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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 03): July 29, 1858

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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'Charlie, Charlie? I'm cold. Give me some more cover, please.'  
Then the whole thing flashed upon me like lightning. The girl had only gone off into a long sort of faint, and they had buried her alive. In ticklish times, Ham Murdoch aint a man to stop and think, he goes ahead right off, and generally does the best that can be done. So it was then. I turned the bull's-eye quick toward the coffin, and there she was, half-sitting up, and rubbing her eyes! I didn't give her a chance to see me, but blew the light out quick. Then I heard her say, complainingly—'Charlie, where are you? Where am I?' I made a quick step towards her, and said: 'Madam, can you trust me?'

'Madam, can you trust me?'  
That minute she began to scream, as I expected, and I clapped my hand over her mouth right off, for it wouldn't have done for me to be caught there, of course. She was very weak, and couldn't make much noise, so I caught her with my arm as she sunk back, and lifted her out of the coffin as easy as I could, on to the floor. She was going to faint, but putting her feet upon the cold stone pavement, brought her to a little, and I felt her tremble against my arm.

'Madam,' says I again, in as soft a tone as I could use, 'madam, can you trust me?'  
She broke out all over in a tremble, and asked: 'Oh! where am I?'

'Says I, 'Madam, do not faint; try not to faint yet awhile. I have saved your life, and I want you to listen. Stop—taste this—' and I put the brandy to her lips, making her take a good drink. 'Now, I went on to say, 'lean against me, (poor thing, she was so weak she had to do it, in spite of herself), and I'll tell you in a word, if you can bear it. You had a fit, and everybody thought you were dead, as I did, till a minute ago—and—'

'This is the grave! Yes—but how—'  
'Stop, madam!' says I, 'this is the vault. Do not faint now, I pray you.'  
'But why are you here?—and Charlie—where—'

'I can't tell you all now,' says I, 'only I am come to save you, if you will trust me. Wrap yourself up in this coat, for it is cold, and I will carry you home.'  
'But what—'

'Oh, yes,' said I, 'see you do not trust me yet, madam. Take one more drink out of this bottle—it will strengthen you. There; now I will show you where you are, and I struck a match against the wall. The pale bluish light had hardly begun to show the walls and damp mould and the coffins, when I felt her heavy against me, and knew she had fainted again. I lit the bull's-eye to see what I was about—the tools out of my pocket, laid them on the floor, put her arms in the sleeves of my heavy coat, then wrapped it close round her, and buttoned it. I took my bowie-knife from my belt, stuck it in my breast-pocket, where it would be handy, and tied my 'billy' to my wrist—for I was determined to carry her safe through what might. All right, thought I now—but, no—I took that ring out of my pocket, and put it back on her finger again—why, I can't exactly say, only I did it because I couldn't help it.

Then I wrapped her little feet up in my woolen comforter, tied my handkerchief over her head, and picked her up in my arms—she was very light—and went out of the vault, blowing out the light and closing the door—she being still in the faint. It wasn't raining much, then, and luckily the wind had gone down. I started off pretty fast, I tell you, for I had about two miles to go, and slim chance of meeting a hack; and I didn't know but the poor thing might die on my hands. I ran through the grave-yard to the wall, laid her on the top, jumped over and pulled her down to me. Then I started off at a pretty quick trot for the city. She wasn't heavy—but it was rather tiresome carrying her, being such an unhandy bundle. I guess we'd gone on about a quarter of the way, and were getting into the built up streets pretty much, when a watchman jumped out of the shadow of the houses, and made a grab at me. I wasn't in a trifling humor, as I brought my 'billy' pretty heavy down upon his head, and he dropped like lead without a bit of noise. I didn't stop to see whether he was hurt—he was laid up two months by it, I heard—but crossed the street, and turned into another. Two or three squares more, and I knew she had come to by the way in which she helped me to carry her.

'Do you trust me, now?' said I.  
She answered, 'Yes.'  
'Don't say anything, then—only put your arm around my neck, to hold on better, and keep up your spirits. I am taking you home.'  
'Do you know where to go?' she asked.  
'Yes, I know the very house. And I told her street and number. That seemed to do her much good; and I knew by the way she held on to me, after that, that she wasn't afraid of me.

A little further on, and I heard the rattle of a carriage coming toward me. Then I saw it—a hack—turn the corner into the street I was in, and come rattling toward me.  
'Can you stand here a minute, madam?' says I, putting her down in a door-way. 'If you can, I'll get that hack, and we'll get home quicker.'  
'Yes,' says she, faintly.

I ran into the street as it came on, and told the driver to stop and take a sick woman home. He swore he wouldn't, and tried to drive on, but I caught his horses, and told him to stop, or I'd shoot him.  
'Get down,' says I, pointing my 'billy' at him as if it was a pistol, 'get down, and come here.' As soon as he got near me, I knew him, and said:  
'Murphy, open your door. I'm Ham Murdoch, so be civil. You'll get a fare that will pay, if you keep mum, for this ain't a common game.'

He was mighty civil, I tell you. I went to the young woman, who had sunk down in the door-way.  
'Says I, 'Madam, keep up your courage a minute longer, and you'll be home. It is all right, now.' Then I helped her into the hack, got a horse-blanket from Murphy, and wrapped it round her; and then, thinking it would put her in better spirits, asked her to give the hackman his directions. He stared when she told him, but didn't say anything, driving off at a half-run, as I told him to. As soon as we got off, the poor creature began to cry, and tremble all over, which I thought would do her no harm, so I said nothing, only getting her to take another little taste of brandy. In about five minutes, we hauled up at her door, and the hackman gave a tremendous pull at the bolt. The window up stairs was opened, and a man's voice asked 'who's there?' hearing which, the poor woman fell all in a heap upon me again, said, 'Poor Charlie!' in a low whisper, and fainted dead. I laid her back on the seat softly, jumped out—feeling kind of queer myself—and said to the husband—

'Come down, quick, here's good news for you!'  
He drew in, shut the window down, and I knew he would come.  
Then a servant-man opened the door.

VOL. XII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1858.

NO. 3.

# The Eastern Mail.

'Where's a fire, John?' says I to him.

'In the parlor, sir; but—'  
'No time for "buts,"' says I catching him up quick. 'Here's a miracle. You must run like mad for her doctor—her own, mind you.'  
'Her own?' says he, in a mighty scared kind of way.

'Yes, hers, your mistress's doctor—and be no time about it. If it takes you more than a quarter of an hour, you're a murderer? D'ye hear?'

While I was saying this, I had taken her out of the hack, keeping her face hid under the handkerchief, for fear it would scare the man's life out of him; and, making him show the way, carried her in my arms to the parlor, and laid her down on the sofa, wheeling it up near the grate.

'Now,' says I to him, as he stood staring and trembling, 'John jump into that hack, and fly for the doctor.'  
'But, sir,' says he, eyeing me in a mighty suspicious kind of way, 'what am I to go for? I don't like—'

'You don't like my looks, eh? Well, Mr. — will be down directly, and I guess he'll think I'm the best looking man in these parts when I tell him my news. 'John,' says I, going up to him, and whispering, 'John, your mistress has come to life. There she is, and if the doctor don't see her before she gets over this faint, he won't be able to save her life. And I lifted up the handkerchief, so as to show him her face. The fellow darted off, and in an instant I heard the hack rattling away like mad.

