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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 39): April 5, 1860

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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BY MARY A. DENNISON.  
CONCLUDED.

"You are getting a good many roses, lieutenant," said the guard, as Cameron passed and re-passed, followed by porters loaded down with flower-pots, great and small.

"Yes," replied Fred, "and putting them out of the reach of pigs, too."

"Good," replied the guard, smiling.

By night the chamber was half full of flowers; Fred had bought one small shop clean out, and the vendor never ceased staring till the last plant was gone. He had rifled the conservatory, also, of some of its choicest ornaments, and the house was full of perfume.

What pains he took to sort them, and arrange them like a garden, with walks between!

"Really, this is more beautiful than the other was, a great deal," said Emily, after she had laughed till she was tired at the quaintness of the idea.

"Yes, if Mount don't get a pipe and blast them all with vitrol, or some such thing," replied Fred.

"He'll never think of it; oh! if we only had a glass roof."

"One want gratified introduces two more," said Fred, smiling.

"Yes, but tea is ready."

An orderly stood waiting at the door down stairs.

"Well, William?"

"Did your honor make an asparagus bed this spring, sir?" asked the man, after a military salute.

"Certainly I did, the finest asparagus bed in the country," replied Fred, vivaciously, never dreaming of what was to come next.

"I saw the captain's orderly digging it up, that's all," said the man.

"Digging it up—digging up my asparagus bed? In what creation will they do next?"

"Hand me my cap, wife," exclaimed Fred, his face turning crimson—"let me see if there is not some mistake."

"Remember your promise," said his wife gently, she handed down his fatigue cap.

"Yes, yes, never fear; digging up my asparagus bed! By all that isn't in the waters beneath, or the earth, or the heavens, I'll know what this means!"

"Fred had time to reflect going toward the asparagus bed. Sure enough, it was all dug over or nearly all."

"Stop! what are you about?" he cried to the man employed.

"Digging it over, sir," said the man, who was an Irishman.

"Who gave you the orders?"

"The captain, sir, he's giv' me the orders."

Fred stood for a moment, almost in despair. His beautiful asparagus bed, that he had taken so much pains with, given to him for the purpose, too, it was too hard. For a moment he felt impelled to spring upon the Irishman and knock him over; but then it was not his fault, he was obeying orders.

He stood there, pen sively regarding the shovel as the Irishman's sturdy foot ploughed it under, then, without saying a word, he turned and walked slowly home.

"We must do without the asparagus, dear," he said quietly to his wife—"it is all dug up."

"Do without it! why, husband mine, will there be no asparagus in town besides what you have planted?"

He laughed at her cheerful face, and dismissed his chagrin. All through the summer season, poor Cameron had trials sufficient to test his patience to the utmost. The cow was turned into his neat yard every night; he was put to all manner of inconvenience in the matter of receiving his ration, and in a thousand ways trifled with—but Emily was his good angel—to her he looked for comfort and advice. He had borne his lot bravely; not once had he by any unofficer-like language, or manner, laid himself liable to report, and, best of all, he had learned that difficult lesson, self-control.

It was early in the autumn, and Emily, like a good housewife, had superintended the pickling and preserving for the ensuing winter. The peaches, red and rich, swam in a sea of sweets—the plums were tucked away in broad-mouthed jars, the cranberries and crab-apples were enough to make one's mouth water—and never did pickles look fresher and greener.

The cellar under the house had compartments, and each officer occupied his own portion, which was always under lock and key. Thither, then, to the place set apart by Fred, were these choice sweetmeats carried, and safely deposited on shelves and in nooks. The day after came the captain's orderly with a request for Lieut. Cameron's cellar key.

"He can't have it," exclaimed Emily, with more indignation than she had ever displayed before.

"Stop, Emily! I would you undo the good work you have done," asked Fred, mildly—"give me the key, love, you know I must obey orders."

"But this is right down meanness. Fred; does he mean to steal our preserves?" continued Emily, indignantly.

"Oh, no, my dear! he only intends that we shall call for the key whenever we want to get at them."

"I will never ask him for the key, be sure of that," replied Emily.

"What will you do for the preserves?" asked her husband.

"Go without them, as you did without your asparagus bed," she answered, laughing a little.

"So be it then," replied Fred, and gave the key up to the orderly, adding, "tell Captain Mount that we have no further use for the key."

The sun poured hotly upon the barracks, and the men went through their drill like automations, for the heat was as that of a furnace. It was pitiful to see them standing or marching with the great drops of sweat dripping from their brows—it was more pitiful to see the little drummer boys bearing their heavy drums, and tottering almost under their weight and the close oppressive atmosphere.

It was mid-October; there had been no rain for weeks, except now and then a few drops that men called a shower, and there was much sickness in the yard. At the doors of the barracks sat pale and haggard marines, just recovering, or sometimes, as a certain moved faintly, a pale form might be seen stretched on the bed of disease, gasping for breath, and praying for water. As yet, the form of fever had not been malignant—but the weather was so sultry, and so unnatural for that late month, that many predicted the scourge that soon followed.

Captain Mount sat in his handsome sitting-room, reading and writing. Now he would answer a letter from the department of war, now fall back upon his newspaper.

"It is very strange, this confounded disease!" he suddenly exclaimed, throwing aside the sheet he was perusing and dropping his head on his hand—"ever since I got up I have stumbled about like a blind kitten, and lifting myself again, he rang a small bell beside him on the table."

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1860.

NO. 39.

An orderly answered the summons.

"Well, Graves, how is the sickness now?" he asked.

"Worse, I'm sorry to say, sir," replied the man, after his usual military salute. "John Greer is dead, sir, and Bill Grooves we expect is going fast. There are six new cases."

"The deuce there are," muttered Captain Mount, springing from his seat and essaying to move to the window. "Graves, did you ever feel dizzy?"

"I don't know but I have, sir, some time of my life," replied the man, with some hesitation. "I believe that's the way the fever commences, sir."

"How do you know?" exclaimed Captain Mount, turning almost fiercely upon him.

The orderly started back a pace, and well he might be alarmed. The captain's eyes were red and heavy, and his face appeared swollen; the look of ferocity which he had assumed, added to the feverish purple of his face, altered his aspect completely. But observing the look of fixed surprise with which the man regarded him, he said more softly—"I don't know but you're right, Graves—send my secretary here, and go for the doctor; tell him to bring a nurse along. Here, Graves, take the key of Cameron's cellar back to him—I forgot it before."

The man obeyed, and started from the room. Another moment, and a young man entering moved toward the table at which the captain sat with his head on his hands.

"Captain Mount," he said, and stood awaiting a movement. "Sir—you sent for me—Captain Mount—what are your orders for me?"

The young commander raised his head slowly and looked about him, as if he did not comprehend.

"O, yes! I see—you, you have come," he said at last, raising himself. "Mack, I'm afraid I'm going to be sick, very sick; I want you to answer these letters immediately!"—pointing to the pile that lay opened on his right hand; "I wish you also to write to my mother as I shall dictate, and then I shall be ready to lie by. If I should have this fever that is going the rounds, I shall depend upon you, Mack, to attend to business. You shall be well paid for standing by me in my need. O, this blinding pain! give me your arm, Mack, I will go back to my chamber."

