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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 32): February 16, 1860

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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## MAY MERYTON.

Oh, sorrow!  
Why dost thou grieve  
The natural hue of health from vermillion lips?  
KEATS.

'She is starving?'  
'Then let her starve.'  
'She is absolutely destitute. He has deserted her again. Oh, mother, have you no pity? no mercy? Let her come here. She shall not trouble you. You shall neither see nor hear her, nor know that she is here.'  
'She darkens my door at her peril.'  
'Then send her some money. You can spare it.'

'Not one farthing.'  
'May I read her letter to you?'  
'Give it to me.'

The daughter advanced from the door by which she had been standing, and gave the letter into the trembling hands of the old lady, who, without looking at it, tore it across and across, and threw it on the floor.

'Oh, mother, mother! May God have more mercy on you than you have on this poor creature. May God forgive you.'

Her eyes streamed forth sudden tears. You could hear them drop upon her dress, but the weeping caused no other sound—no sobbings, nor sighings, nor catchings of the breath. There was no spasm of the face, scarcely any change in the voice. She lingered a moment, then opened the door noiselessly, and went.

The mother, propped on her sofa, turned with difficulty, just catching sight of the closing door. She was paralyzed, unable to move from the place where she lay without assistance; she was carried from her bed (in the same room, behind yonder curtain) to the sofa, every morning, and back again at night. The partial use of her twitching hands still remained to her; the full use of her strong, coarse intellect, of her merciless will, of her unchangeable hates.

'The strumpet!' she muttered, giving bitterest emphasis to the bitter word.

Outside the door the daughter paused. Her streaming tears had ceased as suddenly as they had commenced, like the drops that fall in the lull of a thunder-storm.

'What shall I do?' she said, pausing, speaking the words, not in a passionate, despairing manner, but quietly, as a person used to deciding without help under difficulties and sorrows.

She mounted the stairs, turned into a passage and opened a door.

A little boy ran up to her, and put his hand in hers, looking up wistfully into her face.

She placed her fingers on her lips, enforcing silence.

'Has she read my letter? Will she see me? Will she help me? Will she save my boy from starving?' cried the haggard-looking woman, starting from her chair beside the fire. 'Oh, May, tell me, is there any hope?—is there any forgiveness in her?'

'May shook her head sadly. 'Do not be impatient, dear,' she said. 'Our mother is not quickly moved, you know.'

'Mother!' interrupted the other: 'no mother of mine. She always hated me. I hate her.'

'Stop!' May said, authoritatively. 'She is not your mother, Kate; but remember that she is mine. Not one word against her.'

'What are we to do, May? What are we to do?' (wringing her thin hands.)

'You must stay here—for the present, at all events.'

'Stay here, in hiding! In this house, too! stealing our very bread from her—our bitterest enemy!'

'People are their own worst enemies,' said May. 'It is not you that steal: it is I, Kate. You must stay here until I can arrange better for you. Have you no notion where your husband is?' she continued, as she sat down, and took the boy upon her lap. 'Is there no friend of his you could write to? His lawyer—any business connection? Surely, some one knows where he is to be found.'

'Write to him?' cried Kate. 'Do you know, she hissed out, 'that before he went he raised his hand against me? He struck me!'

'Hush! For shame! before the child,' said May.

The boy began to cry bitterly upon May's bosom.

'Tell me where I can direct, with any chance of finding him, and I will write him,' she continued. 'I might do some good, I might.'

'You write to him?' said the other, with a little miserable laugh, sad to hear. 'You write to him?'

'Are you jealous of me still, Kate?' May returned, curling her lip in scorn. 'Well, think of it. I must now go to our mother. Is there anything I can do for you before I go?'

'Oh, do not leave me, May dear! please do not go! My troubles drive me mad when I am alone.'

'I cannot stay. My first duty lies by my mother's bed. There are books; read. There is Shakespeare. He has done me good in sorrow before now. There is a better book still; read that.'

'I cannot read, with my mind in this state. Sorrow! what sorrow have you ever known?'

'Take your boy on your lap then, if books will not serve you. In my sorrow I had no life thing—no other self to turn to.'

She put the child on his mother's lap, kissed her forehead—kissed it again, and left the room.

To hear these two pretty names bandied between them—what a mockery it seemed! Kate and May—names that bring with them pictures of young girls in their first happy beauty; young girls who, as yet, do not know the existence of sorrow; whose thoughts are of innocent, guileless love, true and lasting. Kate and May, under the apple-blossoms, talking of their boy-lovers; Kate and May listening to the nightingales, and growing pale with mimic sentiment under the pale moon. The names last when all that seemed to be the essence of them has faded away. 'Airy, fairy Lillian' becomes staid and sad, and of foot, and dim of eye; all her silver-treble laughter dies into harsh discords. Latin Lydian grows old, and the same name suggests love or loathing, infinite delight or infinite sadness.

May Meryton and her half-sister Kate—Meryton by birth, Blunden by marriage—had passed those happy days when their pretty names seemed suited to them. This haggard, thin woman, on whose form and face want had stamped his gaunt, wolfish outlines, who sat crying passionately over her child, clapping it to her meagre breast with feeble, feverish hands, had been but a few years ago the prettiest of village belles; coquettish, charming, such a picture as would rise over after at the sound of 'Kate' to those who had then known her. Her dark hair was grizzled and uncurled, her forehead furrowed, her fever-dashed cheeks channelled as if by constant tears. She seemed to have forgotten her beauty—beauty, which women cease to remember only when they are utterly hopeless. Her pretty, self-willed temper, so twitching in her girlhood, had hardened into querulousness most unbecomingly.

It is a sad story I have to tell, and so let any young Kate or May, who happens to glance

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over these pages, pass it by. Shadows of sin and sorrow are not good for all, in this beautiful spring time; though to some they may suggest beneficially how summer storms, great or small never fail to come in due season; how the leaves, now so fresh and bright will fall from the trees one by one.

Mrs. Meryton, the stern-hearted woman, lying paralyzed on the sofa in that room whence she never comes forth, married, years ago, a widower with one child, Kate. The match was, I suppose, a love-match on her side (little as she seems capable of any gentle feelings now) for she was rich, and her husband was poor, so that all the worldly advantages arising from the match were his. One child was born to them—May; and soon after the husband died.

Thus it came to pass that Mrs. Meryton was left to bring up these two children—her step-daughter Kate, her daughter May, while they were both very young. She did her duty by them impartially, acting from a sense of rigid justice, which was at the root of her character, being equally kind and liberal to both, though demonstrative to neither. Kate was undeniably the most beautiful. May was the most amiable, and pretty too. She had brown hair, rosy bright complexion, and trustful, honest gray eyes. In disposition she was remarkable for the quiet depth of her affections, and for a simple, deep trustfulness in others, sure to bring sorrow upon her in after-life.

Kate was self-willed, jealous, saucy—follies so pretty in a pretty girl, so intolerable when beauty is wanting. Of course it was known in the neighborhood that Kate had little or no fortune, while May was heiress to her mother.

'What a pity thought many, allured by Kate's flashing eyes and bewitching coquettishness, that Kate is not the heiress.' However, in due time a lover paid his addresses to May Meryton, and was accepted as such, though there was no absolute engagement between the lovers, May being as yet so young. This lover's name was Michael Blunden. He was much older than May, strikingly handsome, of winning manners, and good talents. He had been a little wild in his very young days, but his conduct now, and his promises, were unimpeachable. May grew to love him, to trust him, to identify her very feeling with him, until her whole heart, down to its inmost depths, was his. Never was girl happier.

Meantime Kate manifested daily more and more a certain jealousy and envy of May's happiness. By three or four years the elder, she as yet had no declared lover, though she had admirers enough, with whom she coqueted turn by turn. She grew restless and uneasy, petulant, ill, unhappy. Blunden watched her narrowly out of his soft dark eyes, and smiled a beautiful, evil smile.

