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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 47): June 3, 1858

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## A CASE OF JEALOUSY.

DISCHARGED CURED.

Fred Kennedy is my best friend. We were in college together, and deep in one another's confidence. He studied law, and commenced practice in the city; I read medicine, and opened an office in the country. But Fred got in love and forgot me, until about three months after his marriage, when I received a letter from him which troubled me very much. It was full of vague hints of sorrow, and anger and despair. He wanted to see me. He must see and tell me what he could not write. It was a week before I could leave a patient dangerously ill; but one afternoon, after three nights of watching, I threw myself and my carpet bag into the cars, for the city. I slept all the way, only disturbed by two punches in the ribs and an equal number in my ticket, and at eight o'clock found myself ringing the bell at the door of Fred's pretty residence, No. 13, — street.

A trim servant girl answered to my summons. I knew by her look that she had heard of me, and suspected who I was. Mr. Kennedy was at home, she said, and was in the parlor, the door of which she swung open to me, after I had laid aside my overcoat. I entered the door, but the parlor seemed to be empty. I looked about the walls, but the only thing that fastened my attention was the exquisite portrait of a beautiful woman, almost enveloped in the misty bridal veil—a very marvel of painting—through which shone out the most golden ringlets, and a face of sweet beauty and rare intelligence. It seemed strange that the parlor should be lighted so brilliantly and without an occupant; and I advanced towards the portrait without noticing that a deep easy chair, its back towards me, was planted before it. I soon perceived that it was occupied, for an emerald slipper peeped out from one side, toying lightly with the air, as if the heart of the one who wore it were absorbed in happy contemplation.

I coughed slightly, and in an instant Fred Kennedy was on his feet, and I was in his arms. I never saw him so extravagant in his demonstrations of delight. He shook my hands a dozen times, slapped my shoulders, caught me by the arm and whirled me around the room, poked the fire, and then laughed as if he were insane.

'By George! Tom Conway, I am glad to see you,' said he at last, fully puffing with the demonstrations he had made.

'I had begun to suspect something of that kind,' I replied, rubbing my shoulder. 'I think you must have been cultivating your affections lately.'

'Well, I have. What do you think of that?' and he turned me around, and pointed to the portrait.

'Exquisite!' I exclaimed.

'Magnificent, isn't it?'

'Mrs. Kennedy?'

'Mrs. Fred Kennedy.'

'Very pretty, but she pained.'

'Ha, ha, ha!'

'Now, Fred,' said I, seriously, sit down.—You are too much excited. It will be the death of you. I have come down to see you professionally. Your letter—'

'The letter!'

'It's a clear case of insanity,' I continued.

'If I am favored with an interview with the original Mrs. Kennedy, I shall reprimand her for leaving you alone. Your letter betrayed the most distressing symptoms. I was afraid that I should find you had committed suicide, but I see there has been a reaction.'

I said this in a bantering way, but I noticed that Fred's countenance changed, until its expression was one of mingled vexation and pain.

'No more of that, an, thou lovest me, Tom,' he replied, and then added, 'after you have had supper I will tell you all about it. Jane is a good creature, and has gone to the sewing circle. Those things bore me, and she insisted upon my staying at home. We shall have a good hour together before her return.'

Fred sat almost silent with me, in his snug little dining room, when I did justice to my appetite and his hospitality; then we returned to the parlor, and I gave myself up to slippers, a cigar and Fred's story.

'When I wrote you that letter,' said Fred, 'I was a fool, but I was very miserable, nevertheless. You see, before I was married, there was a young man in the city of the name of Benton. He loved Jane; I found it out, and I hated him. He was a quiet fellow, with a dark, soft eye and a romantic air, and I can't express the contempt I felt of him. He seemed to me to be a perfect milk-sop. It was before I was engaged, and I used frequently to meet him with Jane, at her father's house. I saw that he was in love, head and ears; and what vexed me beyond everything else was, that Jane always treated him respectfully. After he had parted from us on one occasion, and she had treated him with the usual consideration, I was determined to bring matters to an end. I proposed before I left, and received the assurance that I was the chosen man.'

Well, Benton continued to call. I do not think he knew of the new position of affairs, but it made no difference. I determined to cut him, and I did. I met him in the street in broad day, and cut him dead. Who should I find that very night with Jane, but this contemptible Benton! He had risen to leave with agony depicted upon every feature of his face. I saw at a glance—he had proposed and been rejected. All the devil there was in me rejoiced. I have no doubt that I grinned maliciously upon him as he passed out. I could hardly have added a kick to the repulse he had already received. But Jane was distressed. She was sorry for him! She wouldn't have it happen for the world! She respected Mr. B. so much.

'Mr. Benton is a fool,' said I. 'Don't waste your precious sympathies on such a creature as he.'

'Mr. Benton is a gentleman,' replied Jane, and then the poor girl turned pale, the tears came in her eyes, and she hid her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed hysterically.

I saw that I had been unjust—that I had been mean and cowardly—that my words and bearing had been contemptible—that there was not the slightest ground for my feelings, but I was too proud to confess it, so I approached and kissed her forehead, and asked her to forget the matter.

I met Benton in the street frequently after this, and was wicked enough to rejoice in his woe-begone appearance. I was stirred to this partly by the fact that he had once been treated with the most considerate cordiality. The fact was I loved Jane almost madly, and somehow I could not bear to have other men think of her.

Cards were distributed for the wedding, and one was sent to Mr. Benton. But this gratified my malice! It seemed cruel to invite a man to witness the consummation of the ruin of his hopes; so I was pleased! I doubted whether he would come, but he was there, so calm and gentlemanly that I could not help feeling how mean I was in his presence, and this of course, did no harm in the matter. I was now more offended with him than ever.—I could almost have quarreled with him myself even on the wedding night, because she treated

him with such marked attention. I determined at any rate that I would cure her of her liking for him, and was almost maddened to hear her express the hope that he would not forget her when she should become settled in her new home.

A few weeks passed away, and he called at my house—at my house! And Jane very coolly informed me of it. 'I hope you had a pleasant time with the gentleman,' I said dryly. I saw the fire flash in Jane's eyes as she replied, 'Mr. Benton is always pleasant.'—There was an emphasis on the word 'always' that offended me. I will not tell more of that foolish scene. Enough that I was thoroughly discomfited, and came out of it hating Benton the more, as I was convinced that he was a better man than myself. I could not bring myself to command my wife not to see him, without a single reason, so I took my satisfaction in behaving like a bear, and making her miserable for a week.

Some days had passed away, when one evening a party of my friends came in, and Jane's bridal array became the subject of conversation. A lady of the party expressed a wish to see some article of ornament belonging to the bridal dress. Jane endeavored to change the conversation. I saw that she was troubled, but I repeated the lady's request. She replied that the article was not at home. I inquired of her whom she had lent it to. She replied that she had lent it to her friend, the lady who had been with her. The ladies saw that something was wrong, and immediately turned attention from the subject.

But I was aroused. In my excited and suspicious state of mind, I fancied a hundred things, and somehow they were all associated with Benton. I determined to ascertain where that article had gone. First, I took occasion during my wife's absence from the house one afternoon, to ascertain that there was not a single article of her bridal attire in the house. I knew that the whole would make a formidable package, which she could never, or would never have carried away. Who did carry it? Somebody, probably, who belonged in the house. I called the girl whom you met at the door, and asked her whether she had carried from the house lately a package or box belonging to Mrs. Kennedy. She colored deeply, and acknowledged that she had. I inquired as to where she had carried it. She was very humble, and deprecatory my displeasure, but very positively refused to tell me. I coaxed her, undertook to bribe her, and then threatened her, but all to no purpose. Not if I were to cut her in pieces would she tell me!

