



8-26-1858

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 07): August 26, 1858

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 07): August 26, 1858" (1858). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 578.
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MISCELLANY.

DUTY AND KINDNESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There was an angry frown on the countenance of Deacon Jonas Browning. There were tears on the sad face of his wife. 'He shall be sent to sea!' said Deacon Browning, sternly.

There was a pleading look in the eyes of Mrs. Browning, as she lifted them to the iron face of her husband. But no words passed her lips.

'He shall be sent to sea! It is my last hope.'

'Philip is very young, Jonas,' said Mrs. Browning.

'Not too young for evil, and therefore, not too young for the discipline needed to eradicate evil. He shall go to sea! Captain Ellis in the Fanny Williams sails on Monday. I will call upon him this very day.'

'Isn't the Fanny Williams a whaler?' The lips of Mrs. Browning quivered, and her voice had a choking sound.

'Yes,' was firmly answered.

'I wouldn't send him away in a whaler, Jonas. Remember—he is very young, not thirteen until next April.'

'Young or old, Mary, he's got to go,' said the stern deacon, who was a believer in the gospel of law. He was no weak advocate of moral suasion, as it is familiarly termed. Implicit obedience was the statute for home, and all deviations therefrom met the never withheld penalty.

Mrs. Browning entered into no argument with her husband, for she knew that would be useless. She had never succeeded in changing his purpose by argument in her life. And so she bent her eyes meekly to the floor again, while the tears crept over her face, and fell in large bright drops upon the carpet. Deacon Browning saw the tears, but they did not move him. He was tear-proof.

Philip, the offending member of the Browning family, was a bright, active, restless boy, who, from the start, had been a rebel against unreasoned authority, and, as a matter of course, not unfrequently against authority both just and reasonable. Punishment had only hardened him; increasing, instead of diminishing, his power of endurance. The particular offence for which he was now in disgrace, was, it must be owned, rather a serious one. He had, in company with three other boys of his age, known as the greatest reprobates in the village, rifled a choice plum tree, belonging to a neighbor, of all the fruit it contained, and then killed a favorite dog, which, happening to discover them at their wicked work, attempted to drive them from the garden. The neighbor had complained to Deacon Browning, accompanying his complaint with a threat to have Philip arrested for stealing.

'If you don't do something with that boy of yours,' he added with considerable feeling, 'he'll end his days in the State Prison, or on the gallows.'

Hard words were these for the ears of Deacon Browning, the rigidly righteous! Hard words, and with a prophetic conviction in them. He had not a very creative imagination, but at this time the prediction of an angry neighbor conjured up in his mind the image of a prison and a gallows, causing a shudder to pass along his nerves, and the cold perspiration to start upon his forehead. From that moment the resolution of Deacon Browning was taken.

The boy was on the brink of ruin, and must be saved at all hazards. As to the means of doing this, it never entered into the heart of Deacon Browning to conceive of any other than such as involved harsh discipline. The Canaanite was in the land and must be driven out with fire and sword. With him the word duty had a stern significance. He had always tried to do his duty, moving steadily onward in the path of life, and crushing down all vanities and evils that sprang up by the way, under a heel shod with iron.

'He shall go to sea!' That was the last desperate remedy. In his mind, as in the minds of many like him, some years ago, a ship was the great school of reform; and when a boy was deemed incorrigible, he was sent off to sea, usually to have his evil inclinations hardened into permanent qualities.

When Deacon Browning met his son Philip, after receiving intelligence of his great offence, it was with a stern, angry repulsion. He did not see the look of appeal, the sign of repentance, the plea for mercy, that was in his tearful eyes. A single word of kindness would have broken up the great deep of the boy's heart, and impelled by the warmer impulses inherited from his mother, he would have flung himself, weeping, into his father's arms. But Deacon Browning had separated duty from kindness. The one was a stern corrector of evil, the other a smiling approver of good.

From his home to the wharf, where the Fanny Williams lay, all equipped for sea, Deacon Browning bent his steps. Captain Ellis, a rough, hard man, was on board. After listening to the father's story and request, he said, bluntly—

'If you put your boy on board the Fanny Williams, he'll have to bend or break, that's certain. Take my advice, and give the matter a second thought. He'll have a dog's life of it in a whaler. It's my opinion that your lad hasn't stuff enough in him for this expedition.'

'I'll risk it,' replied the Deacon. 'He's got too much stuff to stay at home, that's the trouble. The bend or break system is the only one in which I have any faith.'

'As you like, Deacon. I want another boy, and yours will answer, I guess.'

'When do you sail?' was inquired.

'On Monday.'

'Very well. I'll bring the boy down to-morrow.'

The thing was settled: the Deacon did not feel altogether comfortable in mind. Philip was young for such an experiment, as the mother had urged. And now very opportunely, a leaf in the book of his memory was turned, on which was written the story of a poor boy's wrongs and sufferings at sea. Many years before, his heart had grown sick over the record. He tried to look away from the page, but could not. It seemed to hold his eye by a kind of fascination.

Still he did not relent. Duty required him to go steadily forward and execute his purpose. There was no other hope for the boy.

'Philip!' It was thus he announced his determination. 'I am going to send you to sea with your father. It's my last hope. I can no longer suffer you to remain at home. The boy who begins with robbing his neighbor's garden, is in great danger of ending his career upon the gallows. To save you, if possible, from a fate like this, I send you to sea.'

Very sternly, very harshly, almost angrily, was this said. Not the smallest impression did it seem to make upon the boy, who stood with his eyes cast down, an image of stubborn self-will and persistent rebellion.

VOL. XII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.....THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1858.

NO. 7.

The Eastern Mail.

Very different were the mother's efforts with the child. Tearfully she pleaded with him—earnestly she besought him to ask his father's forgiveness for the evil he had done. But Philip said—

'No, mother. I would rather go to sea. Father don't love me—he don't care for me. He hates me, I believe.'

'Philip! Philip! Don't speak in that way of your father. He does love you; and it is only for your good that he is going to send you to sea. Oh, how could you do so wicked a thing?'