Kate had conceived a love for this handsome Michael Blunden. He admired her; saw that there was more beauty in her than in May. His eyes began to speak a language to hers such as he spoke only with his tongue to poor trustful May. He, like others, began to think 'What a pity Kate is not the heiress!'

His admiration of her increased into a passion uncontrollable. What he intended to do, I cannot say. Whether he thought at all of what he was doing, or was wholly hurried away by blind impulse; how far he was tempted, how far he was tempter, I cannot say.

Suddenly there was a discovery, terrible to all. Brand of shame on Kate; brand of most villainous dishonor on Blunden; brand of most unspeakable to May. Kate fled with Blunden. They were married secretly after a time. Their first child died. Mrs. Meryton was struck down by paralysis on the day of that discovery.

This is the story of the past. Sorrow, I rightly seen, is not the least of the blessings vouchsafed to us in this world. Joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, leisure or labor—each is blessing or curse, according as we use it. 'What will he do with it?' writes a great novelist; and in that form of words lies a whole system of life-philosophy. Not on circumstances themselves, so much as on the use or abuse we make of these same circumstances, does good or evil, happiness or misery, depend.

May Meryton bore this heavy blow bravely and well, even from the first. The successive stages were to be gone through—the dumb sense of unreasoning pain, then the questioning 'wherefore?' (terrible quicksand wherein so many are swallowed up); then the deep darkness and chilliness heralding dawn; and, at length, the dawn itself—felt, and acknowledged humbly and thankfully to be that end for which the night, as a means, had fallen. Though these stages May passed, suffering much mute pain, raising blind eyes to a blotched-out heaven, hiding bruised heart helplessly under covert of the blackness of darkness.

She left her youth and beauty behind her in this Valley of the Shadow of Death, coming out of it pale and thin, sunken-eyed, stern-mouthed; and yet having a youth and beauty better than the old—youth and beauty imperishable. We see such women as she became—happy girls and boys—and sneer at them as old maids, wondering at their husky voices, and their lightless eyes, and their dull complexions, not knowing of the bitter bread they have eaten, of the bitter waters they have drunk. Absurd that such a person should be called 'May!'

By the paralytic stroke which struck down her mother, May's grief was divided. It was good for her. There is infinite good in all these seeming ills could we but see it. I think if there had been nothing to rouse her, nothing to take her attention from those heart-wounds, she would have died. Thus Mrs. Meryton's affliction saved her daughter's life, preserving that daughter, her sole comfort, to her. How foolishly we write! Always trying to 'justify' the ways of God to man! Let us keep silence about these matters.

May awoke from this nightmare-world into which her golden girl-dreams had descended, to reality. Not the reality, my dear practical friend, that you prize about—that love and poetry, and that sort of thing, are all *enfantillages*; that feelings and emotions, other than the omnivorous, are weaknesses to be preached down; that the world is prosaic, material, and that the chief wisdom, of life, youthful follies being over, is to take this hard world as it is, and assimilate one's self thereto. These, it strikes me, are 'evil dreams,' not more unbecomingly than fabulous. May awoke to another sort of wisdom and theory of life. Her trustfulness, outraged, became only stronger; her love, dead and uprooted, only taught her more the truth and beauty of love; she learned from human wickedness and falseness that

grand lesson that the human affections are the wisest through this world (though they be sometimes astray) leading upward to other worlds, where omnivorousness and materialism find no resting-place for their slow feet. She learned to recognize those past girl-dreams, as foreshadowings, prefiguring visions, of this real, earnest life, initial to it, as also to a life still more real and more earnest beyond.

The duty that lay nearest to her she performed. Her former craving for exclusive, individual love marvellously changed itself into this sense of duty. Quietly she sat down in the prison room, devoting her life thankfully and lovingly to tending her stern, unsympathetic mother—her life, which was to have been so beautiful, so full of rapturous passion, so full of placid wifely and motherly happiness. And she did this with no under-current of repining, with no thought that it was praiseworthy. I think if we could hear her at prayer, we should hear thanks that her path of duty had been so clearly set before her, that this great blessing had been granted to her.

This nearest duty of the sick-room performed, there was little opportunity or time to seek duties elsewhere; and yet she managed to do some good to the poor, to the sick, to the sinful, in the neighborhood around. She had little money to give, though an heiress; but she had a large store of pity, and sympathy, and kindness. Knowing sorrow herself, she could feel the sorrow of others; having been sinned against so deeply, she knew how and when to warn against sin; having forgiven, she could pity while she warned.

And yet it must be confessed that this woman was of unimpeachable exterior. Her speech was curt and blunt, her manner cold and almost repulsive. She had little mobility of expression; her smiles and tears did not come readily. She had no eloquence of words; no vivacity of action. With the gay and thoughtless she was not a favorite; they accused her of her quiet sadness as of a crime, and said it was wicked of her not to become more cheerful. The poor, mostly liked her, although she did not give them much in coin; and children, looking up into her gray eyes, clung to her instinctively. The doctor—a middle-aged bachelor, fat, and shrewd, who came night and morning to move the invalid from sofa to bed and from bed to sofa—assured her she was an angel; and people said, jestingly, he was in love with her—a notion too preposterous to be seriously held.

Meanwhile, Kate and her husband dragged on a wretched life; now together, now separated; now in momentary affluence; and now miserably poor. He was a rogue in grain, this handsome, specious Michael Blunden—a blackleg among men and villain among women. He soon ceased to love his wife, and did not scruple to exonerate her as the means whereby he had lost the heiress. She loved him still—as women will; loved him the more, I think, the more cruel and faithless and brutish he grew. Kate wrote for assistance to her old home again and again. Mrs. Meryton would never read or hear the letters. May did what she could; wrote in return, sympathizing, cheering, never reproaching by a word; sending money out of her private pittance, until her mother discovered this and the pittance ceased.

Which is the worse—one great woe, which prostrates by a thunder-stroke, or a life of continuous minor troubles? We recover from the thunder-stroke, maimed, perhaps, but painless; we get used to the daily troubles, and sorrow becomes as the air we breathe. Which is the worse—the intensity of the one, or the continuity of the other? Kate, of a lighter nature, had not the capacity of suffering that May had; her griefs tore up her surface; tempers into sharp angry jagged waves, rearing the depths but little. Earthquakes hurl seas upon their continents, or swallow them up, never to return to their old beds; when the winds lull for a moment, the foaming waves grow smooth. Kate not only forgave but forgot Michael's faithlessness when he came back to her; his return was always a renewing of her first love—a love not very pure, not very deep, much soiled and deformed with the dirt of materialism. When money poured in from some successful gambling transaction, Kate forgot the preceding poverty; relished the costly dainties, ruffled in the glittering plumes, giving no thought to yesterday, no thought to the morrow. She forgot even that first shame. She forgot, there lay the fault. Sorrow had taught her no wisdom; sin no repentance. The past was as much of a blank as the future. 'Forgive and forget,' we say: while they are direct opposites. Storne's Recording Angel blotting out an error with a tear, in that tear encrystallizes the remembrance for ever.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

SAW DUST FOR ORCHARDS.—A year last fall, I hauled a load of old rotten 'saw-dust,' and threw it round my young apple trees. My neighbor over the way is one of the characters who phod on, in the same old track that his father and his grand-father did before him, believing that they knew all, and more too. My neighbor said, if I put saw-dust around my trees I should surely kill them! I told him that I would risk it, 'any how.' I put fresh stable manure around one row, and saw-dust around the next. Around another row I put leached ashes. And the remainder of the orchard I manured with rotten barn-yard manure, and in the spring spread it, and well planted the ground with corn and potatoes. The result was, many trees grew very luxuriantly, but the trees where the saw-dust was grew the best, the bark being smoother, and the trees had a healthier appearance. I will state, also, that that part of the orchard planted to potatoes grew greatly better than that part planted with corn. The soil was clay loam.

[New England Farmer.]

