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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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From Arthur's Home Magazine.

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

"See here, Benny," said Grandpa, putting down his knife and fork at dinner, and speaking in his most decided tones, "you know what I told you last week, that it was very unsafe to go up on that house scaffolding. It's very high, and very loosely put together, and if your head should swim, or your foot should slip, there likely would be an end of you."

"But, Grandpa, the other boys go up!"

"I can't help that, my child; and because they incur the risk of broken limbs, I am not willing that you should. Now, remember, if you go up on that scaffolding again, after what I have said this time, I shall get you no drum, and not allow you to join the company next Saturday afternoon. You hear me, Benny?"

"Yes, sir, I hear you," said Benny, moving uneasily in his chair.

"And you know, too, that I say this altogether for your own safety. Just think what a terrible thing it would be, if you were brought home some day, like that little boy I read of last week, with your bruised face, and mangled limbs, and the life all struck out of you!"

"Oh, don't, please don't, Grandpa!"

"Well, dear, you looked at Benny as though you thought my prohibition a hard one, and you are now, my reasons for it."

"My brother Benjamin, who was just eleven, two years my senior, and I were passing the Summer at Grandpa's. Papa had gone West on business, and Mamma accompanied him. Benny was a wild, fun-loving, mischief-brewing rogue, always the first at a frolic, and a great favorite with all the boys at the Academy. His class had been quite absorbed in organizing a company of soldiers, and they were to make their first public parade the next Saturday afternoon, and were all looking forward to it with intense eagerness. Grandpa had made Benny a blue suit, striped with white, and a tall, black cap, with a great white plume on top, and Grandpa said that young gentleman strutted about the room in his new uniform, with a real, military air, and his delight reached its culmination, when Grandpa promised him a handsome new drum the next time that he went to town, as he had been appointed drummer of the company."

"I tell you, Janet, we'll have a capital time," said my brother, as we stood under the great hop vine after tea. "We're going up by the green, and round by the hotel, down to the bridge, and past the church."

"Oh, dear!" I said, catching the spirit of his enthusiasm. "I do wish that I was a boy, so that I could go, too!"

"Oh, well, Janet, you know girls can't be soldiers. They must stay at home, and make dolls' bonnets, and play with tea sets, and be looked at with a kind of pitying contempt."

"Girls are better than boys, anyhow," I said, standing on the defensive for my sex, "if they're not rude and boisterous, and can't play soldiers."

"Well, I'm thankful enough I ain't a girl anyhow, and it's all stuff about their being so wonderful good," answered Benjamin.

"I am not certain but the argument would have expanded into a serious altercation on the merits of our respective sexes, if we had not been suddenly summoned into the house."

"There, Benny, that was the very best I could do for you," said my Grandfather, as he removed the brown wrappers from the drum, on Friday night, just after his return from the city.

"Oh, Benny, isn't it a beauty; isn't it a perfect beauty?" I cried, as Grandpa held up the pretty toy, in its bright colors of red and blue.

"Yes, it is, that's a fact," said my brother, and Grandpa slipped the ribbon round his neck, and he struck up a quick march, but somehow his thoughts seemed far away from it all the time.

"I wonder what's the matter with Benny?" said Grandpa, as he went out into the kitchen.

"Isn't he pleased with his drum?"

"Well, I spent nearly two hours hunting it up for him, and I thought the boy'd be quite beside himself when he came to see it," answered Grandpa, in a somewhat disappointed tone.

"Now, Benjamin Lake, what's the matter with you?" I said, following him out into the kitchen. "Don't you like your drum?"

"Yes, I like it well enough," he said in a listless, weary manner, that was worse than the most decided negative.

"Well, I think it's too bad, anyhow, for you to act so, when Grandpa's taken all this pains to please you."

"He stood still a moment, looking at me uneasily. 'I'm a good will to tell you, Janet,' he said, more to himself than to me."

"What is it, Ben? does anything trouble you?"

"He drew close up to me. 'Janet, I've been on the town house scaffolding to-day.'"

"O-h, Ben!"

"There, now, I've told you—I'll start right off this minute, I can tell Grandpa!" and he hurried right into the sitting-room, as though he was afraid to trust himself with a moment's delay.

"He went straight up to my Grandfather. 'Grandpa, here is the drum, you'll have to take it. I can't go training to-morrow.'"

"Why, what do you mean, Benny?"

"The old man's voice was full of amazement. 'Why, you see, speaking very fast, I went up on the scaffolding to-day. I didn't mean to, Grandpa; but all the boys went up, and said it was so nice and firm, that I thought I'd go half way up, as you didn't forbid that, and before I knew, I was on the top, though I didn't stay more than three minutes!'"

"There was silence for about a minute. Grandpa's voice was not quite firm, as he said, 'And you thought of not telling me this, Benny?'"

"Yes—I thought of it; but if I'd taken the drum after what you said, it would have been acting a lie, and that is something that I hate and loathe—a lie; and here he lifted up his head proudly, and his cheeks were all in a glow. 'I wouldn't carry one biting and burning in my soul, for all the trainings, and all the drums that ever were, or ever will be.'"

"Well, Benny," said my Grandfather drawing him close to him, while the tears stood in Grandpa's eyes, "you are a brave, noble boy, and richer to-night than you would be if you owned a thousand drums of solid gold."

"I cannot give it back to you, because I must not break my promise; but you have done a deed to night which the angels will smile over as they write it down in letters that will shine forever."

"Benny did not go to the training; but the next morning Grandpa and Grandma held a long consultation together, and the company of twenty boys was invited to tea, after the parade. There was a great deal of disappointment manifested when it was discovered that the drummer could not join the company, as Benny wrote a note to the Captain, stating that he was prevented from doing this. But while the boys were at tea, in the large old sitting-room, Grandpa went in and told them the whole story, and how his grandson had loved the drum better than anything else, and how God and his own conscience would reward

him better than any human praise could. And I am sure that the boys who listened to this story, never forgot it of Benjamin Lake!"

"May you, also, never forget this, dear child! May a lie be to you something horrible, and hateful, and pleasure that is bought with it only a misery. May a falsehood be a fire which you will never carry in your soul, for our Father, our tender, loving Father in Heaven has said, 'that no liar can dwell in his presence.'—[Arthur's Home Magazine.]"

Virginia's Obligation to the Fugitive.

Among the many privileges and distinction enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Old Dominion, none is so noteworthy as the fact that their colony was founded by a fugitive slave. We freely concede the distinction of those first families who boast the blood of Pocahontas, though it may have mingled with that of vagrants and convicts sent out to keep up the supply of population. We remember also, that an early Governor of Virginia deliberately recorded his opposition to schools and newspapers as tending to demoralize the people. We do not forget that the Commonwealth, true to this precedent, fined and imprisoned a woman for teaching children to read. And we have distinctly in view that patriarchal institution which now raises for Virginia the staple of her exports, and which is so admirable in its working, that Northern divines on being set down beside a slave pen in Richmond at once lose their abolition proclivities, and accept slavery as it is. But above and beyond these privileges of the Virginian, is that of citizenship in a dominion founded by a fugitive slave.

Much as has been written of the achievements of Captain John Smith, it was reserved for Mr. Falfrey, in his recent history of New England, to point this fact with its true significance. After recounting in brief the exploits of the Captain in various lands, Mr. Falfrey recites the familiar story of his capture by the Tatars, of his being sold as a slave to Adrianople, and of the love of Tragabigzanda which caused him to be preserved alive and sent to a fortress on the Black Sea. Here he was subjected to the severest treatment as a common field-slave. But—

"Smith was not a man to despair in the worst of times. Day by day he performed his task, took his beatings, made his observations, and mused on the means of escape. 'All the hope he had ever to be delivered from his thralldom was only the love of Tragabigzanda. But—

"God by good man's expectation or imagination help his servants: when they least think of help, as it happened to him." Profiting by the opportunity of an unwelcome interview, he beat out the Tatar's brains with his thrashing bat, for they have no fails, and seeing his estate could be no worse than it was, clothed himself in his clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled his knapsack with corn, shut the door, mounted his horse, and ran into the desert at an adventure, two or three days thus fearfully wandering he knew not whither!"

