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(From the Cleveland Wool Grower.)

Where there's a Will there's a Way.

There is a great deal said in these latter days about 'affinities in the marriage relation,' and about congeniality and all that sort of thing. But does not nature always work by contrasts? If there is an excess in one place, is there not sure to be a want in another? Extremes meet, and so they did when Bob Gray, the earnest man in town, paid his addresses to Kitty Logan, the young school ma'am, who was to take the village school in the township of Niles, where the big boys always turned the masters out of doors on Christmas, or made them treat. Bob Gray had a rich father, a hard working mother, and a proud sister, and could afford to be lazy. Mr. Gray the elder, came west in very early times, located near the town of Niles, lived in a big cabin years, shook himself out of joint with the age, wore it out, and never had it afterward. But a poor neighbor who had a large farm a mile from Mr. Gray could not wear it out; his wife died, his children suffered, he offered his farm very cheap and Mr. Gray bought him out, promising to pay him time.

A year or so afterward, discouraged with his crops, and the inability to pay for the new farm, he tried to persuade the former owner to take it back, which he refused to do—a lawsuit ensued, and the matter ended by poor Gray being obliged to keep the farm and pay the costs. Terrible was the blow, but he lived through it; and five years afterwards, when the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad passed right through the same farm and set up a station house exactly in the centre, he found himself a rich man. He sold town lots at high figures, sent his son Tommy to Jacksonville, to be educated, and daughter Susan to Monticello. He dressed himself in broadcloth—wore kid gloves—accepted the nomination for the legislature, and unexpectedly found himself elected and making laws for his countrymen at the capital of the Prairie State. So much in explanation.

Bob came home from Jacksonville with his sheepskin properly tied with blue ribbons, dressed superbly, had the best 'turn out' in town, wore a tremendous pair of whiskers, and of course Kitty Logan felt flattered when he offered to wait upon her home from church—or called after school to take her out riding. Miss Susan Gray took a little pains to find out that Kitty was distantly related to the Sumners and Lincolns of Massachusetts, but some how she did not learn the important fact that Kitty had worked at straw-braiding in the pretty town of Foxboro', until she had earned money enough to educate herself.

Where there's a will there's a way, said Kitty; and I know I can 'paddle my own canoe' out west, where they say nothing is wanting but the power to do and the will to put the power in motion.

So bidding her few friends good bye, for she was an orphan, she donned the prettiest little straw hat which her own pretty fingers had plaited, sewed and pressed, and trimmed with neat drab ribbon with a blue edge, which responded exactly with her drab travelling dress and cape, and matched her blue eyes to a T. Thus she started for Illinois, where a friend of hers lived and had written to her, she thought a school could be procured. She was a little homesick when she arrived at Niles and would have given one of the gold pieces hid away in that private pocket of hers for a look once more at the rocks and swampy hollows, overshadowed by thick evergreens, that surrounded her native home. She would even have bounded with joy at the sound of the old factory bell that used to call the merry girls together for their long evening's toil. Still she did not say so, but put on a cheerful face—sought out the directors and made her application.

Mr. Smith, the main man, looked as if the little blue-eyed mix, with rosy lips, had insulted his dignity to come offering herself to teach a school, in that neighborhood. But as she offered to teach for three dollars a month cheaper than the last incumbent, and wrote such a pretty hand, which they could read like print, and besides had such a 'winning way,' they agreed to hire her. To the astonishment of everybody, Christmas and New Year went by, and the mistress, instead of being shut out or having to treat, was surprised to find herself treated, her desk loaded with presents, and even Jim Stokes, who had always been called the worst boy in town, had headed a surprise party in the evening and almost filled Miss Logan's little room, at Parson Brown's, with pledges of good will.

Where there's a will there's a way, said Kitty. 'I know, Mr. Smith, I should not have any trouble with the big boys, they are just as good as need be.' 'Of course they be,' answered the blunt old farmer, who by the revolution of railroads, had been brought almost into town, 'I can almost wish I was a big boy myself, just to show you how good I could be.' Mr. Smith laughed, and Kitty tripped along to her task, carrying her little basket of dinner and the good will of everybody that knew her, along with her.

Kitty's school house was in the country where the elder Mr. Gray still lived, having built himself a fine house with 'modern improvements,' although he did not know exactly what to do with it, nor his wife either. They still tried to get along as comfortably as possible, while Miss Susan enjoyed it exceedingly, and kept the great double parlors full of company, which her warm and weary mother knew well how to cook for—if she didn't know how to entertain—good cooking is a great thing in a family.

Well, Tommy—or, as we must now call him, Mr. Thomas Gray, Counselor and Attorney at Law, fell deeply in love with Miss Kitty, and it is supposed she fell in love with him; and they were married—now we have really begun our tale, which is not so far from reality as it seems to be, as you see, but to illustrate a principle as well as relate a fact.

Mr. Thomas Gray opened his office in Niles, and opposed of course all the world would call upon him for counsel, and was for setting up in good style—but shrewd little Kitty insisted that a plain way was the best. She did not desire any such display as had been made by some of her neighbors, who had grown suddenly rich.

One day as they were riding gaily by a miserable looking hotel, in the suburbs, with broken windows and doors off the hinges, a mud hole near by, and the pigs looking in through the doors at a besotted man, as if they sympathized with and had a fellow feeling for him in his degradation, Mr. Thomas Gray said to his wife—'How would you like to live in such a place as that, my dear?' 'Not at all, of course,' was the reply. 'There is no knowing what may happen,' said he, 'my friend there, May Bell, was three years ago to all appearance as well off as you are to day; but her husband speculated high, lost, took to drink and there she is!'

'I can't help that,' answered Kitty, 'no demand can put me into such a place as that.' 'Don't be too sure, dear,' said Thomas Gray. 'Sure?' answered Kitty with spirit, 'I am just so sure as this, there is not a man living

VOL. XIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, DEC. 6, 1860.

NO. 22.

The Eastern Mail.

whose fortunes I would follow down so low as that.

'What would you do, pray, let us know the secret?'

'One thing I would not do,' answered the young matron promptly, 'I would not be a drunkard's wife.'

'How would you help yourself?'

'Where there's a will there's a way,' said Kitty, 'but don't let us talk about that, surely I shall never have a drunken husband,' and with deep shadow over her brow, that came like a presentiment of evil, the ride was continued in silence.

Two years went by, and Mr. Thomas Gray grew more and more easy. Bad bargains were made, speculations entered into, convivial companies drew him from Niles to the Capital. His well filled purse made him everywhere welcome. Kitty, good little soul, seeing things going a little out of the way, would persist in giving music lessons, and teaching the young girls of Niles to paint, and then fitted up a class of earnest boys in Latin, for College, all in her own pretty cottage, adding dollar to dollar, like a wise little wife. Then, in the long evenings, when her husband was with his club, or down street, easy fellow that he was, her fingers grasped a good steel pen, and many a pleasant tale went forth to the world, well paid for, through eastern journals.

To make a long story short, the crash of '57 found Mr. Thomas Gray and his father, the elder, exactly under it, and down they went, so low that old Billy Fitch, the drayman, declared he could not find enough left to pay him for hauling the goods to an auction room. Town lots, big houses, and all went, together, and Mr. Gray, the elder, was found one morning in October, of '57, suspended from a beam in his own barn, at the end of his wife's patent clothes line, and on that eventful morning, Thomas Gray, Jr., lay stretched his whole length upon the counter, drunk, so stupid 'he didn't get home till morning.'

