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Readings with a Pencil.

From a review of 'Autobiographical Recollections of Charles Robert Leslie,' in the April number of the *London Quarterly*, we make the following extracts:—

The untutored eye and understanding can only perceive gross and glaring effects. The more refined and exquisite beauties are imperceptible until training has taught us to distinguish them. The humor of Addison charms by its subtlety, but the very subtlety which is its merit prevents many who would relish a farce from perceiving that it is humor at all; and Milton would sound less sublime to the audience of a minor theatre than the rant of their favorite meta-dramatic heroes.

There is truth in the observation, 'that common men as often succeed by the qualities they want, as great men fail by those they have.' He reports a remark which he heard made by Sir Walter Scott, which points to one of the causes why the ablest persons are not all of the same adapted to get on in life. 'I never,' he said, 'knew a man of genius, and I have known many, who could be regular in his habits, but I have known many a blockhead who could.' The reason is obvious. If the understanding is occupied by high thoughts, and is steadily working out a subject with earnestness, it has not the leisure to attend to numberless matters which are the main employment of the majority of mankind. 'Whoever,' wrote Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object from the moment he rises till he goes to bed.' Such concentration of purpose, and the excellence which is the consequence of it, implies neglect of other things, and this neglect is often manifested in the exact particular which are necessary to secure worldly advantages. People in general instinctively take themselves as their standard in their judgments of character, instead of attempting to penetrate into the individualities of nature different from their own, or we should less often hear wonder expressed that a man of letters is not as methodical as a clerk, and that he falls short in a variety of particulars which are duly performed by those who make them their business. Malone commits the common mistake in speaking of Gibbon. 'He is so exceedingly indolent,' he says, 'that he never even pares his nails. His servant, when he is reading, takes up one of his hands, and when he has performed the operation lays it down, and then manages the other—the patient in the meanwhile scarcely knowing what is going on, and quietly pursuing his studies.' To assert broadly that Gibbon was 'exceedingly indolent' was absurd. His history alone would prove that his industry must have been prodigious. The very statement of Malone shows that Gibbon was not indolent, but pre-occupied, and if he was insensible to the paining of his nails, it was because he was absorbed in his book. The individual instance of negligence appears ridiculous, and would indeed have been foolish if it had been isolated, but it was part of a general intention to ordinary affairs that he might devote himself exclusively to the gigantic labors, without which we could never have possessed the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'

For the students who are born with powers that will make them eminent, it is sufficient to place few works before them. They do not want instruction, and those that do not worth it. Art may be learnt, but cannot be taught. Leslie once told Chantrey that he had a young friend who would be glad to study with him. 'I can teach him nothing,' answered Chantrey, 'let him come to the Academy.' He does, but how is he to learn to use the chisel? 'Any stonemason can teach him that better than I can. He must become a workman before he can be a sculptor. One great fault of our sculptors is that few of them are workmen.' What Leslie affirmed of painting and Chantrey of sculpture is true of every pursuit under the sun. 'The great art of education,' it has been justly and admirably said, 'is to teach others to teach themselves.' Nor did Constable intend to contradict the maxim when he asserted 'that a self-taught man had a very ignorant fellow for his master,' for by self-taught he meant a person who should have no opportunity of seeing what his predecessors had accomplished, and who would therefore be reduced to the results of his own discoveries.

Whatever, said Jackson, 'is worth doing for example, must be worth doing for its own sake.' Mr. Leslie illustrates and sets off the maxim by contrasting it with the sophistical reasoning of Horace Walpole:—'I go to church sometimes in order to induce my servants to go to church. A good moral sermon may instruct and benefit them. I only set the example of listening, not of believing.' It is curious that a man should be impressed with the benefit to be derived from sermons, and yet should make it his boast that—

'Whoever was edified, himself was not.'

He certainly did not consider that he was too vile to be capable of amendment, and he must therefore have thought either that he was too perfect to need exhortation, or that faults were venial in the master which he found extremely inconvenient in those who served him.

Fox rarely opened his lips in the presence of Dr. Johnson, for fear of provoking one of his murderous retorts; and on somebody remarking, in allusion, we presume, to the inequality of the great debater's speeches, that he was 'Aut Cesar, aut nihil,' Johnson replied, 'Whenever I have met him he has been *nihil*.'

In relating anything he had heard, Scott, says Mr. Leslie, added touches of his own that were always charming. 'Why, Sir Walter,' once interposed John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldon, 'that's a story of mine you've been telling; but you've so decorated it that I scarcely know it again.' 'Do you think,' replied Scott, 'I'd tell one of your stories or anybody's, and not put a laced coat and cocked hat upon it?' The laced coat and cocked hat in which he dressed his inexhaustible store of anecdotes made him a favorite in society long before he was known to fame. Speaking of his lameness, he said, 'When I was of the age at which lads like to shine in the eyes of girls, I felt some envy in a ball-room of the young fellows who had the use of their legs; but I generally found when I was beside the ladies I had the advantage with my tongue.' His face, as is well known, had a heavy look when not animated, and, except in the capacious forehead, gave no indication of his genius, but there was more benevolence, Mr. Leslie states, in his countenance than is embodied in any portrait which was ever made of him. In other particular Chantrey's bust did justice to him, and conveys his most characteristic expression. 'The gentle turn of the head,' we are told, 'and the lurking humor in the eye and about the mouth were Scott's own.' In his walks he frequently pointed out the precise effect which would strike a painter; but with an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature, he had little or none for the same effects when transferred to canvas. 'To him,' says Leslie, 'pictures were interesting merely as representing some particular scene, person, or event, and very moderate merit in their execution con-

tented him. There were things hanging on the walls of his dining-room which no eye possessing sensibility to what is excellent in art could have endured. I am inclined to think that in music, also, his enjoyment arose chiefly from the associations called up by the air or words of a song. A strong proof of the correctness of this opinion is, that he maintained that the bagpipe was a fine instrument. Little, however, as he estimated music by its intrinsic qualities, he had a keen relish for Highland melodies and military marches. His face was lighted up by the inward delight, and his whole body swayed slightly in unison with the tune.

'Newton told me that at a dinner-party at Lord Lyndhurst's, at which he was present, the conversation turned on the custom in India of widows burning themselves. Smith began to defend the practice, asserting that no wife who truly loved her husband could wish to survive him. But if Lord Lyndhurst were to die, you would be sorry that Lady Lyndhurst should burn herself?' 'Lady Lyndhurst,' he replied, would, no doubt as an affectionate wife, consider it her duty to burn herself, but it would be our duty to put her out; and, as the wife of Lord Chancellor, Lady Lyndhurst should not be put out like an ordinary widow. It should be a state affair.—First a procession of the judges, and then of the lawyers.' 'But where, Mr. Smith, are the clergy?' 'All gone to congratulate the new Chancellor.'

'Mr. Luttrell mentioned an Irish clergyman who was much offended at being called a "pluralist," and said, "if you don't take care, you will find me a duellist." Smith took this up, and said, "I suppose there is scarcely a clergyman in Ireland who has not been out. I am told they settle the matters when the afternoon service is over. I have seen a parson's challenge:—Sir, meet me on the first Sunday after the Epiphany.'

'Sidney Smith, after travelling for some hours in a stage-coach with one other passenger only, a lady, said, as he was about to leave the coach, "We have been some time together, and I dare say you think me a very odd fellow, and would like to know who I am?" "Indeed, sir, I should." "Well, then, madam," he said, as the coach stopped, and he was getting out, "I must inform you that I am the stout gentleman who was seen by Mr. Washington Irving's nervous friend."

