor of Congress against this villainous claim, when the hand of death was laid upon him. Now the Buchanan partisans are once more trying to force Congress to pay this most unjust demand, and it is said they are desirous of paying it in order that they may more easily commence their Cuba stealing operations. The Senate Committee have reported in favor of paying the claim. We trust it will be resisted as steadily as heretofore, and that no such robbing of the national treasury and sanctioning of the piracy of the slave trade will be permitted. [Boston Bee.]

The London Times in an editorial on the War in India, expresses itself as follows:

"The intelligence now received from India, brings us to the very verge of the catastrophe in the eventful drama which has absorbed for months past the attention of half the world. All the columns are closing in upon Oude by concerted marches, and Sir Colin Campbell, with an army of 50,000 infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and upwards of 200 guns, is actually standing within cannon shot of Lucknow. At this point the report breaks off."

The strength of the British government, and the weakness of the rebels have been increasing in equal proportions day after day. We are told indeed, of the 200,000 fighting men who have congregated at Lucknow, of their barricades, their determination and their despair; but we know from good authority that disorganization and discord are impairing their resources; and from every quarter of the compass reports are sent in of the defeat and chastisement of their guilty comrades, wherever they appear. Lord Ellenborough's calculations as to the moment of the catastrophe seem likely to be verified, nor can we doubt that his estimate of its character will prove accurate too. A city encircled by the tremendous artillery at the command of the British General, and invested by the most powerful force ever seen in Hindostan, must either capitulate at discretion, or be crushed to powder.

When the last courier left Lucknow, the very matches were at the guns, and unless the polite circumsppection of the British authorities has been rewarded by the submission of the enemy, a fire equal to the final cannonade at Sebastopol, will have buried the authors of the great Indian outcry in the ruins of their last strong hold.

THE NEW ARMY HAT.—The new hat is destined to become a great favorite. The material is a durable, heavy and compressible felt, capable of any amount of wetting or smashing without injury. The brim is nearly bound with black, as in the citizen's felt hat. The band is a double silk cord, all gold for the highest officers, and gold and black for lower grades. A black feather is fastened to the right side in a graceful way, and the number is increased as the rank is raised. On the front of the crown are embroideries on a velvet ground, which may be fastened securely to the hat, and which, by their different devices in gilt—a trumpet, crossed sabres, leaves, crossed cannon, &c.—indicate the rank of the person underneath. The side of the brim is fastened up to the crown by the United States arms—on the left, in the case of the infantry, for convenience in carrying the musket; and on the right side, in the case of cavalry, for

their convenience in carrying the sword. The tout ensemble is very fine, and the felt hat is certain to become as popular in the army, both for its convenience and grace, as it has already become among the peaceful citizens of the United States. [New York Post.]

PASSPORTS TO MEN OF COLOR.—Senator Wilson recently applied at the State Department for a passport for Dr. J. S. Rusk, a colored citizen of Boston and received the following reply from the Secretary:

Sir:—I have had the honor to receive your note of yesterday, with its accompaniments:

In reply, I have to inform you that it is not the practice of the Department to issue any other paper than passports to persons going abroad from this country. A passport being a certificate of citizenship, has never since the foundation of the government been granted to persons of color. No change in this respect has taken place in consequence of the Freedmen's Bureau. Returning to you the inclosure in your letter, I have the honor to be, Sir, Your obedient servant, LEWIS CASS.

We desire to say of the above that, while we are sure its principal statement is not according to the fact—that on the contrary, negroes have received passports under different Administrations—there is not another government on the face of the earth mean enough to refuse one on such grounds. Neither Russia, Spain nor Brazil—about the only Christian nations besides our own that tolerate slavery, do anything like it.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE BOULEVARD IN WASHINGTON.—The Washington Star gives an account of an attempt to assassinate the Rev. Elvaz Williams, while engaged in literary labors at his lodgings, 474 Pennsylvania Avenue, on Friday night, between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock. A man entered his room with an uplifted dagger in his hand, exclaiming 'I've got you at last, have I,' when Mr. Williams, although an old man of seventy-eight, defended himself, so vigorously that his assailant was compelled to retreat, leaving his dagger upon the floor. Mr. Williams' cries aroused the inmates of the house, but in season to apprehend the assassin. Mr. Williams was not injured, and no reason can be assigned for the attack.

A SENATOR ELECTED BY A LOVE LETTER.—In a certain town in this State, a letter arrived for a young lady from her lover, on the day of the election. The Postmaster, as is not infrequent in the rural districts, knowing the eagerness with which a message of that tender character would be expected, took upon himself the pleasing duty of delivering it; but, first, like a good Democrat, he must vote, and of course in a separate self-sealing envelope.

This was duly prepared, with the Democratic tickets safely enclosed, and the gluten stuck together. Stopping at the box meeting, he deposited the letter in the ballot box, and proceeded with the separate and self-sealed to the house of the blooming maiden, to whom he gallantly handed the entire Democratic ticket, State and town. How the lady interpreted the missive we do not know, but the moderator and clerk ungraciously refused to count the love letter, and the Republican candidate was declared elected by one majority. [Providence Journal.]

THE COOLIE TRADE.—A letter from China to the New York Times thus speaks of an important step taken there by Mr. Reed, the U. S. Commissioner:

"Mr. Reed has taken a step in the right direction by making a move towards putting a stop to American vessels engaging in the nefarious coolie trade. He has notified an American vessel now loading at Macao with coolies, of his intention to move the United States government to put in force the act of Congress of 1818, relating to this matter. That he will meet with the most virulent opposition from the detestable gentry who are engaged in this traffic, is quite certain. We shall see, in this case, right is might."

APOSTOLIC PREACHING.—A correspondent of the London Times says:

"I once had the felicity of listening to a charity sermon preached by Dr. Wordsworth in the parish church of Ambleside, some seven or eight years ago. One sentence which fell from his honeyed lips struck me as being so judicious, considering the place and character of the congregation, that it has remained indelibly impressed upon my memory. Speaking of the Lake district, he remarked: 'In this beautiful country my brethren, you see an apotheosis of nature and an apotheosis of the theopneustic Omnipotence.' The rest of the sermon was nearly as intelligible."

RUM DID IT.—Gerrit Smith, in a recently published letter, makes the following allusions to the late Preston S. Brooks:

"The nation would not have been deprived of the services of Charles Sumner, had Congress, before Brooks fell upon him, been willing to be moved by a temperance speech or by any other cause to put a stop to the sale of intoxicating drinks in the city of Washington. Poor Brooks, I became acquainted with him in Congress, and found him to be a frank, pleasant man. He allowed me to speak freely to him of his habit of drinking liquor. He promptly confessed his sorrow for it, and added that he would be glad to subscribe a Congressional temperance pledge. But for liquor, he would never have committed his enormous crime."

KNOWING WHOM TO KICK.—The late Col. McClung, of Mississippi, once got into a dispute in the office of the Prentiss House, at Vicksburg, with a rowdy, when to end the matter without further delay, he took the rowdy by the 'nape of the neck,' led him to the door, and kicked him into the street. The kick was picked himself up, walked away, and here the matter ended. Some weeks afterwards, McClung was in New Orleans, and when walking up St. Charles St., saw the fellow he had kicked out of the Prentiss House, kicking a third party out of a drinking saloon. McClung walked up to his old acquaintance, once kicked, but now kickier, and after scanning him closely, said: 'Look here, my fine fellow, are you not the man I kicked out of the Prentiss House the other day?' 'Softly, softly, Colonel,' replied the rowdy, taking McClung by the arm, 'don't mention it—I'm the man, but—but you and I know whom to kick!'

