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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 03): August 8, 1850

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1850.

NO. 3.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 3 1-2 Bowdoin Block, Main Street

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE INDIAN GIRL.

The Narraganset proudly rolled
And sparkled on his way,
As o'er each rocky islet dashed
And foamed the silver spray;
Then onward, in its noble course,
In stately grandeur swept,
Resisting e'en the sweet embrace
Of groves that o'er it wept.

A wood crowned bank, all strewn with flowers,
Bound with the river current,
As if to bless so fair a spot,
From its course had swerved;
Though still it breathed no sound of life,
Save caress sweet and clear,
Yet the soft breeze with grief seemed charged,
The dew drops with a tear.

"It may not be: the winds that sweep
Through yonder forest free,
The waves that burst from shore to shore
And break along the reef,
The birds, when pausing in their flight
To sing sweet songs to me,
All, in tones of sweet rebuke,
Repeat—It may not be.

"Then go: forget the Indian girl;
Seek thou some blue-eyed maid,
And whisp'er in her ear the words
So oft to me thou'st said.
Think not that I can't forget
The sunshine of the grave;
When memory fills the heart with grief,
Mid these sweet scenes I'll rove.

"Farewell; and may the white man's God
His fairest flower protect,
And ever in the paths of peace
And love thy steps direct;
And when from earth, far, far away,
In other scenes we meet,
Then free from care as birds that sing,
We may each other greet."
LILY LAKEWOOD.

MISCELLANY.

(From Household Words.)

THE POWER OF MERCY.

The quaint old town of Lamborough is quiet enough in general. Why all this bustle to-day? Along the hedge-bound road which leads to it, carts, chaises, and vehicles of every description are joggling along filled with countrymen; and here and there the scarlet cloak or straw bonnet of some female occupying a chair, placed somewhat unsteadily behind them, contrasts gaily with the dark coats, or grey smock-frocks of the front row; from every cottage of the suburb, some individuals join the stream, which rolls on increasing through the streets till it reaches the castle. The ancient moat teems with idlers, and the hill opposite, usually the quiet domain of a score or two of peaceful sheep, partakes of the surrounding agitation.

The voice of the multitude which surrounds the courthouse, sounds like the murmur of the sea, till suddenly it is raised to a sort of shout. John West, the terror of the surrounding country, the sheep-stealer, the burglar, had been found guilty.

"What is the sentence?" is asked by a hundred voices.

The answer is: "Transportation for Life." But there was one standing aloof on the hill, whose inquiring eye wandered over the crowd with indescribable anguish, whose pallid cheek grew more and more ghastly at every denunciation of the culprit, and who, when at last the sentence was pronounced, fell insensible upon the green-sward. It was the burglar's son.

When the boy recovered from his swoon, it was late in the afternoon; he was alone; the faint tinkling of the sheep-bell had again replaced the sound of the human chorus of expectation, and dread, and jesting; all was peaceful, he could not understand why he lay there, feeling so weak and sick. He raised himself tremulously and looked around, the turf was cut and spoilt by the trampling of many feet. All his life of the last few months floated before his memory, his residence in his father's hovel with ruffianly comrades, the desperate schemes he had as he pretended to sleep on his lowly bed, their expeditions at night, masked and armed, their hasty returns, the news of his father's capture, his own removal to the house of some female in town, the court, the trial, the condemnation.

The father had been a harsh and brutal parent, but he had not positively ill-used his boy. Of the Great and Merciful Father of the fatherless child knew nothing. He deemed himself alone in the world. Yet grief was not his pervading feeling, nor the shame of being known as the son of a transport. It was revenge which burned within him. He thought of the crowd which had come to feast upon his father's agony; he longed to tear them in pieces, and he plucked savagely a handful of grass on which he leant. Oh, that he were a man that he could punish them all—the spectators first, the constables, the judge, the jury, the witnesses—one of them especially, a clergyman named Leyton, who had given his evidence more positively, more clearly, than all the others. Oh, that he could do that man some injury—but for him his father would not have been identified and convicted.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him,—his eyes sparkled forth delight. "I know where he lives," said he to himself; "he has the farm and parsonage at Millwood. I will go there at once—it is almost dark already. I will do as I heard my father say he once did to the Squire. I will set his barns and his house on fire. Yes, yes, he shall burn for it—he shall get no more fathers transported."

To procure a box of matches was an easy task, and that was all the preparation the boy made.

The autumn was far advanced: A cold wind was beginning to moan amongst the old wood leafless trees, and George West's teeth chattered and his ill-clad limbs grew numb as he walked along the fields leading to Millwood. "Lucky it's a dark night; this fine wind will fan the flame nicely," he repeated to himself.

The clock was striking nine, but all was quiet as midnight; not a soul was stirring, not a light in the passage windows that he could see. He reached the open gate, but the click of the latch, should betray him; as he softly

climbed over; but scarcely had he dropped down on the other side of the wall before the loud barking of a dog startled him. He cowered down behind a hay-rick, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting each instant that the dog would spring upon him. It was some time before the boy dared to stir, and as his courage cooled, his thirst for revenge somewhat subsided also, till he almost determined to return to Lamborough; but he was too tired, too cold, too hungry—besides, the woman would beat him for staying out so late. What could he do? where should he go? and as the sense of his lonely and forlorn position returned, so did also the affectionate remembrance of his father, his hatred of his accusers, his desire to satisfy his vengeance; and, once more, courageous through anger, he rose, took the box from his pocket, and boldly drew one of them across the sand-paper. It flamed; he stuck it hastily in the stack against which he rested—it only flickered a little, and went out. In great trepidation, young West once more grasped the whole of the remaining matches in his hand and ignited them, but at the same instant the dog barked. He hears the gate open, a step is close to him, the matches are extinguished, the lad makes a desperate effort to escape—but a strong hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a deep, calm voice inquired, "What can have urged you to such a crime?" Then calling loudly, the gentleman, without relinquishing his hold, soon obtained the help of some farming men, who commenced a search with their lanterns all about the farm. Of course they found no accomplices, nothing at all but the handful of half consumed matches the boy had dropped, and he all that time stood trembling, and occasionally struggling, beneath the firm but not rough grasp of the master who held him.

At last the men were told to return to the house, and thither, by a different path, was George led till they entered a small, poorly furnished room. The walls were covered with books, as the bright flame of the fire revealed to the anxious gaze of the little culprit. The clergyman lit a lamp, and surveyed his prisoner attentively. The lad's eyes rested on the floor, whilst Mr. Leyton's wandered from his pale, pinched features to his scanty, ragged attire, through the tatters of which he could discern the thin limbs quivering from cold or fear; and when at last impelled by curiosity at the long silence, George looked up, there was something so sadly compassionate in the stranger's gentle look, that the boy could scarcely believe that he was really the man whose evidence had mainly contributed to transport his father. At the trial he had been unable to see his face, and nothing so kind had ever gazed upon him. His proud, bad feelings were already melting.