'Mr. Rogers told me that Smith received invitations to dine with Whitbread and with some peer at the same time. He accepted Whitbread's, and wrote to the peer that he was engaged to dine with the great fermenter in Chiswell Street.' But, putting his answers into the wrong covers, his excuse to the peer went to the brewer, and Lady Elizabeth Whitbread replied, 'The great fermenter is much obliged to Mr. Smith for giving him the preference.' He answered, 'I have received your ladyship's note, and shall kill myself on the spot.'

'Edwin Landseer said to him, "With your love of humor, it must be a great self-denial to abstain from the theatres." "The managers," he replied, "are very polite; they send me free admissions, which I can't use; and, in return, I send them free admissions to St. Paul's."

Among the intimates of Leslie was Rogers, the poet, who told him that when he first grew into repute, an officious gentleman, vain of knowing everybody, came up to him and said, 'Lady—' is dying to be introduced to the author of the 'Pleasures of Memory!' 'Pray let her live,' he replied, and they made their way to his alleged admirer. 'Mr. Rogers, Madam, author of the "Pleasures of Memory." "Pleasures of what?" said she. "I felt for my friend," added Rogers.

Rogers was a frequent guest at Petworth, and according to Mr. Leslie, 'the beaux had little chance of exagging the attention of the belles when he was in the room.' This was not always the case elsewhere. In his old age he was annoyed at a party because a couple of lovely young girls were the principal objects of admiration. As they went away he endeavored, to console himself for having been reduced to play a very secondary part by saying to Wordsworth—'There they go; in a few years they will have lost the beauty which is their only attraction, while we are nearly as good as ever we were.'

'As good as ever we were!' exclaimed Wordsworth; 'speak for yourself, Bard of Memory!' Sidney Smith, who was standing by, was delighted at the rebuke, and broke into one of his loud and hearty laughs.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—That young man is walking the road to ruin, said a lawyer, as he sat in his office door and fixed his eye on a very smart looking person, passing.

The remark arrested my attention, and as I looked on that fair brow, the elegant figure, and the elastic step of that young man, a rapid train of thoughts passed through my mind. 'Walking the road to ruin?' Could it be possible? Were all that beauty, talent, goodness to end in shame? Were all the love, the hopes, the purposes, which rested on his life, to be disappointed? Was he with that bold brow and fearless step, walking into the whirlpool of destruction, the shadow of despair? I felt a thrill of horror, and an impulse to call after him, and warn him of his danger, but he passed round a corner, and disappeared from my sight.

Turning to the gentleman whose remark had stirred me, I said, abruptly:—'What do you mean, sir? What have you seen in Frank Johnson to warrant such a thought?' He said very slowly:—'He dresses too well, and keeps too much company.'

'And pray, sir,' I replied, somewhat indignantly, 'is this all the reason you have for your remarks? I feared you had discovered him to be addicted to drunkenness or gambling—or—I did not know what terrible evil.'

'I think it is bad enough, however; for he is just as surely in the road to ruin as if he were addicted to the vices you mentioned. I do not say he is as far gone; but what does that amount to? Of all who are on that road, you cannot tell who will land in perdition first. You look on the old toper, bloated and staggering, and say he is well nigh there, but he may creep on, and you dashing young fellow, now so far behind, may pass and distance him before you think of it.'

My friend was not one of those croakers who are always grumbling about the degeneracy of the times, and prophesying evil of the

young, and his words surprised, while they grieved me. He read my thoughts aright, and continued:—

'You certainly cannot think it a little thing that a young man spends more than he earns, or that he—whatever his circumstances, makes his expenses exceed his income? Such a course opens the very flood gates of temptation on his soul, and places him in a position where the devil has nothing to do but to lead him captive at his will. A fearful step is he taking in the road to ruin, who is contracting pecuniary liabilities which he has no means to meet.'

[Morning Star.]

THE PINK TREE STATE.—We feel truly grateful to Bro. Leonard, of the *Banner*, for his eloquent and hearty eulogy of our native State, when called upon to stand up and speak for Maine, at the Universalist festival in Faneuil Hall, last week. Though but a foster mother, she evidently holds the chief place in his affections; and knowing well her excellences, his heart glows with the proud love of a true son. Many of our readers have doubtless seen the remarks he made on the occasion, but all will think us for reproducing them.

The third sentiment read by the toast-master was—

OUR CHURCH IN MAINE.—Broad as are her extensive forests; like her own lakes in summer, may it reflect the beauty and the glory of the heavens.

Rev. H. C. Leonard of Waterville, Me., was introduced to respond. He was delighted with the privilege to speak for Maine. She was in all respects a noble State. In extent of territory she was as large as all the rest of New England. Her sea coast was unrivalled, extending all the way from 'Kittery Point to Quoddy Head.' He spoke of the hills of Oxford, the picturesque scenery of Franklin Co., the grand scenery of Somerset Co., of the Upper Penobscot and Upper Penobscot region, and of the undulating domain of the Aroostook; the Mountains—Katahdin, Bigelow, Moxey, Abraham, and Old Blue. Alluding to the rivers, he said: 'The Connecticut takes its rise in the far North, and coming Southward, makes the boundary between New Hampshire and Vermont, and runs through that little strip of the earth we call Massachusetts, and that other we call Connecticut, into Long Island Sound. But the rivers of Maine, take their rise and run all their long journey to the ocean, within the limits of the State. So it is with the Penobscot. So with the Kennebec. And so with the Androscoggin, save that Androscoggin turns off a little way into New Hampshire, to visit the White Mountains, and to reflect their grandeur and beauty; like other *Kingly* souls. (The audience recognizing and applauding heartily this personal allusion, he continued in the strain of apostrophe:) O my friend! wherever you go, I will follow you in my thought and in my heart, and I will love you still. You will see loftier mountains and broader valleys; but neither mountains nor valleys, that will remain in your memory more grandly or sweetly than Washington, Jefferson and Madison, and the valley of the Androscoggin. He spoke of the cities and towns of Maine, naming those of commerce, those of looms and spindles, those of ancient aspect and historic associations, those of scholarly life and easy circumstances, and those of rural beauty and attractive surroundings of nature. He referred to her literature, art, science, poetry, religion, and mentioned with pride her distinguished sons, who, at home and abroad, were occupying places in the first walks of life. Her sons were merchants in Boston and in all other great cities. Many of the first lawyers in Boston were sons of Maine. They climbed to their position, having faith in what Daniel Webster said to the young man, who had come from the country, as he, himself, had done before, and seeing so many shingles tacked to the blocks in Court st., expressed the fear that there might be no room for him in the profession of the Law. The reply was: 'There is always room enough, Sir, in the higher walks of the profession.' Longfellow and Barlow were honored as artists in literature; Akers and others as minstrels. Her divines, too, were honored. Her institutions of learning and religion, continually sending forth into the world vigorous and accomplished young men. He spoke of the high social position, and the broad intelligence and catholic spirit of the Universalist Communion in Maine, and of the noble sons this communion had trained up and sent abroad to train up others in the life of wisdom and virtue. He mentioned the name of Fisher of the St. Lawrence University; and that of Weston of Lombard University. He also stated the fact that a large proportion of the students in Tufts College were from Maine. Although he was not a son of Maine, although he was brought up on the Merrimack, whence he carried away many good lessons and influences, yet Maine had adopted him as her son, and had become his nearest and best friend, and he loved her as he did his mother. He closed, applying a poetical quotation of Whittier to the

'Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career and lightning's shock,
His own green land forever.'

