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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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(From Arthur's Home Magazine.)

THURSTON DOW AND CHARITY MOSS:
THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

Well, make the best of it; this life's a miserable sort of humbug, anyhow!

Thurston Dow threw down his newspaper with a yawn as he made this laconic and comprehensive statement; then he settled back in his cushioned easy chair, and looked out of the window with a kind of half-satisfied, half-discontented gaze.

North, south, east, west—to the utmost point which his gaze could sweep, lay the fair and goodly lands of his possessions—green orchards with ripening fruits, which hung thick upon the boughs, like large goblets of emerald—pastures whose rich loam was stitched thick with dark, waving grasses—fields of wheat and rye whose gleaming locks of silver and gold were shaken to and fro in the soft summer wind—and all these were dimpled with homely, ample farm-houses, and brown barns; and these were occupied by the tenants of Thurston Dow; for Aaron, his great-grandfather, had purchased the land for five miles around his old graystone English homestead, near Rockland, when Massachusetts was a colony; and the estate had descended to his heirs, undisputed and undiminished, (for not one of the Dows had sold a rod of the land which had now been in their possession for a century.)

The present owner of the property, with whom we have chiefly to do, came into its possession on his twenty-second birthday, just after he had graduated at college; and he had held it for four years. The estate had been left him by his Uncle Richard, an eccentric old bachelor. It had been supposed that an older nephew, who was now residing at the West, would be the heir of Richard Dow. This last-mentioned nephew had lived with his uncle from boyhood, but he had mortally offended him by marrying in opposition to his wishes, and, consequently, been cut off in the will.

Thurston Dow had seen his uncle but a few times in his life, for the two brothers of Richard Dow always felt they had not been fairly dealt with in the settlement of their father's estate, and a coldness had always existed between them.

The elder brother, who was a shrewd business man, had managed to get all the Rockland property into his own hands, while some mining lands at the West had fallen to the share of one of the brothers, and some lands in the East Indies to Thurston's father, who removed there soon after his marriage. The property in the Tropics had never been very productive or available property, and when Thurston's life had slipped across its fourteenth birthday, he was sent back to America to be educated.

His mother died before his remembrance, and he was not twenty-one when his father, eldest son of one of the Tropical islands, in the still shadows of the palm trees—and, being indolent and studious, with no taste for business, left his son only a few thousands with which to commence life.

But a year later the young man was summoned, suddenly, to the funeral of his uncle, and learned there, to his unexpressed surprise, that he was appointed sole heir to the Rockland estates, with the solitary condition that he should pass his summers in the old homestead.

Thurston Dow's character combined a good many strong antitheses—he was studious and indolent, selfish and impulsively generous, quickly stirred to passion, but generally good-natured, with unusual social gifts and graces, easy, most indulgent to his dependents—a favorite with all classes of men and women; changeable, susceptible, easily influenced by every wind, and yet with a latent force of will which wrote its strong lines about his mouth, and flashed sometimes through the lines of his voice, and bore its subtle testimony in the very carriage of his head.

As he sat in the window that summer afternoon, in his crimson dressing-gown and flowered slippers, Thurston Dow looked very much what he was—the owner of the Rockland estate. You would have known, at the first glance, that the esthetic element was predominant in him constitutionally and by cultivation.

He was neither tall nor short, with supple, compact limbs, and rapid, graceful movements. His features were bold and thin, suiting his figure, the complexion colorless and yet a clear, healthful olive, the eyes of a light hazel, but full of disturbances of light and shadow, and a mouth large and sharply cut, sensitive and susceptible; but no indolence and luxury of life could erase the lines written there by a character of innate force and strength.

It was late in the afternoon, and soft, mellow, thoughtful, the sunshine lay over the land; and as the gaze of Thurston Dow dwelt upon it, his expression of indifference and dissatisfaction was disputed by one softer and graver.

As he rose up and walked rapidly across his library, and the deeper and better part of his nature stirred itself and woke up.

His life, his selfish, aimless, sensuous life, confronted him in its true features.

What am I living for? he muttered to himself. Here I have health, youth, riches, education, everything that the heart of man desires, and yet, confound it! I sometimes feel as though I was an unlucky dog, anyhow!

The best part of me is getting drowsier every day, and I've no purpose in life to stir me up to action, or to make me anything but the luxurious, idle dog that I am!

One day, here, goes over my head just like another, cut after the same pattern—boating, riding, hunting, eating and sleeping—a most delicious sort of life for a human animal, if the soul had only been left out of it.

Then, it's only varied in the city with a little sharper spice of pleasure—dissipation is the better word; races and clubs, parties, theatres, operas—that's a condensed history of your life, Thurston Dow!

It will be pleasant to look back upon when you are an old man. But what can a fellow do? I mean one that's afflicted with chronic laziness, and has the interest of a couple of hundred thousand to spend annually. Sometimes I think this fortune is a curse to me, and that I should be better off this day if I had my own fortune to carve out, and not an acre of land on the round earth.

But if a man's born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he must take his fate resignedly; and if pluck and poverty usually walk hand in hand, why I've no especial desire to win the former by intimate acquaintance with the latter.

Still, I want to be more of a man than I am—not to squander away my youth after this fashion. I want to have some work and aim—I should really like to do some greater good than putting my name to a score of subscription lists—for missionaries, and meeting-houses, and ragged children, and reform societies. Look it straight in the face, it's a frightfully hollow, unsatisfactory sort of life you're leading, my friend! I believe I'd better get married. That'll at least give me an object to live for.

And then walking up, and down the road, while the light of the summer day faded unheeding about him, Thurston Dow thought of

all the women of his acquaintance—beautiful, high born, graceful, fascinating, they passed before him; but the holiest instincts of the man turned away from them all; and at last a fair, pale face, his oval outline, broken by shadowy bands of hair, half brown and half gold, stood before him; the face shone—not so much with its smiles, as by some light beyond, that seemed to suffuse and fill it; and though in a crowd, it might not have attracted you, still it was one of those faces that always surprise and stimulate you the more you study it. And this still, sweet face, coming after that vision of brilliant and beautiful women, was the only one which touched the heart of Thurston Dow.

He had seen it but a few times; still, he was an acute analyzer of character, and the voice, the words, the movements, had corroborated the face.

Charity Moss was the only daughter of the clergyman of the North Presbyterian Church, at Rockland. The young man had met her at her father's house when he returned the call of his pastor; and he had been stimulated and impressed on that first interview.

Charity Moss was utterly unlike any woman he had ever met—so delicately organized, so slight of form, so fair of face, that one might almost fear she was fragile, if it had not been for the small, bright carnations that bloomed in her cheek, and set there, their own signal of perfect health.

She was older than she appeared, for she had just seen her twenty-third birthday when Thurston met her. She puzzled him exceedingly at first, the quiet little lady! He knew all the marks of high breeding and social cultivation, but somehow, the whole manner of Charity Moss seemed the unfolding of some inward graciousness of soul, and all her movements kept time to some harmony of spirit.