The terrible shock happened on the very morning when both families were leaving the great house, to move into the very hovel which, two years before, Kitty had declared she could never be brought to live in. Three days before her husband said to her, with a thick tongue, 'you've got to come to it, Kitty, after all, you see tain't so easy to keep out of hovel.'

Kitty made no reply, but, with resolute will went on her way. When the funeral was over, she led the weary, heart-broken mother and wife, and the proud, paralyzed daughter, to their new shelter, and the now sobered husband followed.

But what a sight met their gaze! The hovel was a neat cottage, every window pane in its place, the floors clean and neat, the pulings white washed, the mud hole gone, and the pleasant comforts of a humble home on every hand. Into it they walked mute with astonishment to find the favorite furniture, even to Susan's piano.

'Where there's a will there's a way,' said Kitty gravely—I had anticipated trouble, and with the money I have been laying up for a few years I have been able, by the kind assistance of my husband's partner, to secure this in my own name, and make it a comfortable home for your mother and sister; now it remains for you to say whether I shall be the wife of a man; or the wife of a drunkard I will never be any longer than the law will compel me.'

'I shall hold the deeds of this property in my hands. If you will we can be happy here. My school is open for me, even from the hovel; my child must not live to see or know her father's shame. Forsake your drinking company and I will be faithful to the end. If you go on as heretofore, I will take myself and infant beyond your reach!'

She conquered, just as she did with the big boys. Thomas Gray has not been inside a barrel beer saloon since that memorable day. Miss Susan is a wiser and better woman than before the fall. The aged mother only is sorrowful that the dead cannot return and see how happy cheerfulness and industry can make a family.

Kitty still works away, her blue eyes and golden hair, like the blue sky and spring sunshine, shedding light and joy all around her. She sometimes says quietly to Susan, that she shall teach young Thomas, the third, that important lesson which has been her own tale man through life: 'That where there's a will there's a way.'

A NURSERY THOUGHT.—Do you ever think how much work a little child does in a day? How, from sunrise to sunset, the little feet patter round to us so aimlessly? Climbing up here, kneeling down there, running to another place, but never still. Twisting and turning, and rolling and reaching, and doubling, as if testing every bone and muscle for their future uses. It is very curious to watch it. One who does so may well understand the deep breathing of the rosy little sleeper, as with one arm tossed over his curly head, it prepared for the next day's gymnastics. Tireless through the day, till the time comes, as the maternal love which so patiently accommodates itself, hour after hour, to its thousand wants and caprices, real or fancied. A busy creature is a little child. To be looked upon with awe as well as with delight, as its clear eyes look trustfully into faces that to God and man have essayed to wear a mask. As it sits down in its little chair to ponder precociously over the white lie you thought it funny to tell it. As, rising and leaning on your knee, it says thoughtfully, in a tone which should provoke a tear, not a smile—'I don't believe it.' A lovely and yet a fearful thing that little child.

MISSOURI AND HER PROGRESS TOWARD FREEDOM.—The number of votes polled in Missouri at the late election was upward of 160,000, which is an increase of 54 per cent, since the Presidential election of four years ago. This fact attests a wonderful growth in population during that term. The State will gain two or three members of Congress under the apportionment. The St. Louis Democrat remarks:

'The universality of the vote for Lincoln and Hamlin in this State is the most auspicious and gratifying circumstance which the returns disclose. There are but very few counties in which the Republican ticket did not get some votes. Would it not appear from this that freedom of suffrage is a practical right in Missouri? It must be remembered that in the country they vote either at home or in open ballots. Voting by secret ballot is confined to St. Louis county. What we have to congratulate ourselves chiefly upon, is not for having

given Lincoln seventeen thousand votes, but for having asserted and conquered the right to vote for whom we please. Yet pro slavery despotism is not wholly subdued. The old Adam gave occasional signs of life during the campaign. Vile mobs and many vile threats were directed against the Republican movement and the leading actors in it; but the figures show that these appliances of barbarism did not prevail. The Republican organization is so rooted in the soil of Missouri as to defy every influence adverse to its existence or expansion. The absolutism of slavery is overthrown. In the domain of public opinion it is at last reduced to the common level, and must abide its fate in common with all other institutions.'

The South Carolina Nullification of 1832.

As very erroneous notions prevail as to how and why South Carolina was induced to abandon her nullification in 1832, we publish the following condensed account, which we find in the Belfast Age. We know it will be read with interest, particularly by those who have come upon the stage of action since that time.

The nullification excitement under Jackson's administration had its origin in the tariff amendments of 1828. Under the *ad valorem* system of 1824 goods were levied in foreign countries, as they are now under our ruinous *ad valorem* tariff, far below their actual value, and the law was merely a temptation to false invoices and all manner of commercial knavery. Accordingly Congress adopted what was known as the 'minimum' rate of duties; for instance, enacting that all woolen goods not exceeding 40 cents in value must be deemed to have cost 40 cents per square yard. All goods over 40 cents in value, and not exceeding \$1.50 per yard must be deemed to have cost \$1.50, etc.

This measure created great excitement in South Carolina, and it was proposed to retaliate by State legislation against the products of New England and the other free or Northern States. This was the first serious grappling of the principles of free labor and slave labor. The North abounding in manufacturing enterprise and skillful artisans, sought to emulate the manufacturing prosperity of foreign countries; South Carolina and the cotton producing States, subsisting on the unskilled labor of negro slaves, wanted nothing to do with forges or looms. The Northern slave States of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, rather sided with the free States, and either favored the tariff measure or gave it a very feeble opposition. At the session of Congress of 1831-2 three bills were introduced in Congress for reducing and graduating the duties on imports—one by Mr. McDuffie of South Carolina, proposing to establish a uniform duty of 12 1/2 per cent *ad valorem*; one reported by Mr. McLane, Secretary of the Treasury, proposing the 'minimum' system, except as to the cheaper qualities of woolens, and to establish the rate of 20 per cent, on woolen goods; and one by John Quincy Adams repealing the acts of 1828 and essentially reducing the duties on important articles of iron and wool. The bill which passed was essentially that recommended by Mr. McLane.

South Carolina was at once in a blaze. The Legislature passed an act for a convention to be held on the 2d Monday in Nov. 1832, 'to consider the character and extent of the usurpations of the general government.' The convention met and passed an ordinance declaring the tariff act of Congress null and void, making it unlawful for the authorities of either the general or the State government to enforce the payment of duties within the State, taking away the right of appeal from the State courts to the Supreme Court of the United States, requiring all public officers to take an oath to execute the ordinance and the laws passed in pursuance thereof, and declaring that if any act were passed by Congress to carry into effect the provisions of the tariff bill, South Carolina would withdraw from the Union and organize a separate government.

On the 11th day of December following, President Jackson issued his celebrated proclamation on the nullifying ordinance. An able document was never issued by the National Executive. The doctrine of the right of secession was pronounced by General Jackson as only another form of the right of nullification, and as a thing not to be regarded when the authority of the United States was set at naught, and he prepared to use the whole power of the government to compel the rebellious State to obey the laws. Meanwhile South Carolina had mobilized her militia and brandished her tory butcher knives. Simultaneously the legislature of Virginia passed resolutions of mediation and sent a minister plenipotentiary to the court of Charleston, with a view to peaceful negotiation of the difficulties.