My suspicion was thoroughly aroused, and I believed from the bottom of my soul that the detestable Benton was somehow concerned with the matter. It now became me to put on a smooth and affectionate exterior, for I had a secret to fathom. I received Jane, on her return, with the old fondness, and we passed an evening full of misery to me, but overflowing with happiness for her. When to begin in my investigations, I could not tell. I was afraid that the servant would tell Jane of our conversation; but, as she thoroughly loved her mistress, she promised that if I made no difficulty about it, she would not tell her.

I had no resource now but to watch. The next day, instead of going to my office, I took a cigar in the reading-room of the hotel, and seating myself by a window that gave me a view of my residence, I kept my eye on the door. I had sat there perhaps half an hour, when Jane's most intimate lady friend (Miss Kate Stephens) went tripping down the street and entered the house. A few minutes passed away when she and Jane emerged; both were bonneted and cloaked. I slipped out and followed them, at a distance, through half a dozen streets, until at last they turned in at an open doorway. I marked the number and then went to my office. I was in a fever of excitement. That was evidently no place for ladies to call. That door opened into a little blinding stair-way. There was no name on the door.

The next thing for me to ascertain was the name and character of the persons occupying the rooms above. I went to my dinner as usual, and played the careless and happy to the best of my ability. My wife was in a gay mood, and seemed almost hatefully charming and brilliant. I kissed her and bade her good evening, pleading business as my excuse for leaving her alone. My steps almost involuntarily took the direction of the morning walk. I was moving briskly along when I discovered a familiar figure before me. I knew it was Benton the moment I fixed my eyes upon it. I unconsciously took his pace, keeping at a safe distance, and followed street over street by the same path upon which I had followed my wife. As we approached the suspected door, I fairly felt my breath. My blood curdled, and every hair on my head seemed to rise with apprehension. I was not mistaken. He mounted the steps, and turning on his heel, coolly paused to pick his teeth as I ground mine together and passed by.

I could not yet bring myself to the humiliation of doubting my wife's truth to me. The fact that her friend accompanied her certainly did not tend to this conclusion; but the consciousness that she still retained a warm respect for Benton, and that she had met him in an obscure room for any purpose, distracted me. But I had prudence enough to determine to wait for the denouement, and in the meantime to maintain as strict surveillance of both parties as was possible without endangering detection.

Three days passed away and nothing occurred to prove that the visit had been repeated. In the meantime Jane was as happy as a lark. I watched her sometimes while she sat at her needle work, and frequently saw a peculiar smile on her face. On one of these occasions I abruptly asked her what she was thinking of, and though I importuned her with some degree of severity, I could get no satisfactory reply.

The matter very soon began to wear upon my spirits. I was frightened by my haggard aspect whenever I looked into a mirror. Jane noticed the fact, and became extremely anxious for me. Her affectionate attentions were more assiduous than ever, and I was made ashamed of my suspicions, for I could not doubt the genuineness of her solicitous apprehensions. Still the facts would recur, and I passed many a sleepless night in revolving them.

One day while sitting in my office, my perplexing thoughts overcame me, and I penned the letter which you received from me. I could keep still no longer without telling some one of the weight which oppressed me. I took

the letter to the office myself; and as I felt that solitude would only render me more miserable, I did not return, but kept along through the streets. Involuntarily, almost, I so directed my steps as to take the street which contained the secret that was tormenting me. I selected the door at the distance of a block; and my heart sank within me as I saw a gentleman, taking leave of a lady upon the steps. They could have been—they were—no other than my wife and the miscreant Benton. There was no lady with her. I could see that they were laughing merrily.

I had a revolver in my pocket, loaded and capped, and my hand sought and was glued to it as I approached the spot. But Jane did not see me, and tripped off in the opposite direction. Benton remained in the doorway, and with an eye fixed madly upon him, I approached him. He did not shrink from my look, but returned it with a smile that puzzled me. I know not what it was but there was something in the mild, pleasant eye of the man and in his untroubled and unsuspecting look, that disarmed me. The nearer I approached him, the more disconcerted I became, but as I had evidently aimed at him in my progress, I felt that I could not avoid him; and I determined moreover that I could and would bear the suspense no longer.

'Good morning, Mr. Kennedy,' said Benton. My voice was startlingly husky to myself, as I returned the salutation.

'You are just too late to see a very beautiful woman,' said the man, with just the slightest tremor in his voice.

'My blood took fire at once.' 'Sir,' said I, fiercely, 'you are a scoundrel!'

'What—can you—mean—sir?' inquired the man, opening his eyes with wonder.

'You are a damnable villain, sir; that is what I mean—an infernal, smooth-tongued hypocrite. I have found you out and before I part with you, you shall in some way give me satisfaction.'

The man's eyes actually filled with tears.—He trembled from head to foot, and I thought he would fall. I saw guilt in every look and movement, and I saw that I had him, and believed that I could do what I chose with him.

'Have you a room in this building, sir?' I demanded.

'Lead me to it.'

There was hesitation in his look, and I repeated my demand with an oath. He stood irresolute for a moment, and then said if I would wait a moment, until he had adjusted some affairs in his room he would comply with my demand. This added new food to my suspicions, and I cursed him for his artfulness. He could not deceive me, and I reiterated my demand that he should show me to the room at once.

I did not think that up to this time the shameful nature of my suspicions had really been apprehended by him. When these dawned upon him, there was a fire in his eye, and a quick, painful swelling of his veins and muscles, which I pray God I may never see again. Pain, indignation and determination were all there, and I felt in a moment that I had aroused a nature whose depth and strength I had failed hitherto to measure. With great self-control, however, he said, 'Mr. Kennedy, you are unjust to a woman whose happiness, I fear, is dearer to me than to you. Did I feel at liberty to disregard her peace, I would sooner hug a dagger to my heart than yield for a moment to your insolence. Even now, you can only enter my room on my conditions.—Stand here for a moment and I will call you.'

'Take your own course,' I doggedly replied.

He passed up the stairs, and I, to avoid suspicion, looked up at the sky. It was one of those calm winter days that show a heaven as pure and blue as if a storm had never stained it. I had stood hardly ten seconds when Mr. Benton descended a few steps, and spoke my name. I followed him up the stairs, through a dim passage, into a room chaste in its appointments, but filled with a light as soft and pure as if even the glorious day without had been refined by passing through some rare medium. In my state of mind I could hardly comprehend the objects before me at a glance. But I knew I was in an artist's studio. Benton was silent, but my eye selected at once the prominent painting in the apartment. I looked and was struck with a fit of shivering. It was the portrait of my bride—my darling Jane. I was dumb. I could not have spoken had it been to save my life.

I have no idea how long I had stood thus when Mr. Benton approached me, and took my unresisting hand. 'Mr. Kennedy,' said he, with a choked sound in his throat, 'I knew of no proper way for me to contribute to the happiness of one whom I have loved as I can never love another, except by doing a favor to the man whom she has honored with her love. I thought it would be pleasant to you to have a portrait of your wife as she appeared in her bridal attire, and at my solicitation she has been here a number of times to sit for her picture. Her friend, Miss Stevens, has been here with her, and your servant had just passed from sight when you came up, with the package containing her dress. If I have done wrong, forgive me; but I thought it would make you all so happy!'

As he closed these words, uttered with honest emotion, every one of which went like a dagger to my heart, I found strength to lift my eyes to his. The big tears were hanging to his eyelids, and his face in that exquisite light, was as beautiful as if it had been the face of an angel. We looked at one another a moment, and then, moved by a common impulse, threw ourselves into one another's arms, and cried, sir—cried like two babies.

O, my God! Tom, that was the hardest thing that ever happened to me. I was killed—killed by a magnanimity too great for my mean heart to fathom. I seized him by the arm at last, led him down stairs, and took the way to my own house. You know my impulses; and you know I could not stop until I had made a clean breast of it. I went straight to my house, kissed Jane a dozen times, told the whole story, and made myself ridiculous. Poor Jane, she was ashamed of me, and I do not think she has got over it yet!'