LORENZO DOW ON BAD THOUGHTS.—Somebody once said to Lorenzo Dow, who was a very eccentric strolling preacher: 'Mr. Dow, I don't know what to do. Bad thoughts trouble me very much. They come into my head, and I don't know how to keep them out. How can I help doing wrong, if it is wrong, to have bad thoughts?'

Mr. D. replied: 'We can't stop birds from flying over our heads, but we can keep them from building nests in our hair. Do you ask:—How can you drive these thoughts, and keep them from making their nests in your mind?—Why, just as we exclude thistles from the lands, by putting in so much good seed that there is no room left for them to grow. Keep the mind busy with something innocent and useful, and leave no place for the intruder.'

## Whittier on John Brown.

Under the head of 'The Lesson of the Day,' in the *Friend's Review*, Whittier gives the following judgment of John Brown and his work, from a non-resistant stand point.

The painful intelligence of the tragic events at Harper's Ferry has affected us, in common with every right-minded man, with profound sorrow and regret. With our natural loathing of violence and bloodshed, and with the stern and emphatic condemnation which we are compelled to pronounce upon this and all similar attempts to promote the good of freedom by the evil of servile strife and civil war,—is mingled a deep pity for the misguided actors of this outbreak. In condemning the mad scheme, we cannot forget the wrongs and outrages which caused it. Our abhorrence of human slavery is only deepened and intensified by it.

For ourselves, from the very outset of the anti-slavery movement, we have relied upon no other instrumentalities than moral and political action—the one in accordance with the peaceful precepts of Christianity, the other in conformity with the Constitution of the United States. With Dr. Franklin we have been prepared to go to 'the very verge of our constitutional power' to discountenance and limit the great evil of our land; but with slavery in the States we have never intermeddled ourselves, nor countenanced others in so doing. Our arguments and appeals have been addressed to the white man and not to his slaves. Holding as we do that the destruction of one human life would be too great a price to pay for any social or political change, we regard with horror all attempts to promote a servile insurrection. Nor would we, under any circumstances, encourage forcible resistance even to a law as unjust and cruel as we regard the Fugitive Slave Law. Where duty to God and man required us to refuse active obedience to such enactments, we would submit, as good citizens, to the penalty incurred.

We are well aware that our sentiments on the subject of non-resistance are not shared by the great majority of professing Christians. We know that it is the popular doctrine that blood-shed is justifiable in defence of life and property, or in the assertion of liberty. This doctrine lies, indeed, at the foundation of our government. Our Fourth of July orations—our monuments, our literature—are all revolutionary. The right of revolution on the part of an oppressed people is taught in the school-room and the pulpit. Virginia flouts in the eyes of her slaves, the incendiary picture on her official seal of Liberty, armed to the teeth, with the motto, 'So always to tyrants.' In this view of the matter, the wonder is, not that occasionally an insurrection or outbreak like that at Harper's Ferry occurs, but that revolt in one form or another, is not the normal condition of States embracing within themselves the extremes of liberty and slavery. None saw more clearly than Jefferson and Madison the dangerous character of the institution of domestic slavery. 'The hour of emancipation,' said the former, and his words have now a striking significance, 'is advancing in the march of time.' It must come; if not brought on by the generous energies of our own minds, it must come by the bloody process of St. Domingo. In all ages of the world, the deprivation of personal freedom has been regarded as a sufficient excuse for bloody resistance. All history is monumental as a graveyard with warnings of this inevitable tendency of oppression. The serfs of Europe have often signaled their manhood by rebellions. Ten years ago there occurred a servile insurrection and massacre in Poland. Every island of the Antilles has been burned over by the fiery track of revolt. A violation of natural law and divine order, slavery contains within itself the elements of perpetual unrest.

The slave needs no incentive from without. It is a noteworthy and very suggestive fact that the only really formidable insurrections at the South—those of South Carolina and Virginia—originated among the slaves themselves, and took place previous to the present anti-slavery movement. Interference from without has proved a signal failure; and the folly and madness of the Harper's Ferry experiment will not be likely to be repeated in the present century. If the slaves are ever to be freed by violence—which we do not believe—it must be done by themselves, and not by white sympathizers, however brave or self-sacrificing. The prayer of every friend of humanity should be that Peace and Freedom may go hand in hand together; that patience, forbearance, and kindness may keep pace with fidelity to free principles; that no unjustifiable and illegal act may be permitted to embarrass and retard a movement which looks to the welfare and happiness, not of the slaves alone, but of the master also. Wrong and violence, fraud and conspiracy, are the expedients of conscious weakness and error, not of truth and justice. The North owes it to herself to see to it that the South has no good reason to complain of secret and illegal conspiracies. What she does should be open as the day—frank, honest, and above-board, without concealment and without compromise.

The lesson of this event should not be lost upon our Southern neighbors. It adds another to the many proofs afforded in history of the dangerous nature of slavery—of the insecurity and peril of every community which admits it. It shows that it is not safe for slaveholders, in behalf of their institution, to experiment too far upon the forbearance and patience of those who abhor it. The aggressions of the Slave Power upon Northern rights have a tendency to provoke a retaliation upon slavery. In fact, the moving cause of this miserable outbreak may be distinctly traced to the attempts to extend slavery, which have for years agitated the country. The invasion of Texas, Cuba, and Nicaragua by armed hordes from the slave States, for the purpose of acquiring new slave territory, furnished the hint and excuse for the filibustering of Brown at Harper's Ferry. The Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the armed invasion of Kansas by Missouri slaveholders with the avowed purpose of introducing slavery by force of arms into a free territory, was a dangerous experiment upon Northern forbearance. The Fugitive Slave Law, wherever its cruel and unconstitutional provisions have been enforced, has awakened indignation and pity. The Dred Scott decision, by virtually outlawing the free people of color, and declaring that they have 'no rights which the white man is bound to respect,' has converted half a million of men into deadly enemies of a government which demands alle-

giance while it denies protection. The time is near at hand, we feel safe in predicting, when the intelligent slaveholder will regard the Fugitive Slave Law, the Dred Scott decision, and the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, as measures suicidal to their professed object; and falling back upon the doctrine of the Fathers of the Republic, will repudiate the new maxims and measures of his party leaders.

The slave States, under the most favorable circumstances, cannot look for the quiet and security of free and well-ordered Commonwealths. The Eternal Laws cannot be violated with safety. A working population, driven by brute force to unpaid toil, must be necessarily unstable, unreliable, and dangerous. But they have it in their power to secure an immunity from outward interference. To do this, they must abandon all attempts to extend slavery. They must not repeat the atrocity of seeking, as in Kansas, to force with bayonet and bowie knife the detestable wrong upon a free community. They must put a check upon their filibusters. They must cease to encourage pirates to open new slave trade. They must respect the laws and institutions of the free States, if they would have their own respected. They must not threaten disunion and civil war if they cannot place their favorite partisans in office. They must beware how, in reclaiming their fugitives, they trample on the rights and liberties of the free States. They must not outrage the moral sensibilities of the world by cruelties which the sun of the nineteenth century cannot look upon—the hunting of men and women with dogs and guns—the deliberate roasting to death of criminals over a slow fire! In a word, if they would be left unmolested in the enjoyment or endurance of their peculiar institution, they must learn to keep it entirely to themselves. Christianity and civilization have placed it on a moral quarantine from which it can only stray at its peril.