Her father did not present himself until his guest had been seated some minutes, yet the girl was by no means flustered or embarrassed by the presence of the gentleman. There was a strange mingling of reserve and simplicity about her. The eyes of a deep gray, which was always melting into all varieties of dark brown, looked up at him with a quiet earnestness and sincerity, which fairly puzzled him. She was thoroughly calm, self-poised, yet he could not detect the slightest tinge of vanity about the girl.

There was a little shadow of gravity—such as frequently accompanies much thoughtfulness, on the sweet face; and yet, on occasion, it would bloom out into sweet, running smiles, that made the mouth not small, but most feminine, seem almost like an infant's.

The talk of the young people went right and left, glancing first, as was proper and introductory, on the weather, and the town, and the parish; and when the minister entered, with a statement which excused his tardiness, that he was just finishing his Wednesday evening lecture, his guest and daughter were discussing the carrying away of the old turnpike bridge and the saw mill, an event which had somewhat stirred the sluggish pulse of Rockland social life.

Parson Moss was a stately, urbane gentleman of the old school—social and sympathetic, the natural fire and vigor of his character a little mellowed by the fifty years which had gone over it.

"Charity," said the clergyman, turning suddenly to his daughter, in some slight pause of his brisk conversation with his guest, "want you bring us some cake and marmalade?"

She rose up quietly, but a little smile just flashed out of the sweet gravity of her face; "I'm not responsible for the cake this time, as I had all the fine things to iron this morning, and the baking fell on Dorothy."

There was not one among all Thurston Dow's fashionable, high bred acquaintances, who would have made this avowal, and she did it with just the same simplicity that she would have said, "I was occupied with my music, or my French."

The cake, however, did credit to Dorothy, and the person laughingly assured his daughter that her training had not been bestowed in vain.

"I will know more of that girl," said the young man to himself, as he left the parsonage.

And when Thurston Dow said a thing he meant it; he did know more of Charity Moss.

For the next two months he found frequent excuses to call at the parsonage—now to carry the young lady a volume of poems, and now some early fruits from his grounds, or rare flowers from his conservatory.

Twice he took her to ride, and they had half a dozen short walks together; yet I think the clergyman's daughter puzzled the rich man of Rockland just as much the last time he saw her as she did the first.

She met him always with the same sweet smile flashing out from the pale gravity of her face, with the same mingled simplicity and dignity of manner.

Still, every time he met her it seemed that his whole nature was stirred and expanded by some sweet, subtle influence.

Charity Moss had never been in a city but twice in her life. Newport and Saratoga were words as void, and unsuggestive to her as Egyptian hieroglyphics; but she had read much, and studied wide and deep for a girl of her years, and the soil of her mind was rich, and bore good fruit.

But one flower blossomed in her heart which shed a sweet and subtle influence through her whole life. Alas! Thurston Dow, with all his cultivation and acuteness, had the "blind eyes," which did not see this; but this was what Paul the Apostle meant, when he wrote to the Corinthians—"The greatest of these is Charity."

Thurston Dow knew that the clergyman's daughter was fond of his society, but beyond the simple rights and courtesies of a friend, he was assured of nothing. The bright carnations sat in her cheeks when he came—they had not dimmed or deepened when he left.

But that day, walking to and fro in the fading light of his library, there came over the soul of Thurston Dow a faint and vague suggestion of what a true, absorbing, self-sacrificing affection was; and he thought of Charity in her simplicity and gravity, her gentleness and purity, and he said to himself—"She is just the woman that I want. She will wake up the best and noblest part of me into life and action. I love her childlike simplicity, her womanly dignity. Altogether, she is a sweet, dainty, noble-hearted little creature, whose very presence makes the air fresher and stronger about me."

VOL. XIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1861.

NO. 35.

The Eastern Mail.

"I am sick unto death of the shame and afflictions of life—of women." Charity Moss has none of these. She is the only woman whom I could take into my heart, and lock the door upon her. This very night I will ask her to be my wife.

CHAPTER II.

The astral lamp was just lighted in the small parsonage parlor; and the whole room lay in a kind of haze of moonlight, while through the open windows came bursts of sweet, subtle fragrances from the yellow lips of the honeysuckles as they whispered to the night winds.

Thurston Dow sat there about five minutes, plunged in dreams, when his hostess entered the room, with her light step, and her face, with its sweet smile, which touched on gravity, shining betwixt its folds of hair—shadows of brown with lights of gold.

"Excuse me for detaining you, Mr. Dow," said the voice, that was like a tune set to the face, "but Dorothy is not quite well this evening, and I have been helping her work the butter."

"You are one of the Fledas and Faiths," said the young man, looking curiously and fondly on the girl, as she sat down in her blue muslin dress, beside him, a real little household divinity, with a natural love and skill for housework.

"Scarcely," with her eyes on the carpet, and evidently answering the question more to herself than him.

"Which mamma left as I had scarcely lifted my finger to do a thing, and hated work as profoundly as the finest lady that ever dandled over a bit of cambric embroidery."

"But though I was only sixteen then, I was old enough to see the sudden responsibility which had fallen on my shoulders, and brave enough not to shrink it."

"So I went at my work, and now I have grown to love it, and I think that any woman who does not do this has lost one of the great privileges and enjoyments of womanhood—Baking, sweeping, dusting, I think they idealize life. We enjoy its poetry better for this background of practicality. It is the only way to save a woman from that great range of nervous diseases to which so many fall victims. It is God's ordination, and I do not believe any woman can live her complete life bravely, symmetrically, rejoicingly, who does not work with her hands and muscles."

"What an eloquent treatise you could write on the subject, for the benefit of your sex!"

"Har quirk," exultant, amused laugh, which always lifted the unwrapped countenance into sudden light, answered him, "You are making fun of me, I see, Mr. Dow."

"Not a bit of it. You have converted me to your theory, as I am sure any man would be. I am going to give you, now, the strongest possible proof of it. I came here to night with that settled purpose, and if I perform it abruptly it is because I honor you, too much to believe that a lover's flatteries would weigh anything with you, and that when I say to you 'I love you,' I mean all those words embody in their best and deepest sense."

Charity Moss, will you be my wife?"

Let me here do Thurston Dow the justice to say, that so much of real feeling was enlisted in this question, that his voice shook along the words, and there was a sudden pallor about his mouth.

Charity Moss turned up her face to his, and the small carnations which sat in her cheeks, broadened and blossomed into vivid crimson, and her eyes shifted to and fro, into light and shadow. For a moment, she was silent. When she spoke, her voice was steady, but under her breath:

"Will you say those words again, Mr. Dow, so that I may be certain I understood you, before I answer?"

"Charity Moss, will you be my wife?"

She rose up, and walked twice rapidly across the room, and then she came and stood still before her guest; and now, there were no roses—not even carnations in her cheeks,—and there was something mournful in the steady eyes which looked on him—something mournful, which her calm, slow voice confirmed.

"I cannot be what you have asked me, Mr. Dow, because it would ruin me."

"Ruin you—I don't understand!"

"No—I am going to explain. It would ruin me, because our views and aims in life are so wide apart, and because, with my sensitive, susceptible nature, there would be great danger of your bringing me down to yours."

"I have braced myself against your influence from the first hour that I met you, Mr. Dow, because I felt that I must you, evil over me—for I saw that the great aim of your life was esthetic enjoyment; and this, adorned it with what grace of life, or beauty of words you may, is really—selfishness, failure!"