A measure was soon set on foot in Congress called the 'Force Bill,' to authorize the President to employ the army and naval force of the United States to collect the revenue of South Carolina. It immediately passed both branches. About the same time Mr. Clay, to avoid the impending difficulty, introduced into the Senate a measure called the 'compromise tariff bill.' The bill provided that when the duties exceeded 20 per cent there should be one tenth part of the excess deducted after Dec. 30, 1833, and one tenth each alternate year until Dec. 31, 1841, when one half of the residue was to be deducted, and after the 30th of June 1842 the duties on all goods were to be reduced to 20 per cent, on a home valuation. Mr. Calhoun expressed his approbation of the bill, and after a short discussion it passed both branches of Congress—in the Senate by a vote of 29 to 16, and in the House by a vote of 119 to 83—and on the 24th of March, 1843, was signed by the President and became a law.

The nullifying ordinance of South Carolina never went into operation. Immediately after the 'compromise bill' passed the nullifying convention reassembled and the ordinance was repealed; and South Carolina submitted to the revenue laws.

South Carolina claimed it as a great victory over the President, Congress and the Union; and in reality it was, if it did not virtually sanction the ultimate triumph of the secession doctrine of that State. The following quotation from one of the nullification organs of that day expresses very nearly the sentiment of the State on the subject:

'Never was there a prouder instance of the might of just principles, backed by a high courage. This little State, in the mere pangs of courage and high principles, has foiled the swaggering giant of the Union. 30,000 Carolinians have not only avowed the wild West into respect—Pennsylvania stolidity into something like sense—New York corruption into something like decency—Yankee rapacity into a sort of image of honesty; but (alluding to the Union party) all this has been loftily and steadily done in the face of 17,000—what shall we call them? what epithets of a shame wide lasting and deep enough, for the betrayers of the liberties of their own country—the instigators of merciless slaughter—the contrivers of irrevocable servitude, against their own struggling State!'

Subsequent history has shown how little the country has gained by thus compromising with that State.

CHECKING PERSPICATION.—A Boston

merchant, in lending a hand to a board one of his ships on a windy day, found himself at the end of an hour and a half pretty well exhausted and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest. The cool wind from the sea was delightful, and engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise, he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained two days; and for a long time afterwards, could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposures than this have, in constitutions not so vigorous, resulted in inflammation of the lungs, 'pneumonia,' ending in death. In less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatisms, to be a source of torture for a lifetime. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children at the age of three or four years, the danger which attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise, or work or play, or of remaining exposed to a wind, or of pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It should be remembered by all, that a cold never comes without a cause, and that in four times out of five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind, or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise has been taken.

The colder the weather the more need is there in coming into the house to keep on all the clothing, except India rubber or damp shoes, for several minutes afterwards. Very few rooms are heated higher than sixty-five degrees when the thermometer is within twenty degrees of zero, while the temperature of the body is always at ninety-eight in health, so that if a man comes into a room which is thirty degrees colder than his body, he will rapidly cool off, too much so often, even if the external clothing is not removed.

It is not necessary that the perspiration be visible: any exercise which excites the circulation beyond what is natural, causes a proportional increase of perspiration, the sudden checking of which induces dangerous diseases and certain death every day.

Half's Journal of Health.

WONDERFUL MECHANICAL INGENUITY OF THE SPIDER. Let me put a spider into a lady's hand. She is agitated. She shrieks. The nasty ugly thing. Madam, the spider is perhaps shocked at your Brussels lace, and although you may be the most exquisite painter living, the spider has a right to laugh at your coarse daubs as she runs over them. Just show her your crochet-work when you shriek at her. 'Have you spent half your days,' the spider, if she be spiteful, may remark—'Have you spent half your days upon those clumsy anti-massar and ottoman covers? My dear lady, is that your web? If I were big enough, I might with reason drop you and cry out at you.'

Let me spend a day with you and bring my work. I have four little bags of thread—such little bags! In every bag there are about 4000 holes—such tiny holes! Out of each hole a thread runs, and the threads—more than 4000 threads—I spin together as they run, and when they are spun they make but one thread of the web I weave. I have a member of my family who is no bigger than a grain of sand. Imagine what a slender web she makes, and of that too, each thread is made of 4000 or 5000 threads that have passed out of her four bags through 4000 or 5000 little holes. Would you drop her, too, crying out about her delicacy? A pretty thing for you to plume yourself on your delicacy, and scream at us!

We take the following paragraph from an article in the New York Tribune of last week, on the universal trania for public employment, as exhibited under the rule of liberal institutions. The whole commentary is good, but this is particularly to the point:

'Young man now keen on the recent of an office under the incoming Administration I go ahead, you have just as good a right as the next man, provided he is no more capable and worthy than you are. But never forget that where so many reck, ninety nine of every hundred must fail, and that you stand an excellent chance to come out one of the ninety-nine. Do not, then, wear out a great deal of shoe leather in the hunt—do not make a bore of yourself by importuning indifferent persons to your good luck in signing your recommendation—do not forget that hoeing corn and pulling stumps will be good business these many years and that a great many more people must always get their living by them than by holding office. You may secure what you are now intent on, but you probably will not; and if failure should make a sour, malignant renegade of you, it will be certain and obvious that one office seeker has got his deserts however it may be with others.'

Several years ago Senator Benton in his rough, epigrammatic manner, thus portrayed the Georgian Fire Eater:

'Mr. Larkley, there is Cobb—he is the big belled one of Georgia, not the long legged one of Alabama—once had a little faith in him—none now, Sir—all the good shelled off—only cold left, rotten cold at that, Sir. He wants to get ahead of Toombs; I fear dog too a long chase—Cobb's a fat man—fat men are apt to be lazy, so he will take a short cut to the camp of nullifiers—mark it, Sir. Wants to obtrude his self in Senate, Sir; affected also with prevailing Presidential disease. Great God, what are we coming to! Don't agree with President on tariff—ruin us, Sir, in Pennsylvania—he is one of the President's higher clerks, and

the President ought to kick him out—kick him out, Sir; delicacy should make him resign, but he will not do it, Sir, as long as he gets that \$8,000 per annum, payable monthly, in hard American gold coin—no, Sir—no.'

CALIFORNIA.—A correspondent of the Bangor Times, writing from the land of gold, makes the following sensible suggestions, which we commend to all discontented sons of New England.

Those who come here to day, and expect to find California as it was from 1849 to 1852 will be greatly disappointed. Then it was not so common for men to make at mining from 20 to 50 dollars a day. Now where you will show me one man who is making over three dollars a day, I will show you a hundred who are making less than two. When you are reading California papers you will read of certain claims yielding an astonishing amount of gold, but those papers forget to tell of those who have lost everything they had on earth, years of hard labor and health, in opening these claims; and then when they have them partly opened are compelled to leave them to others who reap the benefit of their labor, and do they tell you too, that this is the first clean up, after years of toil, and perhaps the last, and this though large in itself, is not half enough to pay for the cost of opening!

Nor do they tell you of the hundreds of men here in California who have been here five, six or ten years, and who have been steady hard-working men, who would to day be glad to get back home to their families, to live in peace in the old homestead and by their own fire-sides, but they have not the means to do so. Nor do they tell you of that other class, who have worked until they have completely broke themselves down, and who discouraged seek to drown care and the thought of the long-ago in the cup of intoxication. Why do they do this you say? Better men than they have done so before them and for less cause. There are more poor men in California to-day than in any other State in the Union, according to its population. There are hundreds of young men here, who have only one wish and that is, that they may be able to return to home and friends once more. These are not mere assertions. For proof I refer you to any Californian who has returned to the Atlantic States.