'And Benton?' I suggested.

'Benton remained and drank tea with us, in accordance with my earnest wishes, and sent the picture home the next day; and he has not been here since. I doubt whether he will ever come again. The fact is, your friend Fred Kennedy has never felt so humble as he has since that day, and I have wondered how

Jane, who knew us both well, could have made the choice she did between us.'

'So have I,' I most emphatically responded.

'Well, now I am bothered to know what to do with Benton. He is too proud to receive any favors from me. I cannot offer him money; I cannot offer him anything. I tell you what I've been thinking about, and you shall tell me how it strikes you. You see what a fellow I am. I shall tear myself all to pieces in a few years, and I have brought myself to this:—Before I die, I will make a solemn request to Jane to marry Benton for a second husband.'

'At this moment Mrs. Fred Kennedy appeared, her cheeks flushed to vermilion with the effect of the cold evening air. I did not wonder at the ennobling influence of such a pure beauty as her's upon Benton's sensitive mind. Fred introduced me, and somehow we all found ourselves before the portrait at once.

'I've told Tom all about it,' said Fred to his wife.

Mrs. Kennedy gave him a look of wounded reproach, and then said to me in a way that spoke volumes, 'you know Fred.'

Fred had become a humble man, and bade fair to put off the day of Mr. Benton's happiness to a very indefinite future. Besides his family has been increased to that degree that it would be doubtful whether the artist would be willing to take the bereaved Mrs. Kennedy with the 'incumbrances.' Still, I have no doubt that Fred's imaginary sacrifice has served its purpose in restoring in some degree his self-respect.

**SLOW TELEGRAPHING.**—We have already alluded to the slow and unsatisfactory mode of communication which will be afforded by the Atlantic telegraph when completed, unless the experiments in future shall develop some more rapid mode of transmitting words than those in the past justify us in anticipating. The Boston Journal alludes to the subject as follows:

'In the experiments made through the entire circuit of the Atlantic Telegraph previous to its embarkation, it was found that communication was considerably impeded. With the alphabet now used only about two and a half words per minute can be transmitted through the whole length of wire. This is 150 words an hour, or about eighteen lines of the ordinary type of the Journal, and two or three lines less of the type in which our telegraphic matter is set. Nearly a whole day, therefore, would be occupied in sending us a column of matter for the public. But when it is considered that the mercantile business of two continents is to be accommodated by the telegraph, and the English government and ours are to use it also, it will be seen that its practical value to the public as a vehicle of intelligence cannot equal previous expectations. A single overland wire transmits at the rate of more than a thousand words an hour. And yet it is found necessary to have two lines between this city and New York, while between New York and Philadelphia there are seven. But if the Atlantic Telegraph is shown to be feasible, we have no doubt that more than one wire will soon be laid down, to say nothing of improved alphabets and other facilities of communication.'

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**—Some plodding genies has discovered, while spending his own time, that the word Time itself, when artificially transposed or metagrammized, will form the following words: *meti, emit, item.* And, if the afore-named and its anagrams be placed in the following quadratic position, they will form what may be termed an anagramic palindrome:

TIME  
ITEM  
METI  
EMIT

This word, Time, is the only word in the English language which can thus be arranged, and the different transpositions thereof, are at the same time Latin words. These words in English, as well as in Latin, may be read either upward or downward.

The English words, *time, item, meti, and emit*, (to send forth,) are mentioned above; and of the Latin ones, (1) Time, signifies, fear thou; (2) Item, likewise; (3) Meti, to be measured; (4) Emit,—he buys.

At the Bay State House in Worcester Mass., the other day, an individual from the interior instead of turning off the gas which lighted his room, blew it out and went to sleep. The proprietor of the house on passing his chamber, discovered a very strong smell of escaped gas, and knocking at the door inquired if the gas was not leaking. 'Don't know,' was the response, 'but rather guess not. I'll let you know in a minute.' He jumped up and commenced feeling over the floor under the gas pendant, and then answered, 'There's no leak here, sir; the carpet's as dry as a can be.'

The proprietor with a laugh asked to be admitted into the room, and showed the gentleman where to look for the leak.

**NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S HUNTING DIARY.**—It is to be hoped that the following remarkable corroboration of Scripture may not meet with the fate of Prof. Maury's defence of it, based on the words 'round world,' which unhappily were not used by Job, or any inspired writer: 'A correspondent of the Northern Ensign says a book is shortly to be published by Col. Rawlinson upon further discoveries he has made. He found Nebuchadnezzar's hunting diary, with notes, and here and there a portrait of his dogs, sketched by himself, with his name under it. He mentions in it having been ill, and whilst he was delirious he thought he had been out to graze like the beasts of the field. Is not this a wonderful corroboration of scripture? Rawlinson also found a pot of preserves in an excellent state, and gave some to the Queen to taste. "How little Nebuchadnezzar's cook dreamed, when making them, that twenty-five centuries after, the Queen of England would eat some of the identical preserves which figured at her master's table!"'

A new process of extracting teeth was recently tried in Baltimore. A number of teeth were extracted, and the patients declared they received no pain, but experienced a numbing sensation about the tooth. This soothing is produced by passing a current of electricity through the tooth at the time of extracting. The patient grasps firmly in his hand one pole of an electro-magnetic machine, the other pole is attached to the forceps, and by this means a current of electricity is passed through the tooth, and produces a local anesthesia, and so avoids the use of chloroform or ether.

## THE WHISTLE.

BY ROBERT STORY.

'You have heard,' said a youth to his sweetheart one day,  
'While he sat on a corn sheaf, at daylight's decline,  
'You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood—  
'I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine!'

'And what would you do with it? Tell me,' she said,  
'While an arch smile played over her beautiful face;  
'I would blow it,' he answered, 'and then my fair maid  
Would fly to my side, and would here take her place.'

'Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours  
Without any magic,' the fair maiden cried,  
'A favor so slight one's good nature secures!'  
'And she playfully scolded herself by his side.'

'I would blow it again,' said the youth, 'and the charm  
Would work so, that not even Modesty's cheek  
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm!'  
'She smiled, and she laid her fine arm 'round his neck.'

'Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine  
Would bring me, the third time, an exquisite bliss—  
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,  
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss.'

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—  
'What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!  
For only consider how silly 'twould be to make  
To sit there and whistle for what you might take!'

[W. Mathews.]

## THE JILTED.

BY T. R. ALDRICH.

The blackbird sings in the hazel dell,  
And the squirrel sits on the tree;  
And Maud she walks in the merry greenwood,  
Down by the summer sea.

The blackbird lies when it sings of love,  
And the squirrel's rogue is he;  
And Maud is an artful flirt, I trow,  
As light as a feather can be.

O! The blackbird, die in the hazel dell!  
And, squirrel, atone on the tree!  
And Maud, you may walk in the merry greenwood,  
You are nothing more to me!

**Popular Fallacies.—Contentment vs. Riches.**  
It has been truly remarked by some one that there is a vigor of constitution in a popular fallacy. When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it on the head till it seems to have given up the ghost, and lo! the next, instead of being defunct, it is 'alive, and kicking' again as lustily as ever. A striking example of the vitality of a popular fallacy, is in the hackneyed saying, 'Contentment is better than riches,' which graces many copy-books, and on which so many changes are rung by a certain class of moralists. Tell a languid, unenterprising man, that you are brooding on some scheme—Californian, Australian, or otherwise—by which to better your worldly condition, and, with a deprecating look and an ominous shake of the head, he will croak to you the old saw just quoted, or some other hydrophobic adage, to damp your zeal, and frighten you from your purpose. It would be a curious inquiry how such a notion got afloat in these times; for certainly, it is one of those sentimentalities which seem better fitted for the golden age than for the bustle and shock of this 'go-ahead' period in the world's history.