Thus adds the historian, "A fugitive slave was to be the founder of Virginia." And so it proved. A man who had been reduced to slavery by a good warrant as ever was shown by the King of Dahomey for enslaving his captives, was duly sold in a legalized slave-market, and was subjected by his foreign master to such work and discipline as seemed fitted to break his spirit. He made his escape by killing his overseer, stealing clothing and a horse, and running away.

Now Captain John Smith is the hero of Virginia; the founder of her colony, the early champion of her dominion. Every Virginian of spirit honors him as a true brave. Yet had he not beaten out the brains of his overseer, stolen a horse, and run away from slavery, he could never have attained to the dignity of founding that illustrious state. It seems fitting, therefore, that Virginia should watch over fugitive slaves with the most jealous care; that she should keep alive her interest in these representative men of her commonwealth, and be loath to part with any of them, from her soil. Ought not all her slaves to be at least orally instructed in the history of John Smith the fugitive?—[Independent.]

MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS.—The folly of betting is well illustrated in the following article from *Life*:

"There's no such word."

"There is."

"Want to bet on it?"

"Again."

"You can't do it."

"What'll you bet?"

"How many such phrases are uttered daily, what'll you bet? Want to bet on it? Bet you five dollars. Bet you a bottle of wine. Bet you a hat. A bet is the regular proceeding at horse races, and in the sweet circles of the 'fancy' and 'sporting' men; it is a very common practice in politics and business. But that's not all. With a large number of silly or mistaken people, bet is a final argument even in ordinary conversation and discussion. They have more money than brains, and so they look to their money to do their reasoning. They think that if they are only ready to back their opinion, they are pretty sure to be right. We have in mind a wealthy gentleman who used to dispute horticultural questions, and clinch his argument by offering to deposit five hundred thousand dollars, if his opponent would do as much, the dollar stakes to go to the one decided to be right. This was usually unanswerable, if not conclusive; for few writers on gardening have such a little amount 'by them to risk on the name of a pear, or the sex of a strawberry.'"

"How idiotic! As if a man's money made any difference about his being right! It does however, by the betting argument, for that takes it for granted that no man will decline to gamble on his opinion unless he is conscious of being wrong. Or the only alternative is a confession—supposed to be humiliating, of poverty."

Aside from the ridiculous folly of pretending to prove a point by such an 'appeal to the dollar,' there is a broader and more important principle involved. You bet and win. You do not earn the money. It will do you no good. You lose—you feel that the money is to be taken from you without an equivalent, and you are instinctively irritated by the unfairness of the transaction. In either event you are a gambler; you have so far enrolled yourself in the ranks of perhaps the most pernicious army of accreditors that was ever let loose on earth. It is a small amount, doubtless, but the principle is involved. Risking money on pure chances is always wrong and foolish; it is always gambling; always contra-

ry to expediency and social truth and the universal law of right.

Argue, if you please. If you don't know enough to argue, hold your tongue. If you are wrong, confess it like a man. But don't bet like a fool!

Every Man Should be 'Connected with the Press.'

"They say"—and it is good enough philosophy to be true—that if a little child sleeps in the arms of its infirm grandmother, the octogenarian will thrive at the expense of the infant, and so Nature, that like the savior, looks kindly after the children, has cautiously placed the grandmother one whole generation distant from them, though it cannot prevent her loving them over their mother's head, and through their mother's heart, for all that.

Now many a man's thoughts sleep with their grandmother so long that they stop growing, and become little old thoughts with children's faces. Old books contain rich mines of ripe wisdom, indeed; and old times, which hardly any one can talk of, that the word 'good' does not present itself to the adjective duty, have much in them pleasant and profitable to remember and to imitate, yet a man should not be forever emulating Lot's wife, by looking over his shoulder, lest the salt at last shall lose its savor.

Poet's Corners and such places are as full of sighs as the bosom of Niobe for something that was, or did, or suffered day before yesterday, while the many, earnest work and word of the real-world become too gross and harsh for such delicate sensibilities. Snapped fiddle-strings are not plenteous than broken hearts, and this shimmering planet is pronounced a cold world under the glowing girdle of August.

But it was not of these that we began to write, so leaving them safely locked up in the last paragraph, we proceed on our errand. Those men who have thinking to do for mankind, and who gather the deathless produce into convenient sheaves of expression for everyday handling, out-Zimmerman Zimmerman in their praise of Solitude, when the declaration 'it is not good for man to be alone'—or woman either—is equally true in all the relations of life. If Bacon was right when he said, 'whoever is delighted with solitude is either a wild beast or a god,' men who dwell apart from their fellows in order to learn to live with them must pay themselves up in considerable compliment.

It is a suspicious fact that we never have a solitude-mania except when we are packed away in a crowd. Unless a man's head, heart and stomach are right, he cannot go in more dangerous company than he finds in solitude. Those Saturns of men that fall to and devour the children of their own brains, become such in lonely places. Despondency is the old man of the sea, that never ventures to make a beast of burden of the heart, if there is anybody by to discount and lay him by the heels. Books, be they ever so human, are only the foot-prints of men and we feel even in the great Library, as Robinson Crusoe did when he saw the print of a human foot upon the sand; one glance at Friday's smutty face, were worth a whole sea-shore of footprints. Just as sunshine may be locked up in a diamond, and flash out upon us in a shady place, so a book may have a light in it; but like the diamond, it never really warms us.

And yet how many there are that affect books more than men; turn from the living originals to the dead transcripts, and wind up, by becoming human cocoons. It is actual contact with life the thinker wants; if he is made of steel, as some men are; then he strikes another who is flint; if he himself is silk, then this angular world does the business for him, and in both instances, a spark and light and warmth are the result of a live thought, an earnest word, and a noble act.

Take a writer for the press, if you please; one who spins a web daily like a spider in his corner, and lives along the line he writes. Give him free access to Imperial Libraries, and he will falter in his work; his thoughts will grow languid, and the slopes of his fancy will have lead in them. Like the fabled being of classic story, he must touch the real earth sometimes, or his strength will not return; he wants the mental tonic the world can give him; actual contact with the every-day interests of life. Turn him out into the crowd—bid him look into a friend's face and not a book, and you will make a new man of him. Read his words to-morrow, and they will be alive; his thoughts, and they will be fresh and vigorous.

The world of living men does not get older with years. Nature does not grow infirm; there are no grandmothers among the roses; even time is always young; we have a new Thursday once a week, with new hopes and new needs in it. And when the thinker goes out into actual life, and begins to be really glad for one body, and sorry for another; begins to read hearts and faces as he reads black-letter; faces whether of folks or fields, and to put both himself and them into words, and the words into types, he will find that they will go straight back to the places whence they came; straight back to the hearts of the people.

Many a man has traveled around the world without going away from home; without getting out of himself; out of his old worn habits of thought and feeling that ought, long ago, to have gone into the rag-bag. One's thoughts sometimes are like the gold ring on his finger; it does not weigh so many dollars as it did; its adornments begin to be effaced; its legend grows illegible, and first he knows, it is worn quite away; he has lost it, though that is little; but no one has gained it, and that is more.

We began these paragraphs in loud-voiced types by declaring that every man ought to be connected with the press. It is quite clear that we neither meant a printing-press nor a clothes-press, but the press of the world, the contact, rude though it sometimes is, with living men. He who always looks at life through a thick book in a closet has thoughts enough, but they are born old, and Meluselah was a legal infant compared with an aged wrinkled thought that goes about in lean and slipped pantaloons.

Just as a turbid stream, if it can only lose itself like the African river, in the earth awhile, runs clear and bright again, so when it sparkles out of the Mountains of the Moon, so the dull thoughts of a thinker, that have become so in the closet, if buried in the world of men awhile, have a part in a sort of first resurrection and are retransfigured.