I would advise no one to come here, but if there are any who are not content, where they are, surrounded by relatives and friends, let them come here and stay awhile and I think they'll be content at home, away over the mountains in their old New England home, if they are so fortunate as to be able to return.

The life of a miner is one of degradation, compelled as he is to live in a rude cabin of rough boards, and at night wet and tired after a day of hard work he is compelled to do his own cooking, which is like heaping a 'task upon a task.'

There is no society here, and the only places of resort are the 'Bar Rooms' and 'Drinking Saloons,' and in these places are to be found everything to allure from the path of honor and duty—and what wonder is it that so many are ruined here, with such a state of society?

The only thing I really like in California is the climate. The rainy season is from November to April, and the weather during this season is very similar to the weather from March to May in New England, if anything milder. From June to November, or the dry season, no rain falls, and it is one continual hot, hotter, hottest. At night, however, a cold breeze always rises, and the miners many of them sleep in the open air, beneath the shadow of some tall oak, and are not troubled with colds or coughs. And such evenings as we have—no cloud hides the stars or moon for months.

The valleys of California are well adapted for farming purposes, as they are level, and the earth will produce all that can be raised in New England, and everywhere throughout California you will see vineyards and peach orchards, and the vegetables that grow here are the largest in the world.

But California with all its beauties and deformities is not a place where I can live content. I would rather be in some Atlantic State where I can enjoy female society, and live more like a human being, and I can say as thousands before me have said, 'be it ever so homely, there's no place like home.'

'VERY PROUD TO NIGHT!'—It was a cold night in winter. The wind blew and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and notwithstanding the storm, the villagers ventured forth to hear him. William Anselmy, but toned up in the chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the snow fallen snow, against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother—

'Couldn't you walk more easily if you took my arm?'

'Perhaps I could, his mother replied as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they braved the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had grown up so tall that she could now lean on his. They had not walked far before he said to her—

'I am very proud to night!'

'Proud that you can take care of me?' she said to him with a heart gushing with tenderness.

'This is the first time you have leaned upon me,' said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who watched over him in his helpless infancy. It was a noble pride, that made his mother love, if it were possible, more than ever, and made her pray for him with new earnestness, thankful for his devoted love and hopeful for his future. There is no more beautiful sight than affectionate, devoted, obedient children. I am sure he that commanded children to honor their father and their mother, must look upon such with pleasure. May be dear dear William, and every other boy whose heart is filled with ambition to be a blessing and a staff to his mother.

TWO SHARP FOR HIM.—Prof. Johnson of Middlebury University was one day lecturing before the students on Mineralogy. He

had before him quite a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate the subject. A roguish student, for sport, slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The Professor was taking up the stones one after the other, and naming them. 'This,' said he, 'is a piece of granite; this a piece of felspar; etc.'—presently he came to the brick-bat. Without betraying any surprise, or even changing his tone of voice, 'This,' said he, holding it up, 'is a piece of impudence! There was a general shout of laughter, and the student concluded he had made little by that trick.'

Cattle Disease.

There is a disease among cattle quite prevalent throughout the country, and as it commences its ravages at about this season of the year, or perhaps a little later, I wish to say a few words in relation thereto. My object is to describe the malady, and prescribe a remedy, the same being a preventive if adopted in season.

This disease is not considered contagious, though when a herd is attacked it generally goes through the whole. And yet another herd may be in close proximity and entirely escape.

The disease is known by various names—the names indicating, in a measure, the progress it has made. The first part of December, when it usually makes its appearance, it is called 'thin-of-flesh,' as then the cattle begin to show symptoms of an attack. A month or six weeks later it assumes a different type, and is called 'straw fever,' this is immediately followed by 'loamy-hide.' The disease is now progressing rapidly. A month or so later, say along in March, it is known by the name of 'caving in.' It takes this name from the fact, that where the disease prevails there is a large cavity just forward of the hip joint, especially with cows that have just calved. And then, still later, or about the time of turning to grass, it takes the name of 'spring poor,' or 'craw-bail,' the latter name being given it, for the reason that the animal is often used for that purpose.

It is pitiable to witness the sufferings of the poor animals, when under the influence of this disease. They seem to have a voracious appetite, more so than healthy animals, as is evident from the eageriness with which they enter a barn door or gate leading to a hay stack if left open for a moment, to get a morsel of the forbidden fruit. And then, with an imploring look they watch their owner as he enters the yard, the spectacle is truly pitiable. But I will spare your readers, I would not excite sympathy in behalf of the brute creation, that would show a weakness.

But I propose to give a remedy for this disease, and as I have before intimated, if taken in season it is a sure preventive. It is as follows: Provide them with warm, comfortable stables and plenty of straw to lie upon, as the medicine when taken is most grateful in its effects, and they will most likely wish to lie down during its operation. Now at 6 o'clock in the morning, give a dose of cornstarch, if bright and good, and if cut they are all the better. Allow this to operate until 9 o'clock, then administer a dose of good hay. At noon, as an alternative, give half a bushel of cut straw, wet with one quart of Indian meal, or its equivalent in other ground feed; a few roots mixed with this is excellent, as they keep the digestive organs healthy and the bowels loose. At three o'clock give cornstarch again, and at 6 o'clock another portion of hay. In case cornstarch is not at hand, hay can be substituted for the morning stalks, and cut straw with a little meal for the evening. The above should be given daily, and with regularity as to time, until they have a good supply of grass the following spring. And let me further add that each dose, cut straw excepted, which is apt to aggravate the disease when given in too large quantities should be as large as the animal will take. Fresh pure water should be allowed twice a day at least.

Let me here say, that although this disease does not always prove fatal to the animal, yet it greatly lessens its value, and thereby proves fatal to the interests of the owner.

When the 'Cattle Disease' (pleuro pneumonia) made its appearance in the eastern States a few months ago, doctors, legislators and governors were called upon to aid in slaying its ravages, and large sums of money were appropriated to indemnify the owners from loss when slaughtering was deemed necessary. How large an appropriation would it require to meet the losses sustained annually throughout the country by the disease above referred to? Would it not take a pile?

[Corr. Country Gentleman.]

A SENSIBLE SLAVEHOLDER.—A Maryland farmer who owns fifty slaves, writes to the Baltimore Patriot, arguing against the profitability of slaveholding in the State. He says:

Does the income we receive from our slaves repay us for the depreciation of our property? The cash value of the corn, wheat and tobacco crops of Maryland in 1850, at present prices, would be about \$14,905,808; the slaves on farms were 65,500, or about one-fifth and a fraction of the agricultural population; their proportion of the crops made, \$3,726,322; set down their expenses at \$50 each, it comes to \$3,275,450, almost as much as they make. The cash capital they represent is \$80,000,000 or more. Who will call it capital well invested? This calculation may appear exaggerated, yet it is fairly drawn from our State statistics, and the experience of very many of our own slave owners will pronounce it rather under than over stated. If then, I judge slavery by its impoverishing effect on my own State, I must look upon it as inimical to the best interests of every civilized society. This might be construed into an Abolition sentiment by those who do not bear in mind that I speak as a political economist, and not as a philanthropist. Taking the negro as we now find him in America and in Africa, I think he has gained more by being a slave, than we by being his master; we have in a measure, developed his moral qualities, whereas he has served to check education with us. Take for example the first State in the Census Book that approaches Maryland in population, New Hampshire, in 1850, out of a population of 317,450, exactly 109,000 less than Maryland, had 83,148 attending school, and 2,958 adults who could not read; Maryland, only 60,447 attending school, and 20,916 who could not read!