SENATOR WIGFALL.—We copy from a democratic exchange the following brief dueling history of the new senator from Texas, who succeeds Gen. Houston:

Several years ago Mr. Wigfall was a resident of South Carolina, and a member of the Legislature of that State. A difficulty arose between him and Mr. Brooks, the father of the late Preston S. Brooks, and Mr. Wigfall posted Mr. B. as a coward, after the Southern fashion. Mr. Bird, a son of the then wife of Mr. Brooks, came to town about the time, but in ignorance of the difficulty, called on Mr. Wigfall with whom he was on friendly terms, and invited him to his then approaching wedding. The two gentlemen were proceeding through the street together, when the placard in question attracted Mr. Bird's attention. Turning at once to Mr. Wigfall, he asked if he was his author. Mr. Wigfall responded that he was. Mr. Bird then said he would tear it down. W. forbade him at his peril. Mr. Bird, however did it. A shooting affray immediately followed, in which Mr. Bird was killed by Mr. Wigfall. A son of Mr. Brooks, senior, took up the quarrel, and challenged Mr. Wigfall. They met, Mr. Wigfall received Mr. Brooks' fire unharmed, and then discharged his pistol in the air. The duel was at this point arrested. Immediately afterward Mr. Wigfall received a second challenge from Preston S. Brooks, known subsequently for his assault on Senator Sumner. This challenge Mr. Wigfall declined to accept. The quarrel, however, was not allowed to subside, and to avoid further bloodshed Mr. Wigfall soon after withdrew from the State and removed to Texas, where he has since resided. From his seclusion thence, he has now emerged into the United States Senate.

WHAT JOHN BROWN'S SECRETARY SAYS OF HIM.—Really, John Brown's Secretary of State, thus speaks of him:—

'The fatal error of John Brown consisted in taking for granted the premises upon which his movement was predicated, and without the absolute correctness of which it could not possibly succeed. It was based on the mistaken supposition that the slaves themselves were anxiously awaiting an opportunity of laboring under an infatuation of intellectual obtuseness in attempting to execute his project before having thoroughly assured himself that he might rely upon their co-operation. He was away by other errors. He confounded his own inferences as to duty with duty itself, believing that the conclusions which bound his conscience were binding on the consciences of all other men, and he translated the sensitiveness of his heart and the suggestions of his idiosyncrasies to be a command unto him from Heaven. These things impaired his reason, and prevented him either from thinking impartially or judging accurately and wisely. But as he possessed that strange power which enables one man to infect many with his views, he so psychologized his associates that they consequently were unable to controvert his theories; therefore the movement went blindly on. For myself, too, it is certain that I had not been sent to New York, where, out of the reach of his great mesmerizing influence, I could in some sort master the questions involved, I should have been with the enterprise down to the bitter end. I should, indeed, have had no other choice. Had John Brown sent a man on an errand to Hades, he must have started thither, for he was one of God's own commanders.'

A correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* thinks 'there are in New York at least 10,000 poor people who would be happy to swap places with the Southern slaves. All they want in the world is plenty to eat, decent clothing, and a reasonable amount of labor; and that any kind southern master would ensure them. We dare say this remark is true, and now as slavery is a philanthropic institution, designed to christianize and elevate the subjects of it, why can't the owners of such property consent to receive these 10,000 poor people, giving in exchange an equal number of that class of slaves who have become christianized, and who are anxious to set up on their own hook? We don't believe the Yorkers would object to the exchange; surely we would not, if the poor whites would be happy to have it so, and the southern gentlemen of property would, by such an exchange, show the sincerity of their plea that slavery is designed to bless the objects of it rather than to enrich the slaveholders. Surely they cannot object to receive willing for discontented slaves.'

READING.—Keep your 'view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it, that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination; this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one thing connected with the government of the human mind it is this.

[Dr. Arnold.]

A PROTEST AGAINST EARLY RISING.—Dr. Hall, in his February number of his *Journal of Health*, says:—

One of the very worst economies of time is that which is blighted from necessary sleep. The whole sale but blind commendation of early rising is as mischievous in practice as it is errant in theory. Early rising is a crime against the noblest part of our physical nature, unless it is preceded by our early retiring. Multitudes of business men in our large cities count it a saving of time if they can make a journey of a hundred or two miles at night by steamboat or railway. It is a ruinous mistake. It never fails to be followed by a general want of well feeling for several days after, if, indeed, the man does not return home actually sick, or so near it as to be unfit for a full attention to his business for a week afterwards. When he leaves home on business, it is always important that he should have his wits about him; that the mind should be fresh and vigorous, the spirits lively, buoyant and cheerful. No man can say that it is thus with him after a night on a railroad or the shelf of a steamboat.

The first great recipe for sound, connected and refreshing sleep is physical exercise. Toil is the price of sleep.

We caution parents, particularly, not to allow their children to be waked up of mornings; let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake of themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY CLAY.—When Mr. Clay visited Hopkinsville, Ky., the first year of the administration of John Quincy Adams, to defend himself against the charge of 'bargain, intrigue, and corruption,' he was called upon by his friends at a large and spacious saloon. Dr. H., then of that place, and a great friend of Mr. Clay, was by his side, presenting him to his numerous friends as they came forward. Presently the Doctor saw the tall form of the eccentric Governor Pittsford enter the door of the saloon. Instantly he embraced the opportunity to point him out to Mr. C., and then whispered to him that that tall man at the door 'is Governor Pittsford of Pond River, a most worthy friend of yours, whom you must know without an introduction; and you must be certain, before he leaves, to wish that he may never have another invasion of squirrels.' Thus posted, Mr. Clay stood his ground in the centre of the saloon, while the Governor, unconscious of the innocent trick, approached him by degrees, and saying 'he came, 'Don't introduce me to Mr. Clay; he will know me, and I shall know him; for great men know each other on sight.'

'The Governor looked everywhere but in the right place; asking, as he passed on, 'Where is the godlike man?' and saying, 'I shall know him on sight; for great men like us never fail to know each other. I beg of you, gentlemen, not to introduce us; we will know each other, though we have never seen each other. You say he is in this room; good—I shall find him!' and away he stalked toward the place where Mr. Clay stood. Presently he drew himself up to his loftiest height upon beholding Mr. Clay, and eyed him for some time in 'unutterable admiration.' Mr. Clay stepped forward with his blandest smile and sweetest voice, and exclaimed, 'How are you, Governor Pittsford of Pond River? I am rejoiced to see you.' 'Hear that!' said the Governor; 'didn't I tell you that he would know me, and that Pittsford would know him? Yes, yes! gentlemen, he is the greatest man that lives!' After cordially shaking hands, and telling a few of his happy jokes, Mr. Clay said, 'My dear Governor, I wish that you may live a thousand years, that health may abound throughout your wide domain, and that you may never have another invasion of squirrels.' 'Bless me!' said the Governor, 'did you hear that? How did he know that my people lost their entire crop of corn last year by squirrels? Bless my soul, he knows every thing! Wonderful! wonderful! I always told you he was the greatest man in the world—didn't I boys?' And the Governor left in a state of perfect admiration of the great statesman.

SATIRICAL ADVERTISEMENT.—In Tuesday's Philadelphia Ledger, we find a very amusing advertisement, satirical and true, aimed at those Irish autocrats of domestic life, the Biddies. In a few lines the who's case, as between mistress and servant, is well stated:

Cook Wanted.—A woman in respectable circumstances, living in the West End, and who can give the best references as to character, wishes to engage a Lady to do washing and ironing for herself, husband and six children. If the family is found to be too numerous, some of the children will be sent out to board. In order to make duties of the situation as easy as possible, a lady of inferior quality will be engaged to do the heavy part of the washing and a colored gentleman will be in attendance to do any work that may be considered unbecoming in a lady—such as blacking boots, washing door-steps, scrubbing floors, cleaning knives and forks, making fires, carrying water, running errands, and other duties of a like kind too numerous to mention. She will have the Thursday nights to herself, with full permission to use what flour, milk, butter, sugar and eggs she may require to prepare cakes and other dainties for the usual Thursday evening jubilees. She may also have, without asking permission, supply for her relatives and friends, with everything from the family cupboard. A present will be made her at Christmas of a Silk Dress and a set of Jewellery, and she will have liberty at all times to go out to balls, evening parties, and conversations. The advertiser never goes out into her own kitchen; looks her presses, or exercises any impudent interference in her family affairs.—Address 'West End,' at the Ledger Office.