"You have no high redeeming purpose in life. With all your cultivation, with all your generous instincts, with all I have seen in you to admire, I know that this rugged, real world is not better because you are in it."

"The religion that I believe in is a name, a grace, a worship—not a living reality to you. Its love has never penetrated to your soul; its joys and its sacrifices are to you cold; its duty and its mysteries; and because there is a part of my nature that answers to the luxurious, esthetic part of yours, I dare not trust myself to your keeping."

"If I ever marry any man, it must be a living, practical Christian one, because that I believe all life and love without religion, is, in the end, failure."

"I am grateful for the honor your choice does me; and I know how immeasurably far I am your inferior in social and intellectual cultivation, to say nothing of those things which the world values; therefore, I am filled with wonder and humility at an offer which any woman might be proud of."

"Do not think me insensible to these things, because I make the others of chiefest value. You see I cannot do otherwise; and if I have spoken plainly, because simply, truthfully, forgive me."

"She passed at last, and stood quiet before him—her face in a kind of white radiance—her still, large, luminous eyes, searching into his."

Thurston Dow did not speak for the space of half a minute; he was touched, convicted, angered,—and yet, he loved Charity Moss ten times better than he ever had done before; and all these feelings struggled in his tones, as he said:

"So I am to understand that you mean I am not a good enough man to be your husband?"

"This would be an equally true proposition

"I am not a good enough woman to be your wife—because I could not resist your influence over me, where it would do me harm."

Then Thurston Dow rose up, and said: "Will you let me take your hands a moment, Charity?"

She placed her two small fluttering hands in his.

"I thank you for what you have said to me this night,—for every word it, Charity Moss,—his better nature triumphing over anger and wounded vanity: 'I shall not love that woman the less, who has had the courage so to speak to me; and it may be, that some day I shall be more worthy to ask you the question which I have to night.'"

Something like a shadow came over the shining face; it bent on him a long, wistful, yearning gaze. Thurston Dow knew what it said to him—what her lips would not—a half might have been, contesting with a half of his, as the shining face leaned out of its shadowy hair, like some marble head out of a brown cloud.

So Thurston Dow looked on it a moment, and was gone!

That night he walked up and down his library, until after midnight, with those rapid, nervous strides, which usually accompany a stirred, agitated mood. What went on in the young man's soul, what new aims and purposes were roused and developed in his heart, was known only to him who readeth the heart of man, and understandeth our thoughts after all.

Long after midnight, Thurston Dow seized a lamp, and started for his room. In a small, dark passage, back of the library, which was little used, a draught of air caught the light, and extinguished it. He fumbled around in the darkness for some matches, remembering having hastily placed some several weeks before in one of the compartments of an old-fashioned mahogany secretaire, which had stood in the passage for years, and which was one of the few articles of furniture his great, great grandfather had brought from England to the colonies.

And searching in the darkness, the hand of Thurston Dow fell upon the wrong drawer, and he felt a secret spring yield to his pressure. This aroused his curiosity, and he at last succeeded in finding the matches, and striking a light. After some difficulty, he once more discovered the spring, and opened the secret compartment. It contained a solitary sheet of paper. The young man opened it with eager curiosity, and read the last will and testament of his uncle, Richard Dow, dated two days before his death; and this will affirmed, that, being in full possession of all his faculties, he had for reasons good and sufficient to himself, altered his mind, and bequeathed the whole of his real estate to Edward, only son of his deceased brother, Andrew Dow.

There were only two names signed as witnesses to this instrument;—one was that of Richard Dow's lawyer, and the other his steward.

And the young man remembered that the lawyer had been thrown by his horse, and suddenly killed; three days after his uncle's funeral;—and that a week subsequently to this latter casualty, the steward had been suddenly stricken down by an attack of paralysis, which had totally eclipsed his reason.

And then Thurston Dow remembered that this little sheet of paper swept away from his possession the fair and beautiful possessions, which for four years he had called his own, and that this sheet cast him a poor man upon the world. And he remembered also that no eyes had seen that will but his own—that no mortal on the face of the whole earth witnessed its existence, and that the small flame he carried could catch it, and in a solitary moment wrap it up in its flaming life, and drop it in blackened dust on his hands.

He remembered, too, that his real right to the Rockland lands was better than his cousin's, for his father had been the far more wronged of the two brothers, in the settling of the estate, and his pride, revolted somewhat at the thought of being called a poor man, when he had been so long accounted a rich one; and, though he had plenty of latent strength and energy, the esthetic, indolent part of his nature shrank from the thought of going out into the struggle of life, and becoming the acolyte of his own fortunes.

There went on a long fierce struggle in the soul of Thurston Dow. "I do not believe that the thought of Charity Moss saved him, for I believe there was innate nobleness enough in the man to have triumphed over this temptation; but I do know that her sweet, shining face, as he had last seen it, rose out of her shadowy past, and seemed looking at him with its calm, steadfast, searching gaze; and then at last, Thurston Dow folded up the sheet, and laid it back in the secret compartment,—and there was the look of a man settled; resolved, past all hope of change in his fate."

So he went up to his room, and did that night what he had not done for years, knelt down by his bed-side, and prayed.

The next day he was gone; rumor said he had suddenly taken it into his head to make a tour of the West.

CHAPTER III.

Three months had passed, and the year was in the still magnificence of September. There had been no frosts—there was no gleam of amethyst or topaz in the rich dead green, which clothed the earth; but every puff of wind, with its sweet, delicious fragrance, was that dream of the tropics, which visits New England every autumn. Thurston Dow was walking through the Rockland grounds, once more, for the last time. The next day he was to leave,—to go out into the world, and take his place amid the strong swimmers in the hurrying tide of life. He had come home only the day before, having accomplished all his work. He had left the will with his cousin, and told him that every foot of land in Rockland belonged to him.

Edward Dow had behaved very generously, and even offered to share the estate with his cousin; but the latter would only accept the loan of a few thousands, with which to commence business.

The writer knew all the facts now, and that Thurston Dow was a poor man. It was evening, so still that the puffs of air were like fluttering breaths. The moonlight lay in calm, white radiance upon the earth; the very air was steeped in still, delicious languor, and Thurston Dow walked through the shadowy paths, as though he was in some strange land of enchantment. The large, old gray stone house, rose picturesque and ghostly through

the trees in the distance,—and its former owner walked amid the dead shadows of cedars and Norway spruces, and then out into sudden floods of silver light, and he half fancied he had gone back to the palm trees and orange groves of his childhood. Suddenly the sound of light, rapid footsteps struck his ear, and the next moment he caught the gleam of a white figure amongst the dark-green shrubbery.

It came toward him; Thurston Dow was anything but a superstitious man,—but for the moment, his heart throbbed fast.

The next moment, a name unconsciously crossed his lips: "Charity Moss!"

"They told me I should find you here, and I could not let you go without seeing you," she said, giving him her hand.

"It was very kind in you to come here to me now, Charity," keeping the small hand, and drawing close to her.

"I have come to ask you if it is true, what we have heard, that you discovered the lost will made by your uncle, hidden in an old secretaire, and that this will gave your entire estate to your cousin?"

"It is true."