Tears were in the mother's eyes. But the boy had something of the father's stern spirit in him, and showed no weakness.

'It isn't any worse than he did when he was a boy,' was his answer.

'Well, it isn't for I heard Mr. Wright tell Mr. Freeman that father and he robbed orchards and hens' nests; and did worse than that, when they were boys!'

Poor Mrs. Browning was silent. Well did she remember how wild a boy Jonas Browning was; and who, when she was a little girl, she had heard all manner of evil laid to his charge.

Very unexpectedly—at least to Mr. Browning—the minister called in the evening of that troubled day. After some general conversation with the family, he asked to have a few words with the deacon alone.

'Is it true, Mr. Browning,' he said, after they had retired to an adjoining room, 'that you are going to send Philip to sea?'

'Too true,' replied the father, soberly. 'It is my last hope. From the beginning that boy has been a rebel against just authority; and though I have never relaxed discipline, through the weakness of natural feelings, yet resistance has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, until duty requires me to use a desperate remedy for a desperate disease. It is a painful trial; but the path of duty is the only path of safety. What we see to be right, we must execute with unflinching courage. I cannot accuse myself of any neglect of duty towards this boy, through weakness of flesh. From the beginning, I have made obedience the law of my household, and suffered no deviation therefrom to go unpunished.'

'Duty,' said the minister, 'has a twin sister.' He spoke in a changed voice, and with a manner that arrested the attention of Browning, who looked at him with a glance of inquiry.

'She is lovely and gentle, as he is hard and unyielding.'

The deacon still looked curious.

'When the twin sister of duty flees from his side, loses more than half of his influence; but in her beautiful presence, he gains a dignity and power that makes his precepts laws of life to all who hear them. The stubborn heart melts, the iron will is subdued; the spirit of evil shrinks away from the human soul.'

There was a pause.

'The name of that twin sister is Kindness.' The eyes of Deacon Browning fell away from the minister's countenance, and dropped until they rested upon the floor. Conviction flashed upon his heart. He had always been stern in executing the law—but never kind.

'Has that beautiful twin sister stood ever by the side of Duty?—has love been in his law, Deacon Browning?'

Side by side with the minister stood Duty and Kindness—the firm, unshrinking brother, and the mild, loving sister—and so his word had power to reach the deacon's heart, without giving offence to pride.

Kindness was weak, yielding, and indulgent, and forgives when punishment is the only hope of salvation,' said Deacon Browning, a little recovering himself from the first emotions of self-condemnation.

'Only when she strays from the side of Duty,' replied the minister. 'Duty and Kindness must always act together.'

Much more, and to the same purpose, was urged by the minister, who made only a brief visit, and then withdrew, that his admonitions might work the effect desired.

When Deacon Browning came in from the front door of his house, after parting with the minister, he drew a chair up to the table in the family sitting room, and almost involuntarily, opened the large family Bible. His feelings were much softened towards his boy, who, with his head bowed upon his breast, sat with the spirit of his mother. The attitude was as not so much indicative of stubborn self-will, as of suffering. Deacon Browning thought he would read a chapter aloud, and so drew over it, book closer, and bent his face down over it. Mrs. Browning, observing the movement, waited for him to begin. The deacon cleared his throat twice. But his voice did not take up the words that were in his eyes and in his heart. How could they?

'As a father pitieth his children'—

'Philip, my son—Deacon Browning took the boy's hand in one of his, and looked him full in the face. The look was returned—not a defiant but one of yielding wonder.

'Philip, I am not going to send you to sea with Captain Ellis. I intended doing so; but, on reflection, I think the life would be too hard for you.'

Very firmly, yet kindly, the deacon tried to speak, but the sister of Duty was playing with his heart-strings, and their tone of pity was echoed from his voice, that faltered when he strove to give it firmness.

The eyes of Philip remained fixed upon the countenance of his father.

'My son—Deacon Browning thought he had gained sufficient self-control to utter calmly certain mild forms of admonition; but he was in error; his voice was still less under his control, and so fully betrayed the new-born pity and tenderness in his heart, that Philip, melting into penitence, exclaimed, as tears gushed from his eyes—

'Oh, father! I've been very wicked, and I am very sorry!'

Involuntarily, at this unexpected confession, the arms of Deacon Browning were stretched out towards his repentant boy, and Philip rushed, sobbing, into them.

The boy was saved. From that hour the father had him under the most perfect subordination. But the twin sister of Duty walked ever by his side.

A CHAPTER OF GRUMBLES FROM GRUMBLERS.

MOORE'S GRUMBLE.
I never had a dear desire,
To play me with its soft blue eye,
But when it learned to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!

LAMB'S GRUMBLE.
I never had a piece of toast,
Past what was good and wide and stout,
But fell upon the buttered side!
And always on the buttered side!

GOUGHMAN'S GRUMBLE.
I never had a sucking pig,
And fed and nursed it in the sty,
But when 'twas grown up full and big,
And fit to kill—'twas sure to die!

TITTLER'S GRUMBLE.
I never had a dollar bright,
To buy the oysters, rum and toast,
But vanished like a meteor-light,
And never I needed it the most!

GIRL'S GRUMBLE.
I never had upon my lip
A jolly little laughing kiss,
But when some fellow came to kiss,
And never thought it much amiss!

BACHSLON'S GRUMBLE.
I never saw an Apple Girl,
With reddish hair and crimson nose,
But when I fell in love with her,
And lost the courage to propose!

GRUMBLER'S GRUMBLE.
It's been just so with me in life;
When I come to my turn to draw,
In casting lots for fortune's gifts,
I always get the shortest staff!

A Rumeller's Dream.
'Well, wife, this is too horrible! I cannot continue this business any longer!'

'Why, dear, what's the matter now?'

'Oh, such a dream! Oh, I cannot endure it. Oh, if I ever sell rum again!'

'My dear you are frightened.'

'Yes, indeed I am; another such a night as this I will not pass for worlds.'