We know that the Colonies protested against the first introduction of slavery, and although we cannot pretend to fathom the designs of Providence, humanely speaking, I cannot help thinking that, had we then been strong enough to resist it, as we did, at a later period, illegal taxation, our birth would have been more glorious, and we would now be more populous, more prosperous, and more united.

BALDWIN.—Hon. Jeff. Davis of Mississippi gets off the following sublime specimen of rhetoric:

'If Mississippi, in her sovereign capacity, decides to submit to the rule of an arrogant and sectional North, then I will sit me down as one upon whose brow the brand of infamy and degradation has been written, and bear my portion of the bitter trial. But if, on the other hand, she decides to resist the hands

that would tarnish the bright star which represents her on the National Flag, then I will come at your bidding, whether by day or by night, and pluck that star from the galaxy, and place it upon a banner of its own, I will plant it upon the crest of battle, and gathering around the nucleus of Mississippi's best and bravest, will welcome the invader to the harvest of death, and future generations will point to a small hillock upon our border, which will tell the reception which the invader met upon our soil.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 6, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. H. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 115 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.

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.

FIREMEN'S THANKSGIVING.—If it were not for our subscribers in other States we should not need to go into details of our Firemen's Thanksgiving festival—all the rest were there to see for themselves. But no matter about numbers; it is enough to know what was done. Landford Williams, through whose unrivaled hands the good things came to the tables, gives out about five hundred bowls of oysters, with a fair proportion of turkey, tongue, corned beef, bread, cake, coffee, and good things common to such occasions. The reader may venture a guess from this point, or wait till the non-dancing portion have gone home to their slumbers, and then count the scores of heads, old and young, grave and gay, which crowd the hall and jostle one another to music.

Guests came from everywhere, and the domestic relations of the firemen were never before realized in so broad circles. But to the preliminaries. As soon as the upper hall was crammed to a comfortable point, and the crowd began to hold their breath for formalities, foreman W. A. Caffery, of the Threes, called to order; and after welcoming the guests of his company in hearty and appropriate terms, called up Hon. J. H. Drummond, now of Portland, for a speech. Mr. D. was the first foreman of the Threes, and after years of earnest and useful service, resigned on leaving Waterville, laden with golden honors and a silver pitcher. Of course one of his speeches, full of point, pith and pungency, was just the thing, and everybody's stomach was turned brain-ward for a sling towards the supper table. The Attorney General started off with the simple modesty of a mere fireman, and it was not till he turned a full stream of compliment upon the bashful head of chief engineer E. L. Gatchell, who sat upon the stand, and continued to break down upon him in his best capacity, that the audience began to suspect that the smoke indicated fire in that direction. A rustling of paper in the rear of the chair turned all eyes to a focus, and the appearance of a glittering service of plate at the same point, brought old and young to their feet, and let the cat out of the bag. Here was a presentation and a surprise!—a surprise for everybody but the Threes! The Chief Engineer was eulged with his own trumpet—for in the case of the silver pitcher he had played the ex-foreman the same trick. He bore it manfully, and gave thanks with a grace that brought the whole house down—to the supper table.

We have said enough of the supper; but the dancing that followed was almost an inexhaustible subject. Our own testimony fails at 2 o'clock; but the honest old Town Hall pleads guilty to both music and gray hairs at a much later hour. Tonic Ones were special guests, and were present almost to a man—and woman too, for they have a way to that side of the house. The occasion was worthy to be called the Firemen's Thanksgiving, and will be remembered to the honor of that venerable day.

P. S.—We had almost forgotten to say that J. M. Crocker, Esq. made the Threes a present of a large and elegant tea-tray, or "water." We learn also that the Tonic Ones have received choice favors at his hands.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL for December contains an able article on 'Art and Artists,' by Henry T. Tuckerman; an illustrated 'Ballad of the Revolution,' by Richard H. Stoddard; 'Deeds and Sins,' a story by Miss Harriet E. Prescott, author of 'Sir Rohan's Ghost,' etc., and many other articles of interest to lovers of art and literature.—The number is elegantly illustrated and handsomely printed. For terms of this work, and programme of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, see advertisement in another column. The annual drawing will take place soon, and those who are about to subscribe for magazines for the coming year, may see upon what advantageous terms they can do so through this Association. They get twice the value of their money, save with a chance of doing much more than that. E. T. Elden is Honorary Secretary for Waterville, at whose store specimen engravings and the Art Journal may be seen.

THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.—One of the best and cheapest agricultural periodicals in the country, the American Agriculturist, will enter upon a new volume with the next number. It is a large and handsomely printed quarto, each number containing thirty-two pages, filled with what must be of great interest and value to every tiller of the soil.—Specimen copies may be seen at this office. Published by Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New York, at \$1 a year, with liberal discount to clubs, and liberal premiums for new subscribers.

OUR TABLE.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS AND CULTIVATION, ALABAMA FOR 1861, containing Practical Suggestions for the Farmer and Horticulturist, and embellished with over ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS. By JOHN J. THOMAS, Author of the 'American Fruit Culturist,' &c., &c., and Associate Editor of 'The Country Gentleman' and 'The Cultivator.'

A very desirable little work is the Annual Register—pretty and useful—and cheaply procured at twice the selling price. Of special value are the pithy and appropriate HINTS FOR THE MONTH which appear upon the Calendar pages, embracing articles on WORKING MEN'S COTTAGES, for the neat and useful Designs it contains—those upon BOWNS and GREEN-HOUSES Structures for their beautiful illustrations—that upon POTTERY, the most complete chapter upon the subject yet presented in equal space, accompanied as it is by so many Engravings—and that upon WINE and their Destruction, presenting just the information which every Farmer requires, with cuts by which he can compare the most common and troublesome of these intruders, and appropriate practical directions how to get rid of them.

This little work is retailed at 25 cts., but the publisher offers the most liberal terms for its introduction in quantities, either to Agents, Agricultural Societies, Nurserymen, Dealers in Implements and Seeds, or any others who take an interest in the dissemination of useful reading and in the promotion of Rural Improvement. One dozen copies will be sent postage paid, for two dollars; and they may be had much lower than that in larger quantities. Address Luther Tucker & Son, publishers of the COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—Albany, N. York.

THE OLD BUREAU and Other Tales. By D. C. Cole. Waterville, Boston: Antique Book Store, No. 66 Cornhill, 1861.

We have received from Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., of Boston, a copy of this work, which is a compilation of the stories which Mr. Coleworth has contributed to various publications for several years past. Those who were pleased with them originally will rejoice to see them put into a form for preservation. The moral of these stories is good—the aim of the writer being to teach the young reader that virtue always leads to happiness.

For sale at C. K. Mathews's.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Year after year, as we chronicle the advent of the January number of the Lady's Book, we are always compelled to admit that Godley has taken one step forward; and though his rivals are also driven to advance, they ever lag a long way behind him. And the best of it is, the initial number is always a perfect indication of the quality of the remainder of the volume.