The young man, with seeming reluctance, lent his aid, holding his face away from the feverish breath of the captain, who had been fighting with the symptoms of the fever for nearly a week, trying to "brave it out."

The young commander sank exhausted on his bed, and was found by the barracks' physician in a stupor.

Here comes the captain's orderly, with some new insult, I suppose, said Emily, looking from the window as she spoke; "I should think the sad state of the men would soften his heart if it is not adamant."

"Graves looks very serious," said Fred, going toward the open door. "Well, my man, what does the captain want now?"

"He has sent back your cellar key, sir; says he forgot it before."

Emily and Fred glanced at each other—it was the first concession the vindictive Mount had ever made.

"What does it mean?" whispered Emily.

"The captain's not very well this morning," said the orderly retreating slowly. "A light broke over Fred's handsome face—and then a quiet, thoughtful look succeeded. 'I hope,' he said slowly, 'I hope he isn't going to have the fever!'"

"I ain't no doubt of it, sir," replied Graves; "he's a pretty sick man a'ready; I've just sent the doctor over."

"Is he so bad as that?" asked Emily, her sweet face growing sad—poor fellow! and no wife to nurse him—no sister; scarcely no one would have added a friend—but she forbore. After Graves had gone, Emily threw on a light sun-bonnet, and accompanied by Algy, the little drummer, whom she had quite won over by kindness, she moved along toward the habitations occupied by the soldiers and their wives. A murmur of pleasure greeted her as she entered the first—and with her soft voice inquired after the sufferers.

"Tim's better, thank you," said the soldier's wife, the bright tears springing to her eyes as she spoke, "but oh! in the night, I did be so fearful he would die."

Tim was notorious for drunkenness and abuse of his wife, but here she was the woman's heart and woman's love. She moved about his bed so softly, drew the curtain where the light fell upon the feeble face, kept the babe as quiet as a mouse; doing a hundred little offices of affection for one who in his strong, rugged health had seemed to consider her as only a drudge, to keep his clothes in order, to clean his gun and adjust his knapsack.

In the next door, was a mournful tableau. A woman sat in the middle of the floor, her head and face crouching low, and covered with her hands—a little child hung mutely upon her lap, now stroking her long unbound locks, now crying piteously, and by the side of the room stood a bed, covered with a white sheet, under which were defined sharply the rigid lineaments of a corpse. Daring not to disturb this piteous grief, the gentle woman moved noiselessly away, wiping the tears from her own eyes, and entered the next place. There was no sickness there, but as she went from one room to another, she noted the heavy eyes and listless movements, telling that the destroyer was on their track.

Two days after, Captain Mount's orderly came in great haste to Lieutenant Cameron, with a sad story. The secretary had left, afraid of infection; the nurse herself had been taken sick, and Capt. Mount was dangerously ill, with no one but himself to stay beside him. The commandant was away, the people outside were too much frightened to assist, and he did not know what he should do.

"I must go there," said Fred, with decision. "Yes, we must go there; added his wife, meeting his glance."

"Not you, Emily," said Cameron.

"Not you, Fred, without me," replied Emily.

"I ain't let you go," said Cameron, in some alarm.

"We are only wasting time," was the answer, as Emily put on her bonnet, "come, husband, you know when I will, I will; and so they walked off together."

The captain's fine mansion wore a deserted look. It was as still as the grave, for the servants had nearly all gone. Emily looked

about at the beautiful furniture, undusted, the chairs in disorder, the curtains unlooped—a general air of neglect visible over all. Graves led them to the captain's room. The young man lay muttering, with his eyes fixed on the wall, his arms thrown above his head, his eyes glazed with fever, his cheeks bright with burning crimson. Emily and her husband looked mournfully on. As they smoothed his pillow, and Emily placed her cool hand on his forehead—oh! how hot it was—he looked from one to the other, but with no signs of consciousness. For days he raved, and Fred and his gentle wife kept their watch beside him. He would talk of his mother, of his childhood, and of Emily sometimes. He often laid plans for tormenting the Camerons; and some of them were so ludicrous that the watchers, sad as they felt, could not forbear their laughter.

"Take these turkey's claws," he would say, "and stuff them in Cameron's key-hole—hal! what a time he'll have getting the door open. Here, you little imp, go over and set Cameron's house on fire, only be sure and don't burn up Emily. Tell Cameron to go and walk across the river—pitch dark and no bridge—the fellow'll do it," he would add savagely.

One morning when the pale dawn streamed in through the half-opened shutters, the young captain opened his eyes and gazed intently at his watch. Cameron sat there, wan and almost ill himself. A lamp burning near shed an uncertain, flickering light upon the neatly kept apartment. Emily slept in the adjoining room, but she was now moving, preparing to take her husband's watch.

"Mark," said the sick man faintly.

"It is not Mark, captain," replied Cameron, bending over the wasted form before him.

"Who then? it cannot be—"

"Cameron," said the other, quietly.

The sick man looked, closed his eyes, opened them again, and gazed steadily at his first officer.

"Where then is Mark? he was here yesterday."

"Mark has been gone just fourteen days; you have been very sick and unconscious," said Cameron.

"Have I?" murmured the captain, vaguely, and then lay still for some time.

"Cameron," again the pallid object spoke.

"Well, captain."

"Is that your wife standing there?"

"Yes, that is Emily."

"What are you and she here for?"

"To take care of and nurse you," replied Cameron.

The captain's lip began to quiver and tremble, and the tears ran down the hollow sockets of his eyes. Cameron bent over and wiped them away, with the touch of a woman's saying softly—"don't feel bad about the past, it is all forgotten."

"By you perhaps—but not by me," he replied, chokingly. "One word more, Cameron—I am very weak—how long have you and your wife been nursing me?"

"Nearly a fortnight," replied Cameron—"but I am afraid if you do not control this emotion you may be thrown back. Try to sleep now, and Emily will prepare you some nourishment."

The sick man obeyed, closed his eyes, but his lips kept quivering, and the tears came slowly through from under his closed lids. Every day he mended a little, until he could at last be placed in his sick chair and wheeled to the window. The first time he sat there, he exclaimed, looking out upon the parade ground, "how often have I walked there devising some plan by which to provoke you to resistance. Cameron, you have proved yourself to be what I never was till now, a man!"

"Emily gave me lessons," replied the lieutenant, smiling.

"And I, if I had possessed a spark of magnanimity, might have had the friendship of this noble woman; instead of that I have made her despise me; I have disgraced myself in her eyes."

"O! no," said Cameron, quietly, "Emily never despises any one; you provoked her often enough, to be sure; but let bygones be bygones; let us not talk of it any more."

"Yes, let us talk of it till I can learn to look upon myself as I am—oh! Cameron, with all my soul I ask you to forgive me."

"And with all my soul I forgive you," replied the young lieutenant, moved to tears.

"You have risked infection—you have lost rest and health, to nurse into life the viper that would have stung you—and in his weakness he bowed his head on his hand and wept."