MR. WILLIS A HORSE TAMER.—The editor of the *Home Journal* had a fine horse, much given to biting and striking with his fore feet, upon whom he resolved to try the Rarey process. The horse's fore foot was looped up, and the animal thrown, with this result, as described by Mr. Willis:—

'While lying on his side and with his head still up, I saw that the creature's eyes were still full of fury and his expanded nostrils were uncomely; but, with the final drop of the head to the ground, there was a sudden change in every line of his excited face. The tense eyelids were relaxed, and there was the horse substitute for a smile, (the corners of the ears bent forward instead of backward) which was to my eye, as agreeable as it was curious. In fact the beauty of the animal, even as he lay on the ground, was exceedingly improved, as the frequent putting back of his ears had been, hitherto, his one solitary blemish—radically cured, at that moment, it appears, for he has ever since worn his ears, (the smallest and most daintily formed pair I ever saw,) like any other horse.'

But what a change in the behavior of that

powerful animal on getting to his feet again! Thinking that there might possibly be an exception to nature's wonderful law of subjection, and, expressing some momentary lingering of resentment, at least till his blood was cool, I was for keeping the tether upon his fore leg; but Mr. Appleton removed everything—straps, bridle and surcingle—and left him standing with us in the enclosure, loose, stripped and without encumbrance. I had never before known this horse to look at me except askant, and with a mischievous toss of his head; but now he fixed his tranquil eyes fully and confidently upon mine, and his first movement was to come close and rub his muzzle against my shoulder. I walked in zigzag volutions about the shed, calling him and holding out my hand, and he followed like a shadow, stopping instantly at the word of command, and (if his forward pressed ears were to be trusted,) perfectly content with my society and control! Yet this was the same creature, who with similar liberty a half hour before, would have sprung at me, tooth and hoof, like a wild beast.'

'Home and College.'

According to promise, we present our read-ers with some selections from Prof. Huntington's Address, recently published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., of Boston. Where, all is so good, it is difficult to choose, but we content ourselves with the following, recommending everybody to read the whole discourse:—

THE FAMILY.—This is the primitive and simplest type of social life. It is permanent and divine, an institution fraught with greater blessings to man than any other beneath the heavens, except the Church, a nursery of the Church itself, and the chosen symbol of the whole spiritual creation of the Father. It was clearly the design of the Maker of our manifold and marvelous organization that man should live in a Home. His faculties cannot unfold symmetrically and healthily save in its genial air, and amidst its varied and delicate system of dependencies, affections, amenities, and authorities. Something will always be wanting to the completeness of a character reared without this nurture, some strength, or refinement, or other element of maturity. As civilization rises, the home grows sacred, becoming not only man's castle, but his conservatory, gallery, library, music room, and oratory. With the school house, the shop, and the sanctuary, it takes its place as one of the four representative structures of a cultivated and Christian state. Marriage is its sacrament. Man in Christian wedlock, the household, is meant for its custodian, law-giver, instructor, and priest. Wise governments will watch scrupulously all specious invasions of its venerable and precious immunities to purity and order, whether in the shape of a caning and corrupt polygamy assuming the pretence of religion, or of an arrogant and radical socialism, reasserting the license of nature, and will take care to extinguish them by the imperative mercy of the law. Sensible and thoughtful people, acting in their individual freedom and responsibility, will resist all popular encroachments on the same great moral safeguard, whether these operate by letting children loose into company and the street before their principles can be formed, or by giving up every evening to public excitement, or by merging the reserved life of the household in the promiscuous eating-tables, vulgarizing mixtures, and caravansary encampments of boarding-hotels. Where would New England have been to-day, if our fathers had boarded out? or had gone five nights in a week to theatre and ball-room, with perhaps a sacred concert and a lecture on biology for the other two? The vigorous and muscular virtues of true manhood and womanhood are nourished and knit together, and made equal to the pressure and soliciting of the world only by the wholesome retirement, and stillness, and meditation, and love, and faith of home.

A FAULT OF THE COMMUNITY.—One of the present embarrassments which attend our academic administration, and one which I gladly take this occasion to expose, is a too prevalent ignorance, if not a positive misunderstanding, on the part of the surrounding community, as to the actual interior spirit, life, and practical operations of our Colleges. I just spoke of these seminaries as little worlds within themselves. It is to be said, further, that they are worlds of which the community might advantageously acquire increased information. Gross misjudgments are continually coming to light as to the principles, the rules, and often as to the open facts of college government. In some cases, these false impressions only work out their damage in a private way. In others they get a public utterance, are circulated in the form of vague complaints, and perhaps furnish disparaging paragraphs for newspapers. But however held they exert an injurious influence on the institution, and, by weakening confidence in its management, abridge its usefulness. They tend to disturb, and where there is already any excitement, to inflame and mislead the minds of the pupils, encouraging every little discontent or insubordination among them, and possibly tempting them into bolder acts of disobedience, which bring on heavier penalties. It would seem as if an extensive, established, responsible seat of learning, largely directed by the representatives of the people, provided with officers of ripe age, character, experience, and having no special motive to abuse anybody or to hurt their own reputation, and acting as a check on one another, might reasonably enough be presumed to proceed in matters of education and discipline thoughtfully, conscientiously, tenderly, and wisely. It would seem as if the occasional disaffection of a refractory or unsuccessful pupil might fail to justify a hasty censure, whether in parlors or by the press. At any rate, the liability to such misrepresentation would be much diminished by a better acquaintance between the outside of these institutions and the inside. They certainly need the moral support and reliance of right-minded men. As with individuals, confidence in them redoubles their power. They move on in the best internal harmony, and to the largest general benefaction, only when the citizens in their homes comprehend their policy, sustain their measures, and are willing to bear some personal grievances for the sake of their prosperity.

In enumerating the causes of the student's failure, and pointing out their origin, he says:—

Let the first, because the most conspicuous

of these, be the control of the appetites, and animal passions. Not that sins in this regard are by any means the most deep-seated, subtle, or fatal of all moral disorders. Settled selfishness, cunning, deceit, and unbelief are all more hopeless. But sensual offences are visible and disastrous in their demonstration, quick in retribution, and in crowded populations, where the facilities of indulgence are multiplied, are frightfully fostered by social customs. Is it probable they will be originated at College, in a young man whose character has been free from them through his earlier years; where their germs have not been suffered to form and grow; where habit has made self-control easy; where purity, of body and spirit, temperance in things allowable, and abstinence from things hurtful, have created a strong vantage-ground, in the constitution, for virtue? Consider. The average age at which Freshmen enter is now, perhaps, eighteen years. Suppose it were a year or two younger. Does it seem probable, according to all we know of the moral laws, that after that time, and within a short period, desires which had before unselfishly broken out into sudden and ungovernable activity, or that those which had been held in a rational subjection should all at once overmaster their restraints, and spring up with purulent eagerness, and rush into shameless license? Allowing for exceptional instances, this would not be likely under any circumstances; still less, where the vigilance of governors, the rules of the place, the standards of promotion, and the exactions of daily routine in presence and study, all tend to resist propensities to dissipation. We must look farther back, not only for the seeds, but often for the blade and the ear of these poisonous growths. Their morbid beginnings are to be found, not seldom, very near the cradle—by the portals of that Land of Life where the Ebal and Gerizim of cursing and blessing stand side by side. They are in the infantile encouragements of inborn depravities. They are in the senseless gratifications of sensual importunity; in the sweetmeats and confections of the nursery; in the stimulants and seductions of highly-seasoned tables; in the nibblings and sippings tolerated by weak or reckless parents, or by untutored domestics; in all that apparatus and commissary of luxury which pervert the primal ordinations of nature in the body—heat its blood and corrupt its juices, dull the digestion and quicken the palate—loosen the muscles and invigorate the lusts—discipline to action, but instigate to pleasure. Thence come intemperance, gluttony, and unchastity. They come of all childish indulgences in eating and drinking. Whatever theories you may have about drunkenness and the cure of it—whatever interpretation you may put upon the apostolic recommendation of a 'little wine for the stomach's sake' of an individual, and that individual probably an invalid in a wine-producing country—one thing is clear: the class of persons for whose stomachs, brains, and souls no wine drinking at home is useful is that of young men away from home securities—such as they may be—young men amidst convivial exposures, and young men whose business is the use of their limbs.