Thought stops sometimes in your mental pocket, like a watch, though it has not 'run

down.' When that happens, it is high time to plunge into the crowded street and elbow your way through the multitude, and when you have worked your passage back to the quiet nook again, you will find the mechanism has been jarred into motion, and is running as merrily as if it had not stopped at all. And there is another result more valuable still: the world will tell you that watch and thought have lost time, but it is an error, for though they both mark an earlier hour than others do, they leave you so many minutes younger; so many more minutes to spare, and you have been gaining time instead of losing it.—[B. F. Taylor.]

Mormonism and Popular Sovereignty.

We give below a portion of a very interesting letter from Mr. Greeley to the *Tribune*, giving his impressions of the character of the Mormons, and the practical working of 'popular sovereignty' in Utah:

Do I regard the great body of these Mormons as knaves and hypocrites? Assuredly not. I do not believe there ever was a religion whereof the great mass of the adherents were not honest and sincere. Hypocrites and knaves there are in all sects; it is quite possible that some of the magnates of the Mormon Church regard this so-called religion (with all others) as a contrivance for the enslavement and fleecing of the many and the aggrandizement of the few; but I cannot believe that a sect so considerable and so vigorous as the Mormon was ever founded in conscious imposture or built upon any other basis than that of earnest conviction. If the projector and two or three of his chief confederates were knaves, the great body of their followers were dupes.

Nor do I accept the current Gentile presumption that the Mormons are an organized banditti—a horde of robbers and assassins. Thieves and murderers mainly haunt the purlieus of great cities or hide in caverns and forests adjacent to the great routes of travel. But when the Mormon leaders decided to set up their Zion in these parched mountain vales and canons, the said vales were utterly secluded and remote from all Gentile approach—away from any mail route or channel of emigration. That the Mormons wished to escape Gentile control, scrutiny, jurisprudence, is evident; that they meant to abuse their inaccessibility, to the detriment and plunder of wayfarers, is not credible.

Do I, then, discredit the tales of Mormon outrage and crime—of the murder of the Parrishes, the Mountain meadow massacre, &c., &c.—wherever the general ear has recently been shocked? No, I do not. Some of these may have been fabricated by Gentile malice—others are doubtless exaggerated—but there is some basis of truth for the current Gentile conviction that Mormons have robbed, murdered, and even killed persons in this Territory, under circumstances which should subject the perpetrators to condign punishment, and that Mormon witnesses, grand jurors, petit jurors and magistrates determinedly screen the guilty. I deeply regret the necessity of believing this; but the facts are incontestable.

That a large party of emigrants—not less than eighty—from Arkansas to California, were foully massacred at Mountain Meadow in September, 1857, more immediately by Indians, but under the direct inspiration and direction of the Mormon settlers in that vicinity—to whom, and not to the savages, the emigrants had surrendered, after a siege, on the strength of assurances that their lives at least should be spared—is established by evidence that cannot (I think) be invalidated—the evidence of conscience-stricken partakers in the crime, both Indian and ex-Mormon, and of children of the slaughtered emigrants, who were considered too young to be dangerous even as witnesses, and of whom the great majority have been sent down to the States, as unable to give testimony; but two boys are retained here as witnesses, who distinctly remember that their parents surrendered to white men, and that these white men at best did not attempt to prevent their perditional massacre. These children, moreover, were all found in the possession of Mormons—not one of them in the hands of Indians; and though the Mormons say they ransomed them from the hands of Indians, the children deny it, saying that they never lived with nor were in the keeping of savages; and the Indians bear concurrent testimony. So in the Parrish case: The family had been Mormons, but had apostatized—and undertook to return to the States; they were warned that they would be killed if they persisted in that resolution; they did persist, and were killed. Of course, nobody will ever be convicted of their murder; but those who warned them of the fate on which they were rushing know why they were killed, and could discover, if they would, who killed them.

The vital fact in the case is just this: The great mass of these people, as a body, mean to be honest, just, and humane; but they are, before and above all things else, Latter-day Saints, or Mormons. They devoutly believe that they are God's peculiar and special people, doing His work, up-building His kingdom, and basking in the sunshine of His peculiar favor. Whoever obstructs or impedes them in this work, then, is God's enemy, who must be made to get out of the way of the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth—made to do so by lawful and peaceful means if possible, but by any means that may ultimately be found necessary. The Parrishes were apostates, and had they been allowed to pursue their journey to the States, they would have met many Saints coming up the road, whose minds they would have troubled if not poisoned; and they would have told stories after reaching their destination which would have deepened the general prejudice against the Saints; so the up-building and well-being of Christ's kingdom required that they should die. The Arkansas emigrants had in some way abused the saints, or interpreted obstacles to the progress of God's work, and they were consequently given over to destruction. Far be it from me to hint that one fifth, one tenth, one twentieth of the Mormons ever bore any part in these bloody deeds, or even knew to this day that they were perpetrated.

The great body of the Saints undoubtedly believe all the current imputations of Mormon homicide and outrage to be abominable calumnies. Many of the highest dignitaries of the church may be included in this number. But there are men in the church who know that they are not calumnies—who know that Gentiles and apostates have been killed for the Church's and for Christ's sake, and who firmly

believe that they ought to have been. I grieve to say it, but I hold these more consistent and logical Mormons than their innocent and unsuspecting brethren. For if I were a Latter-day Saint, undoubtedly believing all opposers of the Mormon Church to be God's enemies, obnoxious to His wrath and curse, and powerfully obstructing the rescue of souls from eternal perdition, and torture, I should be strongly impelled to help put those opposers of God's purposes out of the way of sending more immortal souls to everlasting fire. I should feel it my duty so to act, as a lover of God and man. And I confidently predict that not one Mormon who has killed a Gentile or apostate under a like view of his duty will ever be fairly convicted in this Territory. No jury can be drawn here, unless in flagrant defiance of the Territorial laws, which is not mainly composed of Mormons; and no such jury will convict a Mormon of crime for any act done in behalf of God's kingdom—that is, of the Mormon Church.

I ask, then, the advocates of 'Popular Sovereignty' in the Territories, to say what they propose to do in the premises. How do they intend to adapt their principle to the existing state of facts? They have superseded Brigham Young, with a full knowledge that at least nine tenths of the people of Utah earnestly desire his retention as Governor. They have sent him a batch of Judges, who would like to earn their salaries; but the Mormon Legislature devotes its sessions principally to the work of crippling and fettering these Judges so that they shall remain here as mere dummies, or be driven into resignation. The jurists are all drawn for them by Mormon officials, under regulations which virtually exclude all but Mormons from each panel; it is a violation of the laws of Utah to cite in argument before any Judge or jury here the decisions of any court—even the Supreme Court of the United States—but the courts of Utah; so that even the Dred Scott decision could not lawfully be cited here in a fugitive slave case; in short, the Federal Judiciary, the Federal Executive, and the Federal Army as now existing in Utah, are three transparent shams—three egregious farces; they are costing the treasury very large sums to no purpose; and the sooner the Governor, Marshal, Judges, &c., resign, and the Army is withdrawn, the better for all but a handful of contractors. 'Popular Sovereignty' has such full swing here that Brigham Young carries the Territory in his breeches pocket without a shadow of opposition; he governs without responsibility to either law or public opinion; for there is no real power here but that of the Church; and he is practically the Church.

The Church is rich, and is hourly increasing in wealth; the Church settles all civil controversies which elsewhere cause lawsuits; the Church expends little or nothing, yet rules everything; while the Federal Government, though spending Two or Three Millions per annum here, and keeping up a fussy parade of authority, is powerless and despised. If, then, we are to have 'Popular Sovereignty' in the Territories, let us have it pure and without shams. Let Brigham be re-appointed Governor; withdraw the present Federal officials and Army, open shorter and better roads to California, through the country north of Bridger, and notify the emigrants that, if they choose to pass through Utah, they will do so at their own risk. Let the Mormons have the Territory to themselves—it is worth very little to others, but reduce its area by cutting off Carson Valley on the one side and making a Rocky Mountain Territory on the other, and then let them go on their way rejoicing. I believe this is not only by far the cheapest, but the safest and best mode of dealing with the difficulties already developed and daily developing here, unless the notion of 'Popular Sovereignty' in the Territories is to be utterly exploded and given up. 'Popular Sovereignty' in a Territory is a contradiction in terms; but 'Popular Sovereignty' in a Territory, backed by a thousand sharp Federal bayonets and a battery of flying artillery, is too monstrous a facility, too transparent a swindle, to be much longer upheld or tolerated.