'My dear, perhaps—'

'Oh, don't talk to me! I am determined to have nothing more to do with rum, any how. Do you think, Tom Wilson came to me with his throat cut from ear to ear, and such a horrid scab, and it was so hard for him to speak, and so much blood, and said he—

'See here, Joe, the result of rum-selling. My blood chilled at the sight, and the house seemed to turn bottom up, the earth opened, and a little imp took me by the hand, saying, "Follow me."

SHOW AND FAIR.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society.
October 7th, 8th and 9th, 1858.

PREMIUM LIST.
HORSES.

Committee—George Richardson, Fairfield; Tufon Simpson, Winslow; George H. Boardman, Waterville.

For a Morgan Stallion 3 years old or upwards with undoubted pedigree, and to be kept within the limits of the society one or more service season, \$25.

For best stallion of any breed, 6 00; 2d 4 00; 3d 2 00.
For best breeding mare 4 00; 2d 3 00; 3d 2 00; 4th 1 00.
For best pair of Horses for all work 3 00; 2d 2 00; 3d 1 00.
For best Gelding or Mare for all work 2 00; 2d 1 00.

COLTS.
Committee—Daniel H. Brown, Benton; Edward Jones, Fairfield; Samuel Huzzey, Waterville.

For best Colt, mare or gelding, 3 years old, 3 00; 2d 2 00; 3d 1 00.
For best Colt 2 years old 2 00; 2d 1 00.
For best Colt 1 year old 2 00; 2d 1 00.
For best trained Colt of any age by a boy not over 16 years old, training to be shown in harness on Show Ground, 3 00; 2d 2 00; 3d 1 00.

BULLS.
Committee—Henry Lawrence, Fairfield; Albert Crosby, Albion; Ichabod Gifford, Vassalboro'.

For best Bull, pedigree undoubted, Durham, Devon or Hereford, to be kept within the limits of the Society, not less than one service season 15 00; 2d 10 00; 3d 5 00.
For best Bull of any breed 2 years old or upwards 4 00; 2d 2 00.
For best Bull under 2 years old 3 00; 2d 1 00.
For best Bull calf 2 00; 2d Transactions Agricultural Societies.

COWS.
Committee—Levi Ricker, Waterville; Charles C. Stratton, Winslow; Abram Morrill, Waterville.

For best lot of Cows for the Dairy not less than three 6 00; 2d 4 00; 3d 2 00.
For best Dairy Cow 5 00; 2d 3 00; 3d 1 00.
Written statements will be required on dairy cows giving the yield of milk and butter during the first ten days of June or September and of the kind of feed five days previous and during the trial.

For the best Steer Cow 3 00; 2d 2 00; one or more of her progeny to be shown as evidence of her breeding qualities.
For best Cow for all purposes 5 00; 2d 4 00; 3d 3 00; 4th 2 00. One or more of her progeny to be shown as evidence of breeding qualities, and written statements in regard to yield of milk and butter, as required for dairy cows.

HEIFERS AND HEIFER CALVES.
Committee—Harrison Jaquith, Albion; Elbridge Sawtelle, Sidney; Arby Penney, Waterville.

For best Heifer 3 years old 1 Volume Maine Farmer and 1 50; 2d 2 00; 3d 1 00.
For best Heifer 2 years old Maine Farmer and 1 00; 2d 1 00.
For best Heifer 1 year old 2 00; 2d 1 00.
For best Heifer calf Vol. Me. Farmer; 2d 1 00.

Committee—William Nowell, Fairfield; John Hersem, Waterville; Charles Drummond, Winslow.

For best pair Oxen 4 00; 2d 3 00; 3d Vol. Maine Farmer.

STEERS.
Committee—Hall C. Burleigh, Fairfield; Eph. Morrill, Waterville; Omer Taylor, Winslow.

For best Steers 3 years old 8 00; 2d 3 00; 3d 1 00.
For best Steers 2 years old Me. Farmer and 1; 2d Me. Farmer.
For best Steers 1 year old 2; 2d 1.
For best trained Steers by a boy not over 16 years old, training to be shown on cart or drag 3; 2d 2; 3d 1.

DRAWING OXEN.
Committee—Nathan Perry and William Marston, Waterville; Jerry Tiffany, Sidney; Charles Crowell, Belgrade; Nahum Tozier, Fairfield.

For best pair drawing Oxen 5 years old or upwards 4 00; 2d 3 00; 3d Me. Farmer.
For best pair drawing Oxen under 5 years old 4 00; 2d 3 00; 3d Vol. Me. Farmer.

TEAMS OF OXEN AND STEERS.
Committee—Robert R. Drummond, Winslow; Watson Jones, Fairfield; Paul T. Stevens, Sidney.

For best team of Oxen from any one town not less than 8 pairs 8 00; 2d 6 00; 3d 4 00.
For best team Steers from one town 8 pairs or more 6; 2d 4.

FARM STOCK.
Committee—Bradford Sawtelle, Sidney; Winthrop Morrill, Waterville; Edwin Spring, Winslow.

For best Herd from one farm including all and not less than ten head 5; 2d 4; 3d 3.

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and Mrs. J. C. Richardson, Benton; Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Dingley.

FINE ARTS.
Committee—Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Maxham; Mr. and Mrs. Simon Wing; Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Pulsifer, Waterville.

BEST MANAGED FARM.
Committee—William Dyer, W. W. Merrill, John B. Stratton and John W. Drummond.

For best Managed Farm, 8; 2d 6; 3d 4. Written statement giving a detailed account of the whole management of the farm throughout the season will be required. Competitors on Farms are requested to make their entries with the Secretary on or before the first day of June, so that the adjudging committee can make their examination in June and September.

FARM ACCOUNTS.
For best Farm Account, commencing May 1, 1858, and closing May 1, 1859, the account to give the management of the Stock, Crops, &c., any improvement in fencing, ditching, preparing the ground for seed, harvesting, or any other item operation, any improvement in buildings, tools of any kind, with a debt and credit account with the farm and with each crop through the season, showing the profit or loss upon any portion of the year's business, with a view to getting at the most profitable manner of conducting farm operations.

Committee of Arrangements—L. E. Crommett, R. W. Pray, C. G. Tilton.
Marshall—Charles R. McFadden.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.
All exhibitors must have their animals or articles entered with the Secretary, and on the ground by ten o'clock A. M., on the first day of the show.