To be contented—what, indeed, is it? Is it not to be satisfied—to hope for nothing, to aspire to nothing, to strive for nothing—in short, to rest in inglorious ease, wholly and entirely satisfied in whatever situation you are placed? Such a state of feeling may do very well where nature has fixed an insuperable and ascertained barrier—a 'thus far shalt thou go and no farther'—to our wishes, or where we are troubled by ill past remedy. In such cases it is the highest philosophy not to fret or grumble, when by all our worrying we cannot help ourselves a jot or tittle, but only aggravate and intensify an affliction that is incurable. To soothe the mind down, into patience is, then, the only resource left us, and happy is he who has schooled himself thus to most all reverses and disappointments. But in the ordinary circumstances of life, this boasted virtue of contentment, so far from being laudable, would be an evil of the first magnitude. It would be, in fact, nothing more than a triggling of the wheels of all enterprise—a cry of 'stand still!' to the progress of the whole social world.

What is it that contrives machinery, builds and freight ships, beautifies cities, encourages the arts, writes books, and promotes the wealth, intelligence and comfort of a free and happy nation? Not contentment, certainly. Not contentment for that 'competence' which millions are striving for, and which has been happily defined as three hundred a year more than you possess. Man is naturally an active, progressive being, destined to be perpetually improving himself and his condition, and he can have no sympathy with such a sleepy, lethargic, passive virtue, without violating the first law of his nature. Providence has ordered that he shall work out his own happiness, and the very means it has employed to make sure that he shall go in the fulfillment of its designs, is that inability to content himself with what he possesses, or has done, which sentimentalists declaim against as one of the worst features in his character. It is in this which feeds and clothes him, furnishes him with all the luxuries, all the elegancies and amenities of life, stimulates him to accumulate capital to produce great social ends, and incites him to strain alike for intellectual and moral improvement. No doubt this feeling often takes a wrong direction, and manifests itself in ambition, envy, grumbling, fretfulness, and other excesses; but so may any principle of our nature be perverted; and, even in this unregulated state, it is far better than that contented feeling which leads a man to sit down with his hands in his breeches pockets, leaving everything to chance, and making no effort to improve his condition.

The question has been well asked: 'Had Milton been a contented man, think ye the world would have been in possession of Paradise Lost? Had Byron been so, would he have written Childe Harold? Would a contented man have painted the Cartoons; or, had Columbus been so, would he have discovered America?'

No! surely—we may answer: such a benumbing, deadening thing as contentment, and the lofty aspirations of genius can never co-exist in the same person. As well might you talk of a sedentary will-o'-the-wisp—a brick balloon—or a lazy lightning. Depend upon it, the non-sense of contentment and a cottage is prettier in the pages of poetry than it would be desirable in actual life. Look at its effects upon nations. Was the free and fiery Spartan, or the noble Roman, famed for it? Or, do we not, in fact, find it in the highest perfection among the ignorant and degraded serfs of Russia, who, in the most abject slavery, evince no wish for freedom? Do we not see it in the habits of the American Indians, who sneer at all the courses of industry, so long as they can gather fish from the rivers, or game

from the forests? Is it not a notorious trait of the peasantry of Ireland, who, if provided well with 'murrishes,' are content to live in idleness, though exposed to a host of what others would call frightful evils? Does it not characterize such persons as constitute the dregs of every civilized community, who, deeply as we may deprecate the conduct of selfish and worldly-minded men, that strive and toil for wealth and worldly aggrandizement without any higher views—are not above such a life, but below it? What keeps such persons 'down in the world,' besides lack of capacity, is not a philosophical contempt of riches or honors, but thoughtlessness and improvidence—a love of sluggish torpor, and of present gratification. It is not from preferring virtue to wealth—that the goods of the mind to those of fortune—that they take so little thought for the morrow; but, from want of forethought and of stern self-command. The restless, ambitious man too often directs these qualities to an unworthy object; the contented man is generally deficient in the qualities themselves. The one is a stream, flowing too often in a wrong channel, and which needs to have its course altered; the other is a stagnant pool.

[W. Mathews.]

The New York Correspondent of the Boston Transcript alludes thus to a well known and highly gifted citizen of Portland:

'Among the recent visitors to Gotham, was that elastic literary veteran, John Neal, of Portland, who comes on annually to see his daughter. Remember that thirty odd years ago, he contributed to Blackwood, with acclat; that he was the comrade of John Pierpont, when that gentleman's muse was cellow; that he succeeded Buckingham in the Galaxy; encouraged Longfellow to write verses, when the author of Evangeline was a student at Bowdoin College; and then imagine him as erect, vivacious, quick of apprehension and dramatic in narrative to-day, as he was then,—and you will acknowledge that John Neal is a literary and social evergreen of the first quality; except a more silver tinge to his hair and a somewhat thinner cheek, he is the same pleasant, genial, emphatic and colloquial enthusiast, as when he wrote '76' and the 'American Eagle.' It was a treat to hear him and Dr. J. W. Francis, compare notes; they discussed Washington, Franklin, Jeremy Bentham, Burr—Ghosts, Courage, Old Age, Authorship, Political Prospects, and Social Signs—with a fertility of reminiscence and an ardor of recognition, such as only those can boast who keep their hearts fresh and their intellects replenished.'

**A DOMESTIC ROW.**—Morton, the editor of the Nebraska News, thus describes a domestic row and a subsequent reconciliation of which he was a witness:—

'Coming down the Missouri near Bean lake, between Weston and St. Joe, our boat was hailed by a woman on shore. The officers of the craft, with their usual gallantry, rounded to, head up stream, and stopped; the lady informed them that the 'duds and cooking utensils' were all packed in a cabin, hard by, ready for removal, and that it was her desire to take passage down the river. Immediately the duds were under way, and fast coming on deck, when a man plowing in an adjacent field was seen to drop the reins, and mount the horse, and come charging and yelling towards the boat. The captain waited until he had arrived, and then puffing and blowing, said:—

'Ann, where on earth are you going to?'

Said she, 'Joab, I allow to go whar I ain't to be cuffed, and cursed, and mauled every day, by such a brute as you are.'

Said he, in a very melancholy tone: 'Ann, farewell.'

Said she, doubtfully: 'Joab, if you'll treat me better, I'll stay and live with you until the breath is clean out of my body.'

And Joab promised that he would, and that he hoped to be eternally dog-on and to thunder if he wouldn't pay the Captain for landing, and treat all around, if she would just stay, and so she staid. And the last seen of this nearly separated couple, they were embracing each other on the bank of the 'big muddy,' surrounded by seven little free soil boys, whose shirt tails like the banners of Macbeth, were bung up on the outer walls, and whose eyes were full of gum, dirt and wonder.

**FOR THE REMAINDER.**—&c., SEE NEW YORK LEDGER. The commencement of a story under the title of 'The Perils of the Border,' which is now being published in many of our exchanges, calls to mind an anecdote rather too valuable not to be generally known. A subscriber to one of the papers in Portland, who had fallen several dollars in arrears, (a very remarkable circumstance as everybody knows, with newspaper patrons,) happened to read in his paper the first chapters of one of the New York Ledger stories, which people now generally understand publishers are liberally paid for inserting. Not liking the sudden and peculiar termination of the part of the story he had read, the man exhibited unmistakable signs of vexation. Straightway to the office of the offending publisher goes the indignant



## The Eastern Mail.

RPH MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 3, 1858.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & 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.