The number for January, 1861, is, in all its department, a magnificent number. It contains three fine steel engravings—each in an elegant title-page—this last embracing a distinct picture, in fact, illustrative of the noble deeds of Women. The fashion plate—double the usual size—is a miracle of beauty; and the other engravings, which are numerous, will be found happy combinations of the useful and ornamental. The literary attractions of the Lady's Book are always of a high order—some of our best writers being engaged as contributors. Lovers of music will find in this three dollars worth in the twelve numbers of the year; and the recipes published in the same time are worth about as much more; so that a subscriber gets the value of his money three or four times. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year, with a liberal discount to clubs.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—In No. 57 will be found the following new pieces:—
The Nymphs' Quadrille. Longville.
Oh! Darling, let me see thee smile. G. Linley.
Hurrah for the bonnets of Blue. Alex. Lee.
Les Filles d'Éve. Polka. C. Schubert.

Lovers of music will find this work a treasury of good things, from which they may supply themselves with all the gems of the art form, mere trifles. Twelve large and handsomely printed pages are given in each number, for 15 cents; or it is sent through a whole year for \$1.50. Published by C. B. Seymour & Co., 458 Broadway, New York.

Massachusetts Correspondence.

New Bedford, 11th mo, 30th, 1860.

Messrs. Maxham & Wing.—Matters in this vicinity are somewhat complicated at present, owing to the money panic. Since the cry of secession at the South reached our ears, and the news that Southern banks were suspending payment came over the wires, our merchants and speculators have found it very difficult to get their paper through the banks in this city. One week ago the best note in town was offered at 18 per cent. and went begging at that. Suspension of business, in a number of cases, has occurred; but now that New York and Boston have decided to discount to the extent of their ability, people breathe easier, and our banks will soon resume their discounting operations, which will regulate things, and at the same time teach those who have heretofore been dependent upon discounts, that it is not always good policy, whilst in prosperity, to be unmindful of the future and to put their trust in chance operations.

Sperm oil is quoted here at \$1.49 per gal., and whale at 55 cts. per gal. You will notice that the price of sperm is a trifle less than it was a month ago; but it always changes in the way as winter commences; and it is thought that these quotations will remain without any material change through the winter. Reports from the whaling grounds are very encouraging.

Some five months since our city authorities offered premiums to the person or persons who would invent a centre and hand lamp for burning whale oil. To the one who should produce a centre lamp that would give the best light at the least expense, was offered a reward of three thousand dollars; and to others, who should invent the best hand lamp, that would do the same, a very liberal reward was promised. A large number of persons availed themselves of this opportunity to try their inventive skill. Lamps, almost without number, were placed before the committee of inspection at the time and place appointed; but said committee could not arrive at a final decision as to who ought to receive the highest premium, and were rather of the opinion that no lamp exhibited was entitled to draw so large an amount. Therefore, a compromise was effected, which gave to a resident of a distant city, the largest amount, (I do not recollect how much,) and to a Mr. Taber, and Mr. W. H. Topham, of New Bedford, \$500 each or thereabouts; and to some others enough to pay them for their trouble and expense in making the trial. The city, I understand, intend to renew their proposal or offer, when it is hoped that judgment will be rendered as per agreement at the outset.

You may judge to what extent the improvements were carried when I tell you that I saw Mr. Topham's lamp lighted and placed in the front windows of a room 30 by 50, and it illuminated the room so brilliantly that a person standing 45 feet from the lamp could see to read the finest printed newspaper with ease. Whether the improvements made in these

lamps will cause a more rapid sale of whale oil, or repay the city for their donations, remains to be proved; but one thing is certain, and that is, such opportunities never fail to encourage enterprise and promote the well being of a class whose genius might otherwise remain dormant.

We have enjoyed a beautiful autumn, and now, as the last day of its pleasant sun is drawing to a close, we can hardly realize that we are not about entering upon a month of Summer instead of Winter. The people here do not make such preparations for Winter as you do further east. No repairing sleds and sleighs, no patching the northeast side of every building and keeping half a dozen shovel factories in operation in anticipation of the drifting snow storm; no storing twenty or thirty cords of wood so near the stove that whilst you are warming one side of your frozen bodies you can reach out and take from the pile enough to warm the other side. No, indeed; nothing of this kind is to be seen in this part of the country; but we pass the winter months about as you pass November, March and April; with occasionally a little snow which immediately melts away under the influence of the Southern breeze.

Seldom do we have a whole day's sleighing in the winter. The cause of this difference of our climate from your own is to be attributed to our being so near the Gulf Stream, which is only about sixty miles from this point. I cannot say that I prefer our climate to that of Maine, notwithstanding these differences in our favor, for there is much to be enjoyed in sleighing and attending the social gatherings down east, which we cannot enjoy here.

W. G. S.

Mississippi River Correspondence.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 25, 1860.

Situated at the head of steam navigation on the Miss., was commenced some twelve years since, by people mostly from N. England, N. York and Penn. The site of the city is fine, the bank of the river being only moderately elevated, thus affording every facility for the business operations of a town. About a mile and a half from the river is a range of bluffs, which are not so high but by being partially graded, they make magnificent localities for dwellings, furnishing an extended view of the adjacent country.

From the proximity of this site to the river, and more particularly to the terminus of all important navigation, also from its being surrounded by a vast country rich in agricultural resources, it was apparent from its incipency that this young town would ere long become the great business mart, not only of the upper Miss. but of the whole region far and near. Consequently for some years every thing prospered at St. Paul, population increased as if by magic, and business, either with or without capital often exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. In this infant city of the remote West, a style of living was adopted to some extent, equal to that of Millionaires of our old eastern cities. But this season of affluence and superfluity was not interrupted. The crisis, which financially shook our country generally to its very centre, made not an exception of this place. The march of business had thus far been briskly and steadily onward, diffusing a bustling activity throughout the whole community, and offering strong inducements to those in pursuit of homes and advantageous employment. Therefore the pressure was most keenly felt here, well nigh paralyzing the business prospects of the city for a season. However, her vigor and elasticity would not allow her engines long to remain prostrate, and for a few months past, she has been successfully emerging from her financial thralldom. The city is again alive with business; various buildings are in process of erection; every thing is moderately but surely resuming its prosperous aspect, and it seems safe to predict that at no distant period St. Paul will become one of the great cities of the West. It now numbers some twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, has many fine places of business, stores elegant, both in structure of edifice, and variety of goods.

A large proportion of the best buildings are stone. Limestone underlies much of the city, so that a man has but to commence excavation when a fine material for his structure, whatever it may be, is forthcoming. Many of the citizens have splendid residences with grounds, most tastefully arrayed. Upon the bluffs, where are scattered here and there stately mansions, to considerable extent the natural growth of timber has been permitted to remain, giving a picturesque aspect to the whole view, and affording delightful drives agreeably shaded. Education has neither been forgotten nor neglected here. Several fine buildings have been erected, for educational purposes, in which schools are in successful operation, as I am informed, not being able to speak from personal observation, as it was vacation in the schools at the time of my visit. St. Paul has some fifteen churches, a good proportion of which has respectable edifices.

The traveling public find as luxurious homes at this remote point as in any of our eastern first class hotels. I can only speak personally of the International House, which affords spacious parlors elegantly furnished, sumptuous tables, attentive servants, indeed all the weary tourist need desire for grateful resting places.