A NEW MOVEMENT IN THE FISH BUSINESS.—A few days since Mr. Piper, of Camden, brought to this city eight hundred pounds of fine fresh salmon, taken at Camden in June last. The fish when taken were submitted to the process of freezing, and have been kept in that state by a new and peculiar chemical process, daily applied. The salmon sent in June last, seventeen cents a pound, and they have been sold to New York houses for sixty cents a pound. They were sent to New York over the railroad from this city.—[Ken Jour.]

READING.—Keep your 'view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it, that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination; this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one thing connected with the government of the human mind it is this.

[Dr. Arnold.]



## The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING.  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, FEB. 16, 1860.

## 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 T. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 South's Building, Court street, Boston, 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 the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or' 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

## Waterville Farmers' Club.

Last week the meeting was held at the house of the President of the evening, Mr. Abram Morrill. The subject selected was the Potato Crop, and to give point to the discussion and lead off the talk, Mr. Dyer introduced some resolutions which were successively taken up and disposed of as follows:

1. Resolved, that the Potato crop is one of the most profitable, and of course, one of the most important of our field crops, and that, therefore, it is proper to enquire carefully, and to seek diligently for the best and most economical modes of cultivating this crop.

Considerable discussion ensued as to the relative importance of the potato crop. Mr. G. W. Pressy related an instance, where, by a carefully conducted experiment, a farmer was satisfied that potatoes fed to milch cows, netted him more than twenty five cents per bushel. J. Percival endorsed the same opinion; last year he raised 600 bushels, keeping strict account of debt and credit, and found they cost him (with interest on land included) twenty cents a bushel; under favorable circumstances, thought potatoes might be raised for 15 cents a bushel. Col. I. Marston had always been of the opinion that the potato crop was one of our most important and profitable crops, when unaffected by the rot; his average crop for the past thirty years was 127 bushels, making no account of small unmerchantable ones; average market price, for same time, 30 cents. Mr. Abram Morrill thought, if a fair crop was raised, the rot did not lessen the profit on the crop, for the smaller the crop the larger the price, and as one, went down the other went up.

The first resolution was adopted unanimously.

2. Resolved, that thorough plowing and preparation of the soil, and thorough after cultivation, for this crop, will pay.

J. Percival insisted strongly on the importance of a preparation for all crops, by thoroughly pulverizing the soil, with plow, harrow, cultivator, &c., getting it in good tilth previous to putting in the seed; if the soil was properly prepared, one hoeing was sufficient, unless the land was very weedy; farmers too often mistake by getting in their seed carelessly, trusting to after cultivation for a remedy; potatoes were often injured by late hoeing, when the stalks get large. I. Marston thought land thoroughly harrowed was already half hoed.

The second resolution was adopted.

3. Resolved, that it is not best to put animal manures in the hill with potatoes.

G. E. Shores has applied straw manure in the hill, but thinks it not the best plan, as the potatoes are more apt to rot. All seemed ready to endorse this opinion, and the third resolution passed without much debate.

4. Resolved, that ashes, plaster, or lime may frequently be applied to the potatoes in the hill with good effect, and that a mixture of these three articles, in the proportion of 3 parts ashes, 2 parts plaster, and 1 part lime (dry stacked) may be used with profit, especially upon light lands.

Mr. H. Percival has tried ashes, lime and guano, separately, on a light soil; where the potatoes were dressed with lime they succeeded best, those where he applied guano came next, while the ashes seemed to produce no effect at all. He now makes use of air slaked lime, having satisfied himself that it is the best dressing he can obtain. G. E. Shores, on his soil, had never seen any beneficial results from ashes; while on the clayey loam, Mr. Pressy had never satisfied himself that lime did any good. H. J. Morrill had applied ashes on his slaty land and obtained the largest crop of potatoes he ever raised; where he applied plaster, he raised about half as many, and where he used neither, the crop was a little lighter than with the plaster. J. Percival, with a dressing of two parts plaster and one of lime, had obtained an increase of 50 per cent, but he gave the lime all the credit on that soil, which was light. Ashes he thought good on light soil, but of not much account on clayey soil. Mr. A. Morrill, on old pasture land, tried one portion with a gill of lime, and the remainder with nothing; raised about a hundred bushels to the acre, but could see no difference in the crop from the different modes of treatment; soil light but good. In some years, however, had doubled his crop of potatoes by using plaster, and also doubled the succeeding one of grain. The effect of these applications, it was agreed by all, would vary with the season and soil; and as the articles recommended were all safe, and all beneficial under certain circumstances, the Club need not hesitate to recommend them, and let every one discriminate for himself, according to circumstances. The 4th resolution was therefore adopted.

5. Resolved, that the practice of "hilling up" as it is called—in hoeing potatoes, should be discontinued, or, at least should not be carried to the extreme, except on wet lands.

Mr. Jordan had tried experiments with rows side by side. Those which were hilled up yielded more potatoes, but those in the rows which were not hilled, were the largest. Mr. H. J. Morrill gets his soil in good condition before putting in the seed, by ploughing, harrowing, &c.; marks the rows by dragging a chain, and then drops the potatoes a foot and a half apart; covers with a plow, passing each side of the row, and then finishes by going over it rapidly with a hoe; in hoeing, went through with the cultivator and followed with the plow. Mr. Pressy detailed the method pursued in Hammon, New Jersey. There they raise good crops for long succession of

years without seeding down. They furrow out the rows with a plow; put in the seed, which is cut small, a foot apart, dressing with muck or marl; then cover with plow, as Mr. Morrill does, and then go over with a roller. When the plants are about two inches high, they pass over the field with a harrow, which, though it breaks down the tops, does not disturb the tubers, for the reason that they are so deep as to be out of the reach of the harrow teeth. They afterward, when the tops are taller, pass between the rows with a cultivator. In harvesting they use a potato digger, with a single horse, digging six acres in a day. He thought this plan might be pursued with profit on some of our light soils in this State.

Though it was thought that "hilling up" was often carried to extremes, yet the Club were not prepared to endorse the 5th resolution fully, and it was rejected.

6. Resolved, that potatoes can be profitably cultivated on old pasture lands without manure.

This resolution passed after a little talk, though it was pretty generally agreed that potatoes, though they might be raised profitably on these soils, without manure, could be raised much more profitably with a little, at least.

G. W. Pressy was chosen to preside at the next meeting, which will be held this evening at the house of Mr. Homer Percival. Subject for discussion—The Potato and other Root Crops.

The thanks of the Club were tendered to Hon. J. H. Drummond, for a copy of Report of the Secretary of Board of Agriculture for 1855.

The meeting, a week from to-night, will be held at the house of Mr. Josiah Morrill.

HARPER'S FERRY COMMITTEE.—One who knew nothing of party politics in this country would very readily conclude that all Southern men, or those who have any interest or pride in the institutions or history of the South, would pursue the shortest and quickest way to oblivion with the whole matter of John Brown's seizure of Harper's Ferry. It opens such a commentary upon slavery, and is such a burlesque upon the chivalry, and even manhood, of its defenders, that we should look to see the conclave of oppression everywhere busy in burying it from sight, and excluding its details from the page of history. When John Brown gave up the armory and himself to the national marines—for Virginia cried out for North-aid, through the Union she threatens—the worst of his story had been told. Slavery looked worse and John Brown better in every subsequent word or deed. Disgrace followed disgrace in all the official acts, as well as in all the debates and legislation that succeeded: till even to day, the bitterest of all the bitterness of southern venom in relation to slavery, comes from the conviction that their course in 'this John Brown raid' has secured the contempt of the world. The measure of an investigating committee was the climax of southern blindness, and never could have been carried, but through the assurance of the republicans that it would result in disgrace to their opponents. Without it, ignorant surmise would have fixed upon the republicans a measure of the odium of Brown's enterprise; while its results will convince the country that there is no shadow of truth in the charge. A summary of the testimony thus far, which embraces nearly all the obnoxious persons aimed at by the measure, reveals nothing beyond the wrongs and dangers associated with slavery, and the absurdity of the system of policy now demanded in its defence.