"No more of this, captain," exclaimed Cameron, with decision, "or I shall have a sick man on my hands again—here comes Emily—come, wife, let us have some music; sit down to your guitar, and sing the merriest song you can think of; and by the time the song was finished Captain Mount was himself again."

Never were there more faithful friends, forever after, than Cameron and Mount. The latter was indefatigable in his exertions, till he had obtained a captain's commission for the lieutenant. Mount married, several years after, a lady who was the counterpart of Emily in manners and accomplishments, and possibly a trifle more beautiful. To see the two captains sometimes, arm in arm, talking like brothers, it would not be thought that one of them, taking advantage of his position as chief, and his absolute authority in times of peace or war, once followed the other with a petty, but determined system of persecution, that he might send him from the army in disgrace. He looks back upon that unmanly trial with feelings of sorrow and humiliation.

DESPOITISM AND THE PRESS.—A Foreign dispatch states that the London Times has been shut out of Austria; it speaks too plainly. The journals also state that the Italian correspondent of the Times has been ordered out of Rome by the police. He is an Italian by birth, but a naturalized British subject.

Our Southern friends who rifle the mails, burn sermons, and drive off suspected correspondents and teachers, can look across the water and find co-workers in the effort to suppress free thought and retard human progress.

In this connection we find an item in the Examiner, illustrating very aptly the result of liberal and despotic governments. Says that journal:

A good story, all the better for being undoubtedly true, is told of an interview between a very distinguished American and the present Pope. His Holiness, designing a special compliment, had expressed his desire that the American should visit him, at a fixed hour and in a familiar way. This was accordingly done.

The Pope met his visitor most graciously, and very soon expressed his great gratification that Catholics enjoyed such unrestricted liberty in the United States. Without waiting to calculate the embarrassment which his remark would occasion, following hastily the first impulses of his nature, the American accepted the compliment to his country, and expressed the hope that His Holiness would reciprocate this privilege of liberty to his own spiritual children, by granting an equal liberty to Protestants in the Roman States. The embarrassment of the Pope was instant, and the American discovered the uneasiness which he had occasioned. Following then his next impulse to remove the embarrassment, the American added, "but we each carry out the logic of our institutions." "Yes, yes," exclaimed the Pope, lifting and dropping repeatedly his hands, as if extravagantly gratified by a happy deliverance, "yes, yes we carry out the logic of our institutions!"

And so we do! That is the difference; Protestantism carries out its logic in freedom; Romanism, its logic in despotism;—the one has made the United States; the other has made Rome.

From the Student and Schoolmate.

CATHAY'S COSSET.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

"Well, of all the March winds that ever I see, this beats all! If that door has blown open once, it's blown open twenty times this morning!"

And Hannah wiped the soap-suds from her soaked and wrinkled hands preparatory to going into the passage to shut the refractory door. "I'll have a new latch on it; I won't be bothered in this way. It's all along of that—lawful heart, child! what are you standing here for like a post?"

It was a very pinched, and blue, and cold little face that looked up wistfully at Hannah, switching her so suddenly off the track of her soliloquy; but the blue lips gave no sound.

Now Hannah, though a stout, brisk, rough kind of woman, with arms as brown as a berry and as big as a stove pipe, had a heart just as large and a good deal softer. The child's sad eyes looked straight into that heart of hers, instead of telling her to go away, as some (not many) would have done, she said, "well, come in and get warm at any rate. You want that if you don't want anything else. How on earth anybody can manage to get so cold, I can't conceive." The last part was muttered rather than spoken; and in her warm kitchen, over her wash-bow, it was difficult for Hannah to form conceptions of cold.

"If you please, ma'am, I should like—" began the child tremulously, and hesitated.

"Out with it," bounced Hannah; "a piece of bread and butter I suppose."

"Oh, no, ma'am, no indeed; I am not a beggar; I only wanted to know, is Mrs. Decomb at home? and could I see her?"

"Why yes, she's at home, and I suppose you can see her, but—I don't see what you can want of her," she would have said, but she didn't, only added, "well, come along, I'll show you where to go; there, upstairs, third door knock."

The little girl gave a faint rap, and a pleasant voice said "come in. She entered. Mrs. Decomb sat at a table sewing. She looked up, rather surprised at seeing the strange form, and for a moment, the child was too much frightened to speak; but presently faltered out, "if you please, ma'am, I wanted to ask you—do you know—anybody—would you like to have me work for you?"

"Work for me?" said Mrs. Decomb smiling as she glanced at the slight figure, trembling now from cold and fear. "Come and warm yourself, and we will talk about it." The little girl sat down on a cricket before the bright coal fire, and its glow seemed to enter into her heart, for not only did her blue cheeks turn red, but a new light danced in her sorrowful eyes.

"What is your name, my dear?" asked Mrs. Decomb, kindly.

"Cathay Horn, ma'am, and I'm not a beggar."

"No indeed, but you want to work and get money for yourself—that is it? Haven't you any father or mother?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, but father has been sick; or, he hasn't been very sick, but the cow has, and the cow died, and father wasn't very well, not well enough to work to get another. It's his hand that's sick and he couldn't work any more than if he had been sick all over. A forger, or something wicked and dreadful grew on his hand."

"A felon, was it?"

"Yes, ma'am, that was it, and when the cow died he felt very bad, and we all eat so much, it takes so much—"

"How many brothers and sisters have you?"

"Well, a good many; I don't know exactly how many, but I can tell you their names."

"Very well, let me hear them."

"Yes, ma'am. There's Molly, and Wad, and Joe, and Life, and Dud, Patsy, Becker, and Judy, and the baby, and Hetty besides! O, and me."

Mrs. Decomb could hardly help laughing at the rapidity with which she spun off the names. "And do you all live at home?"

"No, ma'am. Molly minds Mrs. Rice's baby, and Life—his name is Eliphalet, but we call him Life for short—he is learning a trade at Mr. Parson's, and Joe and Dud are in the mill. The rest of us live at home; and last month I had a lamb that Mr. Rice gave me—an early lamb to take care of; and he's so lovely, and his name is Pearl. I named him, and he knows me and has a ribbon round his neck, and O! love him so, and we eat so much that father can't hardly get enough for us to eat, and he don't say I mustn't keep the lamb, but Patsy says it's a shame, and that I ought to sell him and buy money with him; but O! I can't sell him, and I thought last night I would see if I couldn't work for somebody and buy money that way, and then I could save my lamb till he's grown up into a sheep, and then he'd have little sheep, and I'd have a flock, and sell them and get a great deal of money—"

Cathay had risen in her eagerness and stood before Mrs. Decomb, with flashing eyes.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Decomb, gravely, "which do you love best, your father and mother, or your lamb?"

Cathay stood silent a moment, then said slowly, "I love my father and mother best and I love my Pearl best too. Pearl is my baby."

"And you would rather keep Pearl, even if it does hurt your father's lamb hand to work for him and the rest of you?"

"But Pearl doesn't eat much—not much more than the baby, and besides I want to work, and feed him myself."

"Yes, but suppose you should sell Pearl and give your father the money, and then should work besides, and instead of feeding Pearl, feed the baby. Don't you see it would help your father, and his poor lame hand could rest?"