All exhibitors of stock will be required to let them remain on the ground until 4 o'clock P. M., of the first day, and are requested to let them remain until 4 o'clock, P. M., of the second day, and forage will be furnished on the ground for them. All animals to be labelled with their age, and the name of the owner.

Competitors for premiums must present to the Secretary or Adjudging Committee, a full and accurate statement of the animal or article entered, by filling out blanks which may be obtained by calling on the Secretary at any time before the first day of show.

All manufactured articles suitable for outdoor exhibition, must be on the ground the first day of the show.

The exhibition of Produce, Manufactured Articles, &c., will be on the Society's Ground. Entries may be made with the Secretary at any time previous to, and must be made by 10 o'clock of Tuesday.

Ladies and Misses are invited to contribute to the interest of the Fair, by presenting specimens of their skill and handiwork.

The Trustees will be in attendance on the morning of the show, at the entrance of the grounds, to whom Awarding Committees will please report, so that vacancies may be filled, if any should occur.

The premiums will be awarded from the Executive stand, on Thursday (Oct. 7) at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Judges are required in all cases to withhold premiums, when the animal or article is not worthy, even if there be no competition.

Arrangements have been made with the proprietors of the Waterville, Winslow and Fairfield bridges to allow stock designed for exhibition, and necessary drivers, to pass free of toll.

The price for licences to occupy the grounds with tents or otherwise for the purpose of victualing or the sale of merchandise shall be \$2 for each square rod of land so occupied, and no licence shall be granted for less than 2 00.

slavery, there would be a large vote against it. My brother owns about \$5,000 worth of 'niggers'; don't want to sell them; can't set them free without a special act of the legislature; isn't able to send them to a free State, and they are a dead expense to him every year. Hundreds of others are in the same 'fix.'

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . AUG. 26, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 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. 130 Broadway, New York, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.
J. B. HURRILL & Co., No. 36 Kirby 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.

A writer in the Bangor Union reproduces the following story as applicable to the long-looked for telegraphic correspondence between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan:

A number of patriotic citizens of a rural district once resolved, in consideration of the distinguished ardor with which the captain of the military of that place had performed his duties for a number of years, to present him with an appropriate testimonial of their esteem. A sword was purchased, and an old veteran Colonel was appointed to present the same with proper ceremony. The important day arrived, and an eager populace had assembled. A platform was built, and the two military worthies faced each other thereon. Great expectations were entertained of the presentation speech and answer. The Colonel took off his hat, scratched his knowledge-box, and hesitated. At last he held out the sword and said—

'Joel, this 'ere is that 'ere sword!'
'The Captain received it, and answered—'
'Colonel, is that 'ere the sword?'

We don't see that the story is at all applicable, for the reason that the occasion can't spare the dignity the anecdote aims to take away. Another anecdote is just as good; and speaking of presentations, and all that, makes us think of it. Immediately after the appearance of Johnson's "Rasselas," a literary society of ladies, who were enamored of the work, sent a committee to express to the author their great admiration. Johnson tho't as little of literary women as some of our politicians do of Lucy Stone. The committee appeared before the corpulent author, who rested his great dabby chin upon his great lazy belly and listened to a most fulsome speech. The speech ended, Dr. Johnson looked up with all the simplicity of James Buchanan, and replied with all the pith and point that characterized a late telegram,

"Fiddle-de-dee, my dears!"

We said that the anecdote was not applicable to the great international correspondence; and here is another that is no more so—though we confess that it makes us think of the parties concerned.

"What do you suppose," said Boswell to Johnson, one day as they were journeying together—"what do you suppose the world will say of you and me when we are dead and gone?"

"Well," replied Johnson, "I expect they will say I was a great literary bull-dog."
"But of me?—what of me?"
"Well—probably—that you were a—tin kettle tied to my tail!"

HANGING.—Two men, Cox and Williams, are to be choked to death by authority at Lewiston, on Friday. Parents who desire their children to witness this highest illustration of what some regard as the "higher law," will find a special train over the A. & K. Railroad for the occasion. Many a brutal man will go out, to return with his brutality endorsed by high authority. It is reported that the official executioner has concluded there is nothing in the laws that "requires" him to have the execution private. If he has no "law within him" that forbids his making it public, then he is indeed a fit hangman. We regard the publicity of this execution as an outrageous violation of the moral sense of community, and hope that the public voice will in due time set the mark of condemnation where it belongs. We marvel that the tone of religion and morality, in the large village of Lewiston, has not been high enough to prevent such a display of brutality. The advocates of capital punishment may tremble for their cause, if this example is to prevail in Maine. Private executions are shocking enough—a few public ones will break down the gallows beyond remedy. The village of Lewiston will need many years of repentance to wash out the stain of this moral pollution; and it were well for her if her accountability ran only to her own citizens. A large surrounding public will long point at her shame.

WASHBURN RENOMINATED.—Republicans and friends of freedom throughout the country were doubtless gratified to learn of the renomination of Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., in the fifty district, on Thursday last. The matter having been referred to the Somerset delegation, Mr. Washburn was declared to be their choice, and their decision was received with great applause, and cheerfully acquiesced in by the rival candidates and their friends. The first vote stood as follows: I. Washburn, Jr. 33; B. W. Norris 18; W. M. E. Brown 8.

A HUNT.—Vessel loads of leached ashes have recently been taken from Augusta and carried to Long Island, to be used as manure. Would it not be well for the farmers of Maine to inquire if this sort of dressing could not be profitably employed at home?

The City Hall, New York, was partially destroyed by fire, on the night of the 18th inst. The records and other valuables were saved. Damages about \$10,000.

The yellow fever has raged severely in New Orleans recently, but last accounts represent it as abating.