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

J. BURRILL & Co., No. 30 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.

On the Common, too, a little generous labor has done a good work; and "Judah's Tree" has the prospect of becoming the patriarch of a dense grove. Thanks to those who have thus invested money at compound interest for posterity. May a goodly share of that posterity bear their own names, and may their own shadow never grows less till those of the trees are abundantly spread abroad.

NOVEL ENGINEER.—Seated in our friend Dyer's store, one pleasant afternoon, awhile ago, we saw a wagon stop in front of Boule Block, from which alighted, with a spring, a good looking young lady, well and sensibly dressed, who having securely fastened her horse to the hitching post, carefully assisted an elderly lady—her mother probably—to descend from the vehicle. There was nothing unusual in all this, and the like may be witnessed in our street almost every day by those who will take the trouble to look; but the young lady's next move was something out of the common course. Having stepped back and taken a view of her team, apparently to see if all was right, she seemed to notice that the ground upon which it stood was not level, and that the horse would have an uncomfortable time of it while he stood there, holding the wagon from rolling down hill. Looking about she spies the half of a brick in the street which she gracefully picks up and places under one of the hind wheels. As she did that, the "Deacon's" chair came down with a bang—he had been sitting by our side, with his chair tilted back, Yankee fashion—and springing up, "By George!" said he "that's the girl for me!" Now the "Deacon," be it known, is a bachelor; and though he might have been married some time ago—ought to have been, perhaps, if he had done his duty, but that's his business, and not ours—had never seemed to find the one that precisely suited him; but he is a capital fellow for all that, and knowing that he deserved a good wife, it pleased us to see that the little god Cupid had finally hit him, even with so vulgar a missile as a brickbat.

Now, Miss Curiosity, we are not going to tell you who the "Deacon" is, neither shall we inform you on what road the young lady lives, (she is the daughter of one of our well-to-do farmers) but we will give you a hint of the denouement—that's French, we believe, for the "come-out" of a story. We left the Deacon watching that team, and now we are in daily expectation of an order for a pack of wedding cards. Keep close watch upon the hymeneal department of the "Mail," and as Mons. Crapaud says, "you shall see vat you shall see."

THE WEATHER.—For a week past has been warm and highly favorable; giving good prospects and consequently good courage to the farmer. This is now the leading interest, to which everybody looks with faith and hope for a return to general prosperity. Money is plenty in the banks, but slow and scarce in circulation; and agriculture is the only basis upon which it can come into wholesome activity. Drive the plow and scatter the seed, ye who have land and strength! Bread must be had, and money alone will bring it. So long as Wells and Brown and Doolittle and Judging are alive, so long fat cattle and sheep will bring you cash and a good price. Work with courage, and trust God for the result.

SLAYER SEIZED.—The brig Hutter, Capt. Brown, has been seized by the U. S. authorities at Key West, on suspicion of being a slaver.

CONVENIENT.—A very neat establishment, and a convenience to the public, is the Fish Market of Mr. Atkins, in Merchants' Row. He proposes to keep a full variety, and to distribute by teams through the adjacent towns; and with neat and cool fixtures for preserving fish in warm weather, the public will find his establishment a convenience. [See his advertisement.]

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—The Republicans of Maine will meet in convention at Augusta, on Thursday, the 24th inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., to nominate a candidate for Governor, and to transact any other business that may properly come before them.

THAT HOTEL.—A project is on foot, by which it is hoped Wood's Hotel, in Portland, may be speedily completed.

## OUR TABLE.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—Two beautiful steel engravings grace the June number of this literary and religious periodical—one a portrait of Florence Nightingale, and the other a humorous scene in an old time school room. The filling of the number shows fact and talent in those having the pen in charge. From the

'Sideboard for Children,' we take the following bits:—

Does God make rain?—My little nephew of three summers is inquired of his mother one day if God made the trees grow. The mother replied, "Yes, my son." He continued, "Does God make it rain?" The mother answered, "rather peculiarly." "Yes, yes, my son; don't ask so many questions."

Again Orse said, "Does God make the wind blow?" "Yes, yes; I tell you God makes every thing. Now do be still!" Little Orse dropped his head for a moment, as if in deep thought, and then slowly inquired, looking up at his mother, "Does God make folks cold?"

AN EGG TO MEASURE BY.—Our little Tommy, at the tea table, asked anxiously, "Pa, why do we have always to leave one egg in the nest when we go for eggs?" "Little Jimmy of four years exclaimed quickly, as if a happy thought had flashed across his mind, "Tommy, Tommy, don't you know? I know; it's as the old hen can have one to measure by."

IN A HARD KNOT.—About a year ago my youngest brother Willie, who is now three years old, was playing with a bottle. The cork was loose and he could not get it out, and he said to himself, "This bottle is in a hard knot."

GOOSE.—Once, when a heavy thunder-storm was coming up, my little boy insisted upon staying out when it began to rain. I tried to persuade him to come in, but he said, "Please, ma, let me stay here, for I love to see God work."

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY is published by Swornstedt & Poe, Cincinnati, under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at \$2 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—Contents of the May number.—Part 3 of Food and Drink; part 12 of Bulwer's novel, What will he do with it? Antiquities of Kertch; Colleges and Colleges; a dialogue; Zanibar, and Two Months in East Africa; No. 3 of the "Pioneer" Magazine; Italy, of the Arts the Grail and the Gravel; Oude.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The April number contains the following articles:—Annals of California; The Eastern Church; Thier's History of the Consulate and the Empire; The Railways of Great Britain; The Works of Edgar Allan Poe; The Speeches of Lord Brougham; Buckle's History of Civilization in England; The Conquest of India; The Second Derby Ministry.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription.—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be but 21 cents a year for "Blackwood," and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in the June number, just received, are—Revolutionary Heroes, The Irish Emigrant, The Chinese Giano Islands, Nest Building Fishes, The Dutch in New York, Reading Church, Home and the Sewing Machine. The number, which completes a volume, abounds in good reading that will instruct and edify while it interests and entertains. The circulation of this excellent periodical ought to be twice as large as it is. Published by Carlton & Porter, New York, at \$2 a year.

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.—A well filled number for June closes the sixth volume of this periodical. It is hardly necessary to enumerate the articles, many of which are handsomely illustrated, but they will all be found of interest and value. For three dollars, subscribers to this work receive twelve numbers of an excellent magazine and a splendid engraving, well worth all the money paid. It is one of the best bargains, in its line, to be found in the market. Published by Oaksmith & Co., New York.

PROHIBITION OR LICENSE.—Which shall it be? Remember this is the question to be decided at the ballot box, on Monday next. Do not fail to vote.

"THE STATE OF MAINE."—Two editions of this Portland daily are now published, and it brings us fresh news, instead of that a day old, as formerly. A marked improvement has been made in this sheet, and enterprise and energy are discoverable in every department.

U. S. SENATOR FROM RHODE ISLAND.—Hon. Henry B. Anthony, Ex-Governor of the State, and editor of the Providence Journal, has been chosen U. S. Senator for six years from the 4th of March next.

Rev. Henry A. Sawtelle, a member of the Senior Class at Newton, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church in Limerick to become their pastor. Mr. S. is a graduate of Waterville College, formerly resided in Sidney, and is a young man of good talent and more than ordinary excellence of character.

WE GIVE IT UP!—Brother Littlefield has a perfect right to convert trout into salmon;—since in his retort he serves Latin, French and English, in what he passes for a French dish of two words! We may be "au fait," Moses, but we protest we are not "au fat" and we have no such name on our subscription list. Call us anything but that. But our friend the "Cap'n" once made a worse blunder than yours. On the day of his election he discovered "E pluribus unum" on the company's banner, and was told by a wag that it was the name of a former captain of the company. The gallant soldier forthwith ordered a painter to change the inscription to "E Captain Pillsbury."

KANSAS.—Matters are in a very unsettled state in Kansas, and there is strong probability of a collision between the Missourians and Free State Men.