"You look half-starved," said Mr. Leyton, "draw nearer to the fire, you can sit down on that stool whilst I question you; and mind you answer me the truth. I am not a magistrate, but of course can easily hand you over to justice if you will not allow me to benefit you in my own way."

George still stood twisting his ragged cap in his trembling fingers, and with so much emotion depicted on his face, that the good clergyman resumed, in still more soothing accents; "I have no wish to do you any thing but good; my poor boy; look up at me, and see if you cannot trust me; you need not be thus frightened. I only desire to hear the tale of misery your appearance indicates, to relieve it if I can."

Here the young culprit's heart smote him. Was this the man whose house he had tried to burn? Oh, what he had wished to bring ruin and perhaps death? Was it a snare spread for him to lead to confession? But when he looked on that grave, compassionate countenance, he felt that it was not.

"Come, my lad, tell me all."

George had for years heard little but oaths, and curses, and ribald jests, or the thief's jargon of his father's associates, and had been constantly cuffed and punished; but his better nature was not extinguished; and at those words from the mouth of his enemy, he dropped on his knees, and clasping his hands, tried to speak; but could only sob. He had not wept before during that day of anguish; and now his tears gushed forth so freely, his grief was so passionate as he half knelt, half rested on the floor, that the good questioner saw that sorrow must have its course ere calm could be restored.

The young penitent still wept, when a knock was heard at the door, and a lady entered. It was the clergyman's wife; he kissed her as she asked him how he succeeded with the wicked one in the jail?

"He told me," replied Mr. Leyton, "that he had a son whose fate tormented him more than his punishment. Indeed, his mind was so distracted respecting the youth, that he was scarcely able to understand my exhortations. He entreated me with agonizing energy to save his son from such a life as he had led, and gave me the address of a woman in whose house he lodged. I was, however, unable to find the boy in spite of many earnest inquiries."

"Did you hear his name?" asked his wife.

"George West," was the reply.

At the mention of his name, the boy ceased to sob. Breathlessly he heard the account of his father's last request, of the benevolent clergyman's wish to fulfil it. He started up, ran toward the door, and endeavored to open it; Mr. Leyton calmly restrained him—"You must not escape," he said.

"I cannot stop here. I cannot bear to look at you. Let me go!" The lad said this wildly, and shook himself away.

out attempting to suppress the emotions which successively overcame him.

When he ceased, the lady hastened to the crouching boy, and soothed him with gentle words. The very tones of her voice were new to him. They pierced his heart more acutely than the fiercest of the upbraids of his old companions. He looked on his merciful benefactors with bewildered tenderness. He kissed Mrs. Leyton's hand then gently laid on his shoulder. He gazed about like one in a dream who dreaded to wake. He became faint and staggered. He was laid gently on a sofa, and Mr. and Mrs. Leyton left him.

Food was shortly administered to him, and after a time, when his senses had become sufficiently collected, Mr. Leyton returned to the study, and explained holy and beautiful things, which were new to the neglected boy; of the great, yet loving Father; of Him who loved the poor, forlorn wretch, equally with the richest, and noblest, and happiest; of the force and efficacy of the sweet beatitude, "Blessed are the Merciful for they shall obtain Mercy."

I heard this story from Mr. Leyton, during a visit to him in May. George West was the head plowman to a neighboring farmer, one of the cleanest, best behaved, and most respected laborers in the parish.

A Sultan's Joke.

An incident, which occurred soon after the accession of the present Sultan, shows that in some respects, at least, he is not indisposed to follow up the strong traditions of his race. At the beginning of his reign, the Ulama was resolved, if possible, to prevent the new Sultan from carrying on those reforms which had ever been so distasteful to the Turks, grating at once against their religious associations and their pride of race, and which recent events had certainly proved not to be productive of those good results anticipated by Sultan Mahmud. To attain this object, the Muftis adopted the expedient of working on the religious fears of the youthful Prince.

One day, as he was praying, according to his custom, at his father's tomb, he heard a voice from beneath reiterating in a stifled tone the words "I burn." The next time that he prayed there the same words assailed his ears. "I burn," was repeated again and again, and no word beside. He applied to the chief of the Imams to know what this prodigy might mean, and was informed, in reply, that his father, though a great man, had also been, unfortunately, a great reformer, and that as such it was but too much to be feared that he had a terrible penance to undergo in the other world.—The Sultan sent his brother-in-law to pray at the same place, and afterwards several of his household; but on each occasion the same portentous words were heard.

One day he announced his intention of going in state to his father's tomb, and was attended thither by a splendid retinue, including the chief doctors of the Mahometan law. Again during his devotions were heard the words "I burn," and all except the Sultan trembled.—Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the Muftis interposed, reproaching so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The Sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left among them was found—not a burning Sultan, but a Dervise. The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and in silence, and then said, without remark or the slightest expression of anger, "You burn? We must cool you in the Bosphorus." In a few minutes more the Dervise was in a bag, and the bag immediately after was in the Bosphorus.—[De Vere's Sketches of Greece and Turkey.]

DEACON BODKINS.—Deacon Bodkins was a good man, but like all the righteous, he had great trials. The Deacon was not only a good man, but he had a nice taste as to the fitness of things, especially touching the good order and decorum of the church. Now it is well known that in these latter days, there have crept into our churches some very unseemly and scandalous practices, such as one half the congregation sitting, while the others rise, in time of prayer; and many of those who sit, and those who rise, staring about as though they were endeavoring to get beyond the journey of the fool's eyes. Deacon Bodkins had a lively sense of the evil of these things, and often spoke upon the subject in a most feeling manner. "Deacon," said neighbor Jones, "speaking of those unseemly things in church, reminds me of a case which occurred when I was a boy." We all pricked up our ears and were all attention, for Jones was good at an anecdote, and hardly ever told one that did not fit somewhere.

"Well, Deacon," said he, "when I was a boy, we had a schoolmaster who had odd ways of catching idle boys. Says he one day, 'Boys I must have closer attention to books; the first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' Ah, thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like; I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell on him. It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and immediately I informed the master. "Indeed," said he, "how do you know he was idle?" "I saw him," was the reply. "You did? and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?" I was caught, but I didn't watch for boys again."

We all agreed with Jones that this was a good anecdote, and had a meaning; but Deacon Bodkins never asked for any explanation.

PUFF BALLS FOR WOUNDS.—A writer who signs himself "M. B. C." states that the common puff ball is perhaps the best possible application for a fresh cut or bleeding wound. Close the wound quickly as possible, break open the puff ball, and apply it directly, tying it on; it will stop the bleeding almost or quite instantaneously, protect the wound like a cushion, so that you can scarcely wet or hurt it; and if the wound is not very severe, you have only to let it alone, and it will be well almost before you are aware of it.