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Probably the ablest article in the September number of this work is the first one—"Eloquence;" The Kniflock Estate and how it was settled, is concluded; "The Birth-Mark" is a fiery tale of wrong and revenge, in verse; "Rambles in Aquidneck" will interest the naturalist; "Ann Potter's Lesson" is well enforced in choice Yankee; "Le Marais du Cygne," is a stirring poem on the last Kansas massacre, by Whit tier, we suppose; "Youth is a short but finished essay" ("Pinto") is a well written story, told with a charming air of verisimilitude; "The House that was just like its Neighbors" is a quiet poem; "Dependence" concludes a critical and historical sketch of the laureates of England; "Water Lilies" will charm the lover of nature and likewise the scholar; "Fifty and Fifteen" is a pleasant piece of verse; "Illinois in Spring-time" is a graphic sketch of Western scenery, with a word for Chicago; the Wonderful; "An Evening with the Telegraph Wires," will of course be interesting, now that telegraphs are upmost in people's minds; "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is, as usual, a little better than ever before—and at the end "pops the question" to the genteel school ma'am. Everybody ought to take the Atlantic, but as everybody does not, we shall draw on the Autocrat, next week, for some powerful inducements to subscribe and spread them before our readers.

Our thanks are due to J. J. Dyer & Co., Periodical dealers, Boston for our copy. For sale at Matthews's.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—Reading from a Sense of Duty, the steel engraving in the September number, is a very good thing; and the other embellishments, including a colored fashion plate, are all excellent in their line. The purity and excellence of the literary portion of this work must always make it a favorite with persons of right principles and good taste. Its contents are always interesting, and it ministers to the amusement of its readers only that it may purify and ennoble the character and make true men and women. Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for September has a good steel engraving, entitled "Open your Mouth and shut your Eyes," the usual fashion plate, and numerous wood cuts—with lots of interesting stories, &c. Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—"The Idle Boy," a pretty tint engraving, graces the September number of this monthly, with a colored fashion plate and numerous wood cuts. The reading matter is well chosen, and Laugh and grow fat, seems to be Leland's motto in his department. This work gains in popularity with each succeeding issue. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

MY PALACE.

Not with ramparts smooth and burnished,
Shining in a hostile range;
Where the pathway, worn and beaten,
Lies across the moated grange—
Not with turrets, quaint and ancient,
Watching parapets so fair;
Where the banners yellow, golden,
Singled float upon the air—
Stands my palace. I have built it
In a valley always bright;
Never Semph folded pinions,
Over half so fair a sight.

There a fountain, clear as crystal,
Gushes from the hollow ground;
And the tree-tops, gently swaying,
Echo sweetly with the sound.
To that strange, aerial music,
Sunbeams dance upon the sod;
Leaving not a single footprint,
Where their radiant feet have trod.

In that peaceful, happy valley,
Shall my humble palace rise;
Emblem of that brighter mansion,
Never seen by mortal eyes.

DELTA.

A LAY SERMON.—Two little lumps of sugar, only! but there was a whole sermon in them; and as they went on their errand of mercy we realised the influence of trifles for good or ill. Two mites was all the poor widow had to give, and yet how the Savior exalted the offering! the gift of even a cup of cold water to his little ones, he said, should not go unrewarded; depend upon it, therefore, two little lumps of sugar, rightly bestowed, will by no means be overlooked.

But we will tell you all about it, that each may judge for himself. A restive child smiled in meeting; the smile grew to a tinkle; and when the tinkle, increased to a giggle, promised to break into a loud laugh, the alarmed mother caught it suddenly, and in her nervous fear of disturbing the devotions of others, so roughly by the arm, and with such sharp rebuke, that tears usurped the place of smiles. The little one began to whimper; the whimper deepened to a whine; the whine became a spasmodic sobbing; and the embarrassed and mortified mother redoubled her exertions to prevent this from ending in a loud roar. Didn't we all feel for her, and sympathize in her embarrassment? Indeed we did; but as for the child—Hem! there was Miss Patty Prim, who "wished to gracious she could have the shaking of it—the naughty little thing—somewhere out of hearing;" and the rosebuds in her handsome Sunday bonnet trembled under the influence of her suppressed indignation. Alas! we fear there was more than one Patty Prim within hearing.

And now—when all eyes were turned upon the scene, and the poor woman, flushed and heated, felt herself painfully conspicuous—came the two little lumps of sugar across the pews, like oil upon the troubled waters, sent by a good mother in Israel, who was acting while the rest of us were merely fretting and fuming. Quietly reaching down into her capacious pocket, (well prepared, we'll warrant, to answer all similar promptings of her benevolent heart) she had brought up from its depths an unflinching remedy for youthful troubles, a saccharine soother of infantile grief.

Our heart involuntarily did obsecrate as to a superior presence, for we thought we could see, in the apparently trivial act, true Christian philosophy and a wise benevolence. Here was one willing to endure patiently what could not be helped, but first doing all she could to make things better; not loving the sin, but surely not hating the sinner; and reclaiming wrong doers, not by harsh rebuke, but by dispensing sweet and pure influences wherever she went. We had the benefit of two sermons that time; and it is no disparagement to the pulpit to pronounce that from the pews the better one; for while the first was dry precept addressed to the head, the last was living example that warmed the heart.

A PROPHECY.—A writer in the Spiritual Age says he is impressed to prophesy, "the sudden rise of a new and victorious political party, the star of whose platform shall be the star of freedom." Whether this impression is from above or below, and whether he will prove a true or false prophet, time will show; but his next impression is of the right kind, sure. He concludes his letter by saying that he is im-

pressed to take the Age, and sends the pay in advance. We are decidedly in favor of admissions of this sort, and hope that some of our subscribers, who are largely in arrears, will be forcibly impressed to remit the amount, of their indebtedness immediately.

FOLKS IN OUR VILLAGE.

Now do not imagine I am in the river, or even upon the river, but at present am quietly enjoying country life at as lovely a village as I have met with in the Provinces. It will compare favorably with your State of Maine villages, and that is saying a great deal. Were I a resident and to the manor born, I should take pride in calling it *our* village. From my window the house of the equire, postmaster and great man of the place, is seen. Embowered in shrubbery of green, everything around it betokens thrift, comfort, and even elegance of life. At home your great man is truly great; he is the Sir Oracle, and it is remarkable to note with what pomposity he patronisingly addresses his humble friends, and how they hang upon every word that falls from his lips. Then take him away from home, his pride receives a severe blow; even the village is not known, much less the great man. He then finds that there are others in the world as great as himself. Like a stiff starched dicky in a hot day, our village great man's pomposity withers.