A few moments' silence, and Cathay said firmly, "I cannot sell Pearl. He loves me. He sleeps with his head in my lap. I am his mother, and he is my babe. I can't let the butcher knife go into him and make him bleed. I'd just as lief it would stick into me, every bit."

"A kind and faithful little girl," said Mrs. Decomb. "I'm glad you are so true; but now see; I will give you five dollars for Pearl, and he shall not be killed, but he shall come and live with me, and have plenty to eat, and my little children shall take care of him. You may give the money to your sick father, and I will look about and see if I can find a place where you can work. Now do you think you can give up the company of your pet—you see that is all, he will be just as well treated—can you do it for the sake of helping your father, and make him feel that his little Cathay loves him?"

It was a great struggle for Cathay, very great; but her brave heart forced her to utter at length a low "Yes, ma'am."

"Very well. By and by I will send for the lamb. And as you are such a brave and true little girl, I think I shall be able to find a place for you, where you can help your father."

Mrs. Decomb's gentle words were a great comfort to Cathay, as she walked home; but when Pearl met her and rubbed his head fondly against her hand, and jumped and frisked for joy, her heart failed her. She dropped on the floor, threw her arms around him, and cried. But Pearl did not seem to mind her tears. He was as happy as ever.

"O Pearl, darling, darling little Pearl. You have got to go. But I love you just the same. It isn't because I don't love you, it is because you eat so much. You don't eat too much either, darling. I like to have you eat, I am sure; but it is because poor father's poor hand is sick, and I can buy money with you. Now, Pearl, darling, you will remember me, my baby? Don't forget Cathay, who loves you, and will think of you all the time, and will say her prayers for you every night. I don't give you up because I don't love you, darling, but for my father to see that Cathay loves him; and I am his Pearl, and he must not see me crying, must he, Pearl? So don't cry, darling. O darling, I wish we were in heaven."

But Cathay dried up her eyes, and told her father that Pearl was going to live with Mrs. Decomb; and when Mrs. Decomb came, she only gave Pearl one final "hug" and then walked quietly over to the farm, and saw him happy and caressed by the children, and then she gave the five dollars to her father, and his kisses and pleasure comforted her; but when she went to bed at night, she plunged her face into the pillow, and softly cried herself to sleep. Poor little Cathay!

The March winds murmured themselves into April breezes, and the gentle rain pattered down on the seeds that lay sleeping in the darkness of the earth's bosom; and they awoke and peeped into the light; and the sun met them graciously and wooed them out, and the grass grew on the hill-sides, and April melted into May, and Cathay's birthday came.

Cathay was very happy, for she was invited to Mrs. Decomb's and certainly I shall see Pearl," she thought.

"Yes, you shall see Pearl," said Mrs. Decomb, when Cathay asked her. "We will go out in the field by and by, to get some flowers, and then you shall see him. You can play a little while first."

Cathay thought she would rather see Pearl first, but she was to polite to say so; and she began to play with Maude and Harry, and little Rachel, and became so much interested, that she quite forgot Pearl, till Mrs. Decomb appeared at the nursery door and told them to get their bonnets, for they were going after the May flowers.

"Cathay," said Rachel, "I know something."



their hands, but they are never seen to open it. Our friend was told by a gentleman that he had seen a lady bring the same book to the table for three weeks; and, an opportunity one day offering, his curiosity was excited to see what book could be of so much interest; on opening the volume, to his surprise, he found that *not one of the leaves had been cut!* We hear the same affliction is obtaining in some of the hotels of our city.—[Boston Post.]

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.  
WATERVILLE, APR. 5, 1860.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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WHAT THEY SAY.—"Old Kennebec" has ten thousand little items entered on the page of flame, and when we see one of them pointed out we take pleasure in passing it along. Her girls are wonderfully pretty, and their mothers are wonderfully good; her young men bold and enterprising, and her old ones thrifty and wise; her oxen get famously fat, and her hens lay monstrous eggs;—her villages are the neatest, her horses are the fastest, her hotels are the best, her churches the fullest, her potatoes the mealiest, and her newspapers (the—the—no matter!) Of course, when strangers visit us they go away and praise us; and sometimes they are so hearty about it that they put it in print. Then, and then only—to the blush of our modesty be it said—we get a glimpse of our own merits! and why not, do tell!—and why not tell it to one another for encouragement? So we do, and here is a case in point—for we forgot to say that our fire companies will bear as much praise as our newspapers.

Looking over the last number of the Fireman's Friend, Boston,—which, by the way, is an oracle in the fireman's half of this world—we find a correspondent inquiring, "what hand engine do you consider the smartest in New England?" Our eye jumps on an answer till it stumbles against a big V, and we read—

"The Victors, (Kendall's Mills), by the way, are as strong, smart and able a company, as ever broke bread, and ninety strokes a minute is not uncommon with them."

Good!—we'll copy this for the Victors to read. It is our mind exactly, that their superiors never broke bread; or if they did, they never broke more of it, or in bigger pieces. In the main object of a fire company, the work of putting out fires, their appearance truly marks them as "the smartest in New England." By the way, we wonder the Fireman's Friend does not say so in so many words, though it probably ventured as far as it dared, for these firemen are very sensitive. Let's look it over more carefully, beginning back—"which hand engine do you consider the smartest in New England?" Now what do they say? "Waterville No. 31—She is a second class Button, and has beaten those—"

Hold on! this will never do, to "put our foot in it" in this shape! The Buttons will burst their air-chamber, which already needs an extra hoop. But it is too late to back out, and we must read on—

—and have beaten those Vic— with their first class eight inch Hummel, so bad and so often, that— and if that is not satisfactory evidence of her smartness we do not know what is! There 'tis! as far as we dare go, and if anybody complains of the stars, we only assure them there are less of them than they would have seen if we had not made them. What we wanted to show was, that the two "smartest engines in New England," are said to be the two we have named; and as to the account between the two, nobody in New England is ignorant how it stands.

THE WEATHER. March was almost entirely a month of sunshine and robins; so that of all the vast snowdrifts that met her first smiles, hardly enough remain to make an April-fool ice cream. Even the ploughshare, in some places has been poking its nose among the current bushes, as if to test the safety of venturing further a field. Wheels have rolled along our dry streets, and boxes of earth have stood in sunny places to give hope of lettuce and tomatoes. So much for the rebuke of those who have sought the West to shiver and shake upon her chilly prairies! We speak of March—but March is among the things gone by. For April we have nothing to say, except that her smiles are cold enough for a Greenland lover, and have permitted a mere sprinkle of snow to simmer for three days, to be shivered over by men in overcoats and mittens. Raw, sharp and biting as old January!—and the robins, if not dead outright, must have soiled their nice feathers at the very bottom of the mud-holes. Thus "fearful April" so far— but the fear of Fast-day and gubernatorial plagiarisms may have frozen her tears and chilled her heart; till after which, we suggest for her charitable welcome. Then if she smile not, let's eat, drink and be merry in spite of her.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Franklin Simmons, the talented young Lewiston artist, who so successfully modeled the bust of President Champlin, last fall, and has recently executed one of Governor Morrill, has been engaged by the students of Bowdoin College to make one of President Woods. We feel confident that he will produce a work creditable to himself and satisfactory to the friends and admirers of Bowdoin's distinguished head.