THE UGLY AND BRAZEN HAG SLAVERY.—Dwain P. Whipple eloquently says, in his 4th of July oration upon Washington and the principles of the American Revolution:—"The liberty which our fathers planted, and for which they steadily contended, and under which they grandly conquered, is a rational and temperate but brave and unyielding freedom, the nearest mother of institutions, the hardy nurse of enterprise, the sworn ally of

justice and order; a liberty that lifts her awful and rebuking face equally upon the cowards who sell, and the braggarts who would pervert, her precious gifts of rights and obligations; and this liberty we are solemnly bound at all hazards to protect, at any sacrifice to persevere, and by all just means to extend, against the unbridled excesses of that ugly and brazen hag, originally scorned and detested by those who unwisely gave her infancy a home, but which now, in her enormous growth and ill-favored deformity, reels with blood-shot eyes, and dishevelled tresses, and words of unshamed slowness, into halls where Liberty should sit enthroned!"

The Old Man and the Princess.

There was once assembled, in Dr. Michael Souppach's laboratory a great many distinguished persons, some to consult him, and some out of curiosity; among them were many French ladies and gentlemen and a Russian prince, with his daughter whose singular beauty attracted general attention. A young French Marquis attempted, for the amusement of the ladies, to display his wit on the miraculous doctor; but the latter, though not acquainted with the French language, answered him so cleverly, that the Marquis had not the laugh on his side. During the conversation, there entered an old peasant, mealy dressed, with a snow-white beard, a neighbor of Souppach's. The doctor directly turned away from his great company, to his old neighbor, and hearing that his wife was ill, set about preparing the medicine for her, without paying much attention to his more exalted guests, whose business he did not think so pressing. The Marquis was now deprived of one subject of his wit, and therefore chose to turn his jokes against the old man, who was waiting while his neighbor, Michael, was preparing something for his old Mary. After many silly observations upon his long white beard, he offered a wager of twelve louis d'or, that none of the ladies would kiss the old fellow. The Russian Princess hearing these words, made a sign to her attendant, who brought her a salver. The princess put twelve louis d'or on it, and had it carried to the Marquis, who of course, could not decline to add twelve others. Then the fair Russian went up to the old peasant, and said, "Permit me venerable father, to salute you after the fashion of my country." Saying this, she embraced him, and gave him a kiss. She then presented him with the gold which was on the salver, with these words: "Take this as a remembrance of me, and as a proof that the Russian girls think it their duty to honor old age."—[Slater's Little Princes.]

Self-Made Men.

This is the season of the year in which our colleges leave their commencements, which signifies the termination of the collegiate year.—From each of these highest institutions of learning, a swarm of young baccalaureates goes forth to push their fortunes in the great world, with the advantage, as they suppose, of learning and cultivated powers. Those who have the fortune to receive the preparation of a finished education at their outset in life, are universally regarded as starting under more propitious circumstances than their contemporaries, to whom this advantage has been denied. But while many benefits are conceded to superior education, there are compensations to those who have not enjoyed this privilege, which make the larger class more proper subjects for envy than their apparently more fortunate fellows.

The world judges men according to the scripture rule—of him to whom much is given, much is required. There is a general disposition in the community in estimating men, to equalize the disparities arising from difference of lot; and those who have made their way without the aid of fortune or early education, are always the recipients of ungrudging praise and commendation for efforts or results, which when made or attained by those who have had those advantages, are regarded as simply matters of course, and as what ought to have been expected, and consequently not entitled to any special notice or regard.

The young man, then, who starts in life without having had the advantages of early education, has much to encourage him to perseverance in acquiring knowledge and to determined effort in making his way. His every effort will be looked upon with favor and kindness. The very difficulties which he had to encounter, and has overcome are guarantees of his success. But more powerful than any aid from the approbation of lookers-on, or from the confidence, inspired by obstacles overcome, is the buoyancy of spirit resulting from a continued upward progress. There is no earthly pleasure comparable to that which springs from a contrast of present position, means and enjoyments with former lowliness, poverty, and hardship. This is the topic to which those who have successfully fought the battle of life, habitually recur with the greatest complacency and enjoyment. What an incalculable influence does a progress always upward exert upon the ultimate destiny of such men. And the lower in the scale they start, the greater is this encouraging influence. Thus they have not only the favoring breeze of the world's approbation in their sails, but experience and confidence gained in early struggles, and an inward spring which is never depressed by encountering worse fortune than they have known.

The lot of those who commenced life under seemingly adverse circumstances, can not, therefore, but be regarded as preferable, so far as the prospect of success is concerned, to that of those who succeed to a higher social position, achieved by the efforts of others. The advantages of early education, which are ensured to the latter, are no equivalent for the self-dependence, the force, and the experience acquired in buffeting with adverse circumstances. Then there is, in addition, the unequal commendation from the world of the two classes, and the inspiring contrast of present with former condition.

The great obstacle in the way of self-made men lies at the very outset of their career.—They may be content with the humble sphere in which they are born; or vice may consign them to a still lower lot. Unless nature has given them unusual power, or ambition is awakened by some fortunate incident, the chances are in favor of their yielding to the circumstances which surround them, and aspiring to nothing more than an existence on the level where they are born.

But with the opportunities which our system of universal common school education affords for a fair start at least to all, with the thousand

familiar examples of self-made men to inspire ambition, and with the equal chance guaranteed to every one by our institutions, there would seem hardly a possibility that a poor man could be kept down, unless by very persevering efforts in indolence, self-indulgence, or recklessness.—[Albany Register.]

New Mexico—its Population.

The timely movement of the people of New Mexico, by which they have placed themselves in the position of State sovereignty, enabling them to demand as their constitutional right admission into the Union, on a footing of equality with the other States, seems to give entire satisfaction to all the slavery-propagandists of the South and their allies at the North. The former class of opponents openly deny the right of the people of New Mexico to exclude slavery. The latter are not exactly prepared to take this ground, and are under the necessity of presenting objections to the admission of the new State, drawn from the character of its population. Accordingly we are told, by men professing to be the advocates of ultra democracy and the largest liberty, that the Indian and Mexican voters of New Mexico are unfit for political freedom, and the exercise of the rights of self-government.

The delegate from New Mexico, H. N. Smith, estimates the population of the Territory in round numbers at 80,000. Of these, some 15,000 are the descendants of the Aztecs, the semi-civilized founders of those ancient cities, the ruins of which, scattered over Mexico, attest their original splendor and the skill of their artificers. They are the best farmers of New Mexico, living in compact villages, surrounded by fruit trees, gardens, and great fields of corn and melons. The report of Lieut. J. W. Abert, of his "Examination of New Mexico, in the years 1846-47," gives minute descriptions of some of the principal Pueblos, or Indian towns. The houses are from two to three stories high, firmly constructed of sundried bricks, or rough stone, plastered with clay or the glittering white of selesinite. Each village has its church, its padre, an alcalde, or chief magistrate. The inhabitants are industrious, peaceable and kind-hearted. They are lovers of flowers and fruit trees, and Lieut. Abert says that he could at first sight distinguish an Indian from a Spanish town, by the green clump of trees which enclosed it. They raise large numbers of the common domestic fowls, and, like their Aztec ancestors, have a fancy for taming birds. In dress and appearance they scarcely suffer in comparison with their Castilian neighbors. Col. Emory, in his report to the Secretary of War of his Explorations in New Mexico, gives the portrait of an Indian woman, painted from life, in the parlor of the Indian alcalde of Isleta. It is a picture of remarkable beauty; the figure full and gracefully moulded, and the features delicately chiselled. The woman are very tolerable house-wives, and our officers, who during the late war had occasion to partake of their hospitality, speak of their well-laden tables, their sponge-cakes, fine wheat loaves, and domestic wines.