Wendell Phillips to the Chief Justice and President of Harvard College.

To LEWIS SHAW, Chief Justice of Massachusetts and JAMES WALKER, President of Harvard University:

GENTLEMEN:—Now that the Press has ceased its ridicule of your homage to Morphy at the Revere House, a criticism of little importance, I wish to present the scene to you in a different light.

You, Mr. Chief Justice, represent the law of the commonwealth; to you, Mr. President is committed the moral guardianship of the young men of her University. Yet I find you both at a table of revellers under a roof whose chief support and profit comes from the illegal sale of intoxicating drink, and which boasts itself the champion and head of an organized, flagrant and avowed contempt of the laws of the commonwealth. No one was surprised to see at your side a Mayor who owes his office to the votes of that disorderly band whose chief is the Revere House. Few wondered at the presence of a Professor placed by private munificence to watch over the piety and morals of your College, Mr. President; though a manly protest against fashionable vice might do something to redeem the office from seeming only an eaves-dropping spy on the opinions and manners of young men.

But you, Mr. Chief Justice, know that three-quarters, if not four-fifths, of all crime result from habits of intoxication; that nine-tenths, at least, of all the murderers you have sent to the gallows, had never been murderers had they not first been drunkards. You can look round you and back for fifty years, and see places at the bar and on the bench, once filled by genius and hope, now vacant—their tenants in drunkards' graves. You know how fearful the peril which modern civilization and the cheapness of liquor and the habits of indulgence in all our great cities; you know the long and earnest labors of noble men, for fifty years, in both hemispheres, against this evil and the momentous experiment they are trying of legal prohibition to arrest it; resulting here in a stringent law against the sale of intoxicating drinks. You know also that the Revere House is the insolent leader of that heartless and selfish faction which, defeated before the people, seeks by unblushing defiance of law to overbear opinion and statute.

And you, Mr. President, the moral guardian of the young men of our University, well know its venerable statutes and unceasing ef-

forts to prevent the use of wine within its walls. You know how many, often the brightest, names on your catalogue, too early marked with the asterisk of death, owe their untimely end to wine. Both of you know that the presence of men holding such offices as yours, goes as far as to make a bad reputation to make a bad roof respectable.

Yet I find you both at a midnight revel doing your utmost to give character to a haunt which boasts its open and constant defiance of the moral sense of the State, solemnly expressed in its statutes.

No one denies, gentlemen, your right to indulge what social habits you please in the privacy of your own dwellings; or, in travelling to use the customary accommodations of an inn, even though intoxicating drink is sold off its premises. Few will care to criticize if, choosing some decent roof, you join your fellows and mock the moral sentiment of the community by a public carousal. But while you hold these high offices, we, the citizens of a Commonwealth whose character you represent emphatically deny your right to appear at illegal revels in a gilded grog-shop, which but for the sanction of such as you had long ago met the indelible contempt by which we expect the police to execute a law upon which the Chief Justice pours contempt by his example? How shall the Grand Jury indict the nuisance of which the Supreme Bench has for an hour made a part? We, the citizens, have a right to claim that should public opinion, by our labors, reach the point of presenting these gorgeous grog-shops at the criminal bar, we shall not find their frequenters on the Bench.

Again and again, Mr. Chief Justice, have I heard you, at critical moments, in a voice whose earnest emotion half checked its utterance, remind your audience of the sacred duty resting on each man to respect and obey the law; assuring us that the welfare of society was bound up in this individual submission to existing law. How shall the prisoner at the bar reconcile the grave sincerity of the magistrate with this heedless disregard by the man of most important laws? If again the times should call you to bid us smother justice and humanity at the command of statutes, you treated the law you are sworn and paid to uphold, and one on which the hearts of the best men in the State were most strongly set. Was it not enough that you let History paint you bowing beneath a slave-hunter's chain to enter your own court-room; but that you also present yourself in public, lifting to your lips the wine cup which, by the laws of the State over whose Courts you preside, it is an indictable offense and a nuisance to sell you?

And let me remind you, Mr. President, that even your young men sometimes pause amid scenes of temptation or in our streets where every tenth door opens to vice, pause at some chance thought of home or rising regret for the sentiment of the community. And, Sir, should such frail purpose of even one youth falter before the sight of his President in a circle of wine bibbers, and that first step lead to an unhonored grave, you will be bound to remember that in the check and example you promised and were expected, and set to hold upon him, you wholly failed: that in the most impressive moments of his life he saw the virtue of the State struggling with its sensual indulgence, its lust of dishonorable gain, its base pandering to appetite already too strong, and in that struggle he saw your weight ostentatiously thrown into the scale of open and contemptuous disregard of the moral sense of the State. I remember well when from a pulpit constantly boasting that its new creed had thrown away a formal and hollow faith, and brought in the wholesome doctrine of works, you pointed, so vividly, how hard it is for young men to say 'No.' Is this, Sir, the method you choose to illustrate the practical value of the new faith, and this the help you extend to the faltering virtue of your pupils? giving the sanction of your character and office to the prince of rum sellers and law-breakers, and flinging insult on one of the noblest reforms of the age?

Observe, gentlemen, I do not now arraign you for your private habit of wine drinking. I don't complain that a Judge, who sees so much crime come from it, still gives it his countenance; that a clergyman—the chief apostle of whose faith declared he would eat no meat, while the world stood, if so doing made his brother to offend—still throws that stumbling block in the way of his pupils. But I arraign the Chief Justice of Massachusetts, and the President of Harvard University, because when the rum interest of the State is marshalling its strength to beat down the law by gross, open and avowed disobedience, they are found lending their names, character and office to give respectability to the grog-shop whose wealth enables it to lead that dishonorable and disloyal effort. As a citizen, I claim that you disgraced your places, if not your selves; and I hope the day will come when such insult by such high officers to any statute of the Commonwealth, much more to one representing its highest moral purpose, will be deemed cause enough to remove the one and impeach the other.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

AUGUST 1, 1859.

Now see what the Portland *Advertiser* (John A. Poor's paper, and the organ of the republican party in this State—heaven save the mark!) says of this indignant protest of one of nature's noblemen:

Wendell Phillips has published a letter to Chief Justice Shaw, and President Walker of Harvard College, accusing them of sanctioning the violation of the liquor law by attending the Morphy festival. Not that Mr. Phillips cares a snap about the law, or considers it dishonorable to disregard it; but the circumstances afford an opportunity to 'pitch in,' and so belongs to a class of reformers whose business it is to 'pitch in.'

LOVE'S EXERCISES.—There is no feeling more cold, or of shorter duration, than admiration. We grow insensibly indifferent to the same set of features, though ever so beautiful, and if there be not a little quickening spirit to give them life and action, their very uniformity will soon destroy what they first excited. A little change of temper is absolutely necessary to give to a fine woman that happy variety which always prevents our growing weary of finding her always the same. In truth, it is solely enough for a woman to have two even a disposition; the equality of her temper permits indifference to arise—perhaps disgust. It is always the same statue; and a man continues his own master—perfectly at ease before her; and that liberty is sometimes a great pleasure. Place in her stead a woman, lively, uncertain, forward, but these only to a certain degree. The scene is changed; the lower meets in the same person with all the charms of variety—caprice is the salt of gallantry that preserves it from corrupting. Iniquities, jealousies, quarrels, piques, and reconciliations, are, not the dirt, at least the exercise of life. Enchanting variety! that fills and occupies the sensible heart more charmingly than all the regularity of deportment and tedious sameness of what are deemed the better characters.

Attempt great things—expect great things.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 1, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. CHITTENDALL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.
S. B. 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.
Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, Relating either to this business or editorial departments of this paper should be directed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

Improvements at West Waterville.