I hadn't a chance to walk twice across the floor before I heard a quick step coming down the stairs. 'Thinks I, that's Mr. —, and, being afraid he might not like my being there before things were explained, I jumped behind the door quick, and as he came in, grabbed him by the hands. He struggled pretty hard, but he was no match for me.

'What do you want ruffian?' said he breathing short. I had turned the gas up pretty high, and the room was very light.  
'Look at me,' says I, 'ain't I a hard one?'

'Candidly,' says he, looking me in the eye, bold as a lion, 'I think your looks agree very well with your actions, (or something of that sort—I don't remember the very words). You are a house-breaker.'  
'Something of the kind—look as if I would not mind slitting a weasand, if I thought it would pay, don't I?'

'Decidedly so,' said he.  
'Well,' says I, changing my tone, 'Mr. —, to prove that I mean you no harm, I'll let you go, and you can call the watch, if you wish, and I'll free his hands. All this time I had been standing between him and the sofa, which had a high back, so that he couldn't see her. He started back a little and then asked, 'What does this mean?'

'Mr. —,' says I, going near him, 'I think I have proved you to be a man, then I laid my hand on his wrist in a gentle manner, and I think you are able to bear a very strange piece of good news—good news, mind you.'  
Somewhat the trembling of my voice, so strange in a rough customer like me, scared him, and he shook as I held him.

'What is your news?' said he, fiercely.  
'You loved your wife, didn't you?'

He jumped back as if a snake had stung him, snatched his hand away from mine, and gave me such a smart lick in the breast, that it made me stagger.  
'You scoundrel! how dare you name her to me?'

'See here!' says I, stepping quick up to the sofa, and drawing the handkerchief off her face. 'I've brought her to life again.'  
I never, in all my born days, heard any scream that came up to his, then. He rushed to her—but would not touch her—then fell down on his knees by her side, and prayed as I never heard a praiser pray in my life. Then he touched her cheek, and got all pale again, (because it was so cold, I reckon), and was going to take her up in his arms, thinking, maybe, to warm her, when I caught hold of him again, and pulled him away, holding him round the body.

'Be a man, sir,' says I, 'be a man. She has only fainted, now, and mustn't come to before the doctor gets here—I sent the servant after him—because she's so weak I'm afraid she would die of joy.'  
'He kept struggling though, the big tears rolling down both cheeks, and he shouting—'Is she alive, though? Oh, no! she is as cold as when they buried her. She is dead! My God! she is dead! I will be quiet—only give me proof that she is alive!'

'Alive! Why, sir, not half an hour ago she told me where to bring her—and if you keep quiet, you will hear her sweet voice, too in an hour or so.'

He settled down, right off, only shaking my hand, and hugging me in a way that put me out mightily.  
'Now,' says I to him, in a cheerful sort of tone, 'the sound of your voice might bring her to before the doctor comes, so you'd better not talk here. Go make yourself useful. I will keep a sharp eye to her, and do you call up the servants, have fires made, a warm bed got ready—get some brandy, vinegar, and such things, all so that they can be ready at the doctor's call—especially hot water.'

He started right off, and I heard bells ringing, and all sorts of busting over the house. He couldn't keep away, though, but came every minute to the parlor to see if there was any change in her. I tell you I waited mighty anxiously to hear the doctor drive up. At last he came. As soon as he jumped into the parlor, with Mr. — right behind him, I knew him, and I saw by his curious look that he knew me.

His adventures. He's a 'hard nut,' as he will confess to you—but he might be worse, I am sure.  
They carried her up stairs, and Mr. — and I staid in the parlor together, but we did not talk much, because he was too anxious about his wife, and too grateful to me for me to say much, especially as I couldn't say much without lowering myself in his opinion. So, when the doctor came down, and shook Mr. — by the hand, saying there was no doubt his wife would be well in a day or two, I started to go. Mr. — jumped up and asked me what he could do for me, in money, or such like, but I shook my head, and told him to give Murphy a good fee, and I would call on him in the course of a week, to see how madam was getting. He took this rather badly, but the doctor laughed, and said: 'Never fear, Ham will not let you off too easy.'

And then Mr. — handed me a fifty dollar note, and asked me if that would do for the hackman. I said yes, of course, and managed to get off at last, but not until he had almost shaken my hand off. When I got home, and gave Murphy the note, he thought it was counterfeit at first, and then, finding it was good, he kicked up in the craziest way you ever heard tell of. As soon as I got rid of him, I ran up stairs to my crib, and there was Joe, bonnet and shawl on, filling her pockets with keys, tools and money out of the chest, and making a bundle of mine and her clothes.

'Oh, Ham,' says she, 'I thought you were necked, and was getting ready for a visit from the "Coppers!"'  
'No,' says I, 'it's all right,' and I sat down, feeling all-overish, after what I had gone thro' that night.

'Why, Ham,' says she, 'what's the matter with you? where's your coat? what makes you look so pale?'

'Give me a drink, and don't ask any questions,' says I, for I was afraid to have her say much to me then, she being so different from the other, and putting me up to so much devilment on that account. She poured me out a glass of brandy, and then sat down in front of me. At last she says, in a low sort of tone: 'Ham, did you get the ring?'

'Yes,' says I.  
'Oh, where is it? Give it to me.'  
'I haven't got it. I gave it back.'

She jumped to her feet like a tiger, and caught me by the shoulder, her eyes all a-fire, and her voice hoarse, as she screamed out to me: 'Ham Murdoch, you mustn't trifle with me so much, if you do, I'll kill you!'

I only laughed, though, and said: 'Pshaw, woman, you're all fire and tow. I haven't got the ring now, but I'll get it in a day or two.' Then I gave her a hint of how things had turned out.

Somewhat they got out a hue and cry after me, a day or two after that, for some clumsy crackwork Chunky Bill and I did together, and I had to keep close for over two weeks, and then only went to Mr. —'s house after dark. John opened the door, and as soon as I told him my name he was killing polite, asking me right into this parlor, and going off in a run. Before I had time to say Jack Robinson Mr. — and his wife came in. She looked as blooming as if she had never been sick at all, much less dead and buried. But I hadn't much time to look at her, for she ran right up to me, and took both of my hands in hers, shaking them with a will, while the tears ran down her face. Then her husband came up, putting out his hand in a manly kind of way, saying:

'Mr. Murdoch, we are very much pleased to see you, as we wished very much to testify our gratitude to you, on account of the blessing we have received from you.'  
He called me 'Master,' I suppose, on account of the way I was dressed, which was quite genteel, and very different from what it was when I was there before.

'Oh, yes,' said she, 'we were so much afraid you would not come, that we were going to advertise for you.'  
'Take a seat, Murdoch,' said Mr. —, seeing I was kind of put out, 'we wish to talk with you.'

I sat down, and before they could say any more, I began myself:  
'Sir and madam,' says I, 'I am pretty certain the doctor has not told you who and what I am. Has he?'

'Oh, yes, he has, and for that reason, since a generous act like yours is so very rare in one of your life, we take so much interest in you, convinced that you have a good heart,' says Mr. —

I laughed, though I didn't feel like it, for these words put such a tremendous distance between them and me.  
'Did he tell you I was a crackman—a burglar?'