These Pueblo Indians were the first to welcome the American troops to New Mexico.—They disliked the Mexican rule, as it constantly reminded them of the days of the Conquest and subjugation of their ancestors. Col. Emory does not hesitate to pronounce them "the best and most peaceable citizens of New Mexico." It would certainly be a most ungrateful return to these people, if their State should be denied a place in the American Confederacy, on the ground that they are unworthy of the rights of citizenship.

As to the Mexican or Spanish part of the population, they are, to say the least, quite as well fitted for the duties and responsibilities of State government, as the old inhabitants of Louisiana, and Florida, when those States were received into the Union. They are not an enterprising, hard-working people—the majority content themselves with the simple necessities of life—they have neither the thriftiness nor the shiftness of Yankees. They have few books and no newspapers. Yet they are by no means deficient in the rudiments of education; each village has its padre, more or less learned, and Lieut. Abert says it is rare to find a New Mexican boy or girl who is unable to read.—Many of the old landed proprietors are wealthy, living in a style of rude magnificence; exhibiting upon their tables massive silver plate, the product of New Mexican mines and the work of New Mexican artisans, and hanging their walls with mirrors and paintings. Their sons are educated in the United States or Mexico. Several have graduated at the St. Louis college. Some of their private residences are spacious, and not without architectural pretension. That of Senor Ortigo, at Peralta, has a front portico or piazza of five hundred feet in length. At Peralta, Albuquerque, El Paso, Padilla, and Bernallillo, our officers found polite and intelligent society. All classes are courteous and civil in their social intercourse; crimes of the highest degree are unfrequent, but, as in all parts of Mexico, gaming is a prevalent vice. In the northern part of the Territory there is a good deal of intemperance, and the famous Taos whiskey is too freely used.—Lower down, the light, delicious wines of El Paso are in common use. The Americans who visit them have the reputation of hard drinkers, and when Col. Emory, on one occasion, declined the proffer of a bottle of whiskey, the astonished Mexican exclaimed, "What! no whiskey! Then you are no American!"

To the restless, unsatisfied, grasping Anglo-Saxon, the careless ease and listlessness and simple pastoral habits of the New Mexicans are well calculated to awaken a feeling of contemptuous superiority on the part of the former. But it may be a question, after all, whether the *dolce far niente*, the quiet indifference of one is so productive of happiness as the gooding irritability and habitual unrest of the other.

Every year, the tide of emigration setting towards us from the old world, brings to our shores the poor, the ignorant, and vicious, in numbers far greater than the entire population of New Mexico. These are incorporated into our body politic, and, in the new States and Territories, speedily become voters. We would not, if we could, close our ports against them, and refuse them an asylum in our broad territory. But who would not prefer to the refuse and squallid overplus of crowded European cities, and the annual disgorgements of their jails and work-houses, the quiet, home-loving, and pastoral people of New Mexico, who for the last quarter of a century have exercised the rights of citizens of a republic, and whose

insulated position, if it has deprived them in some measure of the benefits of the general progress of civilization, has at the same time preserved them from some of the worst vices which that civilization has carried in its train.

But, as things are, what avail will facts and arguments on this point! Is it not manifest to the wisdom of this great Republic, in Congress assembled, that these New Mexicans are incapable of duly appreciating our cherished institutions, inasmuch as they have prohibited forever domestic slavery in their State Constitution? They have left out the key of the arch, they have rejected "the corner-stone of the republican edifice." They need to wait yet longer in Territorial limbo—proselesy of the gate, barriers at Jericho until the beard of their democracy has grown to cover the shame and folly of their anti-slavery partialities. Their task just now is plainly that which Senator Webster has assigned to Massachusetts. They must "conquer their prejudices." Whenever they shall have accomplished this, and are ready to present themselves at the door of the Union with a Constitution modelled after that of South Carolina, they will find their present opponents transformed into chivalrous friends, with whom a recognition of the rights of the peculiar institution will prove as potent as the "open sesame" of Ali Baba did to the Forty Thieves. J. G. W.

What Farmers ought to Know.

Let us see what farmers ought to know and do, to raise themselves to the character of professional men; and what almost any of them might accomplish in the long winter evenings, at a trifling cost for books, and a little more expense of hard thought and attention.

A farmer ought to understand the leading principles of chemistry. The soil he plods among at the plow-till is not a mere inactive mass, sticking to his shoes when wet, and choking him with dust when dry. It is a vast laboratory, full of many and strange materials, acting in action, warring, combining, changing, perpetually; to-day receiving accessions from the heavens; to-morrow pouring them into the wide sea, to be again supplied to other lands. The earth is all but a living creature; and he whose business has been haphazardly said to be "but of the earth, earthy," should surely understand the soil's nature, its elements, its likings, and its dislikes.

The farmer should understand physiology. Under his care he has the noblest forms of creation—the ox, the horse, the sheep. Can he spend a life among them, and not know how the heart beats—how the nerves thrill—where lie the muscles—what are the principles of action, and the seats of disease—how the fat grows—and how the bones are formed? Can he be a breeder, who has never studied the peculiarities of races? Can he be any thing but an empiric, who undertakes to feed and fatten cattle, without knowing of what the food is composed, and what parts of the body require this or that element?

The farmer should have a knowledge of medicine, and of the elements of surgery; for though, in this respect, when applied to human ailments, it may prove that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," yet many a fine animal is allowed to become dog's meat, because its owner could not distinguish between a fever and inflammation, set a bone, nor bandage a wound.

The farmer should be a botanist. The primeval curse of mother earth was, that she should bring forth thorns and thistles; and many other noxious weeds, besides, have since been added to her progeny. How great the amount of toil expended, and how serious the loss of crops, from such plants as Canada thistle, burdock, Turkey weed, and a host of others, let those tell who have been the sufferers. Many books have been written on such things; many plans have been given for eradicating them; but unless the farmer can distinguish them; unless he knows their characters, histories, and modes of growth, how unaided does he go to his task! Besides, botany, in all its shapes, is the natural science of the countryman. How does the seed germinate? How does the tender leaf unfold itself? How is the flower impregnated and the fruit formed?—All these are questions which every farmer should have studied and ascertained. And can any one be content to spend a life in ignorance of the names and characters of the trees and flowers that are so gorgeously spread around him, painting his fields and woods with their thousand lines, and rendering this outward world a mass of beauty?

The farmer should be—or, shall we say, should wish to be—a naturalist. No one has so many opportunities of observing and noting habits and peculiarities of animals, birds, and insects. In some cases, this knowledge may be of inestimable service. It must always be a pursuit of pleasure, and cannot fail to refine and improve the mind and sensibilities, both towards the inferior creation, and towards man.