Dear Mail!—I took occasion about a year ago to speak to that large and intelligent circle who read your columns about sundry changes and improvements in this busy, bustling, go-ahead village. I noticed at that time the erection of numerous stores, dwelling-houses, and other buildings indicating the progressive character of our people. Perhaps it may not be amiss to note some further improvements in the same direction, foreshadowing the time when your beautiful, staid and quiet village will be a suburb of the neighboring city of West Waterville.

You have already made allusion to the elegant house of worship which our F. W. Baptist friends are erecting on Church street on the former site of the vestry. This is already finished externally and will be ready for dedication and occupancy in a few weeks. It is one of the neatest Church edifices in the county and reflects much credit on the architect and builder, Mr. Hinckley. Jno. Hallet, Esq., has recently erected a large, three-story building, near the Post-Office, the upper story of which is finished into a handsome and commodious hall, and occupied by our flourishing division of the Sons of Temperance. Mr. B. F. Otis occupies the basement as a store, his increasing business requiring more extensive accommodations than could be had at his old stand.

The Dunn Edge-Tool Co. have made various improvements in their extensive works and are preparing for a considerable increase in their business. The quality of their manufactures figures a ready sale for all they can make and their dividends come up to a handsome figure.
Messrs. Lord and Davis have extended their business to meet the increasing demand for their hoes and axes. Mr. J. E. Hale is steadily enlarging his scythe, hoe and pitchfork business, and is reaping the almost certain reward of well directed industry and enterprise. Mr. Wm. Jordan has associated himself with Alfred Winslow, Esq., in the business of manufacturing heavy boots for the trade in this State. If their success is commensurate with their deserts they will find their own hearts cheered day by day while laboring for the sales of others.

Mr. D. Huston has finished his elegant residence on Church Street, and as I learn, has been induced to sell it by a liberal offer from one of our young men who has an eye for architectural beauty.
Mr. A. Pitts is about finishing a fine house near the Baptist Church.
Mr. Chas. Bachelder has erected a handsome cottage house on Winthrop St.
The old "Montgomery Hotel" has been purchased by Mr. Alphonso Bates and so thoroughly modernized as to make one of the handsomest houses in our village.

Mr. Robert Wells and Mr. Edwin Bailey are each erecting a tasteful cottage on Mill St.
Messrs. G. W. Monsey, David Peavy, Asa Libbey and John Herdson have commenced substantial residences in different parts of the village and purpose finishing them during the Fall. The extensive mansion of Mr. Joseph Hutton is nearly the same state of forwardness as when reported last summer. It is understood that the outside is to be finished this season. Mr. H. is his own architect and is frequently commended for the high degree of artistic taste displayed in this mansion.

I must not forget to mention a new street just opened from Church to Water St. which renders available a large number of the most eligible building lots which will doubtless soon be occupied by our thrifty people. The business of our village in every department is uncommonly good, and the demand for our manufactures, from Benson's unrivaled wagons to Bates's knife boxes, is steadily and healthfully increasing.

I might give you numerous other items, all tending to prove our rapid advance in material property; but having drawn out this letter to a tedious length I will defer them to another time.

CHARLEY ON BOOKS.—The following characteristic—and we may also add, true and admirable—passage occurs in a letter from Thomas Carlyle, written on the 18th of July last:

"Readers are not aware of the fact, but a fact it is of daily increasing magnitude, and already of terrible importance to readers, that their first grand necessity in reading is to be vigilantly, conscientiously select; and to know everywhere that books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we may call sheep and goats; the latter put inexorably on the left hand of the judge; and tending every goat of them at all moments, whether we know it or not, and much to be avoided, and, if possible, ignored by all sane creatures!"

Big Egg.—Mr. Samuel Buck, of Fairfield, has, left at our office, a hen's egg that measured 7.5 inches in its longest circumference, and 5.75 in its shortest. This is an egg to grow over.

SHOCKERS ON THE KENNEBEC.—There is said to be a good deal of sickness down the river, particularly in Gardiner and Bath. In our town, we are happy to say, the health of the people is as good as usual at this season, and much better than might be looked for, considering the long drouth we have had.

OUR TABLE.

HYPATIA; or New Foes with an old Face. By Charles Kingsley, Jun., Rector of Eversley, author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," etc., etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

This book—not a new one, even to the American reading public—is a picture of life in the fifth century. The scene is laid at Alexandria, in the days of its glory; and there figure in it Cyril, the persecuting bishop; Orestes, the time serving and ambitious governor of Egypt; Synesius, the good bishop of Cyrene; Augustine, the greatest of the Fathers; Hypatia, the beautiful, virtuous and accomplished Neo-Platonist; with wild Goths from the land of Odin, fanatical and crafty Jews, half savage monks of the desert, and the motley crew which made up the mobs of those times, composed of all nations, kinds and tongues. It is only incidentally a picture of life and manners; its chief aim being to present the mental and moral phases of that early age—when the minds of men, cut adrift from their ancient moorings, wandered wildly over the pathless seas of speculative doubt, and attempting to solve for themselves the questions of man's relations to the unseen, by those thousand schisms, heresies, and theosophies, on the records of which the student now gazes bewildered, unable alike to count or explain them.

It furnishes an interesting chapter in the history of the great struggle between the Young Church and the Old World, and vividly pictures "the victor's battle of a metaphysics; at once Christian and scientific, with that strange brood of theoretic monsters begotten by effete Greek philosophy upon Egyptian symbolism, Chaldean astrology, Parsee dualism, Brahmic spiritualism—graceful and gorgeous phantasms, by which the world had been led astray. The routed and slain, mischievous taxidermists, by a skilful presentation of their stuffed skins, would fain persuade us that there is still life in these dead monsters; and thus many of those old questions survive to agitate the religious and philosophical world of to-day. Therefore, very appropriately, the author closes his labors by saying—

"I have shown you New Foes under an old Face,—your own likenesses in toga and tunic, instead of coat and bonnet. One word before we part. The same Devil who tempted these old Egyptians tempts you. The same Devil who would have saved these old Egyptians if they had willed, will save you, if you will. Their sins are yours, their errors yours, their doom yours, their deliverance yours. There is nothing new under the sun. The thing which has been, is that which shall be. Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone. Whether at Hypatia or Pelagius, Miriam or Raphael, Cyril, or Philamonius."

There is in the volume much graphic picturing of scenery and incident; skilful delineation and sharp contrast of character; and the dialogue is lively, displaying a wonderfully keen wit and great argumentative power.

For sale by booksellers generally.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. This number opens with an article of surpassing interest on the 'Life of Erasmus,' who is designated as the 'Great Reformer before the Reformation,' and whom the writer regards as the chief promoter of polite and classical literature in this side of the Alps; the declared enemy of the dominant school of scholasticism and superstitions of the middle ages; the parent of biblical criticism, and the founder of a more learned and comprehensive theology. The next article is on 'Life Assurance.' It abounds with facts and anecdotes tending to show the frauds that have been practiced by Assurance Companies, and gives some good advice to those wishing to profit by institutions that, when honestly and intelligently conducted, are among the most valuable which an improving civilization affords. 'Popular Music of the Olden Times,' a late work by Chappell, is admirably reviewed in the next article. 'The Progress of Geology,' surveys the entire field of Geological Science, and condenses into a nutshell all the important facts which that science has, as yet, established. An article on 'The Islands of the Pacific,' appears to be written chiefly with a view to prepare the public mind for the establishment of a British Protectorate over the Fiji Islands. The article contains much valuable, historical, geographical, political, and statistical information. 'Burgess's Life of Tyler,' gives a pleasing sketch of the great Scottish historian; and the article on 'Berkshire,' is replete with facts, anecdotes, and reminiscences connected with the early history of that famous 'Royal English County.' The number closes with a masterly paper on the 'Invasion of England,' giving a gloomy picture of its preparations for defence against an attack by the French, which it anticipates at no distant day, and urging with great earnestness, such measures for repelling the foe as are still within reach of the British government and people.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.—The following is a list of the articles in the August number:—London Exhibitions—Conduct of the Schools. The Luck of Lady Medley.—Part I. Lord Macaulay and the Highlands of Scotland. Leaders of the Reformation: Luther—Calvin—Luther—Knox. Felicitas.—Part I. The Master of Sinclair's Narrative of the '15. The Haunted and the Haunter: or, The House and the Brain. The Peace—What is it?