'Yes, but that is no concern of ours,' said the madam.  
'Did he tell you that I was a—how I came to save you, madam?' I noticed she nestled up a little closer to her husband, so I says quick: 'I give you my word, sir and madam, that I was not after your body. I would have liked any man that would have asked me to do such a thing, for I've seen you before, and I think you too much of an angel, even if you were dead, to be touched by hands like mine. God knows I say true. I went—'

Mr. — laughed to his wife, saying: 'Why don't you blush, darling, and thank him for the compliment?' then turning to me he said: 'Never mind, Murdoch, we believe you fully. Let us talk of something more agreeable. It is our desire to see you take a better position in life, and we will help you in any way you point out. We will set you up in business anywhere you say, or give you money enough to enable you to obtain a respectable living.'

I don't know how it was, but I felt mightily like blubbering right out, then, when he was talking to me in that kind way, and she looking on so anxious to do me good. But I knew it was all no go for me, so I gave a good gulp to get over the rising in my throat, and said: 'Don't think me unthankful, sir and madam, but Ham Murdoch is forty years old, and he has been in crime twenty-five of them. I thank you more, perhaps, than you think—but it's too late. I've made my bed now, and they lay in it. It's too late, madam.'

They dropped the subject then.  
(But they did do me service though, in spite of myself, afterward, for Mr. — bailed me out several times when I was in duress, got me off by means of his lawyers once when I had slipped up in a piece of crack-work, got a governor to pardon me out of the penitentiary, and on one occasion, when the breaks were hot after me, kept me hid away in their own house for more than a week.)

We talked a good deal after this, and they were very kind to me, indeed. At last I got up to go, says I:  
'Madam, I'm very unwilling to ask it of you, for I know I don't deserve it, but you can do me a service.'

Her eyes lighted up, and she was as quick as gunpowder with her answer: 'Anything, anything in my power.'  
'Then, madam, I shall have to ask you to give me that diamond ring on your finger. I could have taken it, but I would rather have it given to me.' She drew back, and seemed pained for a minute, but pulled it off right away, and held it out to me.

'It is very dear to you, I suppose, madam?'

'Yes—it was given to me by my husband before—before our marriage.'  
'Then hold on to it until I tell you why it is I want it, and if you are not willing then, I shall not ask for it, and begging her pardon for speaking such things to one like her, I told her about Joe, and how I came to break open the vault.

When I was done, she stepped up to me, and without saying a word, dropped the ring into my hand. I made her a bow, told her how much I thanked her, and was going out, when Mr. — asked me if there was nothing more they could do for me.

'Yes,' says I, 'if madam would let me, I think it would do a ruffian like myself good, to touch her hand with my lips.'  
She held out her hand, and I kissed it twice; then I shook hands with Mr. —, and left the house.

It's seven years since then, doctor, but my lips aint dry of those kisses yet.

THE IRISH SLAVE.—The following is from a recent letter of Charles Mackay to the London Illustrated News:  
On my first arrival at New Orleans, I lingered at the open door of a slave depot, without daring to go in, lest I should be suspected of espionage, or mere curiosity, and be expelled. But seeing among the company an eminent merchant of New York, whose friendship I had been fortunate enough to make, and whom I knew to be no slave dealer or supporter of slavery, I walked in and joined his party, drawn hither like myself by curiosity.

On one side of the room the male slaves with clean linen and shining boots, were arranged; and on the other side the females were disposed in their best attire, most of them exceedingly neat, but some bedizened with ribbons of colors more tawdry and glaring than elegant or appropriate. I was immediately beset with entreaties to purchase.

'Buy me,' said a young negress, who spoke French and no English: 'I am a good cook and a good needlewoman. Buy me.'  
'Buy me,' said another in the same language, 'I am accustomed to children, and can make myself useful in the nursery.'

I felt a sensation similar to that of the first quail of sensibility, to be addressed so by my fellow creatures—a feeling of nausea, as if I were about to be ill. I told the poor woman I was a stranger who had not come to buy.

I then walked to the male side of the mart, where I was beset by similar entreaties, urged by every variety of tone and manner, and by labor and handicraftsmen. Some were accustomed to the cotton, some were carpenters, some gardeners, some coachmen, some barbers, some waiters, but all equally anxious to be purchased. One man—who to my inexperienced eyes seemed as white as myself, and whom I at once put down in my own mind as an Irishman of the purest quality, of the county of Cork—got up from his seat as I passed and asked me to buy him.

'I am a good gardener, your honor,' said he, with an unmistakable brogue; 'I am also a bit of a carpenter, and can look after your horses, and do any sort of a job about the house.'  
'But you are joking,' said I, 'you are an Irishman.'

'My father was an Irishman,' said he.  
At this moment the slaveholder and owner of the depot came up.  
'Is there not a mistake here?' I inquired.  
'This is a white man.'

His mother was a nigger, he replied. We have sometimes much whiter men for sale than he is. Look at his hair and lips. There is no mistake about him.'

Again the sickness came over me, and I longed to get into the open air to breathe a purer atmosphere.

[From the Atlantic Monthly, for August.]

"BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US."

The time for toil is past, and night has come,—  
The last and saddest of the harvest-eves!  
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,  
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,  
Each laden with his sheaves.  
Last of the laborers thy feet I gain,  
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves  
That I am burdened not so much with grain  
As with a heaviness of heart and brain!  
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling weight  
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves!  
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,  
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,  
"Master, behold my sheaves!"  
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,—  
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered leaves!  
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet  
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,  
"Master, behold my sheaves!"  
I know these flowers, clustering heavily  
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,  
Can claim no value nor utility—  
Therefore shall I fragrance and beauty be  
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew:  
For well I know thy patient love perceives  
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—  
And the full, ripe ears, so badly few,  
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Advice to Young Married People.

Be frank with one another. Many a husband and wife go from year to year with thoughts in their hearts that they hesitate to reveal one to another. If you have anything in your mind concerning your companion that troubles you, out with it. Do not brood over it. Perhaps it can be explained on the spot, and the matter forever put to rest. Draw your souls closer and closer together from year to year. Get all obstacles out of the way. Just as soon as one arises, attend to it, and get rid of it. At last they will all disappear.

You will become wonted to one another's habits and frames of mind and peculiarities of disposition; and love, respect and charity will take care of the rest. I insist on this, because it is the very first essential thing. I insist on it, because I believe that if there be sufficient affinity between two persons to bring them together, and to lend them to unite their lives, it is their fault if they fail to live happily, and still more happily as the years advance. I will go so far as to say I believe there are few women with whom a kind, sensible man may not live happily, if he be so disposed; and I know that woman is more plastic in her nature and more susceptible to love than man. So, when I hear of unhappy matches, I know that somebody is to blame.

This intimate association of husband and wife—nay this identity—can never be preserved while either is babbling of the other. A man who tells his neighbor that his wife is extravagant, that she is wasteful, that he never finds her at home, that she will never go out with him, or that she is or does anything which he desires her not to be, or do, does a shameful thing, besides making an ass of himself. A woman who bruits her husband's faults, who tells the neighbors how much he seeks the society of other women, how much he spends for cigars, how late he is out at night, how lazy he is, how little he cares for what interests her, how stingy he is with his money, and all that sort of thing, sins against herself, and consents, or voluntarily entails, to publish that which is essentially her own shame. A husband and wife have no business to tell one another's faults to anybody but one another. Their grievances are to be settled in private, between themselves; and in all public places, and among friends, they are to preserve towards one another that nice consideration and entire respectfulness which their relation enjoins. For they are one in the law; and for a man or woman to publish the fact that they are not one in fact, is to acknowledge that they are living in the relation of an unwilling lover and a compulsory mistress. Isn't this disgusting enough?