FIRE.—A small building on the Messalonskee, occupied by Mr. Winslow Marston for a drying and dipping house, in the manufacture of matches, was destroyed by fire with a portion of its contents, on Friday evening last. Loss about two hundred dollars; no insurance.

DARING BURGLARY.—On Friday night last, as we learn from the Bangor Union, the store of Gibbon & Kelley, of Oldtown, was entered and robbed of about one hundred dollars worth of clothing, though one of the firm was sleeping in the room above.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Hampton Greeley, aged 13 years, son of Dr. Sam'l Greeley, of Ellsworth, was drowned in Union River, on Saturday, the 22d ult.

LECTURES.—We understand that Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston, will lecture on Spiritualism on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at Town Hall. He is also expected to lecture at Skowhegan, and other places in this section—probably embracing Kendall's Mills and W. Waterville.

HERBERT'S SUICIDE.—The Indianapolis papers state that at the time of the suicide of her husband, Mrs. Herbert was in that city prosecuting an application for a divorce.

The story of the romantic encounter, in which he rescued the lady from some ruffians of the hungry mob, was taken from one of Herbert's romances, and was a fiction. The match was made by advertising—marriage beginning, miserable ending.

The Springfield Republican, in alluding to Senator Sumner's departure for Europe, makes the following comments:—

"Two years ago this very week, Caleb Cushing said this act of Mr. Brooks would cause the death of three men—the uncle (Senator Butler) to avenge upon the assassin who committed the blow, the nephew (Brooks) who struck the felonious blow, and the Senator who received them. The prophecy is two-thirds fulfilled already, and there is too much reason to believe that it may be considered altogether justified by the event. The action of private conscience and the influence of public opinion concerning this notable act no doubt contributed to the death of Mr. Butler and Mr. Brooks. Their victim only nominally survives—a broken man in constitution, intellect, in heart. He may have years of nominal life before him; but they cannot be the rich years of eloquence, activity and fate that belonged to Charles Sumner. He liveth, yet is dead. Two years have passed since he was stricken down, yet they have added nothing to the healing of the flesh wounds. He carries with him constantly those mortal blows—their agony and their sting go ever about with him. However intended, murder was never more complete, nor perhaps more horrible. To make of such a man such a wreck, is worse than to murder him on the spot. It murders fame, as well as life—it leaves a great heart and a great soul in the world, but incapacitates them from action. Fortunate are Brooks and Butler to have died, rather than to exist with such a spectacle on their consciences."

SUPPOSED MURDERER CAUGHT.—On Friday night May 12, a man entered the house of the two Messrs. Welch, in New Sharon, soliciting entertainment for the night, and that whilst his host was engaged in preparing him some supper, the stranger made a murderous assault upon him with a revolver, which he discharged three times, each ball taking effect in some part of the body, without killing his intended victim. Mr. Welch's brother, in the bedroom, hearing the outcry, ran to the room in season to receive two shots himself from the assassin, who escaped under the cover of darkness. The same night, a horse, lately owned by Dr. Tappan, of Augusta, was stolen from the stable of Obadiah Whittier, in Vienna, not far from the residence of the Messrs. Welch. For some reason Mr. Whittier suspected a Mr. Rundlett, of Mt. Vernon, as the thief, and the connection between the attempted murder at Welch's and the theft at his own house, as being probably by the same person, was natural. On Thursday of last week, Mr. Whittier made it convenient to be riding by the residence of Rundlett, when he met a youth who resided in the family. Inquiring familiarly if Mr. R. kept "little grey" yet? He was told he was in the barn, but Mr. Rundlett had gone to Kent's Hill. The horse had been shorn and colored with an artificial dye, so that Mr. W. could not have recognized him but by means of certain scars, &c., which he knew, on his limbs. He hastened forthwith to Rundlett, and obtained a warrant. The officer proceeded immediately to Rundlett's house, which he reached just before his return; but discovering the officer he ran for dear life. He was overtaken, however, secured and brought to Readfield. Mr. Welch was sent for, who on entering the room filled with people, instantly recognized the gentleman as his attempted murderer, saying he could not be mistaken in the man, he knew his face, and he had on the same clothes he wore when he shot him. This was conclusive. He was taken in irons to Augusta Jail, whence he was removed to Farmington last Monday, for trial in Franklin county, where the crime was committed. Thus "murder" will out!

A man named Hugh Downie was some time since found in an open cellar in St. Louis, under circumstances which led to the supposition that he had been garrotted and murdered for his money. It has just been discovered, however, that the deceased was murdered in a barber's chair, having been strangled by three apprentices in the shop while clamping.

One of the party has made a confession, in which it appears that the rope being prepared, the operator rubbed the lather over the eyes of the doomed man, when the rope was thrown over his head and pulled until he died, while one of the party held his legs. The plunder was then divided, and the body disposed of by pitching it into the cellar. The youngest of the boys is eleven years of age, and the oldest seventeen.

CONGREGATIONAL STATE CONFERENCE.—The annual meeting of the Congregational Churches of Maine will be held at Augusta (in Rev. Mr. Webb's church) June 22d.

For the information of those intending to be present, we copy the circular of the committee of arrangements, to which for the purpose of insuring the convenience and comforts of hosts and guests, we would call immediate attention.

CARD.—The Maine State Conference will hold its Anniversary meeting at Augusta at Rev. Mr. Webb's church June 22d at ten o'clock A. M. and continue three days. All persons from abroad wishing accommodations are requested to write immediately to the subscriber enclosing a postage stamp, and if to be accompanied, to state whether by his wife, daughter or other persons, giving names, when a reply will be seasonably returned with the name of the family where on their arrival they will apply for entertainment. Arrangements have already been made with the Kennebec and Portland and the Kennebec and Somerset roads to pass persons attending, for fare one way, and it is confidently expected similar arrangement with other railroads east of Portland and Dover and east of Augusta will be made.

JAMES L. CHILD, Chairman of Com. of Arrangements.

Augusta, May 23d, 1858.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—The most extraordinary circumstances connected with the present outrages upon our merchantmen is their completely unexpected and abrupt opening. Not the slightest inkling had come from any quarter that the right of search was to be reasserted by England; and yet suddenly we hear from all quarters that our vessels are being boarded. The news comes upon us like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky. Now the present Derby Ministry succeeded to power on the 23d of February last, and these aggressive demonstrations happen within three months afterwards.

Six years ago, in the same month of February, the same, or substantially the same, Derby Ministry took office. When about four months of their administration had elapsed, our people were suddenly astonished by tidings of seizures of American fishing vessels in the Bay of Fundy and neighborhood, where they had been for years prosecuting their business without the slightest molestation. Upon recovering somewhat from our surprise, we learned that the new Ministry had adopted a new policy in respect to the provisions of the Fishery Convention of 1817. Without any negotiation, or overtone of negotiation, the Derby Ministry suddenly reverted to a construction of that treaty excluding our fishing vessels from the

larger bays—a construction, which we had always denied, and which the British government had never enforced and had for years entirely acquiesced in. The suddenness and rudeness of this new movement at once excited most serious apprehensions, and Commodore Perry, at that time preparing to go to Japan, was forthwith ordered off with the steamship Mississippi to the North-Eastern coasts; and it was through his moderation and discretion, aided by a similar spirit on the part of Admiral Seymour, that an end was put to further offensive operations, and the way prepared for the peaceful and satisfactory adjustment of the whole matter.

Now certainly there is a notable resemblance between that foray into the fishing grounds and the present foray into the Gulf, in respect to its sudden and apparently gratuitous character. It would seem as if the Earl of Derby and the Earl of Malmesbury had a decided penchant for extemporized shindies.

[New York Courier.

From California and the Isthmus.