Then our village has a school master, or I ought to say a Preceptor, who has acquired a little knowledge of books, and fancies himself a learned man. Nature has endowed him with a decent exterior, but shallowness, and vanity are written as plain as the hand writing upon the wall upon his countenance. Our pedagogue fancies that with the ladies he is irresistible. Mark with what a smirk and smile he approaches the fair creatures; as flimsy as a French dancing master he ambles along as though grace itself was in every movement. Like all brainless apes, jealousy is a predominant characteristic, and he fancies that he is especially endowed to be the guardian and attendant of every school girl miss in the village.

Now what shall we say for the village beauty? how describe her? She is a stereotyped character the world over; made up of a little nature but a vast deal of art. She knows nothing of the real, the true, the good and the practical of life. Worshipped as a divinity, she imagines that every one is in love with her. While her doting mother is slavish and toiling, she, the dear creature, must not soil her dainty hands by work; but forsooth must be a parlor ornament set up to the highest bidder, and heaven keep the man that is so unfortunate as to purchase her. Black eyes and raven hair are excellent in their way, but they will not make the pot boil or clothe the children. However our village has women; real, live, honest-hearted, breathing women—that have more than one idea or one thought. Pride and vanity are not their handmaids; they keenly feel the sorrows and afflictions of others and soothe their anguish-stricken souls. They may not float through the streets with massive sails of crinoline or a big hull of hoops, but quietly and unostentatiously they go upon their missions of mercy, and are not ashamed to help their old mothers do the household work, and would not be frightened at being caught at the wash tub or darning stockings. The man that gets one of these real women for a companion through life obtains a friend, comforter, and wife.

Now what shall we say of the village gossips, who over the social tea-table, pick characters to pieces and dissect the fragments with a gusto that is perfectly refreshing? No slight swerving from what they consider the straight path escapes their notice. If but a hair's breadth from the true line is taken, their lynx eyes see it; and we to the poor unfortunate. Mole-hills are magnified into mountains; chatter, chatter go their tongues, and petty sins with them are translated into mighty crimes. Let a stranger but set foot within the village and attend the village church, their eyes are upon him. If he is well-dressed he is some city adventurer and sharper; if poorly clad, a vagabond. Every look, every motion is criticised and commented upon. If a young man enters the village, determined to make for himself a name and character, the village gossips bar the door against his entrance into good society, and forsooth he is compelled to associate with a lower order, and perhaps becomes contaminated. Then what a howl is set up by the scandal mongers: "I told you so," and "we thought so, and prophesied as much." If these self righteous feminine censors of public morals, would only remember that He who died that we might be saved—when they bro't the woman before him taken in adultery, and the gossips railed and condemned,—commanded those that were without sin to cast the first stone, they would be more apt to judge not lest they be judged; and if they would only practice the admonition given, towards their fellow creatures who sin, "go thy way and sin no more,"—there would not be so many sinners on the face of the earth. Talk about whiskey drinking and nightly revelling of the men, they can pity and sympathise with the sinner and console them, lend a helping hand, raise them from the mire and set them on terra firma; but some good angel protect the daughter of Eve who may have the shadow of a suspicion cast upon her character. What delight the village gossips experience! no wolf ever glomed over his prey with half the savage joy that they feel in knowing that one of their own sex are suspected of sin.

But let us turn from contemplating the gossips, and dwell for a moment upon another class that dwells in our village. We mean the hen-pecked husband, and a sweet character he is. Generally the feminine that dons the masculine attire is his second wife. His first wife was a mild, amiable woman and his tyranny drove her to an early grave. Gambling and drinking was his life and existence. He has sons who follow in the footsteps of their father and at an early age are drunkards. After the death of the first wife he marries again, and he soon finds that where he before drove he is now driven, and with a taut rein too. He dare not call his soul his own; everything is under the sway of a concentrated cream of tartar. Let him but dare to go out of an evening without his amiable spouse accompanies him—no matter where he may go and what he is doing—she will be on his track, take him by the scruff of the neck and tote him home. No one pities him, for they remember when his first wife died he was away gambling all night long. The hen-pecked husband tries to show his manliness at times, but it degenerates into bombast and bravado. But if some wight should be so unfortunate as to get in his power, he might as well expect mercy at the hands of his direct foe as at the hands of this man in petticoats. All the pent-up wrath that has been gathering within him, which he dared not let forth, finds vent and descends upon the head of his victim. Away from home you would fancy he was king and ruler; no peacock ever strutted with half the swell he puts on; but bless us, how his feathers droop at home, when he meanches along like the cringing cur he is.

Then we have in our village the Shylock lawyer. Money is the god he worships. See him as with a stealthy, cat-like pace he moves along, a false smile upon his countenance, he would smile and smile and murder as he smiled. He belongs to the church and is a worthy member; he is not guilty of any vices; he would not degrade himself by drinking; but if he could get a rich pigeon drunk and pluck him nicely it would be all right. Note him sitting in his little office, planning and calculating, devising means whereby he may add to his wealth. He tries to be a politician; not for principle, that is the farthest thing in his thoughts; but office and money, money and office is his aim. He will trade and traffic, barter and dicker away his party for the sake of gain. Dollars and dimes dance continually before his eyes. He never did a noble act in his life. He is always suspicious, always doubting; judging the rest of the world by his own hollow-heartedness, he lives constantly in fear. If any one deserves the lowest, darkest cavern of Hades, after death, it is the village Shylock Lawyer. But I must forbear sketching any more of the people of our village at present.

BANGOR MERCANTILE ASSOCIATION.—From a historical sketch of this Association, in the *Evening Times*, we learn that it originated in 1843, and that its object, as stated in the constitution was "the establishment of a library—a system of instructions and debates which will facilitate mental intercourse, promote a spirit of useful inquiry—render us more intelligent upon mercantile and other subjects of general utility and qualify us to discharge properly the duties of our profession, and the social duties of life." The library of the association now numbers nearly 5000 volumes, and the reading room contains 16 daily, and 24 thrice-weekly, semi-weekly and weekly newspapers. The semi-annual assessment is \$2, but clergymen of the city and professors of the Theological Seminary have free use of the library and reading room. For intellectual culture the Association have had six courses of lectures, employing, as the reports from the lecture committees show, lecturers of the first rank.