A great deal of evil might be prevented between you if you would allow your affection to give itself natural expression. I know of husbands so proud and stiff and surly that they never have a kiss or a caress or a fond word for the wives whom they really love. I know such husbands who have most lovable wives—wives to whom a single demonstration, that shall tell to their hearts how inexpressibly pleasant their faces and their society are, and how fondly they are loved, would be better than untold gold—wives to whom caresses are sweeter than manna, and fond words more musical than robin-songs in the rain. They go through life starving for them—bearing buds of happiness upon their bosoms that must be kissed into bloom or wither and fall. Yet the cast-iron husband goes about his business without even a courteous 'good-morning,' eats his meals with immense regularity, provides for his family exemplarily, imagines that he is an excellent husband, and entertains a profound contempt for silly people who are fond of one another. Heaven be thanked that there are some people in the world to whose hearts the barnacles will not cling! Heaven be thanked for the young old boys and young old girls—boys and girls forever—who, until the evening of life falls upon them, interchange the sweet caresses that shall back the days of courtship and early marriage? Thank Heaven that my wife shall never grow old; that so long as a lock of hair adorns her temples, brown or gray, my finger shall toy with it, that so long as I can sit there shall be a place for her on my knee, and that so long as I can whisper and she hear, she shall know by fond confession that mine life is next to mine—linked to mine—hers!—[Timothy Titcomb.]

THE SUB-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The following views, given in the New York Post, in regard to the laying of the Sub-Atlantic Telegraph are rendered additionally interesting by the now ascertained failure of the expedition of the Niagara and Agamemnon.—Professor Morse is certainly entitled to be considered as good authority in the premises:

'Mr. Morse, whom we have been in the habit of regarding as one of the highest authorities in telegraphic science, we are informed, has never expected that the expedition now upon the Atlantic would be successful, though he is quite sanguine that a cable can be laid and worked between the termini which the company has selected. He does not disguise his conviction that the cable on board the company's steamers is much too heavy, and that one half of its weight or less might be laid and worked effectively. His views upon this subject, and the consequences to which they have led, are said to have been the controlling reasons for his being left out of the Board of direction, at the election which immediately preceded the reduction in the price of the stock.'

Of course the company did not make the cable as heavy as they did, except to increase their chances of laying it successfully; and nothing but a trial will probably ever determine whether Professor Morse's view is correct. His opinion unquestionably possesses great weight, and will be carefully considered if any new experiment is made. There are other provisions which have been suggested to us, against the accidents to which the plans for laying the submarine cables have thus far proved to be liable, which we will submit, without argument, for what they are worth.

A cable coiled cannot be uncoiled without kinks. Therefore the cable must be reeled to be laid. The necessity for two vessels to lay the cable, quadruples (and more) the risk of accidents. Therefore the cable must be laid from one ship. The voyage to England is easier, shorter and safer than the voyage from England. Therefore the vessel with the cable should start from this side. There is one vessel, and one only, of tonnage and room sufficient to carry the whole cable, to wit: the Leviathan. Therefore, the cable, if ever laid at all, must be stowed on a succession of reels in the Leviathan, and the Leviathan must sail from our own shores. If these views should be deemed to possess any value, it would be easy for the Leviathan to bring the cable with her to this country and lay it on her first trip home.'

Eating and Sleeping. Hall's Journal of Health says:—For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread-and-butter and a cup of warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast so promising of a day of comfort. Yes, yes; and by omitting the third meal, the individual, besides securing a night of sound sleep, will not find on waking in the morning, a bad taste in the mouth so indicative of general foulness.

If one would always have a sweet mouth and a clean tongue, he can secure them both by simply ceasing to overeat his stomach. This frequent eating is an idle, mischievous habit, ruinous to both health and comfort; and it prevents the individual from receiving the great amount of enjoyment which it was intended he should receive from eating, and which is necessary to perfect nutrition. Nothing should be eaten between the regular meals, whether these meals are taken either two or three times a day; nor should one eat so that the quantity ingested will induce heaviness or uncomfortable feelings. The cook tastes the food she prepares; and by the frequent tasting she destroys both the relish for her meals and her health. There are many housekeepers who have the same pernicious habit.

We know farmers who, at the close of a long summer day, during which they have eaten heartily five times, worked hard from four o'clock in the morning to nine at night, eat freely just before going to bed. The stomach already enfeebled by constant working under disadvantageous circumstances, has now imposed on it an impracticable task, and the war is down to sleep! Next morning they are nervous—have scarcely slept all night—feel more tired than they did when they lay down—and, on the whole think the farmer lives a dog's life. So he does, so far as he sinks to mere animalism—living to eat—taxing his digestive apparatus at the expense of health, life, and life's enjoyments. So on from day to day, till nature makes a desperate effort to rid the body of the superfluous food introduced into it, burning it up by fever, or expelling it by some remedial effort.

Farmers, being so much in the open air, with abundant exercise, should be the healthiest people; but like others who are cursed with 'abundance of bread,' they are rheumatic, bilious, dyspeptic. This is a shame and a sin. Farmers! it is sin. Your liver, complaints, chill fevers, etc., are unnecessary as is the plague. Health and sweet sleep will come to you when you need, unless by bad habits you drive them away. Go, and sin no more. [L. F. M.]

SUN STROKE.—A Touching Case.—A case occurred last week in Cincinnati, so touching in its details that we must relate it in full. A little boy between twelve and fifteen years of age, a member of a poor family, had been out in search of employment. He found none; but away off in a part of the city distant from his home, he came across a number of workmen demolishing a house. As he could obtain no employment and take no money home, the thought struck him that he might gather fuel from the ruins, and take a load of it home to save expenditure from the scanty treasury. He gathered a heavy load of shingles, and securing them in a bundle, threw them across his back and started homeward. The load was heavy, the weather was hot, but he persevered. While passing along Sixth street, he was overcome by the heat, and fell prostrate on the sidewalk. A crowd instantly gathered around him, some crying out to do this, and some that, and all doing nothing. No, not all. There was one, an elderly gentleman a kind-hearted old 'batch,' noted alike for his cleverness and popular verse, who silently proceeded to the relief of the lad. Getting down upon the pavement, he laid the boy's head in his lap, poured cold water slowly over his forehead and bathed the limbs. He continued this process until signs of returning life were exhibited in deep moans. The Samaritan, still holding the boy's head on his lap, bathed the forehead and fanned the tortured features. Gradually the boy's eyes resumed their natural appearance, and he became conscious. 'Get a little brandy,' said the Samaritan—'All he wants now is a little stimulant.' The liquor was produced, and the glass put to the lips of the poor boy. He gently pushed it aside.

No, no, said he, 'I can't drink brandy, my mother would be angry with me if I did it.'