NEW RIVER BOAT.—We learn from the Kennebec Journal that the little steamboat which Messrs. W. & W. Gatchell, of our place, have been building at Augusta during the winter, is about ready for launching, and will be put in running order immediately.

### OUR TABLE.

AN ARCTIC BOAT JOURNEY, in the Autumn of 1854. By Isaac I. Hayes, Surgeon of the second Grinnell Expedition. Boston: Town, T. & G. Chase. It will doubtless be remembered, by all who have read Dr. Kane's interesting records of the Grinnell Exploring Expedition, that while the Brig Advance was in her winter quarters at Rensselaer Harbor, an attempt was made by eight persons, in open boats, to reach Upernivik, in North Greenland. This volume contains an account of the adventures of that party, by Dr. I. I. Hayes, one of the number, and is hardly second in interest to the thrilling narrative of the gallant command, now gone to his rest. The distance was 1000 miles, and the party were caught in the ice by an early closing in of the winter. After living nearly three months in a snow hut among the Esquimaux, the party traveled 350 miles, in the middle of the Arctic night—a journey unprecedented in the annals of those perilous countries. The novelties of Arctic narrative are by no means exhausted by previous publications, and the community will doubtless welcome a book which, avoiding the beaten track of the many expeditions that have gone in search of Sir John Franklin, presents to its readers lively pictures of more remote regions, and of personal adventure of which there has been, hitherto, no record. The volume is illustrated by two new maps, large and well executed, from which the public are enabled to get a better idea of the field of Northern adventure, than by any before published.

It is now pretty generally known that Dr. Hayes is engaged in organizing another expedition to the Arctic regions, in aid of which a liberal portion of the proceeds of the sale of this work are pledged. He will embark on this hazardous enterprise with the hope of verifying the discoveries of Dr. Kane, and settling many scientific questions of great interest. Various agricultural associations, who have read his narrative and heard his statements, pronounce his plan a feasible one, daring as it is; and though they may scarcely hope that he will be able to reach the pole, yet, confident that he will achieve something valuable for science, they are extending to him aid and sympathy.

The book is for sale at Mathews's.

THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD, and other Novels; with an Autobiography of the Author. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Lost Hopes," "Deserted Wife," "Missing Bride," "Retribution," "Discarded Daughter," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Son.

The enterprising publishers of Mrs. Southworth's works, in presenting this new one to the American public, say—"She is excelled by no living female writer in the world. Her style is free from insipidity on the one hand and bombast on the other; and though we meet with forcible, we are never startled with inflated language. Her characters are rarely under, but never overdrawn. Her scenes are clear, pictures, her incidents founded on facts, and her sentiment is characterized by a singular purity both of conception and expression. She has the rare faculty of saying what she means, and of saying it in such a manner as that her meaning cannot be misinterpreted. In short, she possesses in an eminent degree those qualifications which are the peculiar prerogatives of a good writer, and while she delights the reader's imagination with her descriptive beauty, she applies home truths to their understanding with the force of rational conviction. The 'Haunted Homestead' has been pronounced by those who have read the proof sheets, to be her best work. This is sufficient to commend it to perusal, and we anticipate for it great popularity."

The work is issued in one large duodecimo volume, newly bound in cloth, for \$1.25, or in two volumes, paper cover, for \$1. Copies of either edition sent by mail, post paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of the money, by the publishers. Address as above.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—On our first page we found a story for little folks—"Cathay's Comet Lamb"—taken from the April number of this charming little magazine, which we give as a fair sample of the good things always met with in its pages. In addition to an abundance of entertaining and instructive reading, numerous spirited and beautiful engravings, glowing in a singular purity both of conception and expression. She has the rare faculty of saying what she means, and of saying it in such a manner as that her meaning cannot be misinterpreted. In short, she possesses in an eminent degree those qualifications which are the peculiar prerogatives of a good writer, and while she delights the reader's imagination with her descriptive beauty, she applies home truths to their understanding with the force of rational conviction. The 'Haunted Homestead' has been pronounced by those who have read the proof sheets, to be her best work. This is sufficient to commend it to perusal, and we anticipate for it great popularity."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The following is a list of the articles to be found in the March number of this well known periodical:—Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan. Part third of St. Stephen's. Part third of Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography. Nelson and Caracciolo. Betsy Brown, a True Story. A Word about Tom Jones. The conclusion of The Luck of Ladysmede. The 'Foreign Connection' of the House of Bull. Dies frae. Volunteer Cavalry Movements. The Anglo Gallican Budget.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 64 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription.—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum in advance. For all four Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$9; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10.—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage.

When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be sent by express for a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

BOYS AND GIRLS' OWN MAGAZINE.—In the April number of this nice little juvenile the very interesting story of "The Three Midshipmen," and "Dick Onslow and the Red Skins," are continued; another familiar lesson in boldness is given, and a chapter on Anatomy adapted to the comprehension of youth. Much other good reading will be found, including lessons in Fanciful, Spicy Chat, pastimes, problems in chess, &c. Published by Wm. L. Jones, 152 Sixth Avenue, New York, at 75 cents a year.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—No. 70 has the following table of contents: The Jenny Bell Polka, Mazurka. A Tale. My Heart is Mine. (Ungeheuer). Lautenschlager. Judge from the Supreme Symphony. O.K. 'tis sweet to me by night. J. W. Cherry. Our Musical Friend is published weekly, each number containing 12 large sized pages of music, for voice and piano, at \$5.00 a year. Single numbers, 15 cents. Address C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau St., N. York.

MENNY'S MUSEUM.—The little boys and girls will be right glad to see the April number of this work—with its pretty pictures, fine stories, lively gossip, puzzle department, &c. Who would deny themselves the pleasure afforded by so welcome a visitant, when, for a single dollar, its monthly calls can be secured for a whole year. Published by J. N. Stearns & Co., 116 Nassau-st., New York.

CONSOLATION.—There is a point at which sympathy inevitably melts, even in politics. The democrats have been pelted with republican victories, till we have looked with some scrutiny for a crumb of consolation for them. At last we find it; and, to be honest in our confession, a little nearer home than we cared for. Portland has given a democratic majority of 48 votes for Mayor; elected four of the seven aldermen and twelve of the twenty-one councilmen. The battle was a warm one, and the vote the largest ever cast there, being 2418 to 2870; last year 2017 rep. to 1812 dem.

BUT—to carry a disagreeable subject further off—Cincinnati has been acting a similar farce in electing her entire city ticket, on Monday, by 700 democratic majority. We very cordially put these two cases against N. Hampshire and Connecticut.

FIAT.—The roof of the engine house at Kendall's Mills was burned off Wednesday morning, about 5 o'clock. The fire took from the spittoon, filled with sawdust, into which a cigar was thrown the evening before. The fire ran up the side of the roof, and was extinguished—leaving the evidence of the mischief behind.