Late hours, bad company, mornings of head ache, dull recitations, long absence-lists, declining scholarship, complication in crime, broken health, a blighted life—this is a catalogue of evils which has its real explanation, not on College premises, but in the houses from which the College draws its mixed assemblages; while, on the other hand, those in its walls that carry clear heads and a tender conscience, intellect not sluggish with animal excess, but the flesh made the light and nimble and hardy servant of the soul, are those who have been taught to keep their bodies under from their childhood, have fought their battle with the imps and demons of the senses long ago, and now scarcely know what the temptation to a surfeit or a carousal means.

In this connection, some reference ought to be made to habits of bodily health; for it is manifest—more manifest at present than it used to be—that neither success, nor happiness, nor usefulness in the scholar is independent of the physical condition. Just now, under the impetus of a fresh enthusiasm, the muscles are coming to unprecedented honor. But it is to be carefully considered how very unfavorable a spot a College is for the culture, not to say the repair, of the physical powers. The student has had too little experience of illness and pain in his own person to teach him the dangers that hang about wet feet, bad ventilation, irregular or solitary meals, careless changes of clothing, sudden checking of perspiration, lying on the ground in the intervals of a heating game of ball, late study by artificial light, neglect of exercise, and indulgences in pastry, strong coffee, and tobacco. And so every class that enters is more or less thinned, before graduation, by disease; perhaps by some seated and organic derangement, perhaps by some local disturbance, like weak eyes, or dyspepsia, all springing from the same general causes. The two principal safeguards against these disorders are the energy of a youthful constitution, which is abundantly relied upon, and judicious self-regulation, learned as a habit at home. If the latter is wanting, the risks are fearful that all the noblest promise and action of the brain will surrender to inflamed lungs, or shattered nerves, or an inert liver, or a fever, before the costly storing up of knowledge has given place to the work of life.

A second prevalent source of trouble and failure to the student is insubordination. The moment he joins his class he finds prepared for him a collection of notions embodied in maxims, handed down from one generation to another, about as sacred to a conventional respect as the Mishna and Gemara to the Rabbinical schools—among which notions are reckoned a natural and necessary hostility to the government, a disposition to shirk duties, and to regard every law evaded or lesson escaped as a solid gain—with a regular bias to esteem the hindrance of an instructor the special prosperity of the pupil. Of course, it would be absurd and wicked to construe these conventions as signs of personal, conscious, and deliberate ill-will in the young men, who are commonly gentlemen, wholly incapable of harboring any such feeling, when taken out of its local connections and presented as a subject of common sense. But, notwithstanding, closely connected with them are many temptations and acts of real disobedience; violations of law, occasions of penalty, and thus of mortification and sorrow. What is wanted is the simple idea of order, an instinct of our nature, made into a vital principle applicable to all the relations and management of life, by the patient, steady nurture of parental and domestic

discipline. It belongs there, because, being a principle which often has to grapple and fight with self-will, it needs to be first unfolded amidst the gentle and softening influences of affection, beautified by sympathy, and sanctified by faith. If first applied in the colder and more distant connections between Faculty and pupils, there must be more or less resistance, friction, and violence. It is a principle that begins to be formed or frustrated just as soon as the first issue arises between the will of the infant child and the will of those set over him. In a well-governed household, it will be rooted and settled, almost past possible reconsideration, before the academic period has arrived. Yet who does not see that it is just as much for the comfort and peace of the student as of the officers; that it cuts off countless opportunities of collision and regret; that it forestalls the very beginnings of rebellion by a secret decision which forbids the bare thought of it; and that it thus ministers to the common tranquility of the collegiate body and its members? Indeed, why not extend the same truth to the whole structure of civilized society? It is just here, in the temper of insubordination—the individual judging the state, the young judging the old, the subject judging the law, and the creature prescribing methods to the Creator—that we now find one of the radical vices of the commonwealth, of our social manners, and of the Church. Punishments for it are easy enough to invent and apply, under any secure government. But how much better and wiser to instill the obedient and orderly spirit into the very blood and choices of childhood, so that the Home shall both give and receive the blessing!

Why may we not expect, under this more Christian family tutelage, that, instead of a transmitted antagonism, we shall yet see in Universities a transmitted loyalty—ruler and subject bound together, if not directly by mutual confidence, then at least by a pride and respect for sanctioned authority common to them both—the interest and honor of the government recognized as the interest and honor of every person governed—no need of degrading sentences, but only to pronounce, as a watchword, or rallying-cry, the name of that 'mother mild,' which has become the symbol of liberty and rights, because of duties and of law?

Turning to a brighter side of human nature, he continues:—

Genuine kindness of heart—that blessed and brightening grace which redeems a community of young or old from barbarism—is the charm of politeness, the cordiality of manners, the very essence of friendship, and next to piety toward God, the purest manifestation of Christian love. You may suppose that, in the careless and happy groups which move through the walks and share the pleasures of academic retreats, no darker and maligner spirit need ever intrude. And were all parents Christian parents, and all Christian parents faithful, and the Church consistent, so it might be. Sourness and bitterness, malice and envying, slander and revenge, cruelty and scorn, would surely seem to have no invitation or natural admission in these equalized and intimate companies, where prejudice and party, and mammon have no rightful foothold. But there is no fence about a College to bar out the transgressions of human kind. There is no sieve to winnow away the fostered iniquities of the candidates that come in. It is no Delos of inevitable peace. Your sons will bring the unfeeling temper that bad control has packed in their hearts, as surely as the raiment that your provision has packed in their trunks. They will find some foolish fashions, half inhumanity, and half fun, the mixed heirloom of spite and sport, all ready to their hands. Whether they shall disown the barbarous inheritance; whether they shall reject the petty tyranny, and keep the harmless frolic; whether they shall be bullies and bores and pugilists on the playground, or gentlemen everywhere; whether they shall count their fellows' feelings as sacred, and as deserving to be as delicately heeded, and their sensibilities to be as scrupulously respected, as any rights of purse or rank; whether they shall magnanimously mark every sensitive nature, or sensitive spot in a harder nature, so as not to torture, but to encourage and reassure and comfort it; in short, whether they shall play the part of malice or mercy, Christ's men or devil's men—do you not believe this is all to be chiefly decided before they ever take the first classmate by the hand?

In order to cure the worst abuses we have among us, we want a more liberal infusion of this royal, many gentleness. Join it with what vivacity, or wit, or robust laughter, if you will; only pour it in upon us, in the hearts of your boys, and you will Christianize our lingering savageness faster than by statutes, or corporation votes, or public denunciation. Let me tell you a story, not vouching for its particulars, but as it was told to me. You all know what 'hazing' is—and how threadbare and flat its ever repeated acts of silly violence have come to be. They say that not long ago some Sophomores, of better purpose and more humor than some of their predecessors, heard that two Freshmen in their building were fighting poverty for an education. One cold winter night, rapping loudly at their door, the Sophomores called them up, ordered them to dress, and led them up stairs blindfold to a distant room. Leaving them there for their comrades to entertain, they then returned to the bare and empty room, spread a comfortable carpet over the floor, packed the closest full of fuel, built a roaring fire in the grate, made the benches generally cheerful, laid back the bewildered Freshmen to their own door, shored them in, and bade them good-night. This is 'hazing,' gone philanthropic. A very few such spirited jets of good feeling would revolutionize the stupidest custom that disgraces us. I have made no inquiry; but nobody here will doubt that the prophecy of this little gospel might have been easily traced in two or three cheerful, kindly, charitable homes. God multiply them!