'The Luck of Lady Medley' becomes intensely interesting as the story progresses, and promises to be one of Blackwood's most charming Novels. The article on 'Macaulay' is another of those damaging criticisms against which the great historian will find it difficult to defend himself. The writer 'wields a keen, sarcastic pen—a veritable Scapellato' and shows no mercy to his victim. 'Felicitas,' is the title of a new tale which opens invitingly. The other articles in this number, especially the late 'Peace,' are of unusual interest.

All the British Periodicals, at the present crisis, are discussing freely and with commendable ability, the great questions which agitate the Nations of Europe. This gives them increased interest to American readers. The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly listed by L. Scott & Co. 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription:—For any one of the four Reviews \$7. per annum any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7. all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$5; Blackwood and three Reviews \$10. Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10; with large discount to clubs. In all advertisements of postage, when sent by mail, the postage is for one 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.

New volumes of all the above works commence in July, and the present is therefore a favorable time to subscribe.

THE ILLUSTRATED PLYMOUTH ALMANAC.—A. Williams & Co., of Boston, send us a copy of an elegant little annual, with the above title. It is projected as an auxiliary in the construction of the National Monument to the Forefathers at Plymouth, Mass., and the design is to make it a permanent annual contribution to the history, chronology, social customs, lives and principles of the early settlers of our country. Mr. Billings, the designer and architect of the monument, has enriched this little number with many characteristic embellishments, and in addition to the almanac proper, it is pages contain much interesting information concerning the Pilgrims, and the costumes and manners of the period in which they lived. Sold by all booksellers.

ATLANTIC MAGAZINE. No better magazine of this kind is found among the periodicals of our country than this of Atlantic. It is pure and good—always aiming to elevate, purify, and refine, while sweetening the passing hour with innocent delight. It is, most truly, a home magazine, and worthy of the confidence of the good and pure.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

FRANK LEBLANC'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—The following are the illustrated articles in the September number of this popular monthly:—Anna Brown, or the True Heart of Woman; Through Mexico in the Saddle; The Bass Rock, Lake of Como, A Word on Taxidermy; The Jewel of Folsom, The Crow Boy, The Pope's Chair, Our Excursion, and a comic page for those who like to laugh. The ladies' department, in addition to a large and handsomely colored fashion plate, has numerous tasteful patterns and designs, which will be new to all. This work contains an immense amount of reading, in great variety; and no one will fail to find something suited to his taste. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

LADIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—A fine steel engraving, entitled 'Happy Moments,' ornaments the September number, with a pretty colored fashion plate, and numerous tasteful designs and patterns. The latter present the usual amount and variety of reading. Published by Henry White, New York, at \$2 a year.

GREAT REPUBLIC.—Of the good things in the September number we will enumerate a few:—The Acorn, an illustrated poem, by Elizabeth Oakes Smith; 'Vagaries of an Artist,' with numerous illustrations; The Ashmole Papers; The King of the Scowal Island; Seven Years in the Western Land, illustrated; Recollections of the Revolution; The Mother of a Marchioness; Sol Peck; Sunshine out of Shadows. There is a score of articles beside these, and full as good, perhaps, with a well filled editorial department, hits at the Times, &c.; but to be properly appreciated the work must be seen. Published by Oakham & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—The September number contains some very nice stories, with sketches of travel, chapters of natural history, anecdotes, poetry, clib-chat, pretty pictures, &c., &c.—the whole making a rare treat for the little folks, and one that will permanently benefit while it amuses and delights them. Published by J. N. Stearns & Co., New York, at \$1 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for September has as usual two fine steel engravings—'Children Gathering Water Lilies,' and a portrait of Daniel Drew, Esq. of New York. Its pages are filled with the best kind of reading—solid, substantial and healthy. Published by Swornsted & Poe, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year.

YOUTH'S CAKEET AND PLATYMETE.—The child that fails to draw both profit and pleasure from a perusal of the August number of this little juvenile, must be perverse and stupid indeed. It can hardly fail, we think, to awaken an interest and teach lessons of wisdom and goodness, wherever it goes. Published by William Guild & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

POISONED WHISKEY. Strange anybody should think it wonderful that whiskey should poison now and then one of the millions who swallow it! Cheese is good, as everybody knows, and yet it is a common thing for sober and honest people to get poisoned by eating a little cheese! Who wants to make a great fuss because a fellow somewhere in Indiana has been poisoned with whiskey? Don't men get poisoned every day, and by a thousand things besides whiskey? Strange the world need be turned upside down because a man's got the cramp out west by drinking whiskey!

Just so, Mr. whiskey peddler; though reasonest well. The Indiana man is only pointed at to turn attention from worse cases nearer your door, and your sneers only bring attention back again. Who is weak enough to think the poison whiskey is all out west? You are selling it daily. You call it brandy, or gin, or sherry, or champagne, or port—any name, with proper dummies, to give flavor and color, to meet whatever order comes first. And in this state you sell it to old men, middle aged men, young men, and boys; and even to women when you find them foolish enough. And now tell us honestly, did you ever sell one drop that was not poisoned? Did you ever know a customer to drink it in any quantity without showing signs of being poisoned? It does not always produce such cramps as the Indiana boy had, but it paralyzes the tongue, weakens the limbs, blears the eyes, confuses the brain, nauseates the stomach, colors the face, and deranges both the mental and physical constitution. Did you ever know it fail to produce some one or more of these symptoms, and to increase them in proportion to the quantity taken? Did the man ever live who could indulge its use freely and not be literally poisoned to death? Then why sneer at the suggestion of poison whiskey? All whiskey is poison, is it not? and most of the liquors you sell are made of whiskey and other poisons, are they not? You know they are—we know they are—everybody knows they are. Very well, now turn round to your poor poisoned victims and confess the same to them. Then go on, as you have and will, poisoning young and old, and sneering at those who charge you with the crime.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—This monster steamship—of which we have all heard—and which we all desire to see—is advertised in the London papers, to sail for Portland on the 15th inst. One of the New York editors, a little envious, perhaps, undertakes to poke fun at our big show, and ventilates as follows:—

The above advertisement appears in the English papers. 'Downcasters' must prepare for a sensation. It will be a brave sight—this floating lurcher, careering in from the ocean depths. The monster would carry consternation, but luckily for the Yankees, she has been advertised. The Redskins of the Mississippi saw its first steamboat and lost their senses; they didn't take the papers.—The Portlanders are forewarned, and are even now, we presume, keeping a sharp lookout for the electric light at the mast-head, the six masts, the hundred furnaces, and the ten boilers, the 350 engineers and sailors, and the gallant captain at the central post, raking fore-and-aft with his telescope. 'O' mine dear!—those Portlanders. And 'woe is to us that our lot is cast so far away from the Beauchampgumock and the Moosetuckmagumuck!'

MORE IMPROVEMENTS.—A short piece—25 or 30 rods—of road, on Main street, near the head of Appleton street, has always been a standing disgrace upon the village, and reflected severely upon surveyors and road contractors—the springy nature of the soil rendering it almost impassable at one season of the year, and keeping it in a rough, homely shape long after the other portions of the street have become dry and smooth. A drain upon the upper side has often been suggested as a cure for this evil, and some years ago one was put down; but the ledge cropping out at the lower end prevented this being placed deep enough to do any good, and the way some folks pointed to it and shook their heads showed that they considered the obstacle insurmountable. Patience and perseverance, however, properly backed, it has long been known, will accomplish wonders; and by the aid of shovel and pickaxe, crowbar, drill and powder, workmen, under the direction of the Street Commissioners, have found their way through the ledge and are laying a drain so low that no one doubts of a radical remedy for the chronic complaint.