New York, May 29.—The steamship Moses Taylor, with California advices of May 7th, \$1,567,000 in specie, and 700 passengers, arrived to day.

The people's ticket was elected in Sacramento by several thousand majority over Buchanan men.

Col. Fremont was welcomed at Mariposa by bonfires, cannons, &c.

There is nothing important from Oregon or Washington.

The advices received by the Moses Taylor, give an account of another seizure of Greytown, the version of which is thus given by the Panama Herald:

Col. Kinney, with six other persons, arrived at Greytown on the 19th of April. On the 25th, he and his associates prepared a Nicaraguan flag, and on Sunday, about noon, proceeded to where the Mosquito flag was hoisted, pulled it down and raised the Nicaraguan ensign in its place. To this act the town authorities offered no opposition. The next step was to arrest the Mayor of the place. On being brought to the guard house, where a large crowd had collected, the Mayor asked Col. Kinney the reason why he was thus treated. To which the Colonel replied that he wished to inform him officially of what had taken place; that the flag had been changed, the old government deposed, and his (Kinney's) substituted. The Mayor then asked the people if they wished him to resign, to which there was a general cry of "No No!" The Mayor then asked Kinney by what authority he dared to act as he had done; also declaring his intention not to resign. (Loud cheers from the citizens.) Kinney replied that he had acted by authority of Capt. Kennedy, of the U. S. frigate Jamestown.

The next day a meeting of citizen was held at the Mayor's house, and whilst it was in session, Kinney sent an order to deliver up, to him, the cannon belonging to the town. This was replied to by an order from the Mayor for Kinney's arrest, and just as the Marshal and a large body were about to put it in force, five of the Jamestown cutters, filled with armed marines, were observed pulling towards the shore. The citizens then proceeded to the British Consul to await the course of events, and were engaged in making a protest when Capt. Kennedy joined them. On hearing of Kinney's acts, and how his name had been used without his permission or approval. After this Capt. K. visited the United States Commercial Agent and there had a long interview with Kinney. About 8 o'clock, he sent a letter to the Mayor, stating that he should not interfere to prevent Kinney's arrest. The next morning a crowd collected to aid the authorities, and to arrest Kinney; at first he threatened to resist, but at length he agreed to surrender to the Americans. This he and his party, consisting of George R. Glidden, K. S. Pool and A. P. Dresser, did, and were subsequently brought to a pin wall in the British steamer Trent.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—Public attention has of late years, been directed to the obvious advantages arising from the entrance of woman into the profession of medicine, and every day increases the number among us of those who wish to devote themselves to this department of science. The tide which they have so long been obliged to stem, now sets in their favor. We rejoice in the increasing popularity of this noble work, as a token of the world's progress; but while we do so, we should not forget the pioneers in the field, who have struggled in the past untiringly, through the obstacles which prejudice has thrown in their way, and whose heroic exertions have effected the change in public opinion. Conspicuous among the number stands Mrs. Winslow, who for more than thirty years, as nurse and physician, has followed her profession with unflinching application and industry. During this time she has compounded a Soothing Syrup for children teething, which ought to immortalize her name. It is the most perfect thing of the kind, in our opinion, ever compounded, and one of the greatest discoveries in medicine of the age; it is of more importance to the human family than any other discovery made by the profession in the last hundred years. Common observation cannot fail to satisfy all who will take the trouble to look into the bills of mortality for any one year, that a very large percentage of children annually die during the process of teething, and a very much larger number of those who survive are greatly debilitated or diseased, so that they grow up weak, both physically and mentally, and incapacitated both for study and labor. Now, we appeal with perfect confidence to thousands of mothers who will read this article, to corroborate our statement, when we say that no such fatal consequences as those we have alluded to ever occur from teething, when Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is used in time. That it is just the article needed, is the testimony which reaches us daily from those who have tried it, and until some member of the faculty can produce an article which shall equal in excellence this result of the long experience of a Female Physician, we hope we shall hear no more of woman's overstepping her sphere in entering the medical profession.—[Drawing-room Companion, N. Y.]

A NATURAL RESULT.—The Canadian Parliament, manifesting that commercial sagacity which is a peculiar attribute of the Anglo-Saxon character, have taken initiatory steps for the revival of the Fishing Bounties, which some years ago, under a mistaken view of political economy, were withdrawn from the Provincial Fishermen. The papers of Montreal and Quebec take a very sensible and practical view of the matter, seeming to regard the Fisheries not as directly profitable in themselves, but as of invaluable aid in building up a national marine. It was this view of the matter, as pertinent to our own country, that was so ably presented by Messrs. Hamlin and Fessenden, during the recent debates in the Senate on the bill to repeal the bounties, and it is needless to add, that the arguments based upon it have always been sufficient to win the approval of

the soundest statesmen of all political parties. But as "madness rules the hour" in the councils of the Democracy, we must not expect the action of that party to be guided by principle, or influenced by precedent.

This movement on the part of our Canadian neighbors is made at a peculiarly auspicious time for their own interests. With the threatened destruction of our own Fisheries, and of all our commercial advantages, by the dominant party of the country, Canada, as an integral part of one of the foremost nations of the world, and in and of herself the second power on this continent, would have the most inviting opportunity to seize hold of those rich prizes in commerce, which the ruinous policy of our own government seems bent on recklessly dashing away. The Administration of Mr. Buchanan is doing all it can to foster and develop the commercial and maritime interests of Great Britain, at the expense and sacrifice of our own.—[Port. Adv.]

SEARCH.—Why should it be any more of an outrage for the national police of the ocean to search suspected pirates and slavers on the high seas, than for the civil police on land to search persons suspected of smuggling or other crimes? By the treaties of the United States and Great Britain, both nations declare the slave trade piracy, and are bound each to the other to employ a naval force to capture and destroy all vessels engaged in that infamous trade. This is carried on now largely from Cuba, under American colors; and our government maintains that the British have no right to stop or examine any vessel that hoists our flag. If this doctrine is to prevail, it operates as a complete protection for all pirates and slavers. Lately the English have stopped and searched several of our vessels with a view to ascertain whether they were engaged in a lawful commerce or not; whereupon our government has taken it in high dudgeon, and threatens a renewal of the war of 1812. Now it seems to us that no innocent vessel would object to being saluted by an ocean-police ship, but would readily accommodate the officer with a view of its papers, and that if it would not, our government should rebuke its conduct. If we were as anxious to prevent the slave trade as England is, we think our ships would be as thick on the search as the British are. Both are bound to co-operate together for this common object.

[Rural Intelligencer.

THE TIME OF TRIAL.—The great religious excitement which has swept over our land has reached its culminating point, and is passing away. This is in accordance with the laws of nature by which everything, mental, moral and physical, has its ebb and flow—a law which knows no exception. The extraordinary outside pressure has been already greatly removed, and will soon be unfeeling. And then will come the day of trial for those who have yielded to the pressure and turned, as they and all have fondly hoped, from the error of their ways. The "business men of all classes have ceased to throng the public assembly to join in prayer, and have turned to their goods and their merchandise, their stores and their workshops, their trade, their politics, their social life, and are settling down into the routine of business again. The stimulant of sympathy with collected masses of men is felt no more, and the subject of religion has measurably ceased to be the subject of conversation. There is danger now that they will fall back into their old modes of thought, their old modes of business, their old sharp practices, their uncharitableness, their envies, their jealousies, their hatreds and ill-wills. If they do, all this excitement has been in vain to them. If it does not make them better Christians, if it does not make the trader more fair in his dealings, the mechanic more faithful in his labors, the lawyer more conscientious in his duty, the politician more devoted to the cause of the right than to a reckless desire for mere party success and aggrandizement; if it does not make men better husbands and fathers, better neighbors, better friends; so far as they are concerned, this period of excitement has been worse than in vain.—[Nashua Telegraph.]