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## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JULY 29, 1858.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENBURY & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 90 State street, Boston, and 119 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.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer,) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 33 South Street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

J. BURNELL & Co., No. 26 Killy 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.

F. B. BLANCHARD.—We but echo the sentiments of all his townsmen, when we say that we rejoice at the prospect of success this gentleman now has with his patented improvement of the steam engine. Through long years he has labored, in the face of doubt and discouragement, and in defiance of obstacles that would have appalled most men, and we heartily rejoice that his sky begins to brighten. We give below an account of a recent trial trip of the boat built by him, which we find in the New York Tribune; protesting however, in behalf of his townsmen who are justly proud of him, and for his wife and children who are here with us, against entering him as a citizen of New York. He is a worthy son of the good old Pine Tree State, and his improvement is a Maine invention. Since the article below was put in type we have seen another account, similar in many respects, in the Journal of Commerce, which states that a scientific committee were on board, making a critical examination of every thing, which will report hereafter.

A NEW STEAM ENGINE.—It is a well-established fact that inventors as a class are a boasting set, and that any business man in dealing with them goes mentally through the process of subtracting seventy-five per cent from their statements before examining if the remainder are imaginary or not. This is especially true with improvements of the steam engine. Any one who will take the trouble to go over our industrial reports of last year, would find that every gauge, damper, regulator, governor, cut-off, &c., saves from ten to fifty per cent of the fuel, all of which savings added together would amount to much more than the total consumption. Under such circumstances it requires some courage, and it is highly meritorious, for a man to come forward stating only the truth. This was done yesterday by Mr. F. B. Blanchard of New York.

At the invitation of Mr. Blanchard, a number of scientific gentlemen and reporters of the press went up the Hudson River on board the steamboat John Faxon, which is propelled by a steam engine and boiler of this gentleman's invention. The water for the trip was contained in a tank, and the quantity consumed ascertained by measurement. The coal was weighed. The pressure was indicated by a steam gauge. In this manner the inventor made no statement, but simply showed what he did. The boat is 150 feet long, 24 feet beam, 250 tons measurement, diameter of paddle-wheels 22 feet, length of buckets 6 feet, draught 4½ feet. It is propelled by an ordinary beam engine, 8 feet stroke, 36 inches diameter, and by a high pressure horizontal engine, 2 feet stroke, 34 inches diameter. The beam engine works from 30 to 35 pounds, and is condensing. The high-pressure engine works at from 80 to 100 pounds. The steam escaping from it at a pressure of 30 to 35 pounds works the condensing engine. The boiler is tubular; the flame moves to the end of the boiler, and returning near the surface of the water, hence it passes through two cylinder flues placed above the water into the steam. After leaving the boiler the flame is conducted around the tubes of several heaters in succession, and is finally let out, perfectly cool, through a smoke-pipe 6 inches in diameter. The fire-place is closed air-tight. The air is forced in by a pump. The grate is higher in the center and goes slanting to the sides, like the roof of a house. At the top of the fire-place is a cylindrical opening, with double door or valve; the upper valve is opened, 50 pounds of coal are put in and the valve is closed. The lower valve is then opened and the coal falls upon the grate. The slanting shape of the grate is sufficient to make the coal thus falling dispose itself of even thickness. Over the smoke-box is the chimney; this is used only to light the fire, and to keep it burning while the boat is at rest; as soon as the vessel is under way the chimney is closed by air-tight valves and used no more. The new machine works as follows: The steam from the boiler, at 90 lbs. pressure, is made to pass through heater No. 1, where it is perfectly dried and expanded. Hence it works the high-pressure cylinder, is expanded by cutting off, and escapes at a pressure of 30 lbs. through heater No. 2 to the low-pressure engine and the condenser. The feed-water is heated to the boiling point in heater No. 3 before entering the boiler. The air supplied to the fire is heated in heater No. 4. All the waste heat is carried off by the water, which is pumped into getting up steam; that afterward 1,000 pounds of coal took the boat from New York to Haverstraw, a distance of about 40 miles. During the trip, 357 cubic feet of water, equal to 22,311 pounds, was transformed into steam. The steam passed into the cylinder at 30 pounds pressure and a temperature of 330° Fahrenheit. The running time was three hours and six minutes. This engine consumes from 400 to 450 pounds of coal per hour. One of the same power on the common plan would require over 1,000 pounds. Such a result is startling at first, but is easily explained. Each pound of coal requires for burning one pound and one third of oxygen. Air is composed of four parts of nitrogen for one part oxygen, and as only one half of the oxygen of the air combines with coal burned in a furnace, it results that for every pound of coal burned at a grate nearly 12 lbs. of hot gases escape through the chimney. These gases have to be at least of the temperature of 600° to produce a proper draft; sometimes they escape red hot. Mr. Blanchard, by means of his heaters, recovers this enormous quantity of heat to raise more steam, and he produces the draft with a small fraction of the power thus saved. This invention is as simple as it is important, and deserves attention from all persons interested in steam and especially in steam navigation.

NEW POTATOES.—Our first dish of this luxury came from our friend E. Hutchinson, of Winslow. They were of good size; and with a bit of codfish, which we happened to have, and a little butter from one of the very best dairies in the county—namely, that of the donor of the aforesaid potatoes—we made a dinner that needed no praise, and for which we are duly thankful.

## OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The August number, which we receive from J. J. Dyer & Co., periodical dealers, Boston, has the following table of contents:—Daphniae, The Romance of a Glove, To—, The Singing Birds and their Songs, Our Talks with Uncle John, An Evening Melody, Cheesecake, My Children, The Kinloch Estate and how it was Settled, Bringing our Sheaves with us, Farming Life in New England, Les Salons de Paris, The Discoverer of the North Cape, The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, The Trustee's Lament, The Pocket Celebration of the Fourth, Literary Notices. This number, we think, will be more generally liked than any of its predecessors, for the reason that it has more heart in it; yet it is by no means lacking in sound philosophy, and we wish everybody might read 'Singing Birds and their Songs,' and 'Farming Life in New England'—two articles containing practical lessons of great importance. The political article is a scathing criticism of Mr. Chateau's 5th of July Oration. A fine little poem by Florence Percy, one of Maine's sweet singers, we have transferred to our columns, and it will be found on our first page.

The Atlantic is published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year. For sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE for August presents an assemblage of attractions seldom equalled—interesting stories, racy sketches, essays, poems, anecdotes, &c. &c. to say nothing of its Gazette of Fashion, richly illustrated, and full of delightful novelties for the ladies. We will enumerate a few—and but a few—of the more prominent articles:—Rambles in Surinam, Myra the Gipsy Prophetess, Annette Leir, Reminiscences of an Old Traveller, The Brownings, The Penalty of Jealousy, Cyril St. Orme, Mrs. Perewinkle's Visit to Boston. Many of the articles are handsomely illustrated. This work, be it remembered, unites in itself two magazines, but is afforded at the price of one. Published by Frank Leslie, 13 Frackfort st., New York, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The July number contains the following articles:—The Soldier and the Surgeon, The Poorhouse Mutiny, The Punjab—No. 5. What will be done with it?—By Plaisirists Caxton—part 14. The First Bengal European, Fullerton at Lucknow. A Plea for the Principality. My first and Last Novel. The Great Imposture. Mr. Dusk's Opinions on Art.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 24 Goldstreet, 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 \$5; 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 on any part of the U. S. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The embellishments in the August number are 'Going to School,' and a portrait of Rev. L. Swormstedt—two very good pictures. To say that the reading matter is of the usual excellence, is common-place enough; for it is always good. Published by Swormstedt & Poon, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year.