Among the prominent persons who have answered the summons of the committee, and given their testimony, are Dr. Howe, Wendell Phillips, Mr. Giddings, Mr. Andrews, a Boston lawyer, and Gov. Robinson of Kansas. They have not yet summoned Gerritt Smith, on account of the condition of his health and intellect. Report says they are considering the propriety of summoning Gov. Wise, in which case the evidence will take a wide range.

Prof. O'Leary stated all large men were composed of coarser material, their appetites craved coarser food, their moral characters were of a lower order, and conversation tended more to low and obscene language than small men. That there is too much tendency to vulgarism among all classes we are willing to admit, but that these peculiar traits are more applicable to large than small men, we deny."

Those who would judge between these two learned doctors, should be told that Prof. O'Leary is emphatically a small man—while the editor of the Clarion weighs three hundred pounds; lives on pumpkin and milk, moose meat and California potatoes; and in times past was more than a match for the famous Dr. Mann in bandying "hard bits" in the newspaper way.

Our young friend, Wm. H. Moore, formerly of Waterville and now a resident at Sacramento, has our hearty thanks for California papers, with which he favors us by every steamer. We also owe a debt of gratitude to other friends for similar favors, frequently bestowed, whose names we can only guess at, for the reason that they delight to "do good by stealth."

FIRE IN SKOWHEGAN.—We learn from the Clarion, that a fire broke out in the building owned by Mr. Ariel Colman, and occupied by him as a dwelling house and restaurant, on Sunday morning last; but the prompt action of the fire department extinguished the flames before great damage was done.

Mr. C. W. King, of Brunswick, is giving a course of lectures to a class in drawing in our village, and makes his home at the Williams House. Any one wishing to have his love of the curious and beautiful gratified, will do well to get on the right side of the Major, call at his room, and obtain permission to squint through his microscope at the process of crystallization as seen by polarized light. It is wondrously beautiful.

The Council refused to confirm the nomination of E. P. Weston, as Superintendent of Public Schools. What's the trouble?

## OUR TABLE.

OUR MUSICAL FRIENDS.—No. 63 contains the following pieces of music:—  
Good bye, Sweetheart. Song. By J. L. Hutton.  
Cupid Waltz. By Th. Keller.  
Love me little, love me long. Ballad. By G. Linley.  
Propose. New Song. By R. Stoppel.  
St. Valentine's Day. Redowa-Valse. By Chas. Trudel.

This work is published weekly in numbers of 16 pages each, quarto size, by C. B. Seymour & Co., New York, at \$5 a year; single numbers, 10 cents each. (No. 62 we have not seen. Will the publishers please forward.)

PETERSON'S DETECTOR.—The February number of Peterson's Detector has been received by us. It contains a full description of Ninety-five New Counterfeits; also, on page 39, complete and perfect descriptions of over one hundred Bogus Bank-note Plates, engraved in the best style, and which are being altered nearly daily to various Banks throughout the country. This list has been compiled at great expense, and is essential to everybody who has the handling of bank-notes. One great feature of Peterson's Detector is a page of information on finance, locally and generally, written expressly for this work by one of the least visionary, best informed, and most able, experienced and practical monetary writers in this country. It will be continued in each number of the Detector, and includes information on trade, commerce, money, specie, stocks, bonds, banks, and railroads. The general contents of the work are admirable. The price of it, semi-monthly, is only Two Dollars a year; or monthly, One Dollar a year. We would advise all persons to remit the price of a year's subscription to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, at once for it.

THE SOLO MELODIST.—The following pieces, arranged for the flute, violin, clarinet, accordion, &c., will be found in No. 6 of this musical publication:—  
Love me little, Love me long; The Amina Quadrille; See the Conquering Hero comes; Good bye, Sweetheart; March, and Air de Ballet; The Hensons are Telling, and With Verduce Clad; The Power of Love; Carnival of Venice; Popular Jig; Spanish Melody; Chopin's Coriolis; God Save the Queen; Portuguese National Hymn; La Marseillaise; Rule Britannia; The Rising of the Lark; Poor Mary Anne.

The Melodist is published semi-monthly, by C. B. Seymour & Co., New York, at \$2.50 a year, or 10 cents a number.

PERSONAL.—It is probably known to many of the readers of the Mail, that our old friend Mathews, of the never-to-be-forgotten Yankee Blade—Waterville born and bred—has for some time been a resident of Chicago; but we dare say it will be news to his numerous friends and acquaintances here, as it was to us, that in his new Western home his versatile talents have found a new channel, and that he now figures very respectably there as a public lecturer. On the evening of the 7th inst. he for the first time faced a Chicago audience—lecturing under the auspices of Bryant, Bell & Stratton's Commercial College—and the reception he met, judging from the flattering notices of his performances by the daily press, must have more than satisfied his most ardent hopes. The Press and Tribune, in advance of its delivery, said—

"The good people of Chicago are under many obligations to Messrs. Bryant, Bell & Stratton, for the lectures with which they have furnished them during the present winter. Among the many admirable and able speakers who have taken part in the course, we know of no one who has delivered a more instructive and at the same time a more entertaining lecture, than will be heard by those who listen to Wm. Mathews, Esq., on the topic of 'Success in Life,' on Tuesday evening next. We speak knowingly, having had the pleasure of listening to the effort referred to, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing a first-class lecture, very far in advance, both as regards matter and manner of delivery, of many lectures we have heard delivered by foreign stars, whose lips were to the tune of a hundred dollars per hour. Giving evidence of much thought and extensive reading, abounding in anecdote and *jeu d'esprit*, this lecture is, in a word, one of the most delightful literary entertainments that it has ever been our good fortune to listen to."

The Chicago Democrat, 'Long John Wentworth's' paper, in a notice of a similar character, said—

Wm. Mathews, Esq., Librarian of the Young Men's Association, will deliver the next lecture before Bryant, Bell & Stratton's Commercial College, Subject: "Success in Life." Mr. Mathews was formerly editor of a prominent literary journal in Boston, which he conducted with signal ability, has had large experience in writing for the newspapers and magazines of the country, and we have no doubt will give one of the most brilliant and entertaining lectures of the season. The Chicago Record, whose editor is a competent judge, speaking of the delivery of the lecture in another town, says that it was "an admirable performance, displaying deep thought, extensive reading, exquisite composition, and enlivened by flashes of wit and humor, which produced perfect broadside of laughter. Altogether, a most entertaining, instructive and successful lecture."

The following notice subsequent to its delivery, we find in the Daily Times.

MR. MATHEWS' LECTURE.—Among the many lectures that have been listened to during the present season from home talent as well as imported, there have been none that have afforded a large audience more pleasure and entertainment than Mr. Mathews' lecture on 'Success in Life,' delivered before Bell's Commercial college on Tuesday evening. Replete with shrewd sayings, overflowing with *jeu d'esprit* and abounding in passages of great beauty, it was altogether a perfect success. Lecture associations should make a note of it.

JOHN BROWN AND THE REPUBLICANS.—Richard Realf, who acted as Brown's "Secretary of State," has written a long letter in regard to the character and object of his singularly great leader, in which he contradicts the charge of co-operation or sympathy between him and the republican party.