MORE SWINDLES STOPPED.—At the request of the Mayor, the Postmaster-General has given instructions to the Postmaster of New York to forward to the Dead Letter Office all letters reaching the New York Post Office addressed to parties in answer to advertisements which, upon their face, are of a swindling character. The letters will be opened at Washington, and such sums of money as they be found to contain, will be forwarded to the address of the writer thereof.

All communications addressed to C. E. Todd & Co., Huntington & Co., Dr. H. James, the "Retired Physician," Monnet & Co., Dr. Wallace, Dr. Le Brun, Dr. De Lorme, and a number of other bogus lottery, quack medicine, and obscene publication swindlers, will hereafter be sent at once to Washington.

The result of the contest in the Tract Society at the Boston anniversary on Tuesday, was that the question of separation from the New York Society was postponed till next year; but those opposed to the recent proslavery action of that Society were practically triumphant, for Mr. Bliss, the Secretary anxious to them was superseded, and it was voted to withhold all funds from the New York Society. The opponents of the New York policy were in a majority of about 100.

SUNDAY SPORTS IN DAMASCUS.—On Sunday (!) last the worthy people of Damascus caught Mills turned out en masse, and went fishing in a brotherly way. The result of the sport was the capture of one hundred thousand and more Alewives. The fishes were placed in the large traps, hogheads, barrels, &c., to be distributed on Monday morning; but alas! they disappeared in the night.

[Lincoln Democrat.

Senator Clay, of Alabama, having succeeded in forcing his favorite measure through the Senate, for the repeal of the Fishing Bounties Act, has since given a singular proof of his opposition to national legislation for sectional interests. On Monday last he introduced a bill for the improvement of the Dismal Swamp Canal, a work which is intended for the benefit of a very small portion of the States of Virginia and North Carolina. There is about as much reason for the Government improving the Dismal Swamp canal as there would be in making an appropriation for the benefit of the La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad. But the Dismal Swamp does not happen to be in New England, which makes all the difference with Mr. Clay.

The California papers by the last mail represent that the colored population were increased at the passage by the Legislature of a bill prohibiting free colored persons from entering the State in future. Indignation meetings of the colored people of San Francisco had been held, and eighty-five men had pledged themselves to go to Vancouver's Island and examine it with a view to a general emigration. The negro bill provides that every negro arriving in the State shall be bound out to service not longer than six months, and the

proceeds of his labor to be applied to transporting said negro to any port he may designate.

FROM WASHINGTON.—Washington, May 28.—The instructions to our naval force are in effect to warn the British cruisers against the visitation of American vessels, and in case of persistence to prevent it by force.

A motion will shortly be made in the House to suspend the rule with a view to introduce a bill authorizing the construction of ten sloops of-war.

A movement is in progress contemplating the co-operation of all the opposition elements to the Administration in the name of the people's party of the Union. The main features of the proposed organization are the ignoring of all questions productive of sectional strife; the protection of popular rights; a judicious system of internal improvement; a settled and firm policy; prevention of the landing of foreign criminals and paupers; the protection of the ballot box, and an extended term of residence after naturalization as a condition to the elective franchise; the fostering of American genius and art; and that every territory rising into a State should have a Constitution and Laws formed by citizens of the United States who are permanent inhabitants, under such rules as Congress may prescribe.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.—N. Y., May 28.—The Courier's correspondent says government expects important intelligence from England by next steamer. It is understood that Lord Napier has given his opinion that his government will contend for the right of visitation as distinct from the right of search. Should dispatches from Mr. Dallas confirm that expectation, the relations of the two countries will suddenly approach the cæcus belli. The Administration promises to meet this contingency with vigor. The intimations thrown out are, that orders will be given to bring in for adjudication all British armed vessels committing acts of outrage upon our commerce.

REPORT CONTRADICTION.—The Herald's Washington correspondent is authorized to say that the statement that Lord Napier had intimated that "the British government might be disposed to insist upon the visitation of vessels for the purpose of verifying their nationality," is erroneous. He does not think so, and has never committed his government by making any such declaration. Lord Napier informed a Senator to-day that the British government would undoubtedly apologize for the recent outrages, but, at the same time, it is determined to stop the slave trade in Cuba, and to that end will enforce a strict blockade of that island.

ACTION IN NEW ORLEANS IN RELATION TO THE BRITISH OUTRAGES IN THE GULF.—New Orleans, May 28.—In the Common Council, resolutions have been read authorizing the Mayor to equip and send an armed vessel against the British cruisers. A meeting has been called at the Arcade for tomorrow, to take into consideration the sending of an armed vessel to the Gulf.

A great indignation meeting was held at the Arcade to-day, at which 5000 people were present. Gen. Palfrey was called to the chair, and, after several eloquent speeches, resolutions were passed, recommending every vessel to arm and equip before leaving this port, and to offer every resistance possible to the British cruisers. Great enthusiasm was displayed.

FROM WASHINGTON.—New York, May 31.—(Washington Correspondence.) The war fever here is on the increase, and has been very much accelerated by Senator Wilson's resolution and the debate in the Senate on Saturday.

It is understood that a special messenger has been dispatched to-day by Lord Napier, with instructions for the British Admiral of the North American fleet, wherever he can be found. He will proceed first to Halifax. The tenor of the instructions is not known.

IMPORTANT FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.—The Panama correspondent of the Times mentions a report that an alliance, offensive and defensive, has been entered into between Nicaragua, Salvador and Costa Rica, to which Guatemala and Honduras are invited to become parties; that a treaty has been made with France, by which that power guarantees the independence of each of the Central American States; and that it was determined to get rid, if possible, of all the transit contracts, and place the transit business under the sole control of Nicaragua and Costa Rica.

The Herald's correspondent writes from San Juan del Sur: We are hourly expecting the steamer with the President of Guatemala and San Salvador. President Mora is already here with the French Minister. They are making a treaty, uniting the five States under French protection to resist the Americans.

NEW ENGLAND A UNIT IN THE U. S. SENATE.—The Albany Journal, in announcing the election of Ex-Gov. Anthony of Rhode Island as Senator, says:

"New England is a unit in the U. S. Senate. Twelve Republican Senators, all 'good men and true,' now represent six of the Old Thirteen States. With New York, we have a majority of the States that constituted the old Confederacy, and by which our liberties were achieved, represented by Senators who uphold the principles that brought us into existence as a nation."

A horticulturist at Lafayette, Ind., advertised that he would supply all sorts of trees and plants, "especially pie plants of all kinds." A gentleman thereupon sent him an order for "one package of custard-pie seed and a few dozen mince pie plants." The gardener promptly filled the order by sending him four goose eggs and a small dog.

Both Houses of the Legislature of Wisconsin have passed a bill for the re-establishment of capital punishment for the crime of murder in the first degree. A strong reaction appears to have taken place in the minds of the people of the State in relation to the subject. This last action of the Legislature is understood to be in conformity with a general expression of the popular will.

That the American people are appreciative of any substantial service rendered them, is seen in the result of Dr. Ayer's enterprise. It was something of a venture for a chemist of his splendid reputation among the literati of the world, to risk it in the production of Cough Drops and Pills. But he boldly threw himself into the gap where his talents could best subserve the public weal, and it is now easy to see that he did not misjudge the temper of his countrymen. Throughout this nation and some foreign lands, his name is foremost at the bedside of sickness—while in the good cheer, he is second to no living man. He wins the biggest laurels a man can wear, and enjoys in utmost measure the luxury of doing good.—[Observer, Dubuque, Iowa.]

AS A REMEDY FOR DYSPPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION, we think the Oxygenated Bitter unequalled. They are free from alcohol, and contain judiciously combined with other hygienic substances—oxygen, the chief vital element.