And more and better: in connection with this enterprise, a pipe is to be led down thro' the drain, from the springs above, to a public fountain nearly opposite our office, where henceforth will be found a copious supply of water—pure and cool—for the refreshment of man and beast; so that those who have been quenching their thirst with beer, ale, cider, and other vile drinks, will be relieved from

the disagreeable necessity of any longer swallowing slow poisons, to the injury of body and soul.

PLEASANT WORDS AND TRUE.—In the following extract from a recent letter in *Zion's Advocate*, there is abundant evidence that "John Smith" still holds his old home in grateful remembrance; and yet we have no fear that any one will pronounce the compliments undeserved who knows anything of our village and its advantages—social, educational and topographical:

As you read the date of this letter I think you say, 'Where now! Mesalonskee? Where is that?' Perhaps you know, however. It is a stream not a town,—one of the most beautiful in Maine. It connects that chain of ponds lying a few miles west of the Kennebec, about midway between Moosehead and the sea, with that river. It is but eight or nine miles in length, meandering through scenery widely varied; falling by a series of cascades, rapids and dams of human construction, through a height of one hundred and fifty feet or more; broken near the pond of which it is the outlet, by a cascade of remarkable beauty, which has attracted thousands of visitors; sweeping for a third of its length between high and often rugged banks; then, changing its course, through a narrow valley thickly wooded, on the east of which rises a high ridge at one point, exceedingly steep, honored in default of higher hills in the region, with the name of mountain; its deep waters gliding on, the woody valley giving place to fertile slopes and green fields; again rolling rapidly through forest lands to the great river it helps to make. Between this stream and the Kennebec lies the village of Waterville. A more lovely village can rarely be found. Waterville truly it is. The facilities here for manufactures are exhaustless and unsurpassed. You however are not interested in this matter. Trip hammers and spindles have a mission in this world and if there are any idle ones in search of power to move them they would do well to visit the Kennebec and the Mesalonskee. But you are interested in these things inasmuch as they make Waterville so delightful a resort for the student. Almost every variety of land and water scenery which the country affords is to be found here. I remember that you have long intended to send your little grandson, whose father met so sad an end, to Waterville, when he shall be ready for college; but now that he is about to leave your home for a preparatory school, where do you intend to send him? You well know the place which Waterville Academy has held in the public estimation as a preparatory school. Its character never was better than now. The system of training in it corresponds with that of the college. You will surely appreciate the importance of uniformity in the training of the student. Isaac is now ready to enter upon a course of study which will I trust, have no interruption till he takes his place as a practitioner in some one of the professions. How important it is that his habits of study be rightly formed at the outset and that when once formed they be not impaired by changes. Education, as you well understand, is a process, not of stuffing, but of training. It does not depend therefore upon the extent and variety of knowledge which the student obtains; not upon the great variety of attainments which the student meets in others; not, as some young men and parents seem to think, upon the number of teachers that students enjoy; but upon the amount of uninterrupted systematic intellectual exercise which they receive. If this be true you will only need to know that Waterville Academy affords that same rigid discipline for its students which will be continued in the college. Such is understood to be the case. The same system of analytic training is pursued in both. Mr. Hamblen, the present preceptor has the confidence of the College Faculty, and the confidence and affection of his pupils. Isaac cannot fail to be happy here. I know the boy's love of the country, of forest nooks and shady streams, of rambling and boating, and I can follow him in my mind to the haunts where I have spent many happy hours with dear friends. I know too, your anxiety for the completeness of his education, and I therefore hope that you will send him to Waterville, at once.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Mr. David Ramsell was instantly killed in this place on Friday last. He was engaged with the Messrs. Weeks, of Vassalboro, in constructing the reservoir at the junction of Elm and Main streets, and was engaged at the bottom of the reservoir in removing some of the inside frame work, when the entire roof, consisting of several tons of cement, brick and earth, fell upon him in a mass, mingling with the water at the bottom, and burying him to the depth of several feet. No doubt he was instantly killed. His body was dug out in about half an hour, though without the expectation of finding him alive. He was taken to his family at Brown's Corner, where his funeral was attended by a large audience of neighbors and friends. He was a worthy man and well respected, and leaves a wife and six young children. He was son-in-law of Mr. E. H. Weeks, the contractor. The escape of the younger Mr. Weeks was almost miraculous. He was in the cistern, and as one side of the arch fell an instant before the other, he was thrown by the force of the air to the opposite side, which falling in turn, forced him back and out upon the top of the half which fell first. His hat was thrown some thirty feet upward, through the opening in the center of the roof. Mr. Weeks, senior, was on the roof when it fell, and near him, Frank, son of Col. S. C. Hawes; both escaping without injury, though the boy had his shoes pulled from his feet as he fell.

SUSPICIOUS.—The Bangor Union makes grave insinuations against a person who has filled a lucrative legislative office for the last two winters, based upon the alleged fact that within two years he has sold to one person \$60 worth of postage stamps—his stories accounting for the possession of them being quite contradictory. We hope to see this mystery satisfactorily explained in some way, and in the meantime we are prompted to mention a little circumstance, which leads one to suspect that some parties have recently come into possession of property of this kind in a manner hardly legitimate. A few days since, our P. M. was called on by a stranger who wished to sell him a hundred dollars' worth of postage stamps, which, in reply to an enquiry, he stated he had received of a postmaster in Waldo County, in exchange for a horse. Our neighbor not being satisfied that all was right, declined purchasing, and thus did not get a sight of the stamps, as he might have easily done if he had given the man hope of negotiating a trade.

MAJ. C. W. KING.—This talented artist, with whose name and reputation most of our readers are doubtless familiar, has arrived in our village and taken rooms at the Williams House. Many will recollect him as the painter of that beautiful panorama of the Kennebec, exhibited here some years ago, and the inventor of an ingenious adjunct in the shape of a steamboat, with wheels and water apparatus in motion, by the agency of which the spectator was led to believe that he was passing up the river while the shore was stationary. Notwithstanding his merit as an artist, however, he is probably better known through the medium of his cabinet of curiosities, which excites universal wonder and admiration. This 'Curiosity Shop' he has with him, and we trust he will not leave town without giving our citizens an opportunity of inspecting the wonders it contains. Should he do so, due notice of time and place will of course be given.

A full catalogue of these curious things would occupy more space than we have to spare, but we will enumerate a few, and these descriptions we borrow from contemporary prints. From a single piece of paper he has first drawn and then cut out a house, with chairs, table, chandeliers, &c., all surrounded with trees on which are birds, and there are various other objects besides, and there is not a particle of paper wasted. The ingenuity is wonderfully exhibited in draughting and folding and cutting, in such a way, as to represent so many objects, without wasting any paper. Then he has a entire village cut out of paper, containing dwelling house, factory, people, waterfalls, wheels, windmill, steam engine, people &c., and he has tamed a mouse so that it runs in a wheel which are sometimes given to squirrels, and so! the whole village is in motion; the water falls, the engine-piston is in motion, the wheels turn, the people pass to and fro, and the whole settlement is active, thus reversing the old saying, and instead of causing us to see the mountain labor to bring forth a mouse, he makes the mouse labor and bring forth a mountain of results. On a card is represented a ship under full sail, every rope in its proper place, beneath which is the 'Lord's Prayer' written in perfectly legible hand, and a five cent piece will cover the whole, the prayer occupying one-half of the circle. On another card, (common visiting card) may be seen nearly nine hundred different things, including beasts, birds, fishes, insects, reptiles, implements of war and agriculture, mechanics' tools, culinary articles, &c., &c., multitudes of them so minute as not to be distinguishable with the naked eye, but with a microscope they appear perfect as any engraving. The accuracy of drawing, and delicacy of shade, can hardly be surpassed, even in the most finished engraving. Beneath a glass he has placed a natural maple leaf, with the autumn tint upon it, and by its side he has painted another, and he will defy the sharpest sighted to tell which is natural and which artificial. Maj. King will also give lessons in Perspective Drawing to such as choose to avail themselves of his services, and feels confident that in a few short lessons he can impart to pupils of ordinary capacity, knowledge which they would not acquire by years of mechanical copying, and eventually give them a self-reliant skill which will enable them to hold a mirror up to nature in which she shall behold an undistorted image of herself.

versalist church; and at Benton village at 7 in the evening of the same day.