The charge thus alleged is wholly and altogether untrue, and this for the simple reason, that the movement of John Brown was conceived and originated at least a score of years antecedent to the formation of the Republican party. While yet Clay was in the zenith of his fame and Webster had not sold himself to the South, and the issues which have since torn the country were unknown, John Brown was brooding upon his scheme. In the Convention held at Chatham, C. W., he made a speech declaratory of his purposes and expressive of views, wherein he stated that for twenty years the project which has resulted so fatally to himself and disastrously to the slaves, had been the absorbing passion of his nature, to which all other pursuits and purposes had been rendered subservient. In the year 1851, (being then an Ohio wool-grower,) went to England, bearing samples of wool as his contribution to the great International Exhibition; and this journey was undertaken solely on account of the reason which follow:—

With a view to the abolition of slavery he

had been a close student of the theory of mountain and guerilla warfare through a long series of years; and, being desirous of practically examining the different modes of fortification, entrenchment, &c., employed in the States of Old World, he chose for the period of his visit that in which London would naturally be thronged with the representatives of continental Europe, and when, consequently, it would not be a difficult matter to provide himself with letters of introduction to people in all parts of those countries. Immediately he had secured such letters, he crossed into France, whence, after a careful inspection of its fortifications, he started for Spain, Italy, Austria, Prussia, &c., through which countries, especially their mountainous portions, he made a lengthened tour, with the sole view of applying the knowledge he thus obtained to the prosecution of the enterprise in which he died. This was in 1851. The Republican party had no existence until 1854. The statement, therefore, that the incursion into Virginia resulted as a consequence of the inculcated doctrines of Republicanism, is now disproved.

Nor was Brown himself, nor were any of his condottors, committed to the Republican creed. Henry Wilson, in 1857, advised that party in Kansas to secure the Legislature to themselves by voting under the provisions of the Lecompton Constitution. The advice was taken, and the result predicted was achieved. Not one of Brown's original party voted. Some of us were at that time correspondents of the Eastern press; and in the interview between the Grasshopper Falls Convention (when it was decided upon to vote), and the day on which the election occurred, we opposed the action of the party in every possible way, by letters, speeches, and in every available manner, for which we were denounced as Abolitionists by the leading Republican journal of that Territory.

Once more, the only representative of Republicanism who received any inkling of John Brown's plans, learned them from a hostile quarter, and took immediate steps to put it out of Brown's power to commit any illegal act whatever. I allude to Senator Wilson, and his letter to Dr. Howe of Boston.

John Brown in his heart despised the Republican party, whether rightfully or wrongfully of course I do not undertake to say. He called it a party who had assumed the name of Liberty and prostituted it to base purposes. He said it declared all men to be free, equal, entitled to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and yet deprecated any interference with slavery in the State where it existed; a craven-heartedness which only met with his contempt. So, putting no faith in the professions of that party, he undertook to abolish slavery himself.

HO! HO!—A resolve has been reported in the Senate, appropriating \$2,700 as a remuneration for losses incurred by the Maine State Agricultural Society, at its last exhibition. On Thursday, when this resolve was under consideration in the Senate, the following colloquy, substantially, took place, between Drummond of Kennebec, and Parley of Cumberland, who was a member of the committee:—

DRUMMOND. What sum, if any, did the Society have in the Treasury at the commencement of 1858?

PARLEY. \$2150, in round numbers.

D. What sum in 1859?

P. \$1104.

D. Did the difference between these two sums arise from the failure of the State Fair of 1858 to pay expenses?

P. It did.

D. Was there an indemnifying bond given in 1858, before it was decided to have the Fair at Augusta, by the citizens of Augusta, to make good any loss at that Fair?

P. There was.

D. Was anything ever paid upon that bond towards this loss?

P. No.

D. Was any such bond given in 1859?

P. There was not.

D. What was given?

P. The citizens of Augusta subscribed and paid some \$600, for the use of the grounds; so that the Society had the grounds nearly as they were left in 1858, free of expense.

Most magnanimous Augusta! Ever ready to give a 'bond' to secure some local advantage, well knowing that from the pains and penalties thereof they are sure to be released, in any event. But what say our friends of the Maine Farmer to this showing? and how does it square with what they would have had the public understand from their carefully chosen language last Fall.

SKATING continues to be the leading sport of great numbers of our villagers. Mrs. A. and B. and C. and D. with their fine daughters, the Misses W. and X. and Y. and Z, attended by men and boys, gallant and ungallant, old and young, big and little, long and short—such a variety, and all on skates! whirl, slide, slip, stumble, sit, stand, fall, strikes, bump and tumble! How they wonder they did not go it while they were young, as the next generation will have done. Fashion knows why, and laughs at the fools she makes. She knows when skating girls were "tom-boys," and skating women had not yet come from the land of sourkrout. With a single "open sesame" of common sense, how the skates fly!—how the blood warms!—how healthy, and cheerful, and chatty, and pretty, and fat everybody grows. Skate away, grand mother!—skate away, "little sis!"

Dr. Morse will be at the William's House, Waterville, on Thursday and Friday of next week, as may be seen by his notice in another column. His professional engagements increase so rapidly, upon him, that he will not, probably, be able to visit Waterville, after the termination of his present engagements,—two visits more, after next week—and it may be well for all who are troubled with pulmonary complaints, to avail themselves of the opportunity of calling on him while he is near at hand, that they may not have occasion to regret hereafter.

Dr. CLAY is lecturing at Town Hall, where he makes a highly interesting and instructive exhibition of anatomical preparations and physiological diagrams. The curious as well as the afflicted, and the well no less than the sick, are advised to pay a dime and go and see them.

We invite attention, especially of ladies, to the card of Mrs. Morse, who has taken the rooms occupied by the late Mrs. Harris, for the practice of her profession of Physician.

## Maine Legislature.

The bill exempting deposits of minor children in saving banks from attachment for debts of parents, has been read once in the Senate and ordered to be printed.

A petition has been presented in the House for a charter for a railroad to Anson; also for a tax on dogs. In the same body, Reuben A. Rich was declared the rightful representative from Frankfort. B. C. Benson, our representative, we notice, is put upon the Com. on the State Reform School.

The bill providing for the inspection of hay was indefinitely postponed in the Senate. In the same body, a resolve has been reported, appropriating \$2,700 as a remuneration for losses incurred at the last annual exhibition, of the Maine State Ag. Society; and a petition that slave hunting in Maine may be stopped, was presented and referred.

An act providing for inquest in cases of suspected incendiarism was indefinitely postponed in the Senate, but the House non-concurred, amended and passed the same to be engrossed. Subsequently the Senate insisted on its former vote.

An order was passed in the House, directing an inquiry into the expediency of memorializing Congress on the subject of a uniform decimal system of weights, measures and currencies.

An order having been introduced in the House, directing the Superintendent of Public Buildings to keep the flag of the capitol flying during the sessions of either branch, many of the members proceeded, half in jest and half in earnest, to air their eloquence and patriotism. The order made some sport for the old boys, but was finally indefinitely postponed. This vote was afterwards re-considered, and the order tabled.

The extension of the Androscoggin Railroad passed to be engrossed in the Senate.

BEG PARDON!—The Farmer explains its endorsement of the Mayor of Gardiner in prohibiting O'Leary's lecture. It was not for the men, but for their "wives and daughters" that fears were entertained. This alters the case; but how could we know that the Mayor of Gardiner or the editor of the Farmer were in this delicate position? We beg pardon for drawing out the "tender impeachment,"—though we never suspected any such danger. We say, we beg pardon—(but, who could have thought—ahem!)

PARENTS, ATTENTION!—The public examinations of our schools, next week, will afford you a good opportunity to judge of the faithfulness of those who have had your children in charge for the past year. Will you avail yourselves of it?

THE HIRAM AFFRAY.—Young Ridlon, who was concerned in the school house affray, in Hiram, noticed two weeks since, has been committed to jail, to await his trial on the charge of murder. The affair is a very painful one, and has caused much feeling in the region. The facts, as nearly as we can learn them, are these. Ridlon, one night, after school, tore up a seat, and ripped off some boards from the ceiling of the school house. Wadsworth, who with one other boy was present, desired him not to destroy the house; and on reaching home, told his adopted father of the injury to the building. The father warned Ridlon to discontinue such practices. The next day, after they had eaten their dinners at noon, Ridlon approached Wadsworth, saying, 'Now I have got you,' and kicked him several times. Wadsworth, after the first kick, begged him to desist, saying, 'You have broken my side.' Wadsworth immediately went home, in much distress, and died a week from the day he was injured. A coroner's inquest was held. The physicians, we are informed, made a report upon the appearance of the corpse, and the immediate cause of death; but did not decide whether this was produced by the injuries inflicted. The verdict of the jury was in accordance with the report of the post mortem examination. The verdict was not satisfactory, and Ridlon was arrested on the charge of murder, and after a lengthy examination, committed for trial as above stated.—[Paris Democrat.]