Seek out the families where the children are suffered to plague each other, to impose on the younger, to despotic over timid servants, or to vex animals and murder insects, and you will be sure to find the material that will stock a University with brutes. Seek the homes of happy, free-hearted charity, and you will find the antidote that will at last form bravely itself into goodness. For, remember, in this as in other respects we have noticed, it is not the accute, forbidding discipline, not the gloomy or sharp strong households, that send us the right sturdy hearts and consciences.—These only prepare a reaction, and let their children loose, when they send them from home, into the wild excesses of license.

THE GREATEST SEMINARY.—The freeds is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory. But the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days. So deep, so last

ing, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding forth in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay.

Such is the fire—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, J. DANIEL R. WING.
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, ... JUNE 14, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PITTENDRILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer) Newspaper Agent, 210 Broadway, New York, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements 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."

Our Celebration.

The work goes bravely on. Our people are getting thoroughly aroused, and by the liberality of their subscriptions give evidence that the promise of a celebration creditable to our village will be made good. A spirited meeting was held at the Town Hall, on Monday evening, and after the matter had been talked over a little, the following gentlemen were chosen as a committee of arrangements, to take such action in the premises as they think proper, and to report on Monday evening next, or sooner, if they deem it advisable:

E. L. Gatchell, Chief Engineer.
C. M. Morse, 1st Asst. do.
L. E. Crommett, 2d do. do.
W. A. Caffrey, Foreman Waterville Three.
J. C. Bartlett, " Ticonic One.
D. H. Drummond, " Bloomer Two.
Joshua Nye,
C. R. McFadden,
G. P. Lasselie,
W. B. Arnold,
J. R. Elden,
E. G. Meader,
S. Keith.

This committee have definitely arranged for a trial of fire engines on the Fourth, and have invited the firemen of the State to meet here at that time to compete for the following prizes:—First, a Silver Trumpet, worth \$125; 2d, a Silver Trumpet, worth \$75; 3d, an elegant Silk Flag, worth \$40. The playing is to be horizontal, through 200 feet of hose—size of nozzle at option of each contestant. Each company will be allowed 15 minutes to place their tub and make their plays. In this trial the Waterville companies will be "counted out," so that one formidable competitor will be got rid of, and we look to see a large gathering on that occasion. A free collation will be provided for visiting companies, and every thing will be done by "our boys" to make their visit pleasant. The courtesy and hospitality of the "Threes" are known all over the land; and the "Ones" and "Twos" only lack opportunity to prove they are of the same chivalrous and large hearted stock.

Other features of the coming celebration will be announced as they develop themselves; in the mean time let everybody understand, at home and abroad, that we are in for a genuine good time, equally pleasant for ourselves and those who may choose to give us a call at that time. More anon.

WELL PUT.—The City Marshal of Portland, it seems, lately took the responsibility, without warrant of law, to order the arrest of all cattle on the boats or cars coming from the West, as a preventive measure against the introduction of the cattle disease. While commending him for his prompt and energetic action in this matter, the *Temperance Journal* calls his attention to the numerous grog shops with which the city is cursed, and in view of the mischief they are doing, asks some very pertinent questions as to the relative value of men and cattle, and why he is so ready to act without law to preserve the health of dumb beasts, while refusing to execute the law for the protection of his fellow-men.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The intelligence in regard to the Sicilian insurrection and the movements and success of Garibaldi, is very contradictory, but it is pretty certain that very little reliance can be placed upon the Neapolitan bulletins, which announced the defeat of the insurgents. It is altogether probable that Garibaldi has made himself master of Palermo, and that people are flocking to his standard.

The dispute in regard to the issue of the great international prize fight was happily terminated by the presentation of a belt to each of the combatants on the evening of the 30th ult.

The intelligence from China is somewhat contradictory. One account says that the Celestials have yielded to the demands of the Outside Barbarians, and made peace; another, that they are obstinate and war is inevitable.

There is a rumor that the Tycoon of Japan has been assassinated, but this we see, is not fully credited here. Instead of the Tycoon, who is only 17 years of age, it is thought to be the regent.

Great fears are felt and confidently expressed that, in the course of the summer, Europe will be convulsed by a general war. English statesmen, it is said, are in possession of information showing that Louis Napoleon is planning mischief.

Census.—Lemuel B. Fowler, Esq., has been appointed to take the census of Fairfield.

OUR TABLE.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—The following good things will be found in No. 80 of this cheap musical periodical:

Tyrolienne. For Piano. E. Bartholomae.
The Concert Cell. Ballad. Ballo.
The Last Rose of Summer. For Piano. D. Krug.
There's no Home like my own. Duet. Mailman.
Our Musical Friend is published in weekly numbers of twelve pages, handsomely printed pages each, by C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau St., New York, at \$5 a year; single numbers 15 cents.

Godwin's Lady's Book.—The July number—the first of a new volume—contains no less than eighty-four embellishments, including a fine steel engraving, an elegant fashion plate, an original design of a model cottage, and many rare and curious designs, patterns, &c. "Ella Moore's Letters" are continued; a chapter is devoted to "Modern Coaches"; "Miss Slimmons" makes her appearance in a new field, and good stories are contributed by Mrs. Metta V. Victor, Mrs. A. B. Haven, and Miss S. Annie Frost. Godwin allows no one to distance him in the race for popular favor, and his magazine stands at the head of works of this class. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

New Music.—The following pieces of new music have been received from the Boston publishers, Oliver Ditson & Co.:

How I love the gentle murmurs. Ballad. By J. W. Cherry, author of "Shells of Ocean," &c.
I will and I want. Comic Song. By Thomas Farrant.
Silver Moon Serenade. Song and Chorus. By R. S. Taylor.
Little Mollie. Ballad. By J. H. McNaughton.
Still in my Dreams thou'rt near. Ballad. Words by Geo. Linley; Music by Foley Hall, composer of "Ever of Thee."

All of the above are for sale at C. K. Matthews's.

"BE ALWAYS SURE YOU'RE RIGHT."—A correspondent of the *Lewiston Advocate*, writing from Waterville College, says many very pretty things of this village, for which we thank him; but we think that when he comes to learn a little more of comparative anatomy, he will recall the tears he shed while looking at the bones that lie bleaching on Fort Hill. His indignation we know will subside, when he finds that instead of being "the bones of an unhappy people torn from their resting place by the sacrilegious hands of visitors searching for curiosities," they are more recent deposit, and furnished material for strengthening the muscle of the inglorious "Yengees," long after the disappearance of the ancient residents of "Ticonocock."

ONE OF TIME'S CHANGES.—It is by no means pleasant to see our enterprising young business men leave us; but if they must go, it is gratifying to have their places well filled. Mr. C. W. Wingate, having concluded to remove to Burlington, Vt., where his father now resides, and where the son proposes to establish himself in business, has disposed of his stock to Mr. A. J. Alden, also one of our Waterville boys, who has for some years been in Mr. W.'s employ. We feel assured that the new occupant already has the confidence and esteem of the people of the vicinity, and will keep the reputation of the establishment well up to the old mark. See notice in advertising columns.

DINSMORE'S RAILROAD AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE.—Few volumes, whatever their size, answer the purpose for which they are designed so well as this little one. It is packed full of matter valuable to the traveler, to whom it must be an indispensable convenience. It contains the time tables and tables of distances and fares of every railroad and steamboat route in the United States and Canada, with a large map of the whole territory, showing the roads completed, as well as those in progress and projected. Much other information for the traveler, with many valuable hints for his convenience and protection, will be found, and being published semi-monthly, is always up to time. Published by Dinsmore & Co., 9 Spruce Street, New York, at \$1.50 per annum, single numbers being sold at 15 cents.