Somewhat of southern life and customs pervade society. Private carriages that would do honor to Boston or N. York are not uncommon, and when they appear out with servants in livery, it is difficult to believe that one is in a town of the far West of scarcely twelve summers. One forgets while enjoying here all the luxuries of refined life, but but a few years since this entire region was an unbroken wilderness, possessed and occupied alone by wild herds of the forest.

Visited a cave in St. Paul, under limestone bluffs on the bank of the river—discovered

some two years since. A beautiful little stream issues from the mouth—upon entering one finds himself in an arched room ten or twelve feet high, and from twenty-five to thirty wide.—The impression is, that it is a spacious apartment, plastered over head and at the sides, as the solid limestone extends all around. Not a ray of light relieves the midnight darkness, the cave being one hundred feet below the surface of the earth. It has been explored only about half a mile. The stream at the mouth proceeds from a lake, and after passing in some little distance it is necessary to take a boat for exploration. What the future developments of this subterranean wonder may be, I would not pretend to predict. Suffice it to say, that it is an object of special interest to the curious, to say nothing of the scientific. Before leaving St. Paul I would express my grateful appreciation of the courteous hospitality received from the family of a prominent citizen.

AMELIA.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—We take the following synopsis of the President's Message—or rather that portion of it which treats of the one great topic—from the Bangor Whig of yesterday morning:—

The President reviews the history of the anti-slavery movement, and says all that is necessary to accomplish the object of peace is for the slaveholding States to be left alone to manage their domestic institutions in their own way. The mere election of any man to office is not just cause for a dissolution of the Union. The antecedents of the President elect are calculated to excite fears in South Carolina; but the question of contingent danger sufficient to justify the destruction of the government? The President reviews the acts of the different northern States in the passage of personal liberty bills, and pronounces them unconstitutional. He says that it should not be presumed in advance that the President elect will fail to enforce the fugitive slave law, as this would be unjust, and contrary to Christian charity. Let us wait for the overt act.

He then declares against the right of secession, and says that if it were admitted the Union might be broken into fragments in less than two weeks. He quotes the language of Jackson and Madison to show that the right of secession is altogether founded on an inference not in the Constitution. The Union, he says, was designed to be perpetual, and the framers of the Constitution never intended to plant in its bosom the seeds of its own dissolution. They were not guilty of the absurdity of providing for its own dissolution. The right of resistance against tyranny and oppression, however, cannot be denied. This right is asserted in the Declaration of Independence; but secession is nothing more nor less than revolution. He speaks of the state of affairs in South Carolina. He does not apprehend that an attempt will be made to seize the forts, but if in this supposition he is mistaken, the officers have orders to act strictly on the defensive. Let the responsibility rest on the heads of those who provoke the contest. He invokes his countrymen to pause before attempting to destroy the Union which has conferred so many benefits. He argues that Congress can do much to restore peace by proposing an amendment to the Constitution for remedying existing evils. The course he recommends is to have an explanatory cause or amendment recognizing, First, The right of property in slaves in States where slavery now or may hereafter exist, and Second, The duty of protecting such rights in all the common territory until the latter are admitted as States into the Union; Third, A like recognition of the right of the master to recover a fugitive slave. This proposed remedy should at least first be tried before resorting to revolution.

The President then proceeds to speak of other questions, including our relations with foreign governments.

CONGRESS.—The members came together on Monday apparently in good humor, though many of the Southerners are earnest for secession. The Republicans think matters look squally, but, while willing to pursue a conciliatory course, are firm. After the reading of the Message in the Senate on Tuesday, Mr. Clingman of N. C. moved that it be printed. He thought it fell short in investigation of the causes of the present crisis. The President elect was known to be a dangerous man, and his party would eventually control the government, the Supreme Court included. He did not think the Southern States had acted precipitately. In his judgment a number of States would secede within 60 days. In South Carolina the submission party was small. The wisest thing Congress could do is to divide public property as fairly as possible after paying public debts. Mr. Crittenden replied, hoping the example of the gentleman would not be followed. Mr. Clingman approved the desire to preserve the Union. When the Union ceases to protect North Carolina she will bid good bye.

In the House, after some discussion, it was voted to refer so much of the Message as relates to the peculiar condition of the country to a committee of one from each State. Mr. Morris, of Illinois, offered a resolution, which was read, to the effect that we are unalterably attached to the Union, and recognize in it the primary cause of our present greatness and prosperity, and that as yet having seen nothing, either in the election of Mr. Lincoln or any other source, to justify its dissolution, we pledge our sacred honor to maintain it. Its introduction was however objected to and the House adjourned.

SHREVEPORT.—The John Brown anniversary of the abolitionists, at Tremont Temple, was broken up on Monday, by a "raid" of the Union men of Boston. After various calls upon the police, the abolitionists, among whom were Frederick Douglass, Mr. Sanborn of Concord, and James Redpath, were driven from the stand and the Union men organized and adopted a series of resolutions. A collision between Douglass and the chairman led to a general fight upon the platform, which was finally quelled by the police. After a continued fracas of some three hours, the chief of police appeared with a reinforcement, and announced that he had orders from the Mayor to clear the hall. This was finally done, and the hall was closed. In the evening a successful af-

front was made to hold the meeting at the negro church on Joy street. A large police force was stationed at the door, who admitted none but such as the committee within approved. There was a great collection and much disturbance in the street, but tolerable order was preserved within.

The following is the last of the resolves passed by the Union men:

"That the people of this city have submitted too long in allowing irresponsible persons and political demagogues of every description to hold public meetings to disturb the public peace and misrepresent us abroad; they have become a nuisance, which, in self defence, we are determined shall henceforward be summarily abated."

The attempt of the abolitionists to hold such meeting at this time would be very generally disapproved; but those who would break it up by violence are greater "incendiaries" than they. We have heard of a man who resolved to have peace in his family if he had to fight for it; but the Union men of Boston are hardly able to save the Union with their fists. Public opinion will everywhere cry shame and the abolitionists will hold meetings in spite of them, whether right or wrong in their views of slavery. No slavery can be worse than that which denies freedom of speech to freemen.

The Boston Courier, a Unionist paper, expresses the opinion that hereafter Sumner and Wilson should not be allowed free speech in Boston, on the slavery question.

JUST IN TIME.—On the morning of Thanksgiving Day, Mr. J. C. Bartlett, our prompt and faithful Express Agent, "dumped" into our office a keg, with a card on the head bearing the following inscription:—"Editors of Waterville Mail—from James Freeman, 85 Federal Street, Portland." It was filled with luscious oysters, and the supply was so bountiful that when divided and charged upon by two hungry squads, it was fully equal to the emergency. Long live Freeman, the King of Oystermen! and let all the people who have tasted of bivalves of his selling—and their name is legion—say amen.

SURGICAL.—A few weeks since, Elisha Goodwin, a highly respected citizen of Detroit, 65 years old, from bruising or blistering only very slightly the palm of his left hand, came near losing his life. His hand and arm began to be painful right away, and swelled enormously—ending in mortification—to the shoulder. It was amputated at the shoulder, by Dr. Noyes, of this place, and though the patient was in a most unpromising condition, we understand he is now doing well and will recover.