The large, luminous eyes, fastened on his, dilated and expanded,—a great excellent thrill, filled and flooded the girl's face.

"And it is true that you have given over all this property to your cousin, making no reservation to yourself?"

"It is true."

She dropped her head a moment. When she lifted her eyes, they were full of tears, and the carnations had deepened into crimson blooms.

"Mr. Dow," said the minister's daughter, with a flutter in her voice, "three months ago to night, you asked me a question, which I wish to know whether I may now consider repeated?"

"You may."

"Well, then, I will be your wife! and she placed her other hand in his."

"He held her back a moment." "Charity Moss; I was a rich man when you refused me, three months ago to night, I am not worth a dollar in the world!"

"A proud, tender smile, flashed through her lips."

"You are a far richer man than you were to me, then, Thurston Dow."

"He drew the girl to his heart. 'So I am; for I have now, what is above all price, or naming. Oh, Charity Moss, you are worth to me a thousand Rockland estates!'"

"I shall not be afraid to trust you now, Thurston," said the girl, half an hour later, and the flutter of her small hand was like a lily in his hair. "You will do me good, and we will together strive to attain our true ideal of man and womanhood."

"You shall be my little teacher," gathering her closer to his heart, "and I will be your Charity Moss."

"That night, they separated for a year. The next day, Thurston Dow went out into the world, but the love and the prayers of a true and noble woman followed him; and in one year, please God, he will return and take to wife, Charity, the daughter of Reverend Aaron Moss, of the North Presbyterian church of Rockland."

PHILIP II.—The picture of Philip II in his Cabinet is thus effectively drawn by Dr. Motley:

"A small, dull, elderly, imperfectly educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair and protruding under-jaw and dreary visage, was sitting day after day, seldom speaking, never smiling, seven or eight hours out of every twenty-four, at a writing table covered with heaps of interminable despatches, in a cabinet far away beyond the seas and mountains, in the very heart of Spain. A clerk or two, noiselessly opening and shutting the door, from time to time, fetching fresh bundles of letters and taking away others—all written and composed by secretaries, or high functionaries,—and all to be scribbled over in the margin by the diligent old man in a big schoolboy's hand and style—'if ever schoolboy, even in the sixteenth century, could write so illegibly or express himself so awkwardly; blearies in the court yard arriving from or departing for the uttermost parts of earth—Asia, Africa, America, Europe—to fetch and carry these interminable epistles; which contained the irresponsible commands of this one individual, and were freighted with the doom and destiny of countless millions of the world's inhabitants—such was the system of government against which the Netherlands had protested and revolted. It was a system under which their cities had been made desolate, their cities burned and pillaged, their men hanged, burned, drowned or hacked to pieces; their women subjected to every outrage; and to put an end to which they had been devoting their treasure and their blood for nearly the length of one generation. It was a system, too, which, among other results, had just brought about the death of the foremost statesman of Europe, and had nearly effected simultaneously the murder of the most eminent sovereign in the world."

The industrious Philip, safe and tranquil in the depths of the Ecclesiastical, saying his prayers three times a day with exemplary regularity, had just sent three bullets through the body of William the Silent at his dining room door in Delft.

Invisible as the Grand Lama of Tibet, clothed with power as extensive and absolute as had ever been wielded by the most imperious Caesar, Philip the Prudent, as he grew older and feebler in mind and body, seemed to become more gluttonous of work, more ambitious to extend his sceptre over hands which he had never seen or dreamed of seeing, more fixed in his determination to annihilate that monster Protestantism, which it had been the business of his life to combat, more eager to put to death every human creature, whether anointed monarch or humble artisan, that defied his heresy, or opposed his progress to universal empire."

The National Intelligencer prints the annexed extract of a letter from a Lieutenant of the United States Navy, in the East Indies, dated the 17th of January, to a friend in Washington:

"With regard to the state of affairs in the United States, we are fully posted up to the 13th of December, through our own and the English papers. After a deliberate consideration of the matter, I have come to the conclusion that, although our Government will get a severe shake, it will survive. It may be

possible that three or four of the States may be lost for a time, but the United States will still stand. At all events, my course is plain. The States seceding will be the 'Southern Confederacy,' or under some other title; the United States and the Constitution will still exist, and these I serve, so long as they think proper to retain my services."

PASSERVEN DIGNITY.—Higginson, in his somewhat enthusiastic article on "Gymnastics," in the last Atlantic Monthly, while enumerating the different classes who stand back from the movement, draws the following capital portrait of "Preserved Dignity":

"There is another class of critics whose cant is simply cant, and who, being unable or unwilling to surrender themselves to these simple sources of enjoyment, are grandly upon the dignity of manhood, and the absurdity of full-grown men in playing monkey tricks with their bodies. Full-grown men? There is not a person in the world who can afford to be a 'full-grown man' through all the twenty-four hours. There is not one who does not need, more than he needs his dinner, to have habitually one hour in the day when he throws himself with boyish eagerness into interests as simple as those of boys. No church or state, no science or art can feed us all the time; some morsels there must be of simpler diet, some moments of unadulterated play. But dignity? Alas for that poor soul whose dignity must be 'preserved,'—preserved in the right culinary sense; as fruits which are growing dubious in their natural state are sealed up in jars to make their acidity presentable! 'There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned,' and degradation in the dignity that has to be preserved. Simplicity is the only dignity. If one has not the genuine article, no influence of starch, no snow-drift of white-linen decency, will furnish any substitute. If one has it, he will retain it, whether he stand on his head or his heels. Nothing is really undignified but affectation or conceit; and for the total extinction and annihilation of every vestige of these, there are few things so effectual as athletic exercises."

DISCOVERY OF A NEW SUBSTANCE IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—A writer in the National Intellig

The Eastern Mail.

E. M. MAXHAM, J. DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, . . . MAR. 7, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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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.'

How do we stand now?

The accession of a new president, and the position he takes in his inaugural address, may be said to put a new aspect upon the condition of the government in respect to secession. Mr. Lincoln regards all the measures of the seceding States as null and void; so far as relates to the dissolution of the federal compact, and pledges himself to execute the laws of the whole country according to the constitution. He promises to collect the public revenues, and protect the property of the government, as the secession was a thing not heard of. This will be done, he says, without bloodshed or collision with the State authorities, provided the measures of the government are not forcibly resisted. He will no doubt proceed at once to the execution of this plan.

The position of the seceding States is known to everybody as directly in the teeth of Mr. Lincoln's proposed course. Much of the national property which he pledges himself to protect, they now claim to hold in actual possession, while the right of the government to collect its revenues within seceded territory is by them positively denied; and they are pledged to defend the dignity of their claimed rights in this respect against the very first step taken. By way of compromise between these two hostile positions nothing has been done that gives much promise of any effect. The Peace Congress adopted the Franklin proposition, which is but little more than a renewal of the Missouri compromise. It extends the parallel of 36-30 to the Pacific, excluding slavery on the north, and leaving it on the south just as it now exists, except with the right to go into the territories and depend upon the popular vote for remaining under the constitution of new States. It however prohibits the acquisition of new territory, except by vote of a majority of the senators of the free and of the slave States, acting in two sections.