But time would fail to tell of what the farmer ought to know and understand. There is no knowledge which would not be serviceable to him. There is none which will not elevate him in the scale of intellectual beings; and, what, perhaps, is more important to many, there is scarcely a physical science which he will not find getting money into his pocket constantly. How many times in life would a barometer save a whole harvest! How many blacksmiths and carpenters' bills may be escaped by the humble knowledge of the use of tools! Now, if our farmers would but become self-instructors, or, if instead of doing just as their great-grandfathers did before them, they would think and learn for themselves, no profession would become more honorable, carry more weight in society, nor be more ardently sought after by the active and intelligent of all classes. Instead of our young men rushing from the country to the city, the city youths would yearn to be farmers; and instead of the chief emulation being who should save most, the strife would be who should accumulate most by the profoundest experiments, most successfully carried into practice. By these means, farming would cease to be a mere drudgery of "dirty-handed industry;" and every operation would become scientific, based on great principles, breeding new thoughts and new results, and ending in valuable acquisitions. Instead of the poet describing the farmer as one who

Wandered on, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought,

we should have farmers themselves distinguished authors of valuable works; scientific, as all events, if not poetic.—[Correspondent American Agriculturist.]

MISCELLANY.

THE MOTHER AND BOY.

BY T. B. ARTHUR.

'Tom, let that alone!' exclaimed a mother, petulantly, to a boy of seven years old, who was playing with a tassel that hung from one of the window blinds, to the imminent danger of its destruction. 'The boy did not seem to hear, but kept on fingering the tassel. 'Let that be, I tell you! Must I speak a hundred times? Why don't you mind at once? The child slowly relinquished his hold of the tassel, and commenced running his hand up and down the Venetian blind. 'There! There! Do for gracious sake, let him blinds alone. Go away from the window this moment, and try and keep your hands off of things. I declare! You are the most trying child I ever saw.' Tom left the window, and threw himself at full length into the cradle, where he commenced rocking himself with a force and rapidity that made every thing crack again. 'Get out of that cradle! What do you mean? The child really seems possessed!' And the mother caught him by the arm and jerked him from the cradle. Tom said nothing, but with the most imperious air in the world, walked twice around the room, and then pushing up a chair before the dressing-bureau, took therefrom a bottle of hair lustral, and pouring the palm of his little hand full of the liquid, commenced rubbing it upon his head. 'Twice had this operation been performed, and Tom was pulling open a drawer to get the hair brush, when the odor of the oily compound reached the nostrils of the lad's mother, who was sitting with her back toward him. Turning quickly, she saw what was going on. 'You! fell angrily from her lips, as she dropped the baby in the cradle. 'Isn't it too much?' she continued, as she swept across the room to where Tom stood before the bureau dressing-glass. 'There, sir, and the child's ears rang with the box he received. 'There, sir, and the box was repeated. 'Haven't I told you a hundred times not to touch that hair oil? Just see what a spot of grease you've made on the carpet. Look at your hands!' Tom looked at his hands, and, seeing them full of oil, clapped them quickly down upon his jacket and tried to rub them clean. 'There! Stop! Mercy! Now look at your new jacket that you put on this morning.—Greasen from top to bottom! Isn't it too bad! I am in despair!' And the mother let her hands fall by her side, and her body into a chair. 'It's no use to try, she continued. 'I'll give up. Just see that jacket! It's totally ruined. And that carpet, too. Was there ever such a trying boy. Go down stairs this instant, and tell Jane to come up here.' Tom had reason to know that his mother was not in a mood to be trifled with, so he went off briskly and called Jane, who was directed to get some fuller's earth and put upon the carpet where the oil had been spilled. Not at all liking the atmosphere of his mother's room, Tom, being once in the kitchen, felt no inclination to return. His first work there, after delivering his message to Jane, was to commence turning the coffee-mill. 'Tommy,' said the cook, mildly, yet firmly, 'you know I've told you it was wrong to touch the coffee-mill. See, here, on the floor, where you have scattered the coffee about, and now I must get a broom and sweep it up. If you do so I can't let you come down here.' The boy stood and looked at the cook, seriously, while she got the broom and swept up the dirt he had made. 'It's all clean again, now,' said the cook, pleasantly. 'And you won't do any more, will you?' 'No, I won't touch the coffee-mill.' And, as Tom said this, he sidled up to the knife-box which stood upon the dresser, and made a dive into it with his hand. 'Oh, no, no, no, Tommy! That won't do, either,' said the cook. 'The knives have all been cleaned, and they are to go on the table to eat with.' 'Then what can I play with, Margaret?' asked the child, as he left the dresser. 'I want something to play with.' The cook thought a moment, and then went to a closet and brought out a little basket filled with clothes-pins. As she held them in her hand, she said— 'Tommy, if you will be careful not to break any of these, nor scatter them about, you may have them to play with. But, remember, now, that as soon as you begin to throw them about the room, I shall put them up again.' 'Oh, no, I won't throw them about,' said the little fellow, with brightening eyes, as he reached out his hand for the basket of pins. In a little while he had a circle formed on the table, which he called his fort; and inside of this he had men, cannon, sentry-boxes, and other things that were suggested to his fancy. 'Where's Thomas?' asked his mother, about the time he had become fairly interested in his fort. 'I left him down in the kitchen,' replied Jane. 'Go down and tell him to come up here instantly.' Down went Jane. 'Come along up stairs to your mother,' said she. 'No, I won't,' replied the boy. 'Very well, Mister! You can do as you like; but your mother sent for you.' 'Tell mother I'm playing here so good. I'm not in any mischief, am I, Margaret?' 'No, Tommy. But your mother has sent for you, and you had better go.' 'I don't want to.' 'Just as you like,' replied Jane, indifferently, as she left the kitchen and went up stairs. 'Where's Thomas?' was the question with which she was met on returning to the chamber. 'He won't come, ma'am.' 'Go and tell him, that if he doesn't come up to me, instantly, I will put on his night-clothes, and shut him up in the closet.' The threat of the closet was generally uttered ten times where it was executed, once. It made but little impression on the child, who was all absorbed in his fort. Jane returned. In a few moments afterward, the quick, angry voice of the mother was heard ringing down the stairway. 'You Tom! Come up here this instant.' 'I'm not troubling anything, mother.' 'Come up, I say.' Margaret says I may play with the clothes-pins. I'm only building a fort with them.' 'Do you hear me?' 'Mother!' 'Tom! if you don't come to me this instant I'll almost skin you. Margaret! Take them clothes-pins away. Pretty play things, indeed, for you to give a boy like him! No wonder I have to get a dozen new ones every two or three months.' Margaret now spoke.