The officers of the Association for the current year are Isaiah Stetson, President; Chas. Hayward, Vice President; F. W. Pitcher, Secretary; F. M. Sabine, Treasurer, together with the board of directors and board of arbitration. "Mr. Thos. Smith, the librarian," says the *Times*, "has, during the number of years in which he has occupied that situation, not only received the confidence of the officers of the Association, but has by his courtesy endeared himself to all its members and subscribers."

The Association is an honor to Bangor, and a blessing to the land; for its refining and elevating influences are not confined to the city of its birth, but are carried abroad by every emigrant from Bangor, who has enjoyed and profited by its advantages. In conclusion let us add our testimony to its liberal and honorable management: for years our paper has had a place in its reading room, and our books show that it has always been paid for in advance.

The Portland Advertiser says that Mr. Washburn, our member of Congress from the fifth district, is the senior member of the N. England delegation; and with the exception of Mr. Giddings of Ohio, the oldest republican member of the House. This makes Mr. Washburn's position truly an honorable one; and it is gratifying to know that there are not enough bargain makers in his district to blind the people to their deep interest in his re-election. In the face of positive contracts among the "leaders"—claimed on the one part and admitted on the other—his constituents have demanded his re-election by an overwhelming majority. Thus may it be, henceforth and forever, with all political contracts that fetter the free expression of the ballot-box.

CONVENTIONS IN SOMERSET.—The Republican convention for nominating State Senators and County officers, is held at Skowhegan to-day. The Democratic convention, for the same purpose, meets at Norridgewock to-morrow.

James Eddy, Esq., General Superintendent of the American Telegraph Company died of heart disease on Sunday last, at Burlington, Vt. He was about 40 years of age.

The Atlantic Telegraph is working well. Messages between the Mayors of London and New York have passed over it, but it is not yet thrown open to public use.

A RURAL WALK.

"The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking."
So thought I on one of those beautiful July days, so welcome to the farmer, so delightful to the lover of Nature, as, accompanied by my friend, Will Pirt, I started forth on a ramble, to divert my mind, wearied in poring over Greek, Latin, and Mechanics. A heavy thunder shower had purified the hot and sultry air, and made all nature smile again. The tall corn waved its long arms as if rejoicing in its renewed verdure; the little flowers glancing with the pearly drops which filled their cups, opened their petals and looked up to Heaven with a sweet smile of joy. The warm rays of the sun were occasionally intercepted by the silvery clouds which flitted across the deep blue above. One cannot walk forth on such a day without feeling his soul swell within him, without a freer step and a lighter heart. If the theory of the Ancients were true, that Religion consisted in the love and worship of the Beautiful, at no time would the heart so overflow with pious sentiments as on such a day as this.

I know of no river where the scenery is at the same time so varied and so beautiful, as that around the Kennebec. Up one of the tributaries of this noble stream we wended our way. Passing numerous points of beauty, which elicited many exclamations of delight and admiration from my friend, who is even a more enthusiastic admirer of nature than myself, we came to a spot before which we both stopped in silent—I was about to say, ecstasy. The thick woods, which, for the greater part of the way, had lined the stream in most places to the water's edge, here retired for a short distance, and there before us was spread a carpet of the richest green, sparkling with a million gems from the recent shower. It seemed a place just suited to the dreamy state of the soul; for, certainly, even the most phlegmatic temperament must here lay aside its apathy and feel some of the poet's fire. The grass of velvet softness seemed fit for a fairy's dancing floor; the waters rippled and foamed over their rocky bed, while on the opposite bank the large forest trees drank life from the clear stream, keeping time with the swaying of their huge branches to its hoarse yet soothing murmurs. Even the birds sought this delightful spot, and their lively carols, echoed from tree to tree, added new charms to the scene. Here the soul delights to rest, free from care—beauty without, peace within. But the human soul was made for action, and after a few short hours thus pleasantly passed, it returns with renewed ardor to the active, busy pursuits of life. And yet the effect of these pleasant moments is not lost, and a chord is struck which still sends forth a sweet and harmonious tone amid all the harsh discord of the world.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS. The convention at Augusta, yesterday, re-nominated the old board of senators. John Berry, Jr. C. A. Wing, and Alfred Fletcher;—B. H. Gilbreth, sheriff; Daniel Pike, treasurer; Chas. Danforth, attorney; ——— commissioner.

FROST.—We hear of none in this State; but a slight touch is reported in various sections of Massachusetts, on Tuesday evening.

When Dr. Holmes found himself hard pressed by Bro. Drew, he cried out that his opponent was crazy; and the Portland Transcript takes refuge in the same convenient dodge-hole. We think we may as well leave him there, as it will be of little use to unearth him.

N. KEN. AGRICULTURAL SHOW AND FAIR.—A list of premiums to be awarded at the coming exhibition will be found on our first page, with a list of the committees, rules, regulations, &c. With favorable weather, we hope to see the largest and most attractive display ever made by our Society, and to promote this end let all do their share. By accident the days of exhibition are dated wrong. Please read Oct. 5th, 6th, 7th, instead of 7th, 8th and 9th.

"How is it possible that the republican party can embrace in its ranks any considerable portion of the worthy people of this State?"
Bangor Democrat.

Just the easiest thing in the world, brother Democrat, when you bear in mind that the other party never takes any of that class.

POTATO ROT.—Thus far we hear nothing of the rot in the potato crop, except the appearance of the tops. This in some places gives alarm, though we are inclined to believe there is little occasion for it. The marks seen are nowhere of the offensive kind, but a mere rust or blight of the leaf, which it is hoped may have little effect upon the potato itself.

A woman at Worcester has undertaken to walk sixty successive hours, for the purpose of winning one hundred dollars, and proving that she has more muscle than brains. Guess she has.