Mr. Crittenden's plan was lost in Congress, and a proposed amendment of the constitution which will secure that instrument from being so altered as to permit Congress to interfere with slavery in the States, makes up, with the doings of the peace congress, the sum and substance of all that indicates progress towards pacification.

In the meantime the Southern Confederacy is operating with all zeal to strengthen its apparently fragile foundations. According to reports believed at Washington, the new Government is proceeding with great vigor, and the \$15,000,000 loan will readily be taken. Thirty thousand volunteers are drilling or under orders. Large army supplies have recently been purchased in Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, and sent to New Orleans and Mobile for distribution. The new postal arrangements were to go into effect on the 4th inst. The present tariff is merely provisional, and as soon as practicable a new system will be adopted. To the six States now composing the confederacy most of the other slave States are pledged for co-operation, on condition the government adopts the course laid down by Mr. Lincoln—about which there can no longer be a shadow of doubt.

So stands this national question today. How the two parties are to be reconciled, or how immediate reconciliation is possible, we can by no means see; and yet like everybody else who loves the Union, we feel little apprehension of war, immediate or remote, between the two sections. We believe there is too much wisdom in the government, and too much patriotism and intelligence among the mass of the people, both north and south, to admit of a result so immeasurably fatal to both parties.

MAINE LEGISLATURE.—A Resolve appropriating \$4000, for a geological survey of the State was presented on Wednesday of last week and ordered to be printed.

The proposed removal of the seat of government was killed in the Senate on Thursday last.

The Aroostook Railroad bill passed to be engrossed in the House, on the same day.

On Friday, the celebrated Paris and Norway case, was decided by re-annexing a portion of Norway to Paris. On the same day was the Militia bill indefinitely postponed in the House, but a reconsideration was moved on Saturday, and yesterday assigned for further consideration.

No action has been taken upon the Personal Liberty Bill, but it is understood that the opinion of the Supreme Court is adverse to its constitutionality.

A resolve donating lands to Waterville College has been engrossed in the Senate.

The Southern Confederacy, a journal published at Atlanta, Georgia, in announcing the passage of the Ordinance of Secession by the Convention of that State, accompanies it with the following commentary:

"Posterity will regard the act as wanting in statesmanship, and the greatest folly ever committed by a great and prosperous people. But under prosperity begot luxury and restlessness, and grave deeds are often committed without reflection or reason. Properly will ensure the act of Secession, for the reason that the seceding States, in their several Conventions, made no demands for the redress of grievances, but merely, and blindly, precipitated a revolution. To stand justified in the eyes of the future, and before the scrutiny of civilization, we should demand redress in a Convention of all the States."

OUR TABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY FOR MARCH.—The contents of the present number are more than usually varied. "Verona Brent" is continued, and grows more interesting and exciting. There are several original and admirable articles by new contributors, among which "Hunting in the Province of New Brunswick," by H. S. Stallknecht and A. G. Bradford, is charmingly written, and is full of interest. It is a rich number in literary excellence, and it is moreover profusely illustrated with engravings done in the very first style of art.

The Fashion Department, embraced in this fine magazine, is the fullest and most reliable complete exposition published in America. It is an authority upon all matters of taste in dress, and contains fine engravings and full descriptions of the newest style in dress, bonnets, cloaks, lace, fancy and ornamental work. It is a matter of wonder, even to the initiated, how so large and beautiful a magazine can be afforded for three dollars. Only its immense circulation can yield Frank Leslie profit. It should be upon every lady's work table.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The embellishments in the March number are—Home Again, and a spirited portrait of Rosa Bonheur—both very fine pictures. This series of female portraits, which is to extend through the year, is an attractive and valuable feature of this work, which must give it increased favor with a discriminating public. The literature of the number is of the usual variety and excellence. Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, under the auspices of the M. E. Church, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—Jacob Abbott's story, "Patrol and Bravery," is continued in the March number of this nice little magazine; and it is accompanied by numerous other interesting stories and sketches, with poetry, pictures and puzzles, and a spicy dish of "Friendly Chat." Merry's Museum is published by J. N. Stearns & Co., 116 Nassau St., New York, at \$1 a year.

FOURTH OF MARCH.—In our village the day passed very quietly, without any of the noisy demonstrations of some similar occasions of former times; but the evening was marked by certain festivities, very pleasant, doubtless, to all who participated in them. These were—an assembly at Town Hall, Kendall's Quadrille Band furnishing the music; a supper at the Hall of the Ticonic Ones, with steward Wendell as master of cuisine; and a Levee by the employees of the A. & K. Railroad Co. at the Wood Shop. This last, the affair of the evening, was largely attended—the company being made up of the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of the operatives, with a few invited guests. A long table, loaded with creature comforts, was prepared in one large room, and a dancing hall improvised in another, by 'slipping up' and 'setting things to rights.' Having done ample justice to the good things so bountifully provided, the company spent several hours very pleasantly—some in dancing, and others in looking on and listening to the music, filling the intervals with social converse as each one's mood inclined. Lighted up this great hall of labor seemed transformed into a temple of the graces; and illumined by the presence of youth and beauty, the rude surroundings and grim enginery of industry, which met the eye on every side, but served to bring out the beauty of the shifting tableau more vividly and give to the scene a weird charm that not only imparted present delight but dwelled the soul with a sweet memory forever.

TOWN MEETING.—Our annual Town Meeting will occur on Monday next. As the Warrant is a short one and contains no combustible articles, we see no reason why the business may not be satisfactorily disposed of at an early hour. Among the articles to be acted upon is that familiar one—"To see if the Town will vote to instruct the Road Commissioners to remove the obstructions in the highway on Front Street, near Williams's stable, and build a sidewalk." Now, obstructions really exist in that locality or they do not. If they do, the authorities have ample warrant for summary action in former votes of the Town; if they do not, why lumber up the warrant, year after year, with a useless article, and lower the dignity of the body corporate by passing votes only to have them disregarded? The provision for a sidewalk there, which is a new feature, ought to find favor, for such a convenience is much needed. If any one doubts this, let him attempt to pass up Front Street to the Common, during a muddy time, and his doubts will vanish.

A "Blow."—A Frenchman named Samuel King, living at the Head of the Falls, was having a "blow" on Sunday afternoon; and after he had battered a face or two, his fellow countrymen thought it best to call officer Keith to take care of him. Sam is an able-bodied man, and when body and spirits combine, it takes about half a dozen temperate men to hold him long enough to fine him according to law. Officer Keith had backers by the score; but forgetting the need of them, and thinking "a soft eye better than a hard fist," he received a stunner from Sam before he had time to turn round—except perpendicularly. Sam applied for leg bail, and put himself across the river and up the hill, measuring his long legs by his short wind through the deep snow, till

"The breathing of his fleet pluck
Broke in the onward chase, and like the back
That flies before the peck, he—"

turned at bay and looked back upon the havoc he had made of law and order, while legal authority took him in tow for the ante room of justice. Sam's escort was a large one—the Sabbath being a leisure day in that locality—and his eloquence spread itself over a large territory, till compelled to contract itself to the measure of the lodgings assigned him. Monday morning he was allowed to go, under a burden of \$100 bonds for his appearance to answer to the charge of assault upon an officer. Sam found a backer, as he had a right to expect. He is a dangerous man when in liquor, and those who "whet him up to mischief" against their neighbors, should feel bound to stand by him when in trouble. But for them, Sam would be an industrious man and take good care of his family. On their heads rests the guilt.