'Tommy, you must go up to your mother.' She now took the clothes-pins and commenced putting them into the basket where they belonged. Her words and action had a more instant effect than all the mother's storm of passion. The boy left the kitchen in tears, and went slowly up stairs. 'Why didn't you come when I called you?' 'I never saw such a child! You might as well talk to the wind! I'm in despair! I'll give up! Humph! Clothes-pins, indeed!—Pretty play things to give a child! Every thing goes to rack and ruin! There!' And as the last word was uttered, Tommy was thrust into his mother's room with a force that nearly threw him prostrate. 'Now take off them clothes, sir.' 'What for, mother?' 'I haven't done any thing. I didn't hurt the clothes-pins. Margaret said I might play with them.' 'Dye hear? Take off them clothes, I say.' 'I didn't do any thing, mother.' 'A word more, and I'll box your ears till they ring for a month. Take off them clothes, I say! I'll teach you to come when I send for you. I'll let you know whether I am to be minded or not.' Tommy slowly disrobed himself, while his mother, fretted to the point of resolution, eyed him with unrelenting aspect. The jacket and trousers were removed, and the night drawers ordered to be put on, in their stead; Tommy all the while protesting, tearfully, that he had done nothing. 'Will you hush!' was all the satisfaction he received for his protestations. 'Now, Jane, take him up to bed. He's got to lie there all the afternoon.' It was then four, and the sun did not set till near eight o'clock. Up stairs the poor child had to go, and then his mother had some quiet. The baby slept soundly in the cradle, undisturbed by Tommy's racket, and she enjoyed a new novel to the extent of almost entirely forgetting her lonely boy shut up in the chamber above. 'Where's Tommy?' asked a friend, who dropped in about six o'clock. 'In bed,' said the mother, with a sigh. 'What's the matter? Is he sick?' 'Oh, no. I almost wish he were.' 'What a strange wish. Why do you wish so?' 'Oh, because he is like a little angel when he is sick—as good as he can be. Now, I had to send him to bed as a punishment for disobedience. He is a hard child to manage. I think I never saw one just like him. But, you know, obedience is every thing. It is our duty to require a strict regard to this in our children.' 'Certainly. If they do not obey their parents, as children, they will not obey the laws as men.' 'That is precisely the view I take. And I make it a point to require implicit obedience in my boy. This is my duty as a parent.—But it is hard work.' 'It is, doubtless. Still, we must persevere, and in patience possessing our souls.' 'To be patient with a boy like mine, is a hard task. Sometimes I feel as if I would go wild,' said the mother. 'But under the influence of such a feeling,' remarked the friend, 'what say makes little or no impression. A calmly uttered word, in which there is an expression of interest and sympathy for the child, does more than the sternest commands. This I have long since discovered. I never scold my children. Scolding does no good, but harm. My oldest boy is restless, excitable and impulsive. If I were not to provide him with the means of employing himself, or in other ways interest him, his hands would be upon every thing in the house, and both he and I be made unhappy.' 'But how can you interest him?' 'In various ways. Sometimes I read to him; sometimes I set him to doing things by way of assisting me. I take him out when I can; and let him go with the girls when I send them on errands. I provide him with play things that are suited to his age. In a word, I try to keep him in my mind; and, therefore, find it not very difficult to meet his varying states. I never thrust him aside, and say I am too busy to attend to him. If I cannot grant it, I try and not say 'no,' for that word comes too coldly upon the eager desire of an ardent-minded boy.' 'But how can you help saying "no" if the request is one you cannot grant?' 'Sometimes I ask him if something else will not do as well; and sometimes I endeavor to create a new interest in his mind. There are various ways in which it may be done, which readily suggest themselves to those desirous for the good of their children. It is affection that inspires thought. The love of children always brings a quick intelligence respecting their good.' Much more was said, not needful here to repeat. When the friend went away, Tommy's mother, whose heart convicted her of wrong to her little boy, went up into the room where she had sent him to spend four or five lonely hours as a punishment for what was, in reality, her own fault and not his. Three hours of the weary time had already passed. She did not remember to have heard a sound from him, since she drove him away with angry words. In fact, she had been too deeply interested in the new book she was reading, to have heard any noise that was not of an extraordinary character. At the door of the chamber she stood and listened for a moment. All was silent within. The mother's heart beat with a heavy motion. On entering, she found the order of the room undisturbed. Not even a chair was out of place. Tommy was asleep on the bed. As his mother bent over him, she saw that tears were upon his cheeks and eyelids, and that the pillow was wet. A choking sigh struggled up from her bosom. She felt a rebuking consciousness of having wronged her child. She laid her hand upon his red cheek, but drew it back instantly. It was hot with fever. She caught up his hand; it was also in a burning glow. Alarm took the place of grief for having wronged her boy. She tried to awaken him, but he only moaned and muttered. The excitement had brought on a fever. When the father came home and laid his hand upon the hot cheek of his sleeping boy, he uttered an exclamation of alarm, and started off instantly for a physician. All night the wretched mother watched by her sick child, unable from fear and self-reproaches to sleep. When the morning broke, and Thomas looked up into her face with a glance of trusting affection, his fever gone, and his pulse calm, the mother laid her cheek thankfully against that of her boy, and prayed to Heaven for strength to bear with him, and wisdom to guide her aright; and as she did so, in the silence of her overflowing heart, the lad drew his arm around her neck, and kissing her, said— 'Mother, I do love you.' That tears came gushing over the mother's face, is no cause of wonder, nor that she returned,

ed, half wildly, the embrace and kiss of her child. Let us hope that, in her future conduct toward her ardent, restless boy, she may be able to control herself; for then, she will not find it hard to bring him under subjection to what is right.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....AUGUST 8, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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The Great Eastern Railroad Convention.

We might fill our columns with details of the discussions and resolutions of the railroad meeting at Portland. It was doubtless one of the largest and most enthusiastic railroad conventions ever held. Every section of the State was represented, and large delegations were in attendance from the British Provinces, and from neighboring New England States. The Advertiser says, 'The hall was hung with an immense map of the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada, and also of the State of Maine, whereon the various routes proposed for the road were marked, so as to be discerned at the other end of the Hall. The flags of Great Britain and the U. States were hung on either side of the President's chair, and from the top of the building the flags of the two nations floated side by side.' The morning session was addressed by several gentlemen, among whom were Messrs. Hall and Johnson of Nova Scotia, Wilmot of New Brunswick, and Appleton of Portland. Nineteen resolutions were reported by the business committee, all of which were adopted. They embraced the following points: That Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia be called upon to grant concurrent charters for a railroad from the valley of the Penobscot to the Eastern terminus of Nova Scotia. That resources be solicited in grants of public lands. That appeals be made to railways between N. York and London for aid in the proposed project. That an application be made to the General Government for a contract for carrying the mails over the proposed route. That no subscriptions be asked until public aid be granted. That the Legislature of Maine, at their present session, be asked for a charter to the State line. That a Central Executive Committee of seven be appointed to carry out these objects, and that a local committee along the lines be constituted, to act in concert with them. Much discussion was had, mainly upon the relative merits of the two routes proposed; and some of the speeches are reported to have been of the most eloquent character. This Convention has given great encouragement to the friends of the projected road, and doubtless the Executive Committee will proceed at once, and actively, upon the execution of the duties assigned them.