NED KENDALL.—This famous bugler, it is said, now lies at the point of death—his disease being consumption; and his friends have arranged for a grand concert for his benefit, to take place on the 20th inst. at Tremont Temple. And yet the *Gardiner Home Journal*, of last Thursday, announced that he was in that city, and would play for a cotillon party at Kennebec Hall in the evening.

A BIG LUMP OF COMFORT.—To be sure our Skowhegan friends did not succeed in putting their candidate in nomination at the Bangor Convention, but then they don't lose Moses, as they feared they would. Won't this ere balance that-are?

FLORA TEMPLE DISTANCED.—A turn has at last been found in that long lane. Patcher, born Flora Temple, on Tuesday, at the Long Island Course, in two straight heats; time of first miles in each heat, 2:22, and 2:27 1-2.

Mr. Shepard Davis, of Bangor, while confined to his bed by sickness, attempted suicide with a razor, on Sunday evening, and succeeded in making a wound from the effects of which he will hardly recover.

THE SECRETARY'S CONVENTION.—This body met at Richmond on Monday, and when the States were called, behold, New York responded, when there was great applause. But though this State was represented—or misrepresented, rather—Delaware was not. On Tuesday an adjournment was voted to the 21st inst., to await the action of the convention at Baltimore.

SOMER AND KEN. R. R.—The Somerset and Kennebec Railroad Co. held their annual meeting at Augusta on Wednesday last. The old board of Directors were re-elected, who subsequently made choice of Hon. Jos. Eaton for President. The Report submitted makes a very good showing, and indicates that the road is under judicious management.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN TURKEY.—At one of the late anniversaries in London the Earl of Shaftesbury spoke as follows touching this matter:

"I do not believe that in the whole history of missions, I do not believe in the history of diplomacy, or in the history of any negotiations carried on between man and man, we can find anything to equal the wisdom, the soundness and the pure evangelical truth of the body

of men who constitute the American Mission. I have said it twenty times before, and I will say it again—for the expression appropriately conveys my meaning, that 'they are a marvelous combination of common sense and piety.' Every man who comes in contact with these missionaries speaks in praise of them. Persons in authority, and persons in subjection, all speak in their favor; travellers speak well of them; and I know of no man who has ever been able to bring against that body a single valid objection. There they stand, tested by years, tried by their works, and exemplified by their fruits; and I believe it will be found that these American missionaries have done more towards upholding the truth and spreading the Gospel of Christ in the East, than any other body of men in this or in any other age."

NO, YOU DON'T.—We think very well of the Republican nominees, selected at Chicago, but our admiration is not quite ardent enough to lead us to accept the offer of a New York firm, which is to give us a copy of a picture of "The Jolly Flatboatmen," in which "honest Abe," then a stripling, figures—in exchange for advertising, for which we should charge at least ten dollars.

POW! POW!—Three of those wonderful rails, split by the Republican candidate for the presidency, thirty years ago, have been brought all the way to Boston for the "sovereigns" to look at. We hoped that the day for childish nonsense of that sort was past.

GOVERNOR NOMINATION.—The State Republican Convention at Bangor on Thursday last, nominated HON. ISRAEL WASHBURN, Jr., of Orono, as candidate for Governor the ensuing year. The vote stood: Washburn, 429; Coburn, 242; Willis, 52; scattering, 2. The nomination was made unanimous. Hon. ANNE COBURN of Bloomfield, and Hon. Wm. WILKS of Portland, were nominated Electors for President and Vice President. The Convention was large and enthusiastic, 781 delegates, representing 321 towns.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Republicans of Maine, in Convention assembled, cordially, enthusiastically and harmoniously endorse the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for President, and Hannibal Hamlin for Vice President, and pledge to them the electoral vote of the State by a triumphant and overwhelming majority.

Resolved, That the platform adopted by the Chicago Convention embodies the political creed of the Republicans of Maine—we take nothing from it, and add nothing to it—we commend all its principles to the rational support of every liberty-loving citizen of the State.

Resolved, That our candidates for Governor, Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., we present a man in every respect worthy of the station—one whose eminent ability, unspotted integrity, intimate knowledge of the interests of the State, and life-long devotion to the principles of the Republican party, entitle him to the cordial support of all who have at heart the true interests and welfare of Maine.

A large and enthusiastic ratification meeting was held in the evening, with a procession under military escort, illuminations, fireworks, &c. A delegation from the Republican Club at the College was in attendance upon the Convention.

NEWSPAPERIAL.—In consequence of ill health, John L. Stevens, Esq., has retired temporarily from the management of the political department of the *Kennebec Journal*, and is succeeded by James G. Blaine, Esq., an able and versatile writer. And this reminds us to mention that the *Journal* is now printed on new type and looks neater and handsomer than ever before.

ENCOURAGING.—What little manufacturing there is done in our village pays well. The Messalonske Co., engaged in the manufacture of paper, has just made an annual dividend of fifteen per cent. Three quarters of the stock of this company is owned in Portland, and the remainder in Waterville.

NEW BOOK FOR AMERICAN WOMEN.—The very extensive publishing house of Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston, have recently published a new edition of Mrs. Cornelius's "Housekeeper's Friend." The sale of the work (says the Boston Journal) has been commensurate with its merits. The following letter from a lady widely known in literary circles, expresses the opinion of hundreds of housekeepers:

"As I see you have published a new and improved edition of Mrs. Cornelius's 'Housekeeper's Friend,' I thought perhaps an unsolicited notice from one whose 'friend' it has been for some years might be of service. Three years since I exchanged a literary life for the more practical duties of a farmer's wife at the West. I had several cook books, which I will not name, as a substitute for experience. That of Mrs. Cornelius I have found worth all the rest. I have often recommended it to friends, but never lent it, as I could not do without it a single day. Its especial value consists in the economy of its receipts and the minuteness of the directions given. I have often thought that if I were rich, I would make a present of a copy to every young friend who became a housekeeper. The present edition is a great improvement on the previous ones in beauty and utility. I should be glad to see you announce the sale of many thousands of copies.—A WESTERN FARMER'S WIFE."

ANECDOTE.—Some twenty years ago a farmer's barn in the vicinity of Worcester was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Many of the citizens had gone to the fire, when a fox, well strapped and dicked, with his cap on one side of his head, met the celebrated Dr. G.—and accosted him in this wise:

"Can you—ah, tell me, doctor, how has your house succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration of the—ah, unfortunate yeoman's barn?"

The doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head as usual for a moment, and then slipping his thumb and finger into his vest pocket, took out a couple of pills and handed them to him, saying—

"Take these, sir, and go to bed, and if you do not feel better in the morning, call at my office."

We learn that Mr. Reuben Thompson, of Eubank, dropped down dead on Sunday last. He went down to the river near his residence to start off some logs from the shore, where he fell and breathed his last before any one reached him. Supposed to be a heart disease.

FANSON ADV.

CONFESSION BY HICKS, THE PIRATE.—New York, June 6.—Hicks, the oyster stealer, made a full confession. He admits killing Captain Burr and the two Watts boys, giving the details of the circumstances attending the murders. He also confesses that he was one of the mutineers of the *barque Saladin*. He is dictating a story of his life and adventures, to be published after the execution.

A MOST SINGULAR AND SAD OCCURRENCE. John Usher West, son of Hon. John West, of Franklin, on Tuesday, the 5th inst., was found to be missing, leaving in his room the following letter:—

"I cannot stay at home any longer. I know our cows have got the pleuro pneumonia; and I know that we have all got it from using the milk. I feel it on me now—a restlessness; I cannot sleep at all. I cannot stay at home to see the misery there is coming. I am going into the woods to die! It is possible there are remedies for this disease in the human system, but I fear not. There are Foster's, Orcutt's and Benj. Bunker's ointment, exposed to this disease with our cows—they ought to be warned of it. It's no use to write any more. God help you all."