That Mr. Lincoln escaped some very unpleasant attentions, to say the least, at Baltimore, is evident from the description of the scene on the arrival of the train in which he

had been expected. The *Sen's* account says: "At 15 minutes to one o'clock a mighty heaving and surging in the multitude at the north entrance of the depot proclaimed some fresh excitement, and in a few minutes the York accommodation train entered the depot, followed by an excited crowd who mistook it for the special train of the President elect and wrote. As soon as the train stopped the crowd leaped upon the platforms and mounted to the tops of the cars like so many monkeys, until, like a hive of bees, they swarmed upon them—shouting, hallooing, and making all manner of noises. The officers in charge of the train appeared, and the crowd, discovering their error, recoiled, a little chop-fallen, but prepared for another excitement."

After it became apparent to the multitude that the President elect had indeed escaped their attentions, they turned about to bestow them upon such of his humbler constituents whom they recognized in their midst. These attentions were exhibited in a system of crowding and squeezing, exceedingly unpleasant to those upon whose persons the 'pressure' was brought to bear."

A correspondent of a New York paper who was in the train, writes as follows:

"Mrs. Lincoln and her family, reaching the Baltimore depot, showed plainly what undoubtedly would have happened had Mr. Lincoln been of the party. A vast crowd—a multitude, in fact—had gathered in and about the premises. It was evident that they considered the announcement of Mr. Lincoln's presence in Washington a mere ruse, for, thrusting their heads in at the windows, they shouted: 'Trot him out.' 'Let's have him.' 'Come out, old Abe.' 'We'll give you hell.' You bloody Black Republicans!—and other equally polite and more profane ejaculations. Some rude fellows entered the private apartment in which Mrs. Lincoln was sitting with the accomplished daughters of the Speaker of the Penn. House but were promptly turned out by Mr. Hay, who locked the door. As the parties composing the suite, and the various correspondents, issued from the car there was an exhibition of rude vulgarity and disregard of personal comfort for which I have never seen equalled."

On our arrival at the other depot, we found Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Capt. Hazard, Robert Lincoln and several old gentlemen, seated in a car, around whom had gathered a crowd of ill-bred men and boys who had been insulting them in that most despicable of all ways, crying out dirty and foul language, peering impudently at them, and actually forcing up the window which those inside had shut. The police did not know that the party were in that car, but had kept vacant a very large space about the train which was prepared for them, and when the information was given them they cleared those boys out in mighty short order."

CORONER'S INQUEST.—By request of the friends of the deceased, we publish below the testimony given by the physicians who were called to examine the body of Mr. Jonas Davis, at the recent Coroner's inquest, and also the verdict of the jury.

Testimony of Dr. N. R. Boutelle.
Jonas Davis died, in my opinion, from a broken neck. There was not a fracture of bone, but fracture of ligaments, from which death might result as well as from fracture of bone, probably almost instantaneously. I found no cause of death anywhere else on the body; no smell of liquor (spiruous), in contents of stomach, and nothing in the stomach that would produce death. I saw no evidence of there being any liquor in stomach. I saw nothing else, only what I have mentioned.

Copy of my evidence on inquest, given Feb. 4, 1861.

N. R. BOUTELLE.
Signed Feb. 13, 1861.

Testimony of Dr. J. F. Noyes.
In my opinion, the injury about the neck of Jonas Davis, was sufficient to cause his death. I found no other injury on or upon the body which would cause death. I saw nothing unusual in the state of the stomach. On the left side of the head was good deal of bruise; on the neck, near the head—I can't say what there may be in contents of stomach—I think there are poisons that would produce death, without producing any change in the stomach. Appearance of contents indicates nothing of poison. I know not what an analysis might discover. We found the ligaments of the neck ruptured; the rupture of neck could not have been caused by handling here. Death could be caused instantaneously by rupture of ligaments.

Copy of my testimony, given on the inquest, Feb. 4, 1861.

If a person were hung, I should expect to find the same appearance of bruises all round the neck. The rupture of ligaments I should say could not have been produced by strangulation. We found blood settled in the flesh. If the neck was broken, the blood might settle the same. I would not say that a man could not fall over a timber and not have the same appearance that we found. J. F. NOYES.

Testimony of Dr. H. H. Campbell.

I saw the body of Jonas Davis, before it was moved from the ice. I think I first saw body of Jonas Davis, week ago last Sunday, about five o'clock, P. M., under the Railroad Bridge on the ice, lying upon the right side of his face; was a purple appearance about his face; hands, one certainly, were clenched and nearly stiff at the time—I presume not frozen—were a few Frenchmen stood about him. I felt of his hand, and finding him dead, turned up his face to see who it was. Some blood about nose. From the appearance, I think he must have fallen after the snow fell, no snow on the top of his clothes; his head did not appear to lie just where it had fallen, or had been; it appeared that he had struggled. I was there some time before young Davis came; position of head had been changed slightly. It was nearer the other shore; one foot was into the ice; my impression was, that he fell first. I don't think he moved his feet. My impression is, that the injury produced on the neck might produce death—might very quickly, and might not. I saw nothing of his hat; water was open a few feet from where he fell. I saw nothing on the snow indicating where he fell. Examined nature of injury on the neck; falling from bridge might produce such an injury. A man by falling on the ice such a distance, might break the neck by striking on the feet. I did not notice his position under the bridge. You would hardly find a person having fallen in that way but would have a purple appearance about the ears. I should suppose that the injuries might have been produced by a fall from the bridge to the ice. I saw no signs of violence about his person whatever. If a man was strangled or choked, he might have something of the same appearance. I see no reason why the appearances might not have been produced by falling on the ice. I think that the appearances could not have been produced in the same manner by strangulation. H. H. CAMPBELL.

An inquisition held at Waterville, within the County of Kennebec, the eighth day of February, in the year 1861; before Charles R. McKadden, one of the coroners of said County, upon view of the body of Jonas Davis, there lying dead, by the oaths of Sam'l Doolittle, John B. Bradbury, Joseph Hasty, Edward H. Piper, Reuben Foster and Everett R. Drummond, good and lawful men, who being charged and sworn to inquire for the State, when, how and by what means the said Jonas Davis came to his death, upon their oaths say: that they believe that said Jonas Davis came to his death by accidentally falling, between the hours of nine o'clock, Saturday, P. M. Jan. 26, and five o'clock, Sunday, P. M. Jan. 27, 1861, heavily upon and through the Bridge of the S. & K. Railroad, to the ice beneath, where his body was found.

In testimony whereof, the said Coroner and jurors of the inquest, have hereunto set their hands and seals, the day and year above said:

Chas. R. McKadden, Coroner.
Samuel Doolittle. E. H. Piper.
John B. Bradbury. Reuben Foster.
Joseph Hasty. Everett R. Drummond.