Visit from the Capital.

The members of the 'Uncle Sam' Engine Company, Augusta, made a flying visit to Waterville on Tuesday, bringing with them that splendid engine from the Arsenal, the 'Uncle Sam,' so well known among the great cities down-along, as the lion of the Kennebec. They were cordially received at the wharf by the members of Ticonic Engine Company, of this place, and conducted to their quarters, where the usual preliminaries of reception were passed by short and appropriate speeches from the Foremen of the respective companies. After slight refreshment and rest, the visitors were escorted through the principal streets of the village, eliciting general commendation for their good discipline and for their efficient and hardy appearance. At half past one o'clock the two companies dined together at the Exchange. Appetites were not sharper than the toasts which followed; though by unanimous consent, both actual and oral, the dinner was of rare excellence, and one that must give landlord Denmore a good name even at the Capital of the State. But soups, salmon, pigs, fowl, pastry, fruits and lemonade—everything gave way in due time, to bring on the trial of skill between the two companies in the use of their engines.—And here ensued the first breach of the kindness and hospitality that had thus far characterized the day. O, boys of Waterville! how could you! To eat and drink with them, toast cheer and praise them,—and then beat them! Modesty, politeness, hospitality,—everything good and decent forbade that they should do so! And that mammoth engine—the property of the nation!—the pride of the Capital!—the boasted bully of the four cities of the Kennebec! O, how could you, you outside barbarians! This visit was highly gratifying to the firm here, and the occasion was doubtless one of great pleasure to both companies. The members of the 'Uncle Sam' Company, (with the individual exceptions generally found) are sturdy and vigorous fellows, who do their city good credit abroad, as they doubtless do her good service at home.

SHREWD IDEA.

Since the death of President Taylor, somebody has started the idea that the white house is particularly dangerous to health, and a thorough work of renovation and purification is in progress. It is suspected that the originator of this notion was one of the

Pharisees, who thought that such a charge against the presidential mansion would frighten off some of the more wicked of the candidates now in the field. Whatever may be the result, if this scheme shall exclude from the office of the presidency all such as may well have great fears of dying, we shall have to raise the dead to find candidates for that time honored place. Thanks to the man who started the story, for it promises to make one clean place at the capitol.

Rhetorical Institute, Waterville Academy.

Mr. EDITOR.—The Rhetorical Institute, which has been in operation in this Village for several weeks past, for the purpose of giving instruction in "Mandeville's Elements of Reading and Oratory," has terminated; and as your readers are interested in whatever pertains to the real well-being of the community, it is thought that a brief account of its proceedings would be acceptable to them. The Institute was organized on the 10th of July; by the choice of JAMES H. HANSON of Waterville, Pres't, Rev. J. P. WESTON of Wat. Vice Do. NELSON DINGLEY JR. of Unity, Sec'y; and held two sessions a day of an hour and a quarter each for twenty days, under the instruction of DEXTER A. HAWKINS A. B., Topsham. During this time 44 Ladies and 48 Gentlemen, (total 92), received very valuable instruction in the art and science of reading and speaking. Near the close of the session a committee on Resolutions were appointed, consisting of five members, one from each of the classes in College and one from the Village. JAMES H. PARMELEE of Wilmington, Vt., W. H. HODGES "Newfane," GEO. W. DOW "Windsor; Me., and NELSON DINGLEY JR. of Unity were appointed that committee, who reported the following conclusions and Resolutions. 1. That in no Books on Oratory with which we are acquainted, are the elements of Reading taught in so systematic a manner as in these: that the rules given for the punctuation and classification of sentences, and for the delivery of the same, are founded in nature; and, if practiced, will effectually break up the monotonous, uninteresting style of reading so generally acquired in our schools, and secure a style easy, natural and forcible. 2. That a knowledge of the principles of sentential structure and punctuation taught in this system, is a guard against the errors and perversions if sense, incident to the guessing system of punctuation of the present day. 3. That this system obviates many of the difficulties arising in the grammatical structure of sentences: Therefore Resolved, That we hail with pleasure, the introduction of this system into so many of our Public Schools and Academies. Resolved, That every Teacher should make himself master of the principles contained in the "Elements of Reading and Oratory," that he may be able to analyze, punctuate and read every sentence according to its true law. Resolved, That the introduction of this series of books into our Common Schools, would save parents the expense incurred by the frequent change of books, which must and will prevail until the right method of teaching reading shall be adopted. Resolved, That we believe this system to be suited, not only to the reclusive student, but also to be adapted to the wants of all. Resolved, That we tender to Mr. Hawkins our cordial thanks for the able and interesting manner in which he has given his instructions; and also, our best wishes for his future success. These Resolutions were adopted by the Institute at its final meeting Aug. 2d; when the Institute adjourned sine die. NELSON DINGLEY JR., Secretary. Maine Farmer, Kennebec Journal and Age are requested to copy.

The Corn Crop.

Mr. EDITOR.—If you can spare room, and think it worthy a place in your paper, I should like to make a general inquiry of the Farmers who read it, for the best way to raise a good crop of corn. The corn crop, in my opinion, is of very great importance, and a crop which is very apt to prove a poor one in our short seasons. This year I was induced, by reading the great advantages of deep plowing, to try it for my corn. I used the largest sized Fairbanks plow, without a truck, on stubble ground, last Fall, and turned the ground over nicely. This Spring being wet, the ground appeared very hard; so I took a light plow (after spreading on a good coat of new manure,) and plowed it again; then harrowed it, and put in the hill a large shovel full of old manure. Yet the corn is very slim. Another piece I plowed in the same way, and only manured in the hill; the way that I am pretty sure to get good corn when I plow shallow. My corn has been well tended; I used plaster, ashes and some lime, this year, and after all, according to the appearance of it now, I shall lose 40 or \$50 in my corn crop. I hardly ever fail of getting pretty good corn, and can think of no reason why I should not this year, unless it be the deep plowing. I should like to know if there are any other cases of this kind, and each, and every one's practice, and who gets good corn. Come brother Farmers, give us all the particulars about it, and help us to raise good corn by giving us your experience through the columns of the "Mail." If we can have the result of experiments, by having it told to us, it is better than doing them over again. I should like to know which is the better way,—to spread the manure on grass land and plow it in in the Fall, or to heap the manure until Spring and then spread it on the furrows. It would make quite a difference in the labor. A Young Farmer who would like to learn. South Fairfield, Aug. 6th, 1850.

Hark ye, Girls!