DEATH OF MR. SANGER.—Our late fellow citizen Zebulon Sanger, Esq. died Tuesday morning, at the residence of his son, Dr. Sanger, in Bangor. He had long suffered from paralysis, and died while sitting upon a sofa eating an orange,—so sudden and so quiet was his departure for scenes where his faith promised a re-union with all the loved ones who had gone before. His age was about 66 years. Mr. S. commenced business at Waterville in early life, and up to the time of his retirement, a few years since, was associated with all her business men and interests; and when, during a visit to his son in Bangor, he found his infirmity so increased as to forbid his return, he wept like a child, as though the last bond to earth was severed.

We recall with melancholy interest a few of the last years of Mr. Sanger's life. The death of an only and loved daughter, and later, of a son of much promise, were afflictions which he seemed to sustain with manly and christian fortitude—nurturing their memory with loving tenderness, without forgetting the social and domestic ties that yet remained to be cherished. Active in body and cheerful in mind, his interest in business was unabated, and his reliance on life apparently that of his manhood's prime. His two remaining children, sons, left home for business, and in a style of quiet elegance seemed to be approaching the evening of life. The last great affliction was yet in store for him; and the sudden death of his amiable and gentle wife, without even a parting word, seemed to be the last fatal stroke which left him prostrate. Mind as well as body grew feeble and tremulous; and from that time, though the strongest demands upon the sympathies of surrounding friends were freely met, the result now reached seemed nearer than it has proved. A friend writes, "He pined for his old home and familiar faces, declined making new acquaintances, and said that all were so good and kind to him at Waterville that life was almost a blank when he was away from there." He was a man of marked simplicity of character, and in his extensive business relations had credit for the most scrupulous honesty.

His funeral takes place on Friday afternoon, from the Emblwood Hotel, in Waterville.

N. VASSALBORO' EXPRESS. Mr. Nickerson, who has for some time been running a regular express between this place and N. Vassalboro', was intending to suspend after the opening of the two rivers, on account of expensive tolls, has been encouraged to continue his regular trips by contributions from some of our business men. He tells us that while he has been able to hire Ticonic bridge at a moderate rate, he can do no better with Winslow bridge than to pay the full toll allowed by law. The policy of Ticonic bridge in such cases has always been liberal, and the large amount of trade that would naturally come to this place from Vassalboro' and Winslow dictates such a course; but another interest prevails with the other bridge, and the enterprise of Mr. Nickerson is not one to get its share. We hope our citizens will not overlook the advantage of a regular express between them and their good neighbors of Vassalboro'. Let it be encouraged by such patronage as they have to bestow.

REASONS WHY. Every man prefers his own church, if he have any, for some advantage its possesses over other churches; but the following summary of the reasons why the Episcopal church is meeting unusual acquisitions to its numbers, which is from the Springfield Republican, renders them, to us, more tolerable in their philosophy than in their Christianity. But for the fact that they are copied by the Boston Atlas, a paper that exhibits unequivocal "proclivities" towards Episcopacy, we should think we discovered in the article a sly and ingenious vein of irony. The reader can judge. This is an age of theology, and free discussion can do no harm.

No division of the Christian church in this country is growing more rapidly at the present moment than the Episcopalian. There is indirect evidence of this in the tenacity with which the Methodist church clings to its title of 'Episcopal,' and insists on its whole name, that its Episcopacy may not be overlooked. Thirty years ago it preferred the simple name of Methodist, and was willing to keep its Episcopacy out of sight, and we doubt whether half its members then knew it by its full name. Evidently the Puritan prejudice against Episcopacy, inherited from the stern old Independents, who associated it with the power that persecuted them and drove them into exile, has been gradually obliterated by time, the great healer of all dissensions, and very little of it has come down to the children of the Puritans in this country.

Various influences contribute to the present growth of the Episcopal church. It satisfies, better, perhaps, than any other Protestant branch of the church, the esthetic demands of the most cultivated and aristocratic classes, and it also carries with it the idea of power, and traditional authority such as no other church besides the Catholic presents, while it has an advantage over the latter in allowing more individual freedom and in making no demand for the absolute subjection of human reason to mere authority. The Episcopal church competes with the Unitarian in attracting the most highly cultivated minds, but it has a decided advantage over the Unitarian in its adaptation to the wants of more deeply religious natures. Unitarianism is too purely and coldly logical for warm and devout minds. They may admit its reasonings, but they are chilled by them, and they seek refuge in a church where the imagination and the heart and food and nurture. Unitarianism is necessarily polemical and aggressive from its very position, its peculiar ideas being in conflict with those of the great majority of Christian churches, and its interpretation of the Scriptures and the church symbols stripping them of the significance which is most dear to the universal Christian heart. Whether its doctrines are true or not, so long as it is a small minority and obliged to contend with all Christendom for an existence, and does not even obtain a cordial recognition as a part of the Christian body, it is unavoidably exposed to the evils that grow out of incessant controversy. In the Episcopal church there is no such warfare. Its air is that of a self-satisfied and complacent repose. It is the church worship-

ful, and not the church militant, and though it seems to the other Protestant bodies to be somewhat arrogant and supercilious in its ascription of itself as 'the church,' and in its claims to the apostolic succession in its ministry, it does not enter into noisy and angry discussions on the subject, but calmly, and perhaps we may say proudly, states its claims, and leaves them to make their own impression.

The declaration that the Episcopal is more tolerant of differences of opinion than any other branch of the Protestant church may be doubted by some, but we think it true. The Episcopal creed is distinct and clearly defined, but it sits very lightly on both clergy and laymen. It is not felt as a yoke and a restraint. It does not hamper the free thoughts of those who accept it and reiterate their faith in it. A large portion of the Episcopalians—we think larger than any other denomination—are indifferent to the creed, and concern themselves very little with theological doctrines of any sort, their religion consisting chiefly in worship and goodness; and in its classic and beautiful ritual the Episcopal church has a guaranty that many worshippers would be glad to realize against being bored or shocked by stupid or irrelevant attempts at public prayer. But the intellectual portion of that church, who give their thoughts to theology proper, think very freely, and do so without self reproach and without suspicion or hindrance from the church, which does not meddle with the thoughts of its worshippers, and has none of that heresy-hunting spirit which makes some other churches so uncomfortable to persons of inquiring and speculative tendencies.

Unitarianism makes its liberality conspicuous, but it does not let alone those who differ from its standards half as thoroughly as does the Episcopal church. In the orthodox Congregational church there is a growing diversity of opinion, and this exposes to public observation the dogmatic tenet of its ministers and newspapers, and so breeds distrust and alarm. In the Episcopal church there is just as wide a diversity, but nobody is excited about it, and the public never hears of any heresy in that church, unless some unsophisticated rector commits the blunder of preaching the gospel from an unepiscopal pulpit to poor sinners who 'do not say their prayers,' or the fussy New York *Churchman* goes into hysterics because some large-hearted Episcopalian has recognized the existence of Christianity outside of its narrow pale. But the *Churchman* does not represent American Episcopacy, and if it did its zeal is only for forms and not for doctrines, in which it may be largely tolerant, nevertheless.