Messrs. Editors: Yesterday a general invitation was extended to the inhabitants of our village, to be present at Bunker's Hall in the evening, with a hint that there would be found entertainment for both mind and body. "Everybody and his wife" were there at the time, and all seemed disposed, if the expression of their face can be regarded as an indication of their feelings, to add their mite to the general fund of enjoyment. A table reaching two thirds of the length of the hall was loaded with dainties provided by the ladies of the place, — of whom it is but just to say that they are foremost in every good cause, and are bountifully endowed with the tact and taste necessary to carry out with eclat anything they may undertake.

At about half past eight the assembly was called to order by Mr. H. Maynard, who took the chair, and announced that J. P. Poirington, Esq. would address them. Mr. P. sketched the history of the country in the past, and asserted that the people had abused their privileges. He felt no inclination to engage in celebrating the inauguration of a new president with mirth and hilarity, but thought, considering the disturbed state of affairs in the Union, the hour would be much more appropriately spent by all in humiliation, fasting and prayer. He thought Slavery the cause of all our troubles. He was followed by Wm. B. Snell, Esq. who commenced by announcing the reception of a telegram stating that Abraham Lincoln had been inaugurated president of the United States. Mr. Snell trusted there was really no cause for fear in the secession movement, and believed that matters would be amicably adjusted. Every true patriot would oppose secession. Paid the Northern Democrats in the Charleston Convention a high compliment, and charged home upon the unpunctured and self-seeking demagogues of the South the crime of treason. His speech was eminently patriotic in tone, and many portions of it were loudly applauded. Rev. U. H. Rideout was called upon. He remarked that he had not come to make a speech, but as we had the law, and no doubt needed the gospel, he would resign the floor to Rev. Dr. Ford. Dr. F. responded that he did not intend to make a speech, and should decline doing so. He proceeded, however, to make some remarks upon the causes of our present national troubles.

Twenty years ago, good and true men at the South held the same opinions in relation to slavery, that are now held by Republicans at the North. Even southern slaveholders had expressed to him the belief that slavery was a great moral and social evil, and one of them had prophesied that within thirty years the institution would have ceased to exist in this country. Ten years of the term were unexpired, and though he did not pretend to be a prophet, he thought there were hopeful indications that the prophecy would be fulfilled. Hon. D. Bunker was then called upon but declined speaking.

The good things upon the tables were then passed round, and discussed with a gusto that indicated a thorough appreciation of their merits; after which, Messrs. Snell, Gage, Cate and Bradbury sung with fine effect, a quartette, entitled, The Welcome, also a song, Hurrah for Old New England; and we went home having enjoyed a pleasant and profitable evening.

The house of Wm. Connor, Esq., was brilliantly illuminated, and the singers, together with a considerable company of friends, after leaving the hall proceeded to his house and treated him to a serenade, who in return, threw open his doors, invited them in and provided for them a collation, to which, however, we think they could hardly have done justice, so soon after their strenuous efforts in the same line in the hall. Very truly yours,

ORWIN.

The 'Sons of Malta,' a secret organization that flourished wonderfully for a while, has finally 'gone under,' and the property of the largest Lodge in the Union was recently sold under the hammer, at a great sacrifice.

FAIRFIELD.—The following officers were chosen at the annual town meeting in Fairfield, on Monday last:—

Moderator.—Wm. B. Snell.
Clerk.—Andrew Archer.
Selectmen.—E. G. Pratt, Andrew Archer, Albert Green.
Sup. Sch. Com.—Dr. J. A. Smith, Dr. Tuck, Albert Emery.

WATERVILLE FOR KANSAS.—In addition to the sum reported last week, there had previously been sent from the Congregationalist Church of this village the sum of \$22; and from the West village about \$50; making in all about \$275 raised in this town for the relief of Kansas.

FARMERS' CLUB.—The Waterville Club adjourned for the season at the close of the meeting at Homer Percival's, Tuesday evening. The meeting was a very pleasant one, and it was regarded unsafe to trust the weather

for another opportunity for a strong and healthy adjournment, that would preserve the organization through dog-days and bring its members cordially together next year. This is to be done at the call of a committee appointed for the purpose; and we trust that the Club will begin its fourth year in full strength and vigor, after another season's experience in applying its accumulated theories to the tangible test of practice.

WEATHER IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Our New Bedford correspondent, W. G. Soule, makes the following report of the weather at that place, under date of 28th ult:—

I cannot let this day pass without making special note of the weather, and for the information of the readers of the "Mail," I will say today, the last day of the Winter months is one of unusual warmth. The thermometer registers 66 above, and you know 78 is summer heat. The ground is quite dry and not much frost in it; people begin to talk about ploughing and cleaning the rubbish out of their gardens, so as to commence preparing them for receiving seed. Men are about their business; some with linen coats on, some with no coat on, while those who stir about in their usual dress complain of the heat. I have worn a linen coat today, and am not uncomfortable. To-morrow may change the scene, however, and we may be compelled to put on an overcoat or suffer the consequences of a piercing wind or cold rain storm, perhaps both. Within two weeks I have known the weather to change 61 degrees in 18 hours; so we cannot tell what to expect, further than the present. We trust and hope that this fine weather may continue, and shall hope on, believing that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

THE CABINET. Mr. Lincoln is said to have held a long consultation with his advisers in regard to his cabinet, and when it was found they could not think alike he terminated the council by saying:

Gentlemen, some one must take the responsibility of these appointments, and I will do it. My cabinet is appointed. The positions are not definitely assigned, and will not be till I announce them privately to the gentlemen I have selected.

The following cabinet has since been announced:

Sec. of State—Seward of N. Y.
" Treasury—Chase of Ohio.
" War—Cameron of Pa.
" Navy—Wells of Ct.
" Interior—Smith of Ind.
P. M. General—Blair of Md.
Attorney General—Bates of Missouri.

THE LEVEE, TONIGHT!—Remember, all ye who sometimes want help, and who think it a good rule to "help one another," that you have an opportunity to put it in practice this evening, in the way that it shall be "measured to you again" when you are in need. Good arrangements have been made for a pleasant entertainment, and our citizens never fail to enjoy a social evening in which they mingle together regardless of dividing lines. There will be a good time for a great many.

WICKED-DON JUSTIFIED BY HER CHILDREN.

There was a man in Richmond town,
His name was H. A. Wise.
He howled for Union, till he lost
All favor in men's eyes.
And when he found all favor gone,
With all his might and main
He howled secession, hoping thus
To get it back again.

Molly was telling an absurd dream, when her mistress exclaimed:

"You must have been asleep when you dreamed such stuff as that!"
"No indeed, ma'am," she replied, tartly, "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

While the boys were out at 'recess' recently, at one of the village schools in South Adams, a gentleman, having stopped and inquired of a bright looking lad, "What time is there?" Theurchin looked up and scanning his interrogator's face a moment, and then with a wicked leer and knowing wink replied: "They tan hides, sir! That boy had probably received his share of smart in the forenoon school-house."

A settler in Aroostook county found fault with the unhealthfulness of the climate, caused by the 'air coming in contact with the atmosphere.'

A company is engaged in constructing a canal at Niagara Falls, to utilize that respectable water power that has been running to waste so long.

"I say Sambo, can you answer do conundrums? Suppose I give you a bottle of whiskey cork-shed and a cork: how would you get do whiskey out without plugging do cork out, or breaking do bottle?" "I give do up." "Why, you do cork do up, yab!"