In an hour or two after the alarm was given some hundred men or more collected, formed themselves into a scouting party, and started for the woods, spending the day in fruitless search. During the night smaller parties were stationed upon the hills in the vicinity—hoping, if alive, his camp fire would betray his hiding-place. The second and third days the search was renewed—the channel of the bay "dragged," &c., &c., but as yet no footprint, sign or mark has been found to indicate the course he has taken. His father has offered \$100 reward for his recovery.

[Ellsworth Farmer.]

The young man has been found, alive; where we do not learn.

MINOR EFFECTS IN MONEY-SPENDING.—A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* writes as follows on a subject of much interest:

There is one thing I would be glad to see more parents understand, namely, that when they spend the money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the ground around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home, as much as possible to enjoy it; but that when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home, that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display.

NATIONAL DIVISION OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The session of this body at Portland will continue for a week. The States represented, are Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan, as stated by the Argus.

On Friday evening the National Division, escorted by the Portland and Forest City Divisions, and accompanied by the Portland Band, marched from the Hall of the Portland Divisions to the new City Hall, where the reception exercises took place, as follows: Music by the Portland Band; Prayer by Rev. D. B. Randall, Grand Chaplain of Maine; Ode of welcome sung by the audience; Address of welcome by John S. Kimball, G. W. P. of Maine; Response by D. B. Townsend, M. W. P. of South Carolina; Address of welcome by Charles P. Kimball, Esq., President of the Board of Aldermen, who was called upon to take the place of Mayor Howard who was unavoidably absent; Response by Col. Thos. J. Evans, of Richmond, Va.; Address of welcome to the State by Hon. Neal Dow, who was called upon to perform this service in the absence of Gov. Morrill, who had a prior engagement; Response by Hon. S. L. Tilley, Provincial Secretary of New Brunswick; Closing ode.

Mr. Kimball, in his Address of Welcome, stated that there are 203 Divisions of Sons of Temperance in Maine, with over 28,000 members.

On Saturday, the Standing Committee were appointed, to whom reports and appeals were referred. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing two years: Most Worthy Patriarch, Dr. Silas L. Condit, New Jersey; Associate, Thomas J. Evans, Virginia; Scribe, Dr. F. A. Fickard, Pennsylvania; Treasurer, Robert M. Foster, Pennsylvania; Chaplain, Peter G. McGregor, Nova Scotia; Conductor, Nathaniel Conable, Missouri; Sentinel, John H. Barry, Indiana. Nashville, Tenn., was unanimously selected for the next annual session, 1861.

HEAR THE 'AUTOCRAT.'—Dr. O. W. Holmes has delivered an address before the Massachusetts Medical Society, which has proved very unpalatable to those of the fraternity who wish to maintain unimpaired the public faith in pills and powders, blisters and balms. The address produced much excitement, and it was even proposed, at a subsequent meeting of the Society, (at which only about twenty members were present, however,) that the address should not be printed, as usual. It was finally decided to print, however, but with a notification prefixed to the effect, that the Society is not responsible for the sentiments of Dr. Holmes. The address which has created this lively excitement among the Massachusetts doctors and apothecaries was a trenchant and bold attack upon the prevalent system of drugging, and judging from the abstract printed in the newspapers, will commend itself to the common sense of an intelligent public, if not to the prejudices of old school physicians. We give our readers the following, from the printed abstract of the address.

"In medicine the struggle was between the broad current setting in the direction of the exact observation of Nature, and of trust in her laws, and the eddies setting back toward her traditional belief of the profession and the public. Some were afraid of the effect of claiming too much for nature upon the standing of the medical profession. Dr. Holmes did not believe such fears well founded. A body of educated and intelligent men, organized as a profession to study disease, to avert its causes, and care for the condition of the sick, would be needed as much and honored as if all the mineral and drugs used as remedies were lost to the art of healing.

Notwithstanding all that had been done on the side of Nature, Dr. Holmes thought there was still, on the whole, too much doing. The main evidence on which he relied to prove this was the generally understood fact that no families took so little physic as those of physicians. He then enumerated various causes for this tendency to over medication. Part of the blame belongs to the public, part to the profession. The common sources of error in the profession were alluded to in some detail. The outside pressure of the public, which insists on being poisoned, was next spoken of. In illustration of this tendency, he alluded to the sale of quack medicine, which build up the palaces for the mushroom—meant the tending millionsaires. He told the story of a member of the society who was called to a man with a terrible sore mouth. The man had picked up a box of unknown pills in the street, and taken them on the general principle that pills were good for people. They happened

to contain mercury, which had made his mouth sore.

He then illustrated the manner in which various medical superstitions and exploded theories had fought their way down from antiquity. He introduced incidentally the story of Edward Winslow's visit to Massasoit, his treatment of his illness and the consequences which followed therefrom to the Colony. The influences peculiar to American medical science and art were peculiarly treated. Dr. Rusk was said to have done much in forming them, and to have been a type of the prevailing national medical character.

How could a people, who have a revolution once in four years, who have contrived the bowie knife and the revolver, who have chewed the juice out of all the superlatives in the language in Fourth of July orations, and so used up its epithets in the rhetoric of abuse, that it takes two great quarto dictionaries to supply the demand; who insists on sending out yachts and horses, and boys, to outtail, outrun, outfight and checkmate all the rest of creation—how could such a people be content with anything but heroic practice? What wonder that the stars and stripes wave over doses of ninety grains of sulphate or quinine, and that the American eagle screams with delight to see three drachms of calomel given at a single mouthful.

Some other special influences were then mentioned, all of them tending to make counter currents in the great stream of true medical observation. The lecturer then proceeded to define Nature, Art, Disease, Food, Physic and Physicians as preliminary to certain general propositions to be next advanced.

These can only be generally sketched in this abstract, as they would require too much space to display them at length. Some of the principal points were these:

Disease is the best thing Nature knows how to do when she is in difficulty, being always an effect of a previous wrong committed against her laws. Certain broad facts include a good deal of what is looked at in a much narrower light as disease. There is an upward movement of life in some families, a downward movement in others. The last tend to run out, and this tendency is manifested in various shapes, which though considered special maladies, only mean that the individual was not made to live, and had a great deal better die for the good of the race, before the reproductive period of life. The downward movement of family vitality was illustrated from English experience, and the upward movement from the experience of an American family observed during five generations.

It was affirmed again that invalidism is the normal state of many organizations, and not to be removed by medication.

The following proposition was illustrated at length: The presumption always is that every noxious agent, including medicine proper, which hurts a well man, hurts a sick man.

The injuries produced by noxious agents are very commonly marked by disease. Dr. Hooker's statement was cited, that he believed the typhus *synopsis* of a preceding generation in New England was often, in fact, a brandy and opium disease.

Lastly, medication without the insuring of proper hygienic conditions, was compared to amputation without ligatures. The excessive reliance on medication often calls away attention from this most important part of the treatment.

He thought some very important hints as to the employment of pitans, sirups and other mild medical agents might be borrowed from French practice.

Sumner's Speech.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Atlas*, thus describes the scenes and incidents connected with the delivery of Sumner's late speech:—

It was understood that he would commence at 12 o'clock. Long before that time the galleries were filled to overflowing; nearly one-half were ladies. The business of the morning went on quietly till nearly 12, when southern Senators could be seen quietly leaving the Hall, by the side doors. When the clock told the hour of 12, scarcely a dozen were left. But a gayer or more brilliant audience never graced the galleries than on this occasion. Every available seat on the Republican side was literally packed with eager listeners. When the tall Massachusetts Senator arose, a dead silence fell upon the crowded hall and galleries. The slightest modulation of his voice was distinctly audible to the most distant hearer.

His voice was very impressive and eloquent. You can imagine his style, his manner, and the profound impression it made upon his vast auditory, when he said, 'I have no personal griefs to utter; only a barbarous egotism could intrude these into this chamber. I have said no personal wrongs to avenge; only a barbarous nature could attempt to wield that vengeance which belongs to the Lord. The years that have intervened, and the tombs that have opened since I spoke, have their voices too, which I cannot fail to hear.'

He then proceeded with the most elaborate and terrible argument against the institution of slavery ever delivered on that floor, or any where else. It was terrible, because it was true. At times the speaker dropped the thread of his argument, and rose in the most sublime and impassioned flights of eloquence. It was the first time it had ever been my fortune to listen to the eloquent Senator. It is needless to attempt to give you any idea of what he said, as his speech ere this has reached you. The scene in the Senate may be worthy of a description. But I will say, that although much of his speech dealt in statistics, and in the details of slavery, it was filled full of passages of the most lofty eloquence. He said 'slavery was a bloody touch-me-not, and every where in sight now blooms the bloody flower. It is on the wayside as you approach the National Capitol, it is on the marble steps that we mount, it flouts on the floor. I stand now in the house of its friends. Menaces to deter me have not been wanting. But I should ill deserve this high post of duty here, with which I have been honored by a generous and enlightened people, if I could hesitate. Slavery can only be painted in the sternest colors; and I cannot forget that nature's sternest painter has been called the best.'

And I assure you, the picture was not spoiled by any lack of sternness. It would be useless to describe the manner of Mr. Sumner to most of your readers. His whole manner discloses the ripe scholar, the finished logician, and the most accomplished rhetorician and elocutionist. His sentences fall in measured cadences; musical and rhythmic; his gestures are graceful and appropriate; his elocution distinct; his quotations classic, apt and appropriate; in short, he is the most finished scholar and the most graceful orator in the Senate.

He said 'Slavery was the same in all conditions, whether high or low, as Satan was Satan still, whether towering in the sky, or squatting in the toad.' It was doubtless the most fiery oration through which these arrogant and boasting Senators ever passed. There was a

studied effort at indifference among them.—Senator Hunter of Virginia listened attentively to its close. Not a muscle moved on his placid countenance to denote what was going on in his mind. Wigfall, the Texas Bombardier, was in great torment. He would keep his seat for a few moments quietly, as if struggling to be a gentleman; then he would glide round noiselessly to some other Senator's seat, and confer in low whispers, as if debating whether it was best to remain quiet or not.

Mr. Breckenridge, who was not in the President's chair, remained through the entire delivery. He made a strong effort to appear indifferent, sitting with an open book in his hand, listlessly turning its pages, but his eyes wandered to the speaker, and finally with a frown upon his brow, he laid aside his book and regarded the speaker intently till he was closed.—After an hour or two the absent Senators began to come back, and one after another dropped into their seats. Jeff Davis was busily engaged reading the *Globe*, but a glance at the heading disclosed the fact that it was upside down.

Keith, the accomplice of Brooks in his attempted assassination of Mr. Sumner, came in from the other House, and with much nonchalance took his seat near Senator Hammond, and turned his monkey's face up at the galleries, as if to note the dramatic effect of his presence upon them. But finding that no one seemed to notice him, he gradually began to give heed to the speech. Then his vulgar phiz became disturbed with angry grimaces and frowns.

By this time many Democratic members of the other House had come over to hear Sumner, so that with them and the returning Senators, the body of the Senate chamber was as densely crowded as the galleries. Mr. Sumner spoke four hours and held his immense audience which could not have been less than five thousand, to its close. It was a most remarkable effort, and take it all in all, it was a scene and an occasion never to be forgotten. His peroration was grand and beautiful, and reminds one forcibly of Webster's famous peroration in his reply to Col. Hayne.

Thus, has Massachusetts spoken. Sumner and Adams! honored names! worthy sons and representatives of that glorious old Commonwealth! It is not every State that can boast of such Representatives. With but one exception, Massachusetts Representatives stand out among the boldest and the best.

I have noticed with pain, and even disgust, a disposition among a class of northern men, so-called Republicans, to turn the cold shoulder to Mr. Sumner! To doubt the policy (fateful word!) of making such a speech. Ask them if it is not true? 'Oh, yes,' they reply, 'but it is impolitic.' How long do northern men propose to use soft words when speaking of the giant curse of slavery? Here they sat eight long weeks, at the opening of the session, like whipped spaniels, and meekly received every epithet of abuse, malice and contempt, that the bull-dogs of slavery could heap upon them, and now, they would bandy soft words with them, they deprecate strong language, and would, like a dog with his tail between his legs, meekly search for the most respectful language? Out upon such dog-faceness! Even the *Tribune* doubts the propriety of it! Verily, Mr. Greeley is fast fitting himself for the southern market.

If Charles Sumner has not a right to speak of slavery as it is, in God's name who has? Where is the gratitude of the Republican party, if a cold and heartless policy is to be exercised towards this most brilliant light in our ranks. He was murdered by the foul institution; he is one, as it were, raised from the dead. He has suffered a thousand deaths. The four long, weary years that he has been a wanderer on the face of the earth have been blank years to him, save in suffering and anguish!

But, thank God, he has lived to be heard again, and the concentrated agonies of these weary years all burst forth with a thousand tongues, each tongue a scorpion lash that scourged the foul monster, and its defenders, till the cup of vengeance was full and running over. Let no Republican who has a soul doubt the right or the policy of the recent great speech of Charles Sumner. It will not keep Kansas out a day or a minute. J. P.

THE MORALITY OF LAGER BEER SELLING.—There is more real danger of young men becoming inebriates from the use of this villainous stuff, than from any other liquid poison. This is so because it is not prohibited by law and is becoming somewhat fashionable as a drink. It does not, like some corn whisky, kill at a distance of forty rods off hand, but leads the inebriated drunkard slowly, and imperceptibly, but nevertheless sure, to the surging river of destruction and dashes him in. It is more dangerous because less known and understood. Its quality and effects are not fully understood, and therefore, many indulge in it, who would fear to drink whisky to begin with. It is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Its votaries are wont to recommend it as harmless and innocent, while in fact, as observing men must see, it is doing more damage to society now, than any other drink.

There are many places where lager beer saloons are kept, and some where respectable people object to any very strong measures being taken to drive them out—many people who do not like to hear lager beer vendors talked about very harshly. Let us ask the defenders of lager beer, or its apologists a few plain questions. Are there not young men in your community, who have been led into habits of intemperance by the use of this beverage? Are there not drunkards, whom the friends of temperance have labored to save, but who have been, time and again, dragged down to the disgrace and misery of intemperance by the lager beer in your midst? Can you hope to reform drunkards, while lager beer is set before them daily, and they are told that it is not dangerous? Is not the greatest obstacle in the way of making your community perfectly temperate, these same licensed lager beer doggeries?

We hope our friends throughout the State will think of these things, (for we do not allude to any particular locality) and that the traffic in this beverage, which a temperance editor in Minnesota justly denounces as 'the very slop of hell,' will be discontinued, and frowned upon, and shown to the public in its true light by all good men.—[Sunbeam.]

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE IN DRESS FAVORABLE TO SOME OF THE FEMALE VIRTUES.—Lavater, the man who, long before the birth of phrenology, gave a good opinion of people who are fond of dressing well, and throws something more than suspicion on ladies who are careless of their apparel. He says: 'Young women who neglect their toilette, indicate in this very particular a disregard of order, a deficiency in taste, and the qualities which inspire love. The girl of eighteen years who does not desire to please in so obvious a matter as dress, will be a slut, and probably a shrew, at twenty-five.'