Dear Mail!—"Boston is the centre of the Universe, and the Cupola of the State. House is the hub of the Nation," so says the "Professor at the Breakfast Table." As far as I have been able to observe, I should judge that the assertion is not far from the truth. During the late removal of the cupola which was to be replaced by a new one, the "Professor" suggested the idea of placing the old one on the Common as an object of public worship. It, perhaps deserved that honor, and would have received many devout (?) worshippers, but when we consider the almost innumerable numbers that have visited it, we conclude that it has already been sufficiently worshipped. Whether it was on this account or not I cannot tell, the cupola failed to appear in accordance with the "Professor's" suggestion.

The "modern Athens" has great attractions which fact is amply corroborated by the numbers who daily visit it. A person would never get weary of visiting the places of public and private interest with which Boston and vicinity abound. This city, the theatre of the American Revolution, has attractions which every American would fain visit. If I am not mistaken there are some foreigners who have the same desire. A scene was enacted on Boston Hill lately, which has not been witnessed since the time that tried men's souls. I refer to the unfurling of the British flag on the very spot which once witnessed its defeat, and the first, and most decisive battle of the Revolution. The representative of Great Britain was the "Montreal Artillery," a fine looking body of men, accompanied by their excellent band. They were the guests of the "Boston Fusiliers," between whom and the citizens of Boston and Charleston, sentiments of esteem and good will were freely exchanged. The representatives of a foreign power returned home highly pleased with their visit, leaving behind a cordial invitation to the "Fusiliers" to visit Montreal on the completion of the Victoria Bridge, which was accepted.

The past week has been a gala time among the Military, caused by visits of the Montreal Artillery, of which I have spoken, and of the "Baltimore City Greys." This week a New York Company is expected. The military of the State are disappointed in consequence of the non-acceptance of the invitation of Gov. Banks to Gen. Winfield Scott to be present at the State Encampment which occurs next month, and also that the celebrated Seventh Regiment of New York which was to accompany him as body guard, in case of his acceptance of the invitation, are not going to be present.

The anniversary of the birthday of the city of Boston, and also of Franklin which occurs the same day, is to be celebrated with due pomp and ceremony, the 27th of September. The statue of Daniel Webster is to be placed in front of the State House the same day, with Masonic ceremonies. Much has been said in regard to the resemblance of the statue to the illustrious personage it is intended to represent. I have scrutinized it, but not having ever seen the great man in flesh and blood, I could only judge from the engravings and busts I have seen of him.

Business is "looking up," as they say on "change, and the Fall trade will soon commence. Extensive and magnificent buildings have been built within the past year, and quite a number are now in process of construction, mostly for Wholesale Dry Goods firms. Franklin Street which has been built within a year, is the handsomest street in the city. Constructed principally of princely granite buildings, it presents a magnificent appearance. The buildings are acknowledged to be of the best architecture of any in the city if not in the United States. More anon! Less!

CONVICTED.—Marshall Potter, on trial last week, at Bangor, for the murder of his mother, or two brothers and a nephew, at Lee's Spring, was convicted, and has been sentenced to be hung. Capital punishment being practically abolished in this State, this is equivalent to being sentenced to State prison for life.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRENCH AND AMERICAN BRANDY.—The Chester County (Pa.) Times is responsible for the following: A gentleman of our acquaintance wished to purchase some brandy to be used in sickness, and called on an old German liquor dealer in the city of Philadelphia, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Have you any imported brandy—genuine stuff?"
"Very good brandy. Come and drink some claret punch; dat ish good, too, ven de vadder ish hot."
"No, I thank you; I want a little brandy for a sick man."
"Come and try the punch. One friend from Germany pen here. I see him not before, for many years. We pen drinking de punch."
The old gentleman was a little mellow—just enough to make him talkative; and the visit of his friend had so warmed his sympathies as to make him communicative.

"Now, my friend, you vant good brandy, and I sell you good brandy. Dare ish some brandy I makes myself, and dat ish good. Dare ish come I bought in New York, and dat ish cheap brandy. Dare ish some dat I imported from France, and dat ish very good too. Dat I makes myself, and I warrants dat. It ish made of de vera best whiskey."
"Whisky! I don't want any of your infernal concoctions made of whisky and called brandy!"

(Old gentleman solemnly.)—"It is all made of whisky, my friend, and dat ish the reason why de French brandy ish not so good as good American brandy. No brandy ish now distilled from wine any more; it is not possible to make it cheap enough for de market from wine, and de American people do not like the real brandy because dey are not used to it."

"Did you say that French brandy is not so good as our own manufacture? We import some brandy from France, do we not?"
"O, we import plenty of brandy to please de rich people, but it ish not good. In France, de rich ish made of potato whiskey, and dat ish not so good as de corn whiskey what we makes into brandy here."

FOREIGN NEWS.—The intelligence by the late arrivals is, in short, as follows:—The conference at Zurich had commenced its sessions; The King of Prussia was at the point of death. The rumor of a Republican revolt at Parma was false. The Emperor Napoleon will not interfere or allow others to interfere by force to return the self-exiled Italian Princes. The Queen of England has taken her proposed yacht excursion. Sir W. Gore Quinley was to be recalled from Central America and England will re-inforce her position there. The entry of the French Army into Paris is reported.

POLITICS.—Hon. Freeman H. Morse, our representative in Congress, will address the people at West Waterville, on Saturday next, at 8 o'clock, p.m.; and at Kendall's Mills at 7 in the evening. On Monday at 3 o'clock, he will speak at Albion Corner, in the Uni-

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This Agency is not only the largest in New England, but though it inventors have advantages for securing Patents, of retaining the patentability of inventions unsurpassed by, if not measurably superior to, any which can be offered them elsewhere. The Testimonials below given prove that none are SUCCESSFUL AT THE PATENT OFFICE than the subscriber; and as SUCCESS IS THE BEST PROOF OF

ADVANTAGES AND ABILITY. he would add that he has abundant reason to believe, and can prove, that at no other place of the kind are the charges for professional services so moderate. The immense practice of the subscriber during forty years past, has enabled him to accumulate a vast collection of specifications and official decisions relative to patents. He, besides his extensive library of legal and mechanical works, and full accounts of patents granted in the U. States and Europe, renders him able, beyond question, to offer superior facilities for obtaining patents.

I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse.

capable of putting their applications in a form to secure them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office. EDMUND BURKE, 'Late Commissioner of Patents.

" Boston, February 8, 1858.

Mrs. R. H. Eddy has made for me THIRTEEN applications, on not one of which patents have been granted, and that one is now pending. Such unmistakable proof of great talent and industry on his part leads me to recommend all inventors to apply to him to procure their patents, as they may be sure of

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very reasonable charges. JOHN TAGGART."
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use of his large practice, made, on twice rejected applica-
tions, SIXTEEN APPEALS, EVERY ONE of which was de-
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NEW COUNTY.—In Court of Probate, held at August
 the second Monday of August, 1859.
 Y Eva O. Hall widow of Calvin O. Hall, late of Water-

And in said conveyance, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively, in the Eastern Mail printed in Waterville in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at AUGUSTA, on the first Monday of September next and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said application should not be granted.

H. R. BAKER, Judge

A true copy—ATTEST: J. BURTON, Register.

DEO COUNTY.—In Court of Probate, held at Augusta on the second Monday of August, 1879.

MARIL BROWN, widow of THOMAS BROWN, late of Clinch in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased, That notice thereof be given, three weeks successively in the Eastern Mail printed in Waynesville in said County, to all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court.

at Augusta: on the first Monday of September next, for
cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition
not be granted. H. A. BAKER, Judge.
true copy. Attest J. BURTON, Register. 11 to snail.