DARING OUTRAGE. On Saturday evening last, between 9 and 10 o'clock Mr. M. B. Millett, of this village, was suddenly seized, near his boarding house which he was about entering, by two persons who came suddenly upon him. His arms being secured, a hand was placed over his mouth, and after a smart scuffle, during which half a dozen others came to the aid of his original assailants, he was borne to the ground. He managed, however, to make himself heard, and on the approach of some ladies, his assailants, probably not choosing to be recognized, fled precipitately into the darkness, leaving behind them a handkerchief, a hat containing part of a Greek Grammar, and the marks of their claws upon the face of Mr. M., who was otherwise not materially damaged. The designs of the fellows are not definitely known, though they may be guessed at; but by the aid of the classical text book and a name plainly marked on the handkerchief, with certain corroborative circumstances, there is no doubt as to the quarter from which the assault came.

Brought into a court of justice, this might prove a serious affair to the young men engaged in it, and a painful one to their friends. What was begun as a frolic—and, though involving at the outset a destruction of property and an outrage upon the rights of others, yet silently winked at, perhaps, by many thoughtless persons of loose principles, because, forsooth, 'boys will be boys, you know,'—has grown to a crime, from which at the start the perpetrators might have shrunk appalled. 'Is thy servant a dog, to do this thing?' Step by step, however, have they been led along to be guilty of an outrage that is universally condemned, and which they might be compelled to expiate in a prison—thus ensuring their own ruin and the shame and disgrace of their friends. It is hardly to be supposed that any such act was contemplated when they entered upon that wrong road, which at first, perhaps, diverged but slightly from the path of rectitude; any more than the youth with his first glass dreams of becoming a drunkard. It is well to avoid the first wrong step; in a by-path of sin it may lead to an abyss of ruin. Remember—and surely when violators of law carry Greek grammars in their hats, a trite Latin quotation is pardonable—remember that from which the assault came.

Facile despicitur Avernus;  
Necesse estque dies patet atri janua Ditis;  
Nec revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,  
Hoc opus, hic labor est.

MORE PICTURES. Mr. S. Wing has been doing something in his line recently, well worthy of note. On the 5th inst. he put permanently on record Waterville Engine Co. No. 3, as they appeared just before leaving for Kendall's Mills, and the Fantastics, as they rested from their labors in Haymarket Square. In both of these pictures many of our prominent citizens have their portraits on file for posterity, yet, the light being bad, they are not fair specimens of Mr. W.'s work. Capt. Boutelle's youthful company, too, have since come in for their share of paper immortality; and here, though the picture is not perfect, the artist has succeeded better. But his crowning effort will be found in two views from Fort Hill, which elicit universal admiration. The first of these embraces a portion of the village of Winslow, Fort Point with the old Block House, the river beyond, with a part of Lower Canada and the Cemetery on the Waterville side, and a back ground of rare beauty and distinctness; the other is a picture of our own village, from the Colleges to Sherwin Hall, with the river and falls in the foreground. Call at his rooms and see them; and then order some of these fine pictures for your par-

lor, that the artist may be strengthened and encouraged to attempt greater things—better we hardly dare hope he will ever accomplish.

## From our Western Correspondent.

Chicago, July 18, 1858.

DEAR MAIL:—It is some time since I wrote you, and since then the people of this section have been pretty well stirred up. In the first place, the rain fell, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and in due time the house fell, and great was the fall thereof. The people of this State have been the victims to bad weather since the season commenced. The rain fell in such torrents, that farms were inundated, so much so that they could not do their spring's work. After the rain ceased, we were scourged with hurricanes, that destroyed everything in their way—houses, barns, fences, &c. Numerous lives have been lost, which you have seen chronicled in the papers. The weather has been fine since, and all vegetation has come forward very finely. Corn, which, on some farms was planted over five or six times, looks now promising, and will be an average crop. But the farmers now look disheartened. They will not have half a crop of wheat. The rust has spoiled the crop for the year. The oat crop, which has never been known to fail before in the State, is now nearly a failure. In some sections there will not be oats enough to feed, and we shall have to get the old-fashioned four quart measures to feed with—we have been used to feeding our horses with a peck measure. But in some sections there will be an average crop; and we shall all live to see another year, and some left for seed. I saw in the southern part of the State, last week, fields of wheat that were higher than my head, waving and bowing to the wind, that will not be cut. One field of wheat, 1900 acres, on the line Great Western road, one half of which would not be cut. At the time of the freshet, I rode over a field of 200 acres of wheat on which the water was 8 feet deep over the whole field, and the steamboat made her regular trips for Alton to St. Louis over this field. The boat landing at times 8 miles from the main channel of the river. The country along the Mississippi river, was a perfect sea. The wheat in the southern and central portions of the State has been cut, and we have had new wheat flour, for the past two weeks. I wish I could send you enough for a short cake, to let you enjoy some of the good things we enjoy out west. When I come to Maine I will bring you a sample.

Fruit is nearly a failure. The wet weather blighted it, and the cherries and plums rotted on the trees. Apples the same. But we are used to being deprived of these necessities. Last year our young orchards gave us a good supply, and many of our farmers made cider, which was a great treat to us. The financial crisis has come heavily upon us, but we have rode the storm magnificently. This crisis, having passed we have to change a little to suit the times. We are young and used to these adversities, and shall come out 'right side up with care.' We should not know how to appreciate the many glorious blessings, we have out here, without we had some adversities to put us in mind of them. We content ourselves with the christian's motto, 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' With all these things staring us in the face, we can sympathize with you, and if you will come out and see us, we will show you how we live and will feed and drink you, and have some left of the same sort.

Politics. The campaign has opened in this State. The battle has begun, and the conflict will not cease until the first of November, when the smoke will be cleared away, and we can see who is ahead. Douglass, the great champion of Democracy, came home last week, and after four weeks' drumming was received with much pomposity. He spoke an hour and a half, and said many good things. But his speech is a stereotyped affair, one which he has rehearsed over and over again. We know Douglass out here, and can take care of him. Formerly, before our people were well informed, and before we could all understand, he had perfect sway over us and his not or wink was enough. Now we have seen him change from side to side, using the same arguments for both sides and we are satisfied to try another. We have enough of them, and equally as good as he is.

Douglass will now take the stump, and go through the State, and will be met by Abraham Lincoln, the Republican champion, at every place, and speak before the people; and let the people decide. The Buchanan party will join in, and do all they can to defeat the great apostle of Democracy. Lincoln is more than a match for him. He is a self-made man, and one of the ablest lawyers in the State; is thoroughly known, and will meet and answer Douglass at any point he may choose. You may confidently look for the triumph of Republican principles in this State, the hot bed of Locofocoism. We feel the importance of this election, and we look to Maine to give us a good Republican majority. We will send back the echo from our State, early next November.

Emigration to the north-west has not abated. The hard times have not affected the foreigners. He has his gold and silver laid up, ready to go at a moment's warning. Our railroads diverge in all directions from here. The Chicago, Alton, & St. Louis road is managed by Easton, a railroad man, who have been superintending, conductors, or brakemen in New England. This road is managed by A. H. Moore, who was a conductor on the Boston & Worcester road. L. Darling the general agent on this road, was general agent on the same road. Most of the other officers and clerks on this road served their apprenticeship, on some of your roads. The road is well managed and patronized. When a New England man visits this section, and goes over this road, he is sure to meet an acquaintance or familiar face, and view a splendid country. We have some splendid public houses in Chicago. The Tremont House, Briggs House, Sherman House,

and Metropolitan House, all of them kept by eastern men. The Metropolitan House is kept by Messrs. Goodman & Mason, who hail from New England, and I would advise all who come to see the West in passing through Chicago, to make this their stopping place. Every attention is paid to their visitors, and their wants well supplied. Next to 'home' is a well conducted public house. Chicago still stands unrivalled in the number of criminals. Justice is sure here to follow the commission of crime. Last month the average number, 28, were sent to the State prison. We now have four murderers in jail, awaiting their trials, who have been committed within the two past months, and the proof is strong against them. We hope for the credit of the city, that these will be the last that will disgrace our jail.