It is high time that somebody told you a little plain truth. You have been watched for a long time—a certain class of you—and it is plain enough you are laying plans to cheat somebody. You intend to sell chaff for wheat; and there is danger that some of the foolish "gudeons" will be sadly taken in. It may not be your fault that you belong to the "one idea party"—that the single idea of getting a husband is the only one that engrosses much of your time or attention. But it is your fault that you pursue this idea in the wrong direction. Your venerable first mother, of Eden memory, was called a "help" for man, and you are looking for a man to help you;—to help you live in the half idle and half silly way which you have commenced. Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne, and set in a carmine saucer,—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys and girls on veritable bread and meat. The piano and the lace-frame are well enough in their places; and so are ribbons and frills and tinsels—but you can't make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter. And awful as the idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blanket are necessary to domestic enjoyment. Life has its realities as well as its fancies; but you make it all a matter of decoration—remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a young man of good sense, and of course of good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or trap him, or catch him; but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you! Render yourselves worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mothers, or managing brothers to help you find a market.

Commencement.

The annual festival of Waterville College, which occurs on Wednesday next, promises to attract more than the usual number of visitors. The facilities of travel in this direction will be an inducement to many to attend who have heretofore declined a more tedious journey. The two literary societies, it is understood, are to join in their anniversary exercises. Mr. Whipple of Boston, who is to be their orator, has a reputation that must render him an object of no small degree of attraction; and Col. Eastman, of Montpelier, their poet, never yet offered anything in verse that did not do credit to the time and occasion. For the interest of the exercises of Commencement proper, at least the usual reliance may be placed upon a graduating class that should by no means rank below mediocrity.—If they do their Alma Mater credit they must at least acquit themselves with honor. Every farmer ought to teach his children to milk early.—[Exchange paper. We thought children did that, out of their own heads.—[Tanke Blade. Out of their heads!—O, Mr. Blade!

COURT DRESS OF A YOUNG WOMAN FROM BOSTON.

We find in an English paper the following description of the dress worn by Miss Lawrence, the daughter of our Minister to England, at a late drawing room reception, where she was presented to the Queen of England. 'Train, of rich white Moire, trimmed with bouillottes of tulle and bouquets of roses de Mai, lined with white lace, with three skirts of tulle, looped with chaldaine of roses de Mai; blonde berthe. Head dress—feathers, blonde lappets and diamonds. Ornaments—diamonds.' The New York Morning Star has an idea that this costume would contrast curiously with the Sunday go-to-meeting apparel of Miss L.'s grandmother. Let us see. The old lady, if we mistake not, was the wife of a poor but decent laboring farmer. Her costume must have been about as follows: bodice and skirt of linsay woolsey, spun, woven, cut out, and made up with her own hands; looped at the sides with both hands, when the road to church happened to be muddy. She had no 'blonde berthes,' we believe, although as some of the Lawrences are of fair complexion, she may have had several 'births of blondes.' Head dress, a mob cap. Ornaments, a contented smile on the lips, and a prayer book or bible in the hand. High-heeled boots of kip leather, laced above the ankle, and patters in wet weather. Lord! if the old woman could only wake up and see her grand-darter, how it would astonish her republican simplicity, especially the bouillottes of tulle, the three skirts of tulle, the chaldaine of roses de Mai, the feathers and diamonds. THE GREAT COMPROMISE BILL IN THE HOUSE.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says: 'The House indulged itself in a hearty laugh this afternoon at the expense of the Senate. When the late compromise bill was presented at the bar by the Secretary of the Senate, as a bill for the organization of the territory of Utah; the recollection of what it had been was too much for the gravity of the members, and they expressed their feelings in one general shout of merriment.' In Culpepper, Va., recently, a mob broke open the jail, dragged thence a free negro who had been charged with murder, but who had a new trial granted to him on the ground that the testimony hardly justified suspicion, much less guilt, and giving him but one minute to confess, during which he declared his innocence; hung him to a tree. We are glad to see that the Virginia papers strongly condemn this high-handed outrage, and call upon the Governor to arrest every man concerned in it.

Defeat of the Compromise Bill.

The Compromise Bill has been defeated, with the exception of that section which provides for territorial government in Utah. The section which made provision for the establishment of a territorial government in New Mexico, was stricken out for the purpose of undergoing some amendments, and subsequently the Senate refused to reinstate it, by a vote of 28 to 25. This vote decided the fate of the bill. A motion to strike out all but the California sections failed, by a vote of 29 to 28, when a motion to strike out all but the Utah section was carried by 27 to 26. A motion to lay the bill on the table failed by 29 to 20. Finally the Senate, after rejecting several motions to adjourn, to postpone, &c., ordered

the bill, providing merely a territorial government for Utah, to be engrossed for a third reading; yeas 32, nays 18.

The following interesting statement is made by the Washington correspondent of the New York Commercial: 'While I am referring to the known sentiments of some of the most distinguished public men of the South on the subject of Slavery, let me notice a fact bearing upon that question which I have not seen publicly alluded to, and which seems to me of considerable significance, as an indication of the march of opinion. Among the one hundred and five young men, who formed the graduating class of the University of Virginia during the present year, every one of them probably belongs to a slaveholding family, but five of them left the institution with convictions of the advantage and expediency of the existence and continuance of slavery. The others were opinionists of the class of Messrs. Clay, Benton, Bates and Clayton; that is to say, they were satisfied that slavery was an institution rather to be got rid of than to be fostered and cherished.'

SARSAPARILLA SYRUP.

Purchase of a druggist of known honesty, 15 ounces of Para Sarsaparilla; split all the stalks in two lengthwise, and cut it in short pieces. Soak it in a gallon of pure water for twenty-four hours, then boil it down to two quarts; strain and add while boiling, 15 ounces of white sugar; thicken all by a little additional boiling, precisely as you would make the syrup of preserves.—Here you have two quarts of pure syrup for eighty cents. The dose is from a teaspoonful to a wine glassful, according to age, three times a day; but it would do no harm if taken by the tumblerful; it is not hurtful in any dose. If you make it, you are certain that you get the genuine article—which is very doubtful if you buy it.

There is a good deal of sense in the following extract from an editorial article in the Newburyport Herald. We believe, however, that the editor of the Herald will find the same idea broached in a speech made by Mr. Smart of Maine, in the last Congress. The extract from the Herald is as follows: 'There is one thing about the whole controversy concerning free and slave territory, for 30 years past, which surprises us. This is, that in all the northern positions which have been taken by the northern statesmen, none have taken the ground that the free States have a claim upon some of the territory suitable for the growing of cotton and sugar. Grant, if you please, that each section has equal right to new territory, why should the slaveholders have a monopoly of these productions? Let them if need be, have a share of the colder and more sterile regions, but give the free States a portion of the sunny climes, where they may send emigrants who cannot submit, to settle among slaves and who yet wish for an opportunity to try their skill in the cultivation of the more profitable staples of the country, now monopolized by slave labor. It seems to us that the free States can make a powerful and a reasonable claim for this which cannot be resisted.'

A Chinaman in San Francisco, by the name of Assing, keeper of a Restaurant, left open a cess-pool on his premises, into which one of the citizens chanced to fall, and the result was an action for damages. In the note addressed by the sufferer to John Chinaman, the following reply (in good Chinese), was returned without delay: 'By the laws of the Celestial Empire, which have been in force from the time of Confucius to the reign of the present illustrious Taukwang, it is provided that when a man trespasses upