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MARK GOLDSMITH'S LESSON.

Mark Goldsmith was always called 'an odd sort of a man' by the people of our village. He lived in the old red house that stands at the Four Corners, where the high branching elms overhang the roof, and make the wide, open, green yard in front of it shady all the summer long.

Travelers used to stop their tired horses at the 'Old Red,' as it was then familiarly called, and let them rest awhile, and then drove them through the brook, just across the way, to drink its pure water, which, with a gentle murmur, rippled down through Mark's green meadows. Yet but few ever came to tarry long at the Old Red, for, though Mark had a large farm, and spread a good table, he was so surly himself, and his housekeeper was so precise, that none felt at ease. Some few of the old neighbors, who remembered Mark in his earlier days, had charity enough to say, 'Ah, the old Squire was quite another man before his wife died! That broke him down.'

But, at the time of which we write, the aforesaid housekeeper had found in Jack Wallace, the butcher, a congenial spirit, as she confidently told the Squire's maiden sister. How that could be nobody quite understood, for two persons more unlike were not to be found in the whole county of Berkshire. But Nancy Tompkins was 'well to do' in the world, while Jack Wallace's affairs stood at sixes and sevens, so that nobody dared to trust him, and when he found that Nancy Tompkins would, why he thought they were congenial spirits, too, and so they were married.

But what was to become of Mark Goldsmith? It would be hard to tell, if it had not been that a cheerful, hazel-eyed daughter was a part of Mark's household, and had, under the training of Nancy Tompkins, grown up into one of the neatest, brightest little housekeepers that was ever seen on a farm.

Now Mark loved this daughter more than words could tell, but he always acted as if he was afraid she would find it out. So when she came to him with any new plan, or to tell him of some pleasant thing that had occurred, he would send her away with a pshaw, and a rough word or two beside. Yet, if he found she was grieved, he would set his wits to work to contrive something that would make her happy again.

A ride to the shire town on business would be sure to come up the next day, and, of course, Mary must go to hold the mare, when he got out to go into the bank and the store.

Now Mary liked a ride of this kind right well, especially as it usually resulted in the present of a new gown of 'French calico,' as Mark called it, or what she liked still better, a book from Giles' county bookstore. It was an extra offense on his part that got Mary this favor, for, though Mark liked books well enough, he thought 'it was no use to lumber up the house with 'em.' He took the Calico, and sister Sally had the Recorder, and that was as much read as he could get through with.

For his part, he had no idea of weakening his brain, 'takin' 'em so. Mary might if she would, and then Mark would give one of his grunts, and stop talking about it.

Some two months before the time when our story commences, good parson Hopkins had died, and his vacant pulpit was now filled by a young minister, to whom the society more lately gave a call.

It was many weeks before Mark Goldsmith could be induced to go and hear 'the younger,' as he called him, preach. But when he did, Mary felt almost sure that, for once her father would agree with her in the opinion of the minister. So she broke the customary silence of their homeward ride, by saying:

'Now, father, did you ever hear a better sermon?'

'Pshaw!' said Mark, 'one of parson Hopkins was worth forty on 'em.'

Mary sank back in the chaise with a sigh, saying mentally, 'It's of no use: my father is bent upon disliking everything and everybody.'

The young minister had never called at the 'Old Red,' but he had got as far as Aunt Sarah's, which was only two houses off, and it so occurred that the very day and the very hour he was there, Mary stepped in to see Aunt Sarah, too. She was so surprised at going into the parlor to find a visitor there, that she stopped abashed in the doorway, with her sun-bonnet in her hand, and her cheeks blushing like June roses.

'My niece, Mary Goldsmith,' said Aunt Sarah, 'the minister rose and held out his hand, and while Mary stammered out an apology for intruding, he said, with considerable emphasis:

'A very welcome intrusion, Miss Mary.' Of course, when he went away, Miss Mary had to invite him to call at the 'Old Red' sometime, and see her father; and of course, he did not forget the invitation. Mark Goldsmith was not at home the day he came, but Mary told him 'the minister waited a full hour in hopes he would come.'

We do not vouch for the truth of her statement. Mary always went to the Friday evening meetings with Aunt Sarah, and Mark always sat up until she got home. One night he was sure he heard a deeper toned voice than a woman's conversing with her as she came up the yard. But the 'good nights' were exchanged outside the door, and she came in alone. She saw that a cloud had settled down on the old man's brow, but it cleared away as his eye fell on her face radiant with happiness, for, so like her mother was she at that moment, he longed to fold her to his heart, and tell her of it. But never a lover had more jealously his passion than Mark Goldsmith his overweening love for his daughter. So the cloud gathered again, as he asked sternly,

'Who came with you, Mary?—Tom Brown?'

Mary hesitated for a moment, and then, going up to her father, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and, with blushes mantling her cheeks, said:

'No, father, it was the minister—and I think he likes me.'

'Pshaw!' said Mark, 'It's my broad acres he likes better.'

As if an arrow had pierced her very heart, Mary turned and threw him. When she reached her chamber, she jumped into a chair, and burst into tears.

The old gray cat, who had followed her mistress up stairs, jumped into her lap, and rubbed her head lovingly against Mary's hands.

'Oh, pshaw!' said she, crying more heartily, 'I'm glad there's one in the house to love me.'

When this good thorough crying was over,

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Mary felt better. And, as she stood up in the moonlight room, folding her shawl, a pleasant thought seemed to come to her, for a smile broke over her face, like sudden sunshine after April showers.

'Yes, I will—I will do so,' she said, laying the folded shawl on the bureau, and bringing down her hand upon it energetically. 'My father must learn the lesson some time, and why not now?'

What this lesson was she shall see. The rough repulse he had given his child's generous confidence troubled Mark for many days afterward, and was the secret spring of many a new plan for her happiness. When the next Friday night came, he secretly hoped Mary would have the same company homeward, and when the time drew near for her to be there, he lit the two tall lamps on the mantle-piece. This made a decided addition to the ordinary illumination given to the room by a single candle in a pewter candlestick—

addition enough, Mark thought, as he rolled up the two front curtains, to make 'the child' understand that her companion would be welcomed if he chose to come in.

For a long while Mark sat uneasily watching the face of the old-fashioned clock in the corner, for Mary was somewhat later than usual. When she came, however, she opened the door so gently that a less watchful ear would not have heard her at all.

'She's a bashful child,' thought the old man, 'and feels sort of shy,' for he truly thought the minister was in the entry behind her, so he said with more than common cheerfulness, 'Ask him in, Mary, ask him in.'

'There's nobody here, father,' she replied gravely. 'I came from Aunt Sarah's alone.'

'Umph!' said Mark. Mary made no allusion to either lamps or window curtains, and after telling her father, as she usually did, the various items of news she had gleaned from Aunt Sarah, quietly withdrew, and left him to his meditations.

As for Mark, he concluded Mary had made a mistake in thinking herself an object of special regard to the new minister and said to himself musingly, as he laid down on his pillow,

'Umph! wiser head than yours, child, make mistakes in their reckonings.'

Whether Miss Mary had made a mistake we do not say, but it is certain that the young minister thought he had, when he came out into the church-porch that Friday evening and found her gone.

On the next Wednesday the sewing circle was held and the minister was invited to tea. Now, Mary was there, and had left word at home for the hired man to come for her with the chaise at nine o'clock. The minister made several ineffectual attempts to speak to her during the evening, and when he heard that the chaise had come, and she was going to ride home, he somewhat anxiously followed her into the entry, saying, in an undertone:

'I have been trying all the evening to speak to you, (as though she did not know it,) adding, "shall you be at home to-morrow evening?"'

'I shall be at Aunt Sarah's,' said Mary, 'and,' she continued, with a roguish smile, 'Aunt Sarah will be very glad to see you there.'

From that time, Mary spent all her Thursday evenings at Aunt Sarah's, and Miss Sykes, with whom the minister boarded, said she did not know what it all meant, but there was one evening in the week that the minister always went away, without telling her where he was going.

And for her part she must say, though she had tried and tried, she couldn't find out. One day, about a month after this, when Mark went down to the village for groceries, Joe Smith, the grocer's son, said to him:

'Well, Squire, how do you like the new parson?'

'Umph!' said Mark, 'he's no great.'

'Well, anyhow, he likes the folks up at the Old Red, I'm thinking.'

Mark looked up at Joe, inquiringly, and then said:

'Pshaw! he never comes there!'

'Well, if he don't want to, and that is just as bad,' said Joe. 'Folks say—and you mustn't mind it if I am plain with you, Squire—folks say you hold rather too tight a rein with that girl of your'n.'

Mark made no reply, but, gathering up the packages that Joe had been tying up, he strode out of the store without stopping to settle his bill.

'The Squire's pretty huffy!' said Joe, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, as he watched the unwonted speed with which the old mare took her master up the hill. Now, there was one creature that Mark was never harsh to, and that was this same old mare. 'She is a knowing beast!' he used to say. 'Anybody could see she took advantage of her master's amiable weakness, for whenever she happened to feel like it, no matter when, no matter where, she would suddenly stop and have a resting spell.'

On the day in question, however, she so far sympathized with Mark's haste to get away from Joe Smith that she kept up a brisk trot until they were half-way to the 'Old Red.'

But old habits are not easily broken, and the shady, retired life they had now come to proved too great a temptation for the old mare, so the trot subsided into a walk, and she walked into a decided stop. Mark sat with his knit brows and compressed lips thinking of what Joe had said, and hardly noticed where he was.

It was a charming summer afternoon, and a slight breeze rustled the myriad leaves in the branches over his head, as though the old trees were whispering secrets to each other. 'Whether any such romantic idea was suggested to Mark we cannot say, only he roused up, somewhat suddenly, and, looking about him, said with evident emotion, "Yes, this is the very place!" Tears gathered in the old man's eyes, and though he brushed them away again with his hand, rough hand, they still kept coming.

Yes, this was the very place where twenty-five years before, Mark Goldsmith had told the beautiful Mary Willard the story of his love; the very place where together they had promised to love each other until death. Mark was then poor, while her father, Major Willard, was a rich man, yet he well remembered the kindness of the old Major, the free consent he gave to their union, and the wealth that was transferred to him at his death.

Nor did Mark forget (though he almost wished he could) that Mary Willard had said to him on that betrothed night, 'Oh, Mark, if

my father should oppose us, I should die!—And was not Mary Goldsmith another Mary Willard, with the same loving disposition and winning ways? And was it not possible for the young minister to love her just as he himself had loved her sainted mother? What if he had been haunted with wanting Major Willard's broad acres instead of his daughter?'

This thought was too much for Mark and he gave the reins a sudden and violent jerk, that started the old mare into a brisk trot again.

Mark, however, did not drive directly to the Old Red, but turned down the lane that led to sister Sally's, and drove round into the yard. She immediately came to the door, for though her brother often called, he seldom got out of his wagon. He used to say, 'Nobody can call me an old man, Sally, I'm sure, but I reckon 'tis the rheumatism makes me kind of stiff.'

But this afternoon he got out, and followed her into her pleasant sitting-room, and sat down in the arm chair.

Delighted with so unusual an occurrence, the old lady made extra efforts to entertain him, and having exhausted all the topics concerning his affairs, she began to talk of her own, entering at last into a somewhat lengthy account of the capture, and subsequent destruction of a mouse that had got into her chamber the night before.

Mark had not paid much attention to anything she had said. Something very different was evidently on his mind, and before she had finished the mouse story, he made two ineffectual attempts to propose a question. 'Each time he got as far as, "Sally, how do you like him?" but his sister went perseveringly on, until he abruptly said:

'Confound the mouse, Sally! How do you like the young minister?'

A little surprised, but not at all taken aback by the suddenness of the question, Sally said:

'Ah, we are very fortunate! Not many such young men now-a-days.' And then Sally gave a deep sigh.

'Well, what is the matter with you then?' said Mark.

'Oh, I was only thinking,' said the old lady solemnly, 'what a pity 'tis that good young folks, who like each other, can't come together and be married as they used to. Ah! times are changed,' and she heaved another sigh.

'Umph!' said Mark. 'What has that to do with the minister?'

'Just this, Mark Goldsmith,' said Sally, as bending forward, she rested her arms upon her knees, and looked up into Mark's face: 'It is plain as A, B, C, that the young minister likes your Mary, and you won't let him have her. And now, in a day or two, he goes away for three or four weeks, and, if he can't have the one he wants here, why he'll have to try to find a wife somewhere else, for, of course, a parson without a wife isn't worth much to a country parish, and that you know as well as I do, Mark. Then, as for Mary, if he does so, it will break her heart, that's all.'

'Umph!' said Mark, rising and walking to the window, 'what's to be done?'

'Well! I don't really know, unless you have the sewing circle at the Old Red next week; that might bring matters right.'

The sewing circle at the Old Red! The thought of it made Mark start, and yet, by the nervous twitching of his mouth, Sally concluded he was trying to consent to it.

At last he said, 'Well, tell the child she may have it, if she wants to, and then he went out of the house without speaking another word, leaving Aunt Sally with her mind full of business and her heart full of joy.

And so the sewing circle met at the Old Red! And of course the minister stopped to talk with the Squire after the rest of the folks had gone. And of course Mary sat down by her father's side to hear what he had to say.

There was a pause at last in the conversation, when the minister, reaching his hand across the table, laid it on the old man's arm, saying:

'Squire, you have got one thing that I want.'

'Name it,' said the Squire, clenching the table with his hands, and compressing his lips, as though he felt the crisis had come.

'Not your broad acres, sir, but your daughter!'

'She is yours!' said Mark, in a clear, decided tone; then, suddenly rising, he placed the minister's and Mary's hands together. He tried in vain for a moment to speak; at last, laying his own hand upon the young minister's shoulder, and looking upon Mary, he said:

'He's got just what he asked for! But I'll treat you both alike. If you want anything, ask.'

With tears glistening in her eyes, Mary threw her arms around the old man's neck, and said:

'Yes, father there is one thing. Promise never to say, "Pshaw!" to me any more.'

'I promise!' said Mark. And Mark Goldsmith had learned his lesson.

CURE FOR 'HOVE' IN CATTLE.—In a late number of the *Agriculturist* I observe a question on 'Hove in cattle,' and your answer as to the remedies usually applied for relief to the animal affected; but in too many cases these remedies are not successful, and snubbing has to be resorted to, however unwillingly, for it is a clumsy cure, and leaves bad effects.

I was last spring on a visit to the county of Sussex, where I met some very intelligent breeders and feeders of stock; the subject of 'hove' in cattle was discussed, and surprise expressed that I had never heard of the simple and effective cure universally practiced in that county, where hove is very common, particularly amongst their working cattle.

On the swelling causing pain and uneasiness to the animal, a large puddle of the coldest spring water is dashed over the back of the animal, or, if the puddle is small, two pailfuls; leave the animal quiet for five or ten minutes, and if the wind does not begin to dispel by belching up the throat, repeat the water or shower bath, and the cure will very likely be complete.

I confess I was a little incredulous that so simple a remedy would have the effect. But I had not been many hours returned home when I was called upon to stab an ox dangerously swelled, almost to bursting, from the effects of eating diseased potatoes.

Before resorting to the stabbing operation, I ordered the water cure to be tried; and after a second application it was quite successful—

within fifteen minutes the ox was lying down, chewing his cud, and perfectly well.

Having mentioned this fact to a very intelligent nobleman in the county of Perth, he related what his brother, a captain in the royal navy, told him, on return from his last cruise at sea, had happened to a cow he kept on board of ship, fed highly, and subject to hove. This animal was so ill as apparently to affect her brain. She jumped overboard, and was, of course, thoroughly immersed in water, was immediately hauled on board again, the swelling dispelled, and no bad effects.

This is strong corroboration of the efficacy of the Sussex cure, which I thus make public, in the hope that my brother farmers may reap the same benefit as I have done, and that success or failure will be reported by those who have occasion to try the experiment, which, in any case, can do no harm.—[Hugh Watson, in North British Agriculturist.]

What is the Price. BY MISS. OLIVIER WASHINGTON WYLLIE.

You're going to enter into the matrimonial state, are you Mr. Brown? And you think you're coming into possession of an angel? Yes, but angels cost money. Did it ever occur to you what an expensive article your fashionable young wife was likely to prove? Bless your unsophisticated soul! you've no more idea of it than you have of the price of onions, or the market value of a wash tub. You'll find out one day, however, to your grief.

Two or three stout Irish girls to wait on her—a French maid to arrange her hair—fifty dollar silks and camels hair shawls to make her female friends envious, and half-a-dozen bonnets per annum, white kid gloves and silver cane cases, out of roses and bouquet holders, why you deluded young man, shall throw money out with her ringed and lily-white fingers faster, by the bushel, than you can shovel it in with a spade! You don't believe it?—Let us make a rough estimate, then, of what she will cost in full promenade costume.

Bonnet (a love of a thing, the sweetest white clip, and such a bargain), fifteen dollars.—India shawl (of course you won't be such a brute as to expect your wife to wear common cashmere or brocade, just like the butcher's better half) only seventy-five, the cheapest thing in New York! Dress, an eleven-dollar clip, forty-five dollars, including the trimmings and the poorly paid labor of the hollow-checked dressmaker; Valenciennes collars and sleeves, twenty-five; cunning little heeled gaiter boots, three; gloves, one; Etruscan bracelet, fifty (you expect your wife to dress like other women, don't you? and every body has Etruscan bracelets); brooch and earrings in Italian cameo, thirty; enamelled watch and chain, seventy-five; card case, twenty; a 'duck' of a Chantilly veil, ten; embroidered handkerchief, eight; lace—paralol, lined with lavender silk, ten; crinoline, three; and other 'belongings' lace-edged and unsightly decorated, about ten, as near as a body can venture to guess.

Now, all this is an exceedingly moderate assessment; there are probably as many who exceed it as fall short of it. How much do you suppose it amounts to, my good Mr. Brown? Well, your angel, in the simple matter of plumage for this one occasion, costs you not far from four hundred dollars. Yes, you may open your eyes and twirl your moustache in that incredulous sort of way: do you suppose we don't know all about it? Yes, and when the bills come in you will remember our words of warning! You're doing a remarkably foolish thing when you marry one of these camelia japonica divinities, white handed, helpless, and knowing just about as much of real life, every day life, as a canary bird might be expected to understand. If we were a man, we should as soon think of marrying a frail hot-house plant, one of those delicate sprigs of the ornamental.

Give us the apple blossom type of woman—sunny, cheerful and useful—something equal to every emergency, from washing-day to a Fifth Avenue soiree—something that understands the handling of a broom, and knows what the kitchen poker is made for, and can calculate to a nicety the exact amount of mince-meat requisite in a model pie, besides liking a bit of fun as well as the next woman, and possessing a pretty weakness for lively books and spicy papers!—That's the article for our money.

A wife who would select a gingham instead of silk, when she went shopping, and freshen up her old bonnet with a bunch of satin violets and a new ribbon instead of paying an extravagant price for the latest Paris toileries, not because she hadn't a woman's natural penchant for such things, but because she wanted to save money—because her little head was full of schemes some day to contribute something towards releasing her husband from the bondage and drudgery of desk or counter? Do you suppose the value of such a wife can be counted in gold pieces? Let your satin-robed doll sweep contemptuously past her on Broadway, Mr. Brown—time will prove which is the best instrument.

Only, before you purchase the useless, jeweled toy, think twice about it. 'What is the price?' and 'Can I afford it?' or it may be the dearest bargain you ever made in your life! [Life Illustrated.]

CORNUED BEEF.—Who is not fond of good cornued beef? Understand me, I mean a good article, well cooked, I do not mean a poor article half cooked. Those who answer in the negative I am sure never had the good fortune to taste of this main-spring of human nourishment. Talk about your beef-steak and fried sausages, or any other kind of fried meats, they all sink into insignificance when compared with well cooked cornued beef.

There are, however, two or three things to be done in order to procure this great luxury of the table. In the first place, then, do not get your meat too salt, it makes it too tough and tasteless. Do not allow it to remain over two weeks in the first brine, for it takes up all the blood that was in the meat, and consequently ought to be drained off, as the meat will be much more likely to be injured than it will when separated and replaced with fresh meat brine, but more especially in warm weather. In this way it will keep with just sufficient salt to season it.

In the second place, the cooking is of just as much importance as the curing; it should be boiled at least four hours, or until it can be cut and eaten as readily as a piece of soft bread. Not one half of the domestics cook their meat long enough. Try it once, and you will see

the difference. Meat prepared in this way can be eaten with a relish and easily digested, giving nourishment and strength to the body.

But fried meats, or meats half cooked, cannot be properly masticated or prepared for the action of the stomach, and are among the most indigestible articles of nourishment. Some persons are always in too much of a hurry, or too lazy to chew their food, thereby favoring their teeth and throwing the responsibility upon the stomach.

Frequent abuses of this important organ develop disease, and the individual is said to have dyspepsia with its attendant evils. Therefore, spare not the cooking, you will have the less chewing, and the full advantage of the food.

RECIPE.—To every hundred pounds of beef, take of salt 5 lbs., saltpetre 1-4 oz., sugar 1 lb. Dissolve in sufficient water to cover the meat.—[Philadelphia Paper.]

NELLY'S ADVICE TO GIRLS.—Girls you want to get married, don't you? Ah! what a natural thing it is for young ladies to have such a hankering for the sterner sex. Well, if you want to get married, don't for conscience sake, act like fools about it. Don't get into a fit of tips every time you see a hat and a pair of whiskers. Don't get the idea in your head that you must put yourself in the way of every young man in the neighborhood in order to attract notice, for if you don't run after men they will run after you. Mark that.

A husband hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch pucker, she puts on many false airs, and she is so very nice that she is ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person; she may generally be found at meeting, and of course about the last one, always at social parties, invariably taking a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is. Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old maid just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday. Men will flirt with you, and flatter you because they have no more idea of making a wife of you than committing suicide; and if I was a young man I would have no more to do with such a fancy than I would with a rattlesnake.

Now girls, let Nelly give you a piece of advice, and she knows from experience if you practice it you will gain a reputation of being worthy girls, and stand a chance of getting respectable husbands. It is well enough for you to learn to finger a piano, work embroidery, study grammar, etc., but don't neglect your grandma or dear mother, teach yourself to make bread and get a meal of victuals good enough for a king; no part of a housekeeper's duties should be neglected, if you do get a wealthy husband you will need to know how to do these things as you would have them done. In the next place, don't pretend to be what you are not. Affectation is the most despicable of accomplishments and will only cause sensible people to laugh at you. No one but a fool will be caught by affectation; it has a very transparent skin, easily to be seen through.

Dress plain, but neatly. Remember that nothing gives a girl a modest, becoming and lovely appearance, as a neat dress. All the flummery and tinsel work of the dress-maker and milliner are unnecessary.

If you are really handsome, if you do not add to your beauty one particle, if you are homely they only make you look worse. Gentlemen don't court your dress and jewelry, but your own dear selves.

Finger rings and fiddle-faddles may do to look at, but they add nothing to the value of a wife—all young men know that. If you know how to talk do it naturally, and don't be so distressingly nice as to spoil all you say. If your neck is black wear a lace collar, but don't be foolish enough to daub on paint thinking people are so blind as not to see it; and if your cheeks are not rosy, don't apply pink saucers, for the deception will be detected, and becomes the gossip of the neighborhood.

WHITE COMPOSITION FOR ORNAMENTS.—Make a strong solution of isinglass and gin (or whiskey), and add chalk in fine powder until it is of the proper consistency. This composition is now gently heated and poured into the mold, which should be coated with flinted oil to prevent adhesion. The composition is left in the mold until it is dry, when it may be taken out, and will be found to have a resemblance to ivory. This substance becomes very hard, but it will not withstand exposure to the weather.

RICE STARCH, boiled in water for half an hour and made into a paste of suitable thickness, with fine chalk or plaster of paris, is also suitable for making ornamental work by casting or pressing it into molds, as described above. [Country Gentleman.]

TREE PLANTING.—Have you never heard of the student, who, on being told that the crow would sometimes live a hundred years, bought a young crow to try the experiment? Yes, indeed, we have heard of him—the irony is excellent—and of Dr. Johnson's growl about 'the trifling interval between the seed and the timber.' Still, we say, plant trees. They who plant at once, instead of waiting their breath in selfish complaints of the shortness of life, find luxurious foliage waving over them much sooner than they expected. But, whether you live to see the maturity of your trees or not, be benevolent enough to plant for posterity. Transmit to your children the inheritance of rural beauty received from your fathers greatly augmented. By all means plant, and plant well, and the result will repay the labor. And let not your work end with planting. Feed your trees from year to year with generous food, and guard them from injury. And in the words (slightly altered) of an old planter: 'What joy may you have in seeing the success of your labors while you live, and in leaving behind you, to your heirs or successors, a work that, many years after your death, shall record your love to your country! And the rather, when you consider to what length of time your work is like to last.' If you have country homes to embellish, be content with simplicity. Remember that a great establishment is a great care, and that the proprietor is apt to become a slave to it. Let your dwelling-places be marked with what the painters call 'repose.' Make them the abodes of comfort and refined enjoyment, places which will always afford you agreeable occupation, but not oppress you with care. [North American Review.]

NEGLECTED DUTY.—No man has any right to manage his affairs in such a way that his sudden death would bring burdens and losses on other people. There may be rare cases

where a man really cannot help entanglements, or where, from inexperience, or lack of judgment, he has brought his affairs into such a state that the interests of others depend upon his life; but he should make all possible haste to extricate himself from such a position. Honor and honesty demand that he should so conduct his business, that his death should cause no one to be wronged. And as to dying, although all men everywhere believe that all other men will surely die, yet they unite in thinking that they themselves are exceptions to this rule, or, at least, they act as if they thought so; this is radically wrong. It is every man's duty in every transaction in life, to be influenced by the fact that at any day or at any hour he may die.

Secession.—Revolution. We lay before our readers the opinions held by Jackson's administration in 1832; and of Webster in 1850; to show the absurdity of secession without revolution. Webster in 1830 explicitly exploded the right of secession. Madison, Clay, Benton, Cass, and others, have in turn so thoroughly controverted the doctrine of the secessionists that it is a matter of astonishment that it should again be seriously discussed. The doctrine has no basis to stand upon in the Constitution, and it is utterly revolutionary. If each State can secede and set the government at defiance, the Constitution is worthless, and the Federal Government a flimsy structure, liable to be rent in sunder by every gale of sectional passion. It has not been so understood, and will not be.

ANDREW JACKSON ON SECESSION.—We extract the following paragraph from Jackson's famous proclamation of 1832, calling the people of South Carolina back to their allegiance to the government:

The Constitution of the United States forms a government, not a league, and whether it be formed by compact between the States, or in any other manner, its character is the same. It is a government in which all the people are represented, which operates directly on the people individually, not upon the States; they retained all the power they did not grant. But each State having expressly parted with so many powers as to constitute jointly with the other States a single nation, cannot from that period possess any right to secede, because such secession does not break a league, but destroys the unity of a nation, and any injury to that unity is not only a breach which would result from the contravention of a compact, but it is an offence against the whole Union. To say that any State may at pleasure secede from the Union, is to say that the United States are not a nation; because it would be a solecism to contend that any part of a nation might dissolve its connection with the other parts, to their injury or ruin, without committing any offence. Secession, like any other revolutionary act, may be morally justified by the extremity of oppression; but to call it a constitutional right, is confounding the meaning of terms, and can only be done through gross error, or to deceive those who are willing to assert a right, but would pause before they made a revolution, or incur the penalties consequent upon a failure.

DANIEL WEBSTER ON SECESSION.—Extract from Mr. Webster's great speech

ment, he says is nitric acid—a deadly poison. He ascribes to this chemical change all the diseases which are common to mariners and others, who subsist principally upon salted meat—such as scurvy, sore gums, decayed teeth, &c., and advises a total abandonment of saltpetre in pickle for beef, &c.; the best substitute for that article being a small quantity of sugar, which renders the meat sweeter and more wholesome.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 22, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PITTENGER & 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.

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, or EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.

Secession and Agitation.

For more than twenty years past some uneasy politicians at the South have been nourishing a vision of a "Southern confederacy." The core of the great plan of mischief is in South Carolina; and it is not so much to any wrong she feels as to the ambitious scheme she seeks to organize, that the present agitation is attributed. No doubt the leaders in the project desire immediate action, and will bring it about if they can. The great difficulty is to excite the public mind to sufficient unanimity to strike a fatal blow before a new administration comes into power. The conservative course of the republicans, as indicated every way, will at once tell upon the public mind under Mr. Lincoln, and the wrongs talked of will be shown to be entirely visionary. South Carolina desires at once to provoke such action from the general government as will secure to herself the sympathies of the neighboring disaffected States. To this end she is laboring to hurry matters; and the proposed southern convention, which she might otherwise desire, is the last measure she wishes to hasten.

Agitation continues to be the topic of report from various States, and there is little doubt that the people of S. Carolina are pretty well agreed in secession; but in all the other States there is a strong division, if not a decided majority, against it. The objectors are yet to speak out, and those who really value the union of the States, can judge how their voices will tell upon the minds of honest men against secession.

SHOOTING MATCH.—At the second shooting contest among our North Vassalboro' neighbors, as we learn from our attentive correspondent, victory shifted her perch and alighted on the banner of the party led by Mr. R. W. Mullen. Game of all sorts and sizes—squirrels, ducks, partridges, plover, pigeons, rabbits, hedgehogs, foxes, &c.—enough to fill four barrels, was bagged by the enthusiastic and industrious sportsmen, and the count was as follows:—Mullen, 31,899; Stackpole, 30,460; difference, 1439.

The day's sport was very pleasantly concluded by a supper, at which, in addition to the provision for their entertainment so bountifully furnished by mine host of the Hopkins House, many good things were said and sung, of which, unfortunately, we have no report.

ELECTIONS.—Texas has gone for Breckenridge by 4000 majority, and 11,000 majority is claimed for him in Alabama; while in Georgia there is said to be a majority of 25,000 against this candidate. Bell's majority in Virginia is now said to be 400, sure. Breckenridge's majority in Florida is set at 3000. From California the reports conflict—one gives the State to Lincoln by 2000, and the other to Douglas by 3000. We must wait patiently for the next arrival.

POSTMASTER DIX.—The New York correspondent of The Philadelphia Press says: "A fact was communicated to me yesterday of a character so unprecedented in the political annals of this city, and so creditable to the distinguished gentleman who was its author, that it deserves to be published and commended in every paper of every party in the country. It is the first instance in this city where a high Federal officer has fully refused to permit his clerks to be assessed for political purposes. I allude to the Postmaster, General Dix."

AGRICULTURAL CONVENTION.—The following resolution, after an interesting discussion, was unanimously adopted at the Agricultural Convention which met here last week:—That this Convention deem it best advantage to the Agricultural interest of the State, to re-organize the Board of Agriculture, that each incorporated Agricultural, Horticultural and Pomological Society, shall be entitled to a member of the Board.

A committee of five, consisting of Messrs. Dill of Phillips, Cargill, of Winthrop, Wasson, of Franklin, Martin, of Danville, and Carpenter, of Pittston, were chosen, to memorialize the next Legislature to so amend the existing law that each duly incorporated Agricultural, Horticultural and Pomological Society in the State shall be entitled to one Representative in the Board of Agriculture.

SENIOR EXHIBITION.—The regular Exhibition of the Senior Class of Waterville College will occur on Tuesday evening next, at the Baptist Church. A new feature of the occasion will be the introduction of several Junior parts. Music by Waterville Band.

HISTORICAL.—"In the beginning Nihil sit," and consequently was the first warrior. This discovery was made by a Cambridge student. It has been ascertained in Waterville that Morrisfield, opposite the post office, always fits, and is of course the last victor. History points out no better fit, since the days of Nihil, than those made by his modern successor; and those who would tread the earth with good grace should read the record and believe it.

OUR TABLE.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The following is a list of the contents of the October number: 1. Recent Geographical Researches. 2. Memoirs of the Master of Sinclair. 3. Max Muller's Ancient Sanscrit Literature. 4. Grotius and the Sources of International Law. 5. The Churches of the Holy Land. 6. The Grand Remonstrance. 7. Scottish County Histories. 8. Brain Difficulties. 9. The United States under Mr. Buchanan. The last article is of special interest to us, as it gives a view of American politics from the English standpoint.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum in two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7, all four Reviews \$8; 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 but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—This is a very welcome visitor, and we hail its appearance with peculiar pleasure. In form it is one of the handsomest magazines in the country, and it is embellished with many beautiful engravings, besides numerous illustrations of the interesting novels and tales which form its contents. It contains one hundred large quarto pages of first-class literature, novels, tales, sketches of travel, items of valuable and interesting information and pages of humorous matter. Besides all this the department devoted to the fashions is complete and extensive, so that every lady taking *Frank Leslie's Monthly* will be up with the times in what relates to the newest styles of dress, millinery, ornamental needlework, &c. It is one of the cheapest, as it is undoubtedly one of the best magazines published. The subscription price is \$2 per year, which should be sent to Frank Leslie, 19 City Hall Square, N. Y. A new volume commences with January, 1861.

Massachusetts Correspondence.

Worcester, Mass., Nov. 13th, 1860.
Last week there died in this city a man, who, though in humble life, is known over half the world. Joel D. Stratton was but a poor laborer, but his heart was warm with love to his fellowmen. In the gutter near his shop lay a wretched, forsaken inebriate. The priest and the Levite had passed by, but this Samaritan raised up the fallen one, took him home, clothed him, called him brother, and awakened in him the spark of manhood, dormant but not extinct. And to-day thousands on both continents invoke blessings on the saviour of John B. Gough.

Mr. Stratton's funeral was largely attended, and when the Apostle of Temperance stood over his coffin, and in the presence of that assembly said—All I am in this life, and all that I shall be in the life to come, all that I have done, all that I shall do, all is due, under God, to the man lying here—every heart was moved. Verily whosoever this cause shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that he hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of him.

WILS.

HAYS ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—A member of the company writes from Upernivik, North Greenland, Aug. 14th. We make the following extract from his letter. The mercury had then got down to zero and thin ice made about the vessel:

Our course was up the middle of Davis Strait, and no icebergs were seen until we had reached about the latitude of the Arctic circle. The large floating islands of pure whiteness were novel at first to many of us, but they are now an old story. As we passed Omekak Fiord I counted hundreds, of every shape and of all sizes—some looking almost like a house, others like a church, while some, by a little stretch of the imagination, bore a striking resemblance to different animals. Nothing could be more grand or imposing than the view down Omekak Fiord, as we passed its mouth—black hills on either side, clouds tinted with gold and silver, and the sea studded with crystal islands.

Proven is a more cheerful looking place than I had expected to find in Greenland. The town stands on a hill-side, and consists of 3 dwellings occupied by government officers, as many more storehouses, and about a dozen native huts.

The hospitalities of the place were freely bestowed upon us. We remained there six days, and during that time our people enjoyed three times the luxury of a native dance in the government carpenter shop. The women, dressed in reindeer skin jackets lined outside with flannel, seal skin pantaloons and white leather boots, presented quite a picturesque and not ungraceful appearance.

From Proven they went to Upernivik, where they were most hospitably received. The writer continues.

Our decks are now covered with dog kennels, and the wretches are howling and snarling continually. We have eleven large animals and eight pups, and will obtain some more further up the coast. We will leave this port in a few hours, and will then, for two years to come, fight our battle alone.

We are well prepared for the long period of isolation and hard work before us. The provisions supplied by the liberality of the good people of Boston are of the very best quality and abundant in quantity. We have certainly enough to last us three years. That prepared by the American Dedicating Company, caps the climax. It is highly concentrated, and consists of soup, beef, and potatoes, in all about three thousand pounds. This is intended for field use. The soup is most excellent. The commander is stingy enough of it, and for this he doubtless has a good reason. It swells enormously when soaked, and hence its great value in travelling.

We expect to reach Smith Straits upon the first of September, and will lie somewhere in winter quarters, when we expect to have a good jovial time, and to make our preparations for the spring travel. The most perfect confidence in the commander exists on all sides, and he will have a party to lead toward the North Pole that will not falter at trifling obstacles. He addressed the ship's company the other day at muster, and told us that he would ask none of us to do anything that he would not do himself, nor go anywhere that he was not willing to lead us.

WASHINGTON IRVING NEARLY KILLED BY AN INDIAN FOR MAKING LOVE TO HIS SQUAW.—The following is an extract from some recollections of Washington Irving in The Home Journal:

"I was very nearly killed by an Indian once, said Irving, one evening. When I was a young man, I was travelling in Canada, with a friend. There were more Indians there than there were white men now. One raw, chilly day, we were rowing in a canoe on the St. Lawrence, with an Indian for a guide.

As we neared the spot where Ogdensburg now stands he invited us to his wigwam, to get something to eat. Scouring the canoe to the shore, we followed him a short distance to his hut, where we found his squaw busily cooking venison. Our guide motioned us to a seat by the fire, and then proceeded to drink a large quantity of whiskey. My friend watched him closely; but I talked to his wife, who at first gave me short answers, glancing at her lord and master, to see if he listened, which he seemed not to do; then she talked more freely. The squaw was very ugly, having the overburdened look that you see among Indian women; so from half pity, as she took the large haunch from the fire, I rose to assist her. At the same moment her jealous husband raised a large club striking me on the head a blow that made me fall insensible at his feet. As he was about to repeat the blow, my friend caught me in his arms, and rushing from the wigwam, deposited me in the canoe, and was taking me rapidly down the stream before our half drunken pursuer reached the shore. I soon recovered my senses, but I never was polite to a squaw again."

GENERAL JOE LANE AND THE BEANS.—Finding the following good story in a Breckenridge and Lane paper, we venture to copy it, expunging some of the profanity with which it was originally seasoned.

Joe Lane is some on demagoguism. In this department of the fine arts he is first with out any second. Davy Crockett and 'Spoons Ogle' were nobody to him. Indeed, if you took the demagoguism out of Joe, you would leave him like a balloon with the gas out of its body, a very small and shriveled concern. Joe had a trick of knowing everybody, and everybody Joe knew was his most intimate friend. He would meet an acquaintance as another man would meet a brother he thought had been lost at sea. He extends both hands, and makes his countenance as expressive as nature will allow of affectionate sympathy. Coming back from Jefferson City to Oregon, Joe fell in with a countryman, (Mr. Jones,) near whose home he happened to be travelling, before the election Joe recognized him at once.

"Old fellow," said Joe, "God bless you, how are you and the wife and the children? Well, now, I'm glad to see you. I haven't felt in with anybody I was so glad to see. I have been thinking of you and the boys ever since I have been to Congress (that's the way Joe spells it). Washington is a dull place—hate to stay there—lively times here—want to come back and live with the boys, where I can have a good time. Old fellow, I tell you I'm glad to see you again."

After some words, the man, a plain farmer, invited Joe in, saying:

"General, you will stay to dinner, won't you?"

"Certainly, of course," said Joe. "I come on purpose. I want some victuals I can eat. This city victuals don't suit me. Your wife can cook to suit me. I told Buchanan I wouldn't give a fig for all their tiffin gimcracks. A good Oregon dinner of pork and beans was worth all the French restaurants could get up and more too."

After a while dinner was put on the table. It was, sure enough, Joe's favorite dish, pork and beans. The pork was only tolerable; the beans were very fine; at least, Joe said so. He crammed himself; talked of the Mexican war, politics, Joe Lane, was very attentive to the women and children; praised the cooking, took some more pork and beans, never saw such beans, cooked to suit him exactly, wanted the lady of the house to give him some for seed, wanted to take them to Washington for Buchanan, wanted to show them fellows what good living was. He got a package, put it in his saddle bags, talked some more about the Mexican war, shook hands, kissed the babies, took off his hat to madam, took another horn of whiskey, and left.

He got to the next house; was just as glad to see that man, and was just as polite to that woman, just as attentive to them children, took a little of that whiskey, talked of the same Mexican war, and then some politics, and that same Joe Lane; had thought of this man much and often at Washington; wanted to get back to see him all. Come on purpose to see this one. Got Buchanan to give him a package of a rare kind of beans; the finest he ever seen; brought them all the way and especially for the man's wife to plant and grow in the garden; then took them out of his saddle bags, (the identical beans he got at the last house;) the landlady was rejoiced; Joe took another drink, and left.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Smith came over to see Mrs. Jones the next day; talked of the news; General Lane; fond of beans; great friend of her husband; got some of them beans; took them away to give to Buchanan. Mrs. Jones told her tale about Lane; good friend of her husband; gave her beans from Patent Office; showed the package. It was marked in Joe's handwriting; 'Miss Smith's beans,' (same Mrs. Smith had put up.)—Smith is now in the Legislature, and votes against Lane.

RISE OF WATER.—The late rains have raised the water in the Kennebec several feet and started a lively run of logs. Several gangs of men have been busily employed, for a week or two, in Ticonic Bay, and a large amount of lumber has been secured here. We have one of the best chances on the river for catching and rafting logs, and as it is of no account to us for the reason that we do not improve our excellent water power, we are glad that our more enterprising neighbors avail themselves of its advantages. It is not pleasant to see nature's gifts wasted or unimproved.

THE BEST PIG.—Mr. Henry A. Bachelder, of W. Waterville sends us a liberal sample of what we conclude will prove to be the best pig slaughtered in this vicinity this season. Mr. B. says that when but three weeks old it weighed but four pounds; and at seven months and ten days old, when killed, it dressed three hundred and twenty-eight pounds. Thus the average daily gain, after three weeks old, was about a pound and three quarters. It need not be said that it was of a good breed and well fed—though we are not informed on either point. [Can the editor of the Clarion beat this?]

One aspect of secession is forcibly presented in the following paragraph from the Philadelphia Bulletin—

"The southern empire must consist of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Mississippi. These States have 30 electoral votes out of 303, or about one-eighth of the whole Union. In all of them there are not two million of white people against twenty-five million of the other States. The valorous Palmetto State had, by the census of 1850, only 274,

563 white population—men women and children. The new census, as far as received shows a very little increase, so that all this 'settled determination without excitement,' to secede from this great confederacy and set up for themselves, comes from less than 300,000 white people, men, women and children, or about 50,000 men all told. These 50,000 men would have to keep in order 450,000 negroes with one hand, while they fight the United States government with the other. If all these States should join—and Georgia, we are to recollect, is one third filled with Northern men while the pulse of secession in all of them is very weak—they have but about 300,000 men all told with nearly two million of slaves to keep from revolt. What is to prevent their negroes escaping in countless gangs into the northern and western States? What is to keep down a servile insurrection, when these vast masses of negroes begin to know their power?"

NO HARM IN TRYING!—We refer to the advertisement of Rev. T. Hill's well known 'Remedy,' as applicable to the prevailing throat disease. The certificates speak well for it, and it is known to possess eminent medicinal virtues in other diseases. It will do no hurt to try it, as others have doubtless done to their advantage.

We are informed that the disease known as purit sore throat—or as "diphtheria" by physicians—prevails to a sad extent in the vicinity of Hunter's Mills, Clinton. Ten or twelve, mostly children, have died within a short time. The first cases in this vicinity occurred in Winslow, two or three months ago, since which there have been only a few others, and these not so fatal as at first threatened.

SAVE YOUR WOOD!—Those who contemplate furnishing their houses with furnaces will do well to examine "Gilbreth's Hot Air Furnace and Water Heating Arrangement," advertised this week. It claims to offer rare advantages, and though we have not examined it, we have faith enough in the proprietor to believe he is offering the public a good article. Those who would know more should examine it for themselves.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—All Catholic writers and speakers in this country do not present the claims of their church so arrogantly and offensively as Brownson. Rev. Dr. Cumming, of New York, concluded his lecture on 'Fenelon and the Catholic Church,' recently before the Young Men's Christian Union, of Boston, as follows:—

Fenelon, said the lecturer, wrote learnedly and eloquently in defence of his religion, but men of all religions welcomed him as a friend. The Catholic church had the special honor of making him what he was. His earliest lessons came from that church, and in his will he bequeathed to his faith, expressing the deepest love and gratitude for the mother church. The lecturer did not expect to change the deep-seated convictions of his hearers, but he hoped they would look candidly at the principles of a church producing such fruit.

The Catholic Church did not conceal its claim by divine right to the reverence of man. She claims to be the only institution on earth by which man can be saved. She admits of no divided power, no stunted reverence. She denies the right of human reason, and promises the highest good to all who acknowledge her as their mother. She has been better loved and more bitterly hated than any other church. She claims to be an unerring teacher, and demands a sacrifice of self from all promising supernatural aid in times of trial.

She makes no efforts to gain popularity, and does not follow prevailing fashions, but is not afraid to speak abhorrence of the principles of those that oppose her. Some of her opponents hold that men are capable of judging what concerns the soul for themselves, the Church says that reason will mislead man, and that it is no violation of free will to require a man to lean on her for support and guidance. Other denominations cast off the restraints of religion, with the uprising of self interest or passion.

That which is spoken of as wrong, in the Catholic Church, was that which was known as 'Popery,' it would be worthy of hate. But that was not Catholicism. Catholicism would be better loved, when it was better known. He believed it to be the true church, established by God, but would not defend what had been done weakly or wickedly by professed Catholics. The cruelty and superstition of former ages, the church was not accountable for. He had never roasted a heretic, and did not like it, any more than his hearers did the hanging of Quakers and drowning of witches. He hoped the distractions in the name of religion, which had been so calamitous in the old world, would never distract this soil; that here all should have freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience.

Daniel Sanborn, Esq., formerly of Bangor, has just been removed from the Boston Custom House by Collector Whitney. Reason assigned—place wanted for another man; real reason—Sanborn went for Douglas.

GOOD.—It is said that Harper's publications have been returned from Charleston and Savannah. If so, some folks have rolled themselves in the dirt for nothing.

DANIEL T. PIKE, Esq., one of the oldest editors in the State, a writer of marked ability and genial humor—has retired from the *Augusta Age*; and the movement must have been suddenly determined on, for last week's issue was entirely under the control of 'scissors.' The *Farmer* pays Mr. P. the following well deserved compliments, which are heartily endorsed on all hands:—

Very few men in our State have ever wielded a larger or more judicious editorial influence than he. At the head of the leading paper of his party, and giving tone and direction to public sentiment upon the various public questions which have agitated the country, he has always preserved the good will of his opposing contemporaries, when brought in conflict with them, not only by his imperturbable good nature, but by a just appreciation of the proprieties and amenities of his professional relations to them. We do not believe he ever made an enemy in any party, in his long editorial career; on the contrary, he has made hosts of friends in all parties, who will pray for success in whatever field of labor may hereafter engage his service.

The *Augusta Journal* states that the loan of \$15,000 voted by that City to the Free Bridge Company has been taken by the *Augusta Savings Bank*, at a premium of 4 per cent on the loan.

RELIGION FOR THE TIMES.—No matter how high a value may be set upon faith by some persons, we fancy that all will agree with a writer in the *Congregationalist*, that the religion of to day should be like that described below:

'We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily, not only on the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin,' but on the exceeding sinfulness of lying and stealing, a religion that banishes small measures from the counters small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, alum from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strichnine from wine, water from milk-cans and buttons from the contribution box.

The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genoaese flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one-half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash. It will not put Govin's stamp on Jenkins' kid gloves, nor make Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards, come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards, be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton spool thread break to the yardsick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvage to selvage, nor all wool delaines and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of old woollen rags pressed together, be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put bricks at five dollars per thousand, and into chimneys it contracted to build of seven dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets, where boards ought to join, nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window-blinds with slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched.

The religion that is to sanctify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, is according to Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand with or without interest, as a liar.

CHANGE OF THE WHARF OF PORTLAND STEAMERS IN BOSTON.—The new and magnificent accommodations for the Portland steamers in Boston, are well described in the following article from the Boston Traveller.

The Portland Steamboat Company have just removed their station from the foot of Central Wharf, where it has been for nineteen years, to the foot of India Wharf. There are three boats on the line, the Montreal of 1200 tons, and the Forest City and Leiston of 1000 tons each, one or the other of which leaves the wharf every evening for Portland, at 5 o'clock. The India Wharf Company have expended nearly \$20,000 in making an addition to their wharf, and on this the Steamboat Company has erected a depot, covering the whole addition, and costing some \$10,000. It is an immense structure, several hundred feet in length, and will contain under its lofty and spacious cover, three or four entire cargoes. On three sides it is one continuous line of sliding doors, which rise with pulleys in the attic, so that the building may be thrown open, as desired. Two berths are afforded for steamers, one on the end and one at the side of this great depot, and there are four drops, like ferry drops, which rise and fall with the tide, entirely within the building. Two of these are for each boat.