It cannot have escaped notice that public men and politicians naturally betake themselves to the Episcopal church. This, and not any conscious design to make that church a government institution, accounts for the fact that most of our army and navy chaplains are Episcopalians. Politicians may be certain that they will never hear what is called 'political preaching' in an Episcopal church.—Only one Episcopalian, that we know of, ever preached politics—the single-hearted and ardent Dudley A. Tyng, and he died early, and the church was resigned to the sad event—and when matters of public or governmental morality are alluded to in the Episcopal pulpit, it is in so general and aimless a way that nobody is disturbed, or feel as David did when the old radical Nathan said, 'Thou art the man.' The Episcopal church has rest from all reformatory and political agitations, and offers a Sabbath repose most congenial to those who desire relief from the excitements of the week. Some consider this a deficiency and fault in the Episcopal church, but it is undoubtedly its highest excellency to men in public life, who do not wish to have their province invaded by the clergy, or their pursuits brought to the test of Christian morals.

These are some of the causes of the growth and popularity of the Episcopal church in this country. They lead us to expect that its growth will be limited mainly to certain classes—the rich, the educated, the esthetically devoted, the men in public life. And that is seen to be true as a matter of fact. The poorer and uneducated classes, unless they are born in the Episcopal church, do not often go into it of choice. They find elsewhere a style of gospel better adapted to their wants, and are repelled, rather than attracted, by the associations into which its communion would bring them. While that church is gaining in popularity and numbers, as never before in this country, its gain is not among the people indiscriminately, but among the classes for which its ritual, its liberality in thought, and its social conservatism have a special attraction.

CONSERVATIVE ELECTION. The republicans have carried the State,—governor and legislature—the latter by an increased majority over last year. The contest has been the warmest ever held in the State, and great stress is laid upon the result, not only for its bearing upon the presidential election, but because it secures the election of a U. S. Senator by the republicans.

THE DIFFERENCE. A popular beverage for "an easy drunk" in N. York is Morris's Gin, which is said to be a favorite for the liberal New Year fashion in that city, of "eating and drinking everybody." On these occasions the men call for "Morris's Old Tom," and get as drunk as they like; while the ladies, with a delicately charmingly feminine, call for Morris's "White Sain," and get the same liquor and just as "easy a drunk." "Old Tom" is delicate enough in "white sain."

STRANGE. The Portland Transcript is vexed at having found a nest of mice in his copy drawer. We wonder his labors didn't produce something bigger, but advise him not to make a ridiculous fuss about it.

Officers of Ticonic Division, Waterville, for the present quarter: James B. Condel, W. P.; George A. L. Merrifield, W. A.; Orin T. Gray, R. S.; Cyrus G. Warren, A. B. S.; Edwin G. Coffin, F. S.; Frank S. Chase, T.; Samuel D. Webb, C.; Edwin G. Atkinson, A. C.; J. Milton Atkinson, I. S. William C. Bridge, O. S.

Officers of Weskerangan Division, No. 56, in Benton, for the present quarter:—A. D. Hinds, W. P.; D. Sylvester, W. A.; A. L. Hinds, R. S.; C. M. Smiley, A. B. S.; I. Abbot, T.; A. Crosby, F. S.; A. Smiley, C.; James A. Flagg, A. C.; Luke Williams, I. S.; Albert Brown, O. S.

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY. The following, from an exchange paper, is not a bad exposition of Douglas's principle of popular sovereignty. To be sure it "smells a little ridiculous."

"Why can't I carry my property where I please?" as the fellow said, with two skunks in a basket, and a pound of assafetide in each pocket, trying to force his way into a ballroom.

'POINT-NO-POINT.' The following is Queen Elizabeth's brief speech, to a Committee appointed to inquire into her designs as to a contemplated alliance between her and some European Prince. It embraces what the law would call 'the exclusion of a conclusion.'

Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an answer answerless.

We are glad to learn that the new board of Selectmen have succeeded in obtaining a good and experienced man to take charge of the town farm, and are going to continue the same system, mainly, of supporting the poor that is now in practice.

THADDEUS HYATT, a distinguished citizen of New York, now lies in jail at Washington for refusing to testify before the John Brown Investigating Committee. May God give him strength to hold out in his resistance to a measure dictated by tyranny and permitted from motives of party policy. The following card implies that he does not intend to yield without an effort:

THE USURPATION OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE! The undersigned offers the following Prize—\$200 for the best Legal Essay, and \$100 for the best Popular Essay—on the following Question, viz:—

1st. In what, if any, cases does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to coerce witnesses for information, to merely aid the work of Legislation? 2d. In what, if any, cases does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to seize and force witnesses from their States, to merely aid the work of Legislation? 3d. In what, if any, cases does the Constitution permit the Senate of the U. S. to inquire into alleged crime, to merely aid the work of Legislation? The Essays must not exceed 40 pages octavo, long primer type, and are required by the Committee (whose address will be published hereafter) on the 1st day of June, 1860. The award will be announced on or before 1st July following. Papers of all parties and of no party, but who favor fair play and free discussion, are respectfully solicited to publish their notices. The Essays will be sent to all who send me marked copies of their names containing the above. Address "Care of Army Box 66, Georgetown, D. C."

THADDEUS HYATT.

Washington Jail, March 28, 1860.

FAST DAY.—We don't frown upon this ghost of antiquity for any "streak o' fat" we ever lost by it. It had "departed the flesh" before we cut our wisdom teeth, and we never heard it utter but three sentences,—first, to the world, "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you must go to work;"—second, to the church, "watch and pray—that ye enter not into gluttony;"—and third, to the clergy, "cry aloud and spare not, lift up your voices like a trumpet, for they shall be bound till Fast day comes again." To be sure, we hear a voice from somewhere that dimly mutters, "Is this the fast that I have appointed you?" but nobody drops knife or fork to heed it. Who dares say it is? Haply the Governor, as he throws down the pen that signed the proclamation, frankly says, no!—and snatching it again, draws an order on his grocer for a fat turkey for fast-day. But it was not our point to find fault with a time honored institution; but rather to say that, this year as usual, the day was a misty, drizzling, murky specimen, well adapted to cheat the boys, spoil the appetite, foster hypocrisy, encourage plagia rism, fatten the doctors and starve the poor;—and we frankly admit that, but for the great number of slaves that will be made theoretically free, we could almost consent to dismiss the proclamation, eat our three meals, and do a regular day's work.

SEMINARY ADVOCATE.—We have received a number of this paper, published by the Officers and Students of the Maine State Seminary at Lewiston. In the list of students which it contains, we notice three Waterville names—Mr. A. T. Bowman, and Misses Eliza J. Clifford and Addie O. Lowe.

Lodge No. 10 of Good Templars, at Orono, was organized by D. G. W. C. T. William C. Bridge, of Waterville, on the 29th ult., under the name of "Star in the East." Officers, Rev. Wm. M. Bray, W. C. T.; Franklin Lewis, W. S.