Any person visiting our city would think, by seeing the buildings and improvements going on that the hard times had not reached here. The city is alive with workmen, and there are nearly as many buildings in the course of erection, as any year previous. And the city will still continue to grow; nothing can stop the growth and prosperity of Chicago. Her location is a barrier to all the croaking about Chicago and her false growth. And you and I will live to see this verified.

When anything occurs worthy of notice or interesting to your people, I will write you again.

## From our Own Correspondent.

(No. 1.)

Boston, July 29d.

Cambridge has had its usual annual attractions this week. Monday was a day of excitement to the young candidates for admission to Harvard, and to their immediate friends. Word had got abroad that the examination was to be close and severe. One hundred and twenty-two applied; of these eight were turned aside, and several from the Boston Latin School, and from Phillips Academy (Exeter) were conditioned. This creates some feelings of discontent, but on the whole it is well that Old Harvard is willing to take the lead, and, if necessary subject herself to unpopularity.

Commencement was a cool, enjoyable day, and the gathering at President Walker's in the evening very large. The President and his lady receive their friends with a hearty hospitality, entirely free from conventional stiffness, and their receptions are always popular because distinguished for republican simplicity and cordiality. The band was as usual in attendance, and around the cottage are pleasant walks; and the company availed themselves of these, abandoning themselves to the music, to genial sensations and moonlight air. Among the notabilities there was Ex-Gov. Kent of your State. His fine physique, and official bearing gave color to a report which flew around the rooms, that Lord Napier was present. The Ex-Governor would have relished the joke had he been cognizant thereof. By his side stood his young rosebud of a wife. His cheerful urbanity and unforced hilarity of temperament keeps him in court favor with time.

The reports about Pres. Walker's resignation luckily for the prosperity of the college, are without foundation. I suppose there would be little propriety in saying he is the Dr. Arnold of Harvard, but it is certain that no boy of ordinarily good moral nature can pass four years under the Doctor's influence without becoming more manly and more disposed to be guided by high moral law. In case of his resignation, the college might be years without a President, unless Prof. Lovering (now rector of the University) or some person of equal claims and merit could be elected.

The Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, was a sound, sensible discourse, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Waltham. I shall not attempt to give even a synopsis of his address, which was so close and neatly dovetailed in its parts, that only an experienced short-hand writer could follow it. Besides, some of the Boston papers will have it verbatim, but at the risk of dwarfing his large utterances, and dimming his polished jewels through the dull filter of mediocrity. I will give the readers of the Mail some of the leading views of Mr. Hill upon the unfairness with which the human mind is trained and developed by modern educational discipline. Even in the nursery, the primary school, as well as in the grammar schools and colleges, the radical error was committed of feeding the mind with abstract truths, and with the barren analysis of the Greek and Latin languages, instead of consciousness, which is thought, being first directed to form and quantity, and every phase of concrete beauty. The child's attention should be directed to the insect flying near to the starry heavens, and the flower at his feet.

The leading principles of the physical sciences should be familiar to every educated mind. He dwelt earnestly upon an early and judicious education of the senses, as by their accuracy and delicacy depended the comparative value and beauty of artistic labor in the varied fields of sculpture, painting and literature. Corresponding with this physical perfecting of each organ of the body, should be a careful attention to the emotional and spiritual elements; for the potency of the Will in directing and controlling these according to the highest moral law, was religion. While advocating that in every right and well-balanced education the leading truths of the natural sciences, mathematics, chemistry, astronomy and botany, should be the positive possessions, he did not mean that the individual should be without his speciality, for without this no mind could long retain its vigor or vitality. If a man was a great linguist, very well; he did not deprecate the study of the languages when used as subordinate agents, stepping-stones to larger fields of thought and action; but a man might easily acquire several languages so far as to arrive at the ideas of other generations without being able accurately to read and write the

same. He was aware that he exposed himself to the charge brought against us by the European scholar of superficiality. He would not restrain or limit the labors of the linguist, but before any man adopted his specialty, his preparatory studies should not be such as invited gymnastic dexterity in certain faculties. The processes of subtle analysis of language might be exchanged for the acquirement of those new physical truths of natural philosophy which lie so near that they almost seem to knock for entrance. Instead of glorifying Plato and Aristotle, by constant repetition of themselves, why not open, like them, fresh mines of thought and action? Mr. Hill gave a classification of the hierarchy of science, covering by his divisions the whole field of human knowledge. He would have the simpler and abstract sciences introduced firstly to the child—man rising gradually in the scale, keeping the connecting links of each science, as they reflected across one another. The study of theology was to correct pantheistic and atheistic tendencies.

There was no poem, and the exceeding excellence of the discourse left no desire for the usual banter and fun contained in the afterpiece. Dr. Osgood, of New York, the author of 'Our Sons,' which I read as it was selected by you, dear Mail, presided at the dinner. He has the happiest talent for such occasions, a graceful wit to meet any lucky idea, and give it a finish, and send it home with a humorous twinkle and clear ring. There is a knightly courtesy in thus shaping the bantings of another's wit; it has the merit of originality while it affects to claim none, and then this social flexibility is so charming. Only generous tempered persons cultivate this form of wit.

Speaking of the cloth, I attended the 42d annual visitation of the Unitarian Divinity School at Cambridge, Tuesday of this week. The graduating class did not form a procession, as it consisted of the mystic number of three. Their parts reminded me of Voltaire's description of English society, which you remember he compared to their beer, all froth at the top, all dregs at the bottom, but excellent in the middle. William Ward Hall, of Providence, gave a part savoring of the faith of Christ, and the Christian Gospel, and there are still some benighted mortals who find Pantheism and German rationalism not altogether sufficient for bruised spirits and natures tempted by the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life.

Friday 24th.—We were yesterday afternoon visited by a violent thunder storm. The electric fluid played round the telegraphic wires so continually as to ring the alarm bells; and in some of the school houses where similar influences existed the children were exceedingly frightened. In Cambridge several houses were struck, one woman in Brighton St. killed instantly, another had both her shoes stripped off her feet and one leg and ankle badly burned.

The monetary world continues much the same. People are chary of enterprises after the severe experience of last year. Money is plenty. Sugar has made a small advance.