The frame-work covers the entire wharf to its very edge. The spacious edifice, so complete in all its arrangements, and capable of covering 16,000 to 18,000 barrels of flour at one time, was constructed by John W. Swett, steamboat joiner, and a member of the company, and is eminently creditable to his skill. From the ground to the highest point of the building is nearly forty feet, and yet there is but one story, giving abundant room for the use of the sliding doors, and the piling of goods to any height. It is well provided with gas fixtures, offices, &c. &c. and is in every respect a model wharf. Here all the freight of the Grand Trunk Railroad, to or from Boston, is to be landed, and this cannot but add greatly to the value of the India Wharf Co. property. In the frame 185,000 feet of timber were used.

The agent of the steamers here, Mr. Wm. Weeks, will always be found at his post on the wharf, energetic and courteous as ever. He has taken a deep personal interest in the wharf improvement. The agent in Portland is Mr. Leonard Billings, a gentleman whom we have also found to be a valuable member of the concern. Capt. John B. Coyle of Portland, is the leading member of the company, and has added much to its means of success.

The Boston Post editorially claims that there is no remedy under the Constitution against secession, and that the Federal government cannot employ force to prevent it; and yet The Post claims to be a *Jacksonian*. The old Hero who prepared to put down South Carolina nullification by force, will yet be proved by his faithful disciples (!) to have been only a tyrannical usurper, and trampler upon his country's constitution! Buchanan Democracy is as unlike the old Jeffersonian and Jacksonian article as a rotten squaw is unlike the head of a Socrates. [Bath Times.]

A REAL DANGER AT THE SOUTH. We regard the result in Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, as having substantially dispelled all the danger of disunion which the election of Lincoln was supposed to involve. But another peril of a still more fearful character may arise in its place. There is reason to apprehend negro insurrections, more or less extensive in various portions of the South. How far they will spread, or with what cir-

cumstances of horror and atrocity they may be attended, it is impossible to predict. But we fear they will take place in many sections of the South, and that very considerable inconvenience and suffering, may result from them.

There can be no doubt at all that the negroes in every portion of the Southern States have been taught to believe that Mr. Lincoln, if elected President, would set them free. They have heard this asserted, over and over again, by stump speakers, and in political conversations, and read from partisan newspapers from one end of the country to the other. This assertion has been the whole staple of warfare against the Republicans in the Southern States. The orators of the Breckinridge party have made the charge in the most open and explicit manner, and the other parties have felt that they had no special interest in contradicting it. It is impossible that the slaves should not have heard it incessantly, and equally impossible for them to know that it was utterly untrue.

[New York Times.]

Stealing a Rail.

Some years ago a party engaged in the United States Coast Survey were engaged on the Barnstable shore, when one of the young men wanting a signal-pole, took a rail from a fence hard by. A few days after the party moved its quarters to a point about ten miles distant, and on the day following the removal the officer was surprised by a visit from a countryman, evidently dressed in his going-to-meeting clothes, but all dusted, sweated, red, travel-blown, and perturbed. "Captin," quoth he, taking no notice of the proffered camp stool, "some of your men have committed a depredation and an outrage on my property." The speaker paused to take breath, and the captain looked grave. "Yes," he continued, with an indignant and injured air, "they took down my fences to make signal poles, and I thought the matter would have been settled before you moved; but you packed off without giving me any notice whatsoever; and the first I heard of it was this morning, and that's what I tho't hard of."

"My friend," replied the chief, "you had better take a seat and some refreshments. You appear to be much heated."

Farmer Sandy declined both repose and refreshments. He agreed that he was considerably 'het up' by the walk of ten miles; but expressed his determination to have the affair in hand settled before he left the spot, for he did not know when they might leave the country altogether; and the people's property ought to be respected; and moreover he was not to be frightened or cajoled.

The chief replied, in a soothing tone, that he had never countenanced any misconduct of that sort among his subordinates; and that whenever he had found it necessary to make use of private property, or had injured it unintentionally, he had been always willing to settle the matter on the most liberal basis, and pay all reasonable damages.

The concession of principle so mollified Farmer Sandy that he took a seat and prepared to go into an amicable adjustment of the case. The captain, pleased at the prospect of saving the United States Government a knotty lawsuit and some thousands, in damages, desired his visitor to state precisely the amount and character of the mischief that had been done,—the damages resulting from the destruction of his fences,—the number of rails taken, and what sum he would be willing to take in reparation of the wrong he had suffered.

Sandy answered: "Wa'al, capting, I can't exactly say that nobody's cattle got into the field, and didn't do it any damages in particular that I know of; but paster is middlin' scarce on the Cape,—a bunch of sorrel here and there,—the ground being rather stony; and I see a critter cavorting round my field looking over the fences where the rails was missing; and you see he might have got in and mused up things tremenjous, but perhaps he wasn't able to jump. So, as there was nawthin' hurt, I rather guess there beent any damages on that account,—which if it beent is no merit thetwin that committed the trespass. And as for the rails they took,—wa'l, I don't know on but one rail they took, and stuck it on the pint. Now a new rail is worth perhaps, no great sum, and that rail, was no quite new, and so I guess I'd have no call to claim of you more than the value of a second-hand rail, which I guess may be about ten cents."

The engineer rose hastily, and retiring to the further part of the tent, fumbled among his instruments and drawings until he could compose his agitated countenance. Then returning to Mr. Sandy, drew the dime from his vest pocket, and paid it over.

Mr. Sandy thanked him and offered a receipt which was declined. The invitation to refresh was repeated, and this time accepted.

"Captin," said the farmer, rising to go, "I'm a man that don't like to be put upon by anybody, nor to lay under any injustice or mistreatment; but I'm none of these pesky fellows that want to claim more than my due, and that can't settle a difficulty when I meet a liberal and civil-spoken gentleman. If you or any of your people should ever be passing by my house, I'd be glad if you would stop and take a bite with me. Good-day."

[Harper's Magazine.]

OUTRAGE UPON A BANGOR VESSEL. The Savannah News contains a communication headed 'Abolitionists dealt with in Camden County,' in which it is stated the citizens of that county held a meeting at which a committee was appointed to examine concerning the brig Julia E. Arey and collect proof in relation to charges made against the master E. W. Ryder, and second mate Joseph E. Ryder, both of South Orrington, of tampering with slaves. A jury of twelve men was empaneled on the 8th inst. It is stated that the prisoners had held improper and dangerous conversations with negroes, but the testimony was not conclusive and the jury rendered a verdict not to hang, but to flay the prisoners and confine them in jail until the brig sailed.

At the same meeting it was resolved to ask the Legislature for the enactment of a law to prohibit citizens from permitting their slaves to enter any Northern vessel as pilot, stevedore or in any other capacity; to allow the right of search of all such vessels; and the right of selling into slavery all free negroes who enter their waters.

NEW WAY OF SQUARING ACCOUNTS WITH SOUTHERN CREDITORS.—We learn that a dry goods firm in N. York, who had a claim for \$1000 against