The Secretary of War has published an official order dismissing Gen. Twiggs from the army for treachery to the flag of the country.

Forty-three army officers have resigned since the passage of the South Carolina ordinance of secession.

A sermon of four words on the vanity of earthly possessions.—"Shrouds have no pockets!"

There is a sublime insolence about John Chinaman, unexpressed except by the mutual admiration cotillion now running the Southern Confederacy. Over the house of Mr. Polk to Mr. Ward, the American Ambassador, the Chinese authorities placed the following inscription: "Let to American Barbarian Ward, Tribute Bearer."

Curran, when opposed to Lord Clare, said that he reminded him of a chimney sweep who had raised himself by dark and dinky ways, and the ceiling cloud to his neighbors to witness his rise elevation.

A LONELY SITUATION.—Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyleshire, last autumn, came upon a decent looking shepherd, reading on the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking: "You will have a fine view here; you will see a great way."

"O yes, on eye, a ferry great way."
"Ah! you will see America here?"
"Farther than that," said Donald.
"Ah! how is that?"
"Oh, just wait till the mist gangs awa, an you'll see the 'mine'."

Congressional.—In Senate.—March 4.

The discussion lasted some time between Mason, Douglas and Pugh. Morrill said that when the Senator from Illinois shook his head in the quarter, he had a right to object. We are standing at the end of six years of terrible agitation, and it all comes from this trifling of the administration, and is to end now in the dissolution of the Union; and yet, gentlemen propose to go on in the same manner. He disclaimed even the belief on the part of any body of men at the North, that Congress has the right to interfere with slavery in the States. The Senator from Kentucky says the whole difficulty is in regard to the new territory of Mexico. If that be so, it is really no difficulty, but here is a proposition to amend the constitution by recognition of slavery, and it is that against which Senators protest.

Senate. Mr. Wade said nothing makes the principles of the free States stand out so clearly as the fact that they are leaving us, because despotism cannot exist in our midst. They complain because we have a free press and love liberty of speech. The fact is, you cannot expect a despotism in the free States of the North. If you reconstruct the Union on a basis so as to uphold your system, you must reconstruct the throne of God and change the human mind. After referring to the inconsistencies of the secessionists, he exclaimed, "O, ghost of Gen. Jackson! what would you think of modern democracy!" After arguing against compromises, he said the remedy was in the

constitution, which he would stand by; and he could see no place where it needed amending. Mr. Foote offered a resolution of thanks to the Vice President, for the impartial manner in which he has presided. Adopted.

Mr. Gwin made a personal explanation in regard to the overland mail.

Mr. Wigfall said he thought this was positively the last time he should appear on these boards, but was astonished to hear the senator from Ohio charge the democratic party with disunion sentiments. He quoted a speech made by Mr. Wade in 1855, when he said there was no freedom at the South for white or black, and that there was no Union as far as that section was concerned. He (Wade) then said that he was for no Union, unless it could be maintained with liberty. So it seemed that the senator from Ohio was the real author of the irrepressible conflict. If any class of people more than another were responsible for the distinction, it was the class to which the Ohio senator belonged. Mr. Wigfall condemned all professed Union savers. He then referred to the alleged insult to the national flag, and said the flag was not that of his country.

Mr. Doolittle rose to a point of order, and asked, if the senator was really a foreigner, whether he had any right to speak as a senator of the United States.

Mr. Wigfall said if they did not call his name on the roll, thereby acknowledging secession, then he would stop; but so long as they called his name he should continue.

Mr. Pugh said he wanted a test vote, and therefore moved to lay the whole subject on the table. Lost, yeas 14, nays 25. Mr. Bingham then offered an amendment similar to that previously offered by Mr. Clark. Lost, 13 to 24. Mr. Grimes offered an amendment as a substitute for the one offered by Mr. Seward. Lost, 14 to 25. Mr. Johnson of Arkansas, moved an amendment of the propositions of the peace conference, though he said he did not like them. Lost, 3 to 34.

The question was then taken on the original resolution, as it came from the Senate—yeas 24, nays 12. Mr. Polk in the chair, decided that the resolution was carried; two-thirds voting in the affirmative.

Mr. Trumbull appealed from the decision of the chair on the ground that it required two-thirds of the whole Senate. The decision was sustained, yeas 33, no 1.

Mr. Mason moved to take up the Crittenden resolution agreed to. The question was then taken on Mr. Clark's amendment, which was disagreed to, yeas 15, nays 22. Mr. Crittenden then moved to substitute the resolutions of the peace conference. Lost, yeas 7, nays 28.

The question was then taken on the Crittenden resolutions with the following result—yeas 19, nays 20. Mr. Bright moved an executive session; lost. At 7 o'clock the senate took a recess till 10.

House. The House reassembled at 10 o'clock and the Speaker then delivered his address. Unimportant business and various trifling matters occupied the attention of the House, interspersed by several motions to adjourn, causing much confusion.

Mr. Anderson moved to take up the old soldiers' pension bill. 50 or more members here strove to gain the recognition of the speaker. Motions were numerously made to clear the galleries.

Mr. Sherman, from the Select Committee appointed to wait on the President, said that they had performed their duty, and the President had informed them that he submitted his last official communication to the House. A motion was made to adjourn. The speaker arose amid marked silence and delivered the address. During its delivery the address was frequently applauded. He concluded by announcing the adjournment of the House, sine die, with much good humor. The members separated.

Senate. At 10 o'clock, the President called the Senate to order. A large number of bills were announced signed by the President.

The Joint resolution to Congress, to correct certain clerical errors was passed.

New York. Special dispatch from Washington states, that all the appropriation bills were passed. Numerous threatening letters have been burnt by Mr. Lincoln. The Southern tariff is to be awarded so as to impose an export duty of one per cent. on cotton, tobacco, and rice. Ais protracted consultation held on Saturday evening of friends over the Cabinet appointments, considerable wrangling was indulged in, when Mr. Lincoln said he would take the responsibility, and that he had completed his Cabinet. He then sent for Seward and submitted his name to him. Maryland conservatives declare there is no hope of retaining that State in the Union, if Blair and Chase are in the Cabinet. 500 special police are detailed for duty today.

Prof. Wood's Restorative Cordial and Blood Revivator, for the cure of general Debility, or Weakness arising from any cause; also, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Night Sweats, Indigestion, Consumption, Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Loss of Appetite, Female Weakness in all stages; also to prevent the contraction of the case, is certainly the best and most agreeable Cordial Tonic and Revivator ever offered to the afflicted; and so chemically combined as to be the most powerful tonic ever known to medical science. Reader try it. It will do you good. We have no hesitation in recommending it, since we know it to be a safe, pleasant, and sure remedy for the diseases enumerated. See advertisement.

THE WONDERS OF THE MICROSCOPE.—We understand it is through the agency of this marvelous viewing instrument that Dr. Aytz has at length succeeded in finding the paludal miasm and determining its character. Of its effects we in this section have abundant evidence in the *Fever and Ague* which it alone produces when absorbed through the lungs into the blood. It has long been held to be a vapor of something in the vapor of water from decayed and decaying vegetation. Under a great