History and Description of New England.—Our copy of the first volume of this great work—which embraces the States of Maine, N. Hampshire and Vermont—has just reached us, though subscribers were served some time ago. We find it all the projects promised in their prospectus—beyond comparison the ablest and most popular work on New England History that has ever been presented to the American public. In addition to histories of the States at large, it gives the history, description and present condition of every town, and its fullness and accuracy are wonderful. The mechanical execution of the book, in its several departments, is all that could be desired; and in its 1050 pages there will be found upwards of eighty beautiful photographic views of cities, villages, and places which are particularly interesting on account of their historical associations. A copy of it should be in the possession of every son of New England, at home and abroad. Published by Austin J. Coolidge, 39 Court Street, Boston.

ANOTHER WARNING. A little son of Mr. E. C. Lowe, of our village, was badly burned one evening last week, in consequence of the breaking of a fluid lamp, the contents of which were spilled upon his clothing and set on fire. We are glad to learn, however, that he is now doing well.

HAYTI.—Thayer & Eldridge, of Boston, have in press a GUIDE TO HAYTI, by James Redpath, published under the auspices of President Geffard, which will embrace a History of that Country, its Constitution, Mineral Wealth, People, Resources, Religion, Revenue, Commerce, Laws, &c. Also, all the Official Documents in relation to the great Emigration Scheme, which is now attracting so much attention from our colored classes, everywhere. No book has been published on Hayti in the United States for thirty years, nor in England for more than twelve years. A volume on Hayti, therefore, is much needed at this time. Two editions of the Guide will be published. Price Fifty Cents for the "Emigrant's Edition," and One Dollar for the "Geffard Edition," including postage.

REV. DOCT. SHELTON has been engaged to preach at the Town Hall in Waterville on the Second Sabbath of each month, for twelve consecutive months, commencing on Sunday next.

A. AND K. RAILROAD.—A slight change has been made in the running time on this road, particulars of which may be learned by referring to advertisement.

KENNEBEC TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The first regular meeting of the Kennebec Union of the Sons of Temperance is appointed for Tuesday, Dec. 11th, and the place selected is the city of Hallowell. For further information see official notice in the appropriate column.

MORE TESTIMONY.—Turn to the "Special Notices," and read the certificates of persons who have recently used Halls' Remedy in cases of Diphtheria.

TEMPERANCE LECTURES.—From the list of appointments in the 'Maine Son of Temperance,' we learn that Rev. W. G. Hobbs will speak in our village on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 15th and 16th.

EASILY DETECTED.—Counterfeit \$5 of the Merchant's Bank of Portland are in circulation. This bank has never issued any bills of this denomination.

SLEIGHING.—A fall of snow Tuesday night has given us second rate sleighing.

FIRE.—The dwelling house of Benjamin Farnham, of Vassalboro', was burned on the night of the 26th ult. Loss \$600. The foundry and machine shop of Prescott & Fowler in Hallowell, were destroyed by fire on Monday last. Loss \$8000.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—A Missionary Convention will be in session at the Congregational Church to day, and in the evening interesting addresses will be made by several returned missionaries.

DEMANDING TERMS OF THE NORTH.—We copy below some remarks from the Bath Times, (a Douglas Democrat paper) which we recommend to the consideration of conservative rational men of all parties.

Report says that Virginia will propose to act the mediator between the 'leprous' State and the General Government, and the terms on which the Union can alone be conserved have been laid down. These are, briefly, a recognition of the right of a State to secede; the abrogation of the personal liberty or anti-fugitive slave laws of the North; a pledge to enforce faithfully the law for the rendition of fugitives, and the protection of slavery in the Territories—against the will of the people by the Federal Government. It is said that if the North will not accede to these terms, Virginia will then join the seceding States. Now look at these terms! The right of secession to be conceded! Then hereafter, whenever a State is not suited, and wishes to secure some favor from the General Government, not due her on the score of equity, right or democracy, she has only to threaten to secede, and her terms must be complied with! A dismembered Union is the result! When Union loving States concede the right of secession, the days of the Union may be numbered, and a very small figure will represent that number. That condition will never be complied with.

The repeal of Northern offensive personal liberty laws. Such laws in our judgment, are wrong and should be repealed. But to make their repeal a condition of the Union is all folly. If the laws are constitutional, the States have a right to enact them, and no threats will deter a sovereign State from doing what she has a constitutional right to do. If the offensive laws are unconstitutional, let the fact be shown, and they will fall of their own weight. Let South Carolina send a commissioner into any Northern State to test these offensive statutes, and our word for it, he will not be mobbed, nor threatened, even, but he will be met cordially, and our best legal talent will aid him in the object of his mission.—The laws may not be unconstitutional and still they may be very wrong; and in good faith they should be repealed. If wise counsels prevail at the North they will be repealed, but disunion can never reach and cure the evils which they bring upon the South; on the contrary, disunion would increase those evils a thousand fold.

Protection of slavery in the Territories. This was the very issue in the late campaign between the friends of Douglas and the friends of Breckinridge. It was the rock on which the Charleston Convention split. How modest for Virginia or any other State to consent to remain in the Union on any condition that the verdict of the people, deliberately made up and as deliberately rendered, shall be reversed! No; if the American Union can stand only by forcing offensive institutions upon an unwilling people, the sooner it dissolves the sooner will it cease to be a foul blot upon the pages of human progress. Never, not even to save a world, much less to save a nation, should the people consent to sin; and a grosser sin was never perpetrated than it would be to force slavery upon a people to whom it is offensive. That condition will never be submitted to.

It is full time South Carolina understood that other States have rights as well as herself, and that her whims and caprices are not the law of the land. She would make every other State a vassal, but her will in this respect lacks the power to back it. We hope and pray for peace; we would hope for the perpetuity of our Union; we hope the ulcer which is gathering in the Palmetto State will not require blood-letting to effect a cure, but time alone can solve the problem.

FAST WORK WANTED.—The editor of the Homestead having attended a county fair where a new race track had just been completed, and fired into enthusiasm by the spirit of the occasion, takes a prophetic glance at the results of the general adoption of race-courses. He does not overlook foot races, as an efficient means of limbering the joints of slow and stupid laborers;—proposes a race of wheelbarrows, loaded with 300 lbs. of dirt, bet two in three, half mile heats, as a means of quickening the pace of Michael and Patrick;—thinks that cow races would be useful for animals that frequent poor pastures, as many now cannot travel far enough in a day to fill their stomachs on the scant herbage;—and does not forget that many cuts miss their prey from a want of greater quickness, and therefore proposes cat races, as a means of preventing the heavy depredations now committed, and thinks if cats generally could be brought up to a 240 speed, it would prove the salvation of many a grain bin and root cellar. He even asserts that many a hen brings up a lean, half-starved brood of chickens, for want of higher activity in scratching, and thinks some means should be devised to bring them up to the scratch. He is of opinion that when horse-racing becomes universally popular, that mothers will name their children after fast animals, and the Bibles will be lit up with blazonry of modern horse nomenclature, as for example, Flora Temple Smith, born Oct. 10, 1860—Patchen Smith, Nov. 1, 1861. This brief synopsis of the elaborate article in the Homestead does not do it justice;—we merely mention the leading points; our readers will appreciate their intention.

Who are the Miserable?—Let the Dyspeptic who suffers physically and mentally, answer. But though he has drunk the very dregs of suffering, relief exists in the Oxygated Bitters; they are a cure for all his woes.

BURNETT'S COCAINE.—We have recently had occasion to use a bottle of the above Cocaine, and can well afford, from the benefit derived by its use, to add our testimony to that of hundreds of others, as to its efficacy. We recommend its use to those in need of an article, either to restore, preserve, or purify the hair.—[St. Joseph (Mo.) West.]