## TELL-TALE.

## The Railroad Connection.

In the *Clarion* of the 21st inst., a correspondent, signing himself 'Pilgrim,' controverts or seeks to explain, our statement in regard to the time of the arrival of trains at Kendall's Mills on the broad and narrow gauge road, by stating that there has been a slacking of speed on the broad gauge line since the spring arrangements, and that as soon as this change of speed became known to the manager on the narrow gauge line, he so arranged his time as to make his train arrive at Kendall's Mills, at the same hour as that on the broad gauge line. Now in this 'Pilgrim' is mistaken entirely. We have before us all the time tables by which trains on the broad gauge road have been run since September, 1857, and they are as follows:—Leave Portland at 1 p. m., Danville Junction 2.15 p. m.; arrive at Waterville 4.29 p. m., and Kendall's Mills 4.35 p. m.—making just two hours and twenty minutes from Danville Junction to Kendall's Mills, by table of September 28th, last. By table of October 26, '57, the time was the same. By table of November 30, '57, the time of leaving Danville Junction was 2.12 p. m.,—of arriving at Waterville, 4.29 p. m., and at Kendall's Mills 4.35 p. m. By table of January 18, '58, the time for this train was exactly the same. This time was run upon until April 5, '58, when the same train left Portland at 1 p. m., Danville Junction 2.15 p. m.,—arrived at Waterville 4.30 p. m., and at Kendall's Mills 4.37 p. m.,—making the time between Danville Junction and Kendall's Mills two hours and twenty minutes.—May 17, this train left Danville Junction at 2.30 p. m., (the train from Portland leaving at 1.10 or 1.15 p. m.) arrived at Waterville 4.44 p. m., and at Kendall's Mills 4.52 p. m.,—making the time from Danville Junction to Kendall's Mills, two hours and twenty-two minutes; and by table of June 7, '58, this train left Danville Junction at 2.30 p. m., and arrived at Kendall's Mills, at 4.52 p. m., the same as in May; and by this table the trains were run until 12th of July, current, when the change was made on the narrow gauge road to reach Kendall's Mills at 4.52 p. m., the same as the time on the broad gauge line. Prior to the 12th July, current, the train on the narrow gauge line passed Yarmouth crossing at the same time (1.45 or 1.47 p. m.) as the train on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and reached Kendall's Mills at 5.30 or about that time.—Now they pass the crossing at Yarmouth, at 1.45 p. m., the same as the train on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and arrive at Kendall's Mills at 4.52 p. m., at the same time with the train on the broad gauge line. Thus the time on the narrow gauge road has been shortened between Yarmouth crossing and Kendall's Mills, about 28 minutes. If the narrow gauge trains can make this time now, why have they not done it heretofore, when no difference has been made in the speed on the broad gauge line? Will 'Pilgrim' answer upon the facts?

The Waterville Mail wants to know if 'Eden would have been much of a garden if Adam had taken care of it alone.' All we know is that Eve drove him out of it.—*Portland Transcript.*

So she did, to be sure; and thus gave the laggard his first progressive notions about high tillage and improved crops.

THOSE TREES, among the lot set last Spring on the Common, begin to show a small mistake that may be corrected in the Fall. The spruce, tamarack, and others of their class, will not grow there: and the elms in the swale at the west side will not flourish. The willow should take their place, and its growth will be sure and rapid. Look at those of Dr. Boutelle, Maj. Appleton and Dr. Plaisted. Nobody wants finer trees than these, and one or two of them in the place mentioned would give variety, and what is better, certainty. A dozen years ago the willows in the yard of Dr. Boutelle might have been broken down by the hands of a boy; now their trunks show a diameter of near two feet, while their branches make a circumference of near one hundred. The willow needs appreciation. Its foliage is earlier, its cultivation easier and its growth more rapid than most other trees used for ornament. If one had been set in the wet spot on the Common, at the time 'Judah's Tree' was set out, it would today be a majestic tree. It is not yet too late, and we hope it will do this Fall. The other trees are doing credit to the generosity which planted them.

IMPORTATION.—The State of Maine informs the public that four young English nobleman are now travelling in this country—Lord Grosvenor, Lord Cavendish, Lord, Biblesdale and Hon. Evelyn Ashley. They should be held as pledges for the safe return of Ten Broeke's horses;—though the State of Maine, after devoting a column to the heraldry of these young sprigs of nobility, very modestly 'hopes they will not experience that sort of scyophancy which is apt to follow distinguished visitors.' Shouldn't we laugh to see our poor brother editor doff his holy hat to their little Lordships!

SAMPLE.—We acknowledge the receipt of a sample of Mrs. Cook's cake: (see her advertisement;) and though little used to taste such luxuries, there is no doubt of its superiority. It shows for itself, and anybody can speak for it, at Mrs. Cook's saloon.

A NEW PAINTING.—Mons. Andrieu, so favorably known throughout the country for his splendid panoramic and dioramic paintings, has just completed a new work entitled 'The Rake's Progress,' as we learn from the Bel-ast papers. This is not a copy of Hogarth's celebrated series, but an entirely original work, and one of rare merit. It covers many thousands of feet of canvass, and has occupied the talented artist for a long time. His labors will doubtless be well rewarded, when it comes to be exhibited to the public.

GREAT ENGINE PLAYING.—Button Triumphant.—At a trial of Fire Engines at South Bend, Indiana, on the 5th of July, the following plays are reported to have been made:—

South Bend, St. Joseph Co., No. 1 Hunneman 187 feet.

Cold Water, Excelsior. No. 1 (Button) 188 feet.

Laport No. 2 (Jeffers) 205 feet 3 inches.

Union Co. No. 3, South Bend, (Button) 231 feet 5 inches.

They all played through 150 feet of hose. The three first played through a 7.8 pipe and the last an inch pipe.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Agamemnon having arrived at Queenstown, the telegraphic fleet were to sail on the 17th inst. to renew the attempt to lay the cable. Little faith is had, now, in the success of the enterprise, but the persistency of British enterprise and Yankee pluck excites admiration and deserves victory.

FARMERS! look at the advertisement of Mr. Sears. Here is an opportunity worth securing, and one that will command a first rate man. More particular inquiry may be made of J. L. Seavey, Esq. at Elmwood Hotel.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.—We would call the attention of our readers to this well known benevolent Institution, in our advertising columns. We have reason to believe that it is a sound and useful Institution, and we hope the labors of the managers will be crowned with much success.

UTAH.—By last advices from Utah we learn that all was quiet in the valley.

The Mormons had all returned to the Territory. Col. Johnston had passed through the city with his forces and camped 30 miles on the other side of it. No troops were in the city. The Government officers, had been duly installed in their various offices, and were preparing for the proper discharge of their duties.

Brigham Young was anxious to be tried on charge of treason, but insisted that the jury should consist of Mormons.

ROGUE CAUGHT.—Week before last Mr. James B. Wood of Norridgewock, had a large quantity of wool stolen from his stable. It was ascertained that a portion of it had been disposed of to Col. C. Fletcher, in Skowhegan, by a person who gave his name as McNaughton, who said he lived in Bingham. An officer was put on his track, and he was soon caught. He owned up to the theft, and disclosed the place where the balance of the wool could be found, which was in the woods about a mile east of Norridgewock village. About \$18 of the money he received for what he had sold was found upon him.—He was committed to jail to await his trial.—[Clarion.]

The Ellsworth American gives an account of a sad affray that happened in that village, resulting in the death of a young man named Gilbert Sargent. Sargent had been drinking and assaulted a young man named Floyd, as he was accompanying a young lady to her home. Floyd drew a knife and stabbed him, from the effects of which he in a few days died. Floyd has been arrested and held to bail in the charge of manslaughter in the sum of \$1000. Floyd (who is a mere boy, about 17 years old) has always sustained a good character, and is of a peaceable and inoffensive disposition, and deeply regrets the unfortunate act, which in a moment of passion, he so thoughtlessly and recklessly committed.