A FACT—BUT NO MATTER.—In the Queen of England's brief letter of ten lines to the President of the United States, we find the words, "the Queen" and "the President" each occur four times. Pretty thick this—but no matter.

PRICES.—Farmers are now selling their potatoes at our village stores for 30 to 33 cents a bushel.

CLERICAL.—Rev. Mr. Green, of the Congregational church in this place, has asked his dismission from the pastoral charge of that church, and the result awaits the action of a council.

NEAT STOCK.—Pastures have been remarkably good thus far this season, and the result is that all kinds of stock are looking unusually well. The hay crop has been full equal to that of last year, on an average. The exhibition of stock at the various Fairs in the State must look better than usual. There seems to be thus far no flagging in the efforts of the several

agricultural societies to honor themselves in their exhibitions this Fall; and they will show a better average than in any former year. So mote it be!

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.—We are pleased to notice that the able and enterprising Principal of this institution has thoroughly renovated and repaired the building he occupies—showing that no pains or expense shall be spared on his part, to make an attendance at his school pleasant as well as profitable to the scholar. With the efficient board of instruction now employed, this institution affords educational facilities surpassed by few schools of this grade in the county; and as there are none more pleasantly located, we confidently expect to see its popularity and usefulness largely extended and the enterprise and faithfulness of Mr. Hamblen well rewarded. The Fall term, as will be seen by advertisement, will commence on the first Monday in September.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—This popular Panorama will be exhibited at Town Hall on Tuesday afternoon and evening next; the afternoon being designed for children, and the price put at the trifling sum of five cents. The hour being 4 o'clock will give an opportunity for the school children to attend. Those who think so highly of the moral and religious influence of Bunyan's great work should by no means fail to secure to the exhibition a full attendance, especially embracing their own families. Some of the scenes are very fine, and the illustrative remarks of Mr. Hill are made with great care and in close connection with the subject—very often in the precise words of Bunyan himself. This panorama rarely fails of a good house, or a well pleased audience.

JOE PENTLAND'S famous circus, which is to exhibit here today, will doubtless attract large audiences. Haying is over, and everybody feels like having a holiday. One circus a year is probably more popular than a larger number; and as this is without doubt the only one for the season, a great many good boys may be allowed to spend a quarter.

STATEMENTS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE NIAGARA.—The New York Times, in its account of the laying of the cable from the Niagara, gives the following information acquired from Capt. Hudson and the officers:

"The repeated failures had produced a feeling of discouragement which effected all alike and the task was finally undertaken more from a sense of duty to the public, than from any animating hopes of success which had sustained them in previous efforts. One of the officers asserted that it was not until half the cable had been successfully deposited in the bed of the ocean, and the electric current was passing through it, that a renewed feeling of success began to animate them. Mr. Everett scarcely closed his eyes, or remitted his vigilance over the paying out machinery during the whole six days and nights. Mr. Whitehouse was always on deck, watching every movement, and manifested the utmost solicitude for the success of the enterprise. Not the slightest detail escaped his observation. Captain Hudson remarked that the day they made the land at Trinity Bay, there was a line of icebergs on each side of them. It struck him as a signal interposition of Providence, and pointing to the opening through the dense mass of ice, he remarked, 'the way is all open for us, let the ship go ahead.'"

The compasses were so much disturbed by local attraction, from the presence of the large mass of iron cable aboard, that it was found impossible to steer by it with safety, notwithstanding a high platform was erected, on which it was placed, above the deck, where a man was stationed to control the ship. In this situation, Capt. Hudson says the cable could not have been laid had it not been for the assistance of the Gorgon, which went ahead, following the great circle course laid down in the chart. Captain Dayman never slept for five nights, and his constant attention to the use of observing instruments, in order to keep exactly on the course, nearly prostrated him. His eyes were bloodshot, and his system reduced by incessant watching and exertion.

After entering Trinity Bay they encountered more difficulties than on any time previous, and Mr. Everett, who never left the mouth of the speaking tube which communicated with the engineers, was compelled to have the engine repeatedly stopped, and set in motion, to avoid accident to the cable. At one time a double coil came up, and in another instant it would have been snarled asunder, but his watchful eye detected the trouble, and a stern order brought the engines to a sudden stop and saved the cable."

BOY KILLED BY RUM.—We are informed that a boy named McLaughlin, whose parents reside near Masardis, died last week from the effects of rum, under the following circumstances:—He left home week ago last Saturday, in company with an old man whose name we do not learn, to go to the Oxbow. The old man took a bottle of rum with him, obtained we understand, of the boy's mother. Some hours after, the man and boy were found lying in the ditch beside the road, dead drunk. From appearances, it was judged they had lain there several hours. The boy was carried to a house, where he lingered until Tuesday, in unconsciousness, and died, literally killed by rum.—[Aroostook Pioneer.]

A young man aged about 14 years, son of B. F. Emery, Esq., of this city, had a very narrow escape from instant death on Wednesday afternoon. He was at work about the foot of a stage pole against his father's new barn now in process of erection, when the pole fell, and as he run to escape it, it struck his head, knocking him down upon a heap of rocks, and rendering him senseless. During the night following he had local intervals, and is now doing well.—[Bath Times.]

A REMEDY THAT CURES.—When suffering from any disease of the throat or lungs, rest assured that speedy relief may be obtained by using Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Its success in such cases is unparalleled.

NEW METHOD OF OBTAINING UNANIMITY.—The Louisiana Baptist says: In all matters pertaining to the reception of members there should be unanimity. The minority ought to be heard, and, if found unreasonable and obstinate, cut them off, and then receive the worthy applicant, if the church deem him so, rather than bring strife and contention into the church.

A man out west, in describing the blowing up of a steamboat the other day, says the "best example" was enough to shake the bravest heart. We always thought that it was the "bilers" that done the business.

UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION.—The General Convention of Universalists in the United States of America, will meet in the city of Providence, R. I., on the 21st Wednesday and Thursday in September, 1858. Rev. G. S. Wagar of St. Louis, Mo., will preach the Occasional Sermon.