PETERSON'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—The April number of this useful publication contains a list of ninety-six new counterfeits, with full descriptions, among which will be found only one of our State—20's on the South Berwick Bank. Godey's Lady's Book says of the work—

"Peterson's Counterfeit Detector is corrected by the celebrated bankers, Drexel & Co., and it is certainly the most reliable Detector published in the Union. Everything is fair about it; that may be known by the high standing of the publishers and editors. The latest information is given of all counterfeit notes, broken banks, the rates of discount, &c. Every person in trade should subscribe to it and have a copy. The price is, monthly, only one dollar a year; semi-monthly, two dollars. Address all orders to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and our word for it, you will never regret it."

CHRISTIAN LIBERILITY.—Much as we sometimes complain of the stinginess of some of our people, if we may believe one half that we read in the papers and hear of the parsimony of some members of other denominations, we have no real cause of complaint. The *Christian Advocate*, a Methodist paper, published in Chicago, Ill., gives an account of a late quarterly conference, where the question of fixing the minister's salary was discussed. Some advocated \$140, and others \$25. The *Advocate* gives the speech of the cheap man.

"Mr. President—I don't want you to think, I don't want my beloved pastor to think that I would do anything to oppress him—God forbid that I should do anything to oppress my pastor, or any other good man. But I do think, from the nicest calculation that I can make, one hundred and forty dollars is an ample amount to support his family, and to keep his horse. I want to do justice to my pastor, but I must do justice by the people too, and I do think, Mr. President, one hundred and forty dollars is an ample amount, and I can't vote for any more; but I want you to understand that I would not willingly do anything to wrong my pastor, for I do love my pastor."

At the close of every sentence his lips came together as if he was giving his final utterance of the word *time*. The preacher in whose behalf this affecting specimen of pastoral address was delivered, has a wife and three children to support—the children all legal

claimants. The allowance was finally jacked-screwed up to \$180. [Banner.]

LITTLE ACTS WELL PERFORMED. As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts well and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hew the habits that form it. One of the most marked tests of character is the manner in which we conduct ourselves towards others. A graceful behavior towards superiors, inferiors, and equals, is a constant source of pleasure. It pleases others, because it indicates respect for their personality; but it gives tenfold more pleasure to ourselves. Every man may to a large extent be a self-educator in good behavior, as in everything else. He can be kind and civil if he will though he have not a penny in his purse.

Gentleness in society is like the silent influence of light, which gives color to all nature; it is far more powerful than loudness or force, and far more fruitful. It pushes its way silently and persistently, like the inimitable daffodil in Spring, which raises the cloud and thrusts it aside by the simple persistency of growing.

Morals and manners, which give color to life, are of greater importance than laws, which are but one of their manifestations. The laws touches us here and there, but manners are about us pervading society like the air we breathe. Good manners as we call them, are neither more or less than good behavior, consist of courtesy and kindness; for benevolence is the preponderating element in all kinds of mutually beneficial and pleasant intercourse among human beings. 'Civilly,' said Lady Montague, 'costs nothing and buys everything.' 'Win hearts,' said Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, 'and you have all men's hearts and purses.' If we would only let nature act kindly, free from affectation and artifice, the results on social good humor and happiness would be incalculable. The unbridled politeness which springs from right-heartedness is of no exclusive rank or station. Robert Burns was once taken to task by a young Edinburgh blood with whom he was walking for recognizing an honest farmer in the open street.

"Why, you fantastic gomeril," exclaimed Burns, "it was not the great coat, the scone bonnet, and the Saunderson's boot hose that I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth would weigh down you and me, and ten more such any day." There may be homeliness in externals, which may seem vulgar to those who cannot discern the heart beneath, but to the right-minded character will always have its *inexpungible*.

[Samuel Smiles.]

"GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT NOTHING BE LOST."—How applicable the passage to the farmers of the present day, and if they would apply it to every day life, there would be less complaint of worn out lands and less demand for commercial manures. Put a pile of muck to receive the waste water from your sink; make it discharging so that none be lost; let every pale of suds, chamber-slop, and dish-water, be thrown on this heap; add to this the beef and fish brine, soot and rags, leached ashes, bones and sweepings—in short, everything that you wish to "throw away." Remove it, and supply with fresh muck as it becomes saturated, and at the end of the year you will be surprised at the "size of your pile," and more surprised at the results when applied to your growing crops, for it is far richer than stable manure.

Take up your stable floors and dig out a few loads of that dirt that has been in pickle for years, but don't put it on too thick, for it is highly concentrated; fill up the hole with muck which removes at least twice every year. Have a pile of muck in your hen house and occasionally cover the droppings of your poultry with it. You can in this way make a ton or two of guano, more valuable than some that is sold in the market.

Don't let that stream of dark colored water run from your barnyard in the same place where it has for many years; the land is already too rich there; but cover your yard with muck for it to leech through, or cut a furrow to conduct it to some distant part of the field where the grass has "run out." Did you ever see it run out where the soil is made rich by manure?

That brook that runs through your farm, hastening on its way to the ocean, is freighted by every shower with rich material brought down by every rill from the surrounding highlands. Compel it by dams and furrows to "make a deposit" with you. And when its shoulder is applied to the mill wheel on the stream below, it will have lost none of its power by having left with you its fertilizing properties, but you will be made the richer.

That stream by the roadside, formed by the melting snows of winter or summer showers, is also laden with bread-forming material.—Turn it from its course and make it subserve your purpose before it passes beyond your reach. Improve all the means at hand for enriching your soil by "gathering up the fragments," too many of which, by your present system, are lost.—[Country Gentleman.]

A SPEAKER'S WARRANT EQUIVALENT TO A HABEAS CORPUS.—Yesterday, Judge Hoffman, in the Superior Court, New York, delivered an opinion strongly bearing on the right of legislative bodies to summon and compel the attendance of witnesses against all counter processes. The decision was given in the case of Wickelhausen against Willert, sheriff, for a technical escape by one J. D. Williams, who had been taken out of his custody by virtue of a warrant issued by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, in 1857. This question raised the point as to the jurisdiction of Congress over parties in lands of a State or County officer.

Judge Hoffman decided that the power of Congress was controlling. That the warrant of the Spaker was equivalent to a writ of habeas corpus, and binding upon the sheriff, who therefore could not be held responsible for an escape under such circumstances. This is the second time in the history of the country that this question has been before the legal tribunals, and its determination settles a vexed question of parliamentary law.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL ACT. The act of the Legislature on this matter gives to eighteen Academies and Seminaries \$200 per annum to provide a course of normal instruction during their Fall and Spring terms, in addition to their ordinary course. The Trustees of the several schools are to examine applicants for admission to the Normal class, and to receive those who in their judgment can be qualified to teach in the public schools by receiving instruction during two terms. Male students are to pay one dollar each for the special instruction in this department, and females one-half dollar. The schools designated in the act are the Seminaries at Readfield, Lewiston and Bucksport, and the Academies at Limerick and Elliot, Yarmouth and North Bridgton, Paris Hill, Farmington, Freedom, New Castle, Bath, Bloomfield, Hampden, Thomaston, East Machias, Foxcroft, and Presque Isle.







WILLIAM DYER.