THE SOUTHERN TRADE.—Some of our merchants are absolutely oppressed with the extent of the orders they receive from the South. We spoke with one of them this morning, who said that the house in which he was concerned had twice the amount of southern trade this winter that it had last season. What is quite worthy of note is, that those who come on from the South to purchase, buy as they did last year, where they can buy to the best advantage. They speak with the utmost contempt of the attempts to proscrib certain northern merchants, as a mere selfish of the politicians, adopted in an exigency of desperation. They pay no attention to it, they buy freely where they can be best suited, and ask no questions as to the politics of the seller. They have nothing to gain by foregoing the opportunity of purchasing where they can get the best bargains.—[N. Y. Post.]

The southern trade, for the season, in this city, has been as good as usual. At the semi-annual sale of boots and shoes by auction, last week, the attendance of Southerners was not only large, but they were the most numerous patrons. Southerners, like all other people, will always go where they can buy best.

[Boston Atlas.]

MAD DOG.—A dog, said to have been mad, seriously alarmed the citizens of Belfast a day or two since. He bit several other dogs and attacked the passers by. Quite a number of bitten dogs were killed, and sundry and diverse vicious dogs not known to have been bitten were disposed of. A boy was also bitten, but the physicians think that no serious results will ensue.

THE TRIAL OF HAZLETT. Baltimore, Feb. 12.—The trial of Hazlett has been concluded. On Friday evening Mr. Green, his counsel, made an able defence, and the case was then submitted to the jury, when the Court adjourned to Saturday, when the jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. The prisoner received the announcement with the same indifference that has characterized his conduct throughout the trial.

THE MARCH OF REPUBLICANISM IS ONWARD.—The Charleston Mercury says of Sherman and Remington:—

"The one is as bad as the other—at any rate, both are too bad for us to mark the degrees of enormity of abolition. As bad as either, the worse the better for us. The march of Black Republicanism and Free soil is onward."

Was Jefferson a Fool?—This rather startling question must force itself upon the mind of every one who notes discerningly the line of argument of our pro-slavery contemporaries with regard to the equality of human rights.

Whoever chooses to look through the files of what served for newspapers sixty odd years ago, will find frequently occurring therein the names of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Alexander Hamilton, probably the three best abused men of their time. Those journals will by turns apprise you that one or the other of these statesmen—(true patriots and great men all, though severely human, therefore not faultless)—was a demagogue, a monarchist, a leveller, an infidel, a hypocrite, an intriguer, or something of the sort, (for partisan hostility was far bitter and more personal in those days than in ours), but we doubt that the most intemperate reviler of either of these worthies ever stigmatized him as a downright idiot. The discovery that the great men of our Revolutionary era were utter simpletons was reserved for the sham democracy of 1850.

For Jefferson deliberately wrote, and Adams as deliberately concurred in affirming, and Hamilton fought to establish, the equality of mankind. 'All men are created equal,' proclaimed the Declaration of Independence, and the cannon of Saratoga, Monmouth, and Yorktown affirmed and emphasized the assertion. In those days, no American—Tories, of course excepted—openly dissented from this fundamental basis of American Freedom and Nationality. To question it would hardly have been safe elsewhere than under the protection of British cannon.

But did Adams and Jefferson mean that every man is equal to any other man in wisdom, knowledge, physical strength, endurance, or industrial efficiency? If they did, they set their names to a manifest imposture and lie. There is not a child seven years old who does not know better, that so far from all men being equal in capacity or acquirement, diversity or disparity is the universal law, that hardly any two persons are exactly equal in natural gifts; and that, where two are really equal, twenty are strikingly diverse. If Jefferson really asserted what our modern conservatives deny, then must he stand refuted and stultified by the common sense of mankind.

But Jefferson never affirmed, Adams and Hamilton never ratified, any such ridiculous declaration. Had Mr. Jefferson been asked to exchange his stature for that of Stephen A. Douglas, or his complexion for that of Fred Douglass, or his manners and temper for those of Toombs or Senator Mason, he would undoubtedly have declined, deeming the bargain proposed an unfair one. Such a trade could only have been made to his serious disadvantage.

What Mr. Jefferson did assert, what Adams and Hamilton affirmed, what the Republicans of to day stand for, is the equality of Human Rights, mayor all physical or intellectual differences. They did not, and we do not, even affirm the equal right of all human beings to vote and legislate; but their equal right to be protected, cherished, benefited, by whatever laws might be enacted, whatever form of government might be established. It was this righteous and natural equality, 'the inalienable right of all to life, liberty and the pursuit of Happiness,' that Jefferson proclaimed; it was for this that Adams thundered, Washington fought, and Mercer fell.

The right of every man to his own limbs and earnings, the right of every parent to the society and the obedience of his or her own minor children, the right of each human being to full and equal protection from the State in every innocent exertion of his own faculties for the promotion of his own happiness and that of his family, the right to produce, to enjoy, and to accumulate, such is the equality affirmed by Jefferson in the immortal Preamble to our Declaration of Independence. In this there is nothing absurd, fallacious, nor impracticable. If it were proved that no negro ever knew half so much as the silliest white man, the truth of human equality would not thereby be affected. Why cannot our modern Tories either meet it squarely or let it alone?

[Tribune.]

PERSONAL RENCONTRE AT WASHINGTON. A personal difficulty occurred after the adjournment of the House, at Washington, on Friday. As Mr. Hickman was returning home through the Capitol grounds, he was overtaken by Mr. Edmundson of Va., who, upon approaching him, called out and drew his hand to strike. Mr. Olingman, who was accidentally passing, hastened up and seized his arm, when Mr. Edmundson struck at Hickman with his left hand, knocking off his hat, but doing him no injury. The whole affair was instantaneous, and seemed to surprise Mr. Hickman. Mr. Breckenridge, who came up, took him away, and the scene ended. The alleged provocation for this attack was an insulting reflection upon Virginia, contained in a recent speech of Mr. Hickman's in which he charged that seventeen men and a cow had frightened the State.

ENGLISH MEMOIRS OF BUNKER HILL.—While on a recent visit to the old chapter house of the Cheshire Cathedral, England, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, saw two standards, somewhat tattered and torn, suspended over the doors. Upon inquiry, he was told that they were the standards of the Cheshire regiment, and that they were used in America, at a certain battle called Bunker Hill, where, it was said, only three of the regiment escaped without injury of some sort. The keeper said that it was understood that the Americans got behind some sort of fence or ledge, where they could shoot others without being hit themselves.

A Springfield was proposed that a Union meeting be called in that city immediately, to pass the annexed resolution. He says he had a talk with a runaway slave a day or two ago, and asked him how he knew the way to Canada? The reply was, 'The North Star, Sir!' The proposed resolution is as follows:—  
Resolved, That the North Star is unconstitutional, alk dangerous to the interests of our southern brethren, the perpetuity of the Union and the success of the democratic party, and should not be encouraged to shine by sound conservative men.

OPENED LETTERS.—We are acquainted with parties in this city, having relatives residing in the Southern States, who hardly ever receive a letter which has not been opened after being sealed. Private correspondence is violated by Democratic postmasters, the sworn officials of government, on suspicion that it is incendiary. Newspapers from the North, sent by one friend to another in the South, are intercepted and destroyed, and letters also are frequently served in the same way. This is nothing short of despotism.

[Indianapolis Journal.]  
In the Maine Legislature, both branches, there are 82 farmers, 34 merchants, 10 lawyers, and 6 physicians, out of 170 members. The average age of the members of the House is 49 and 4-10 years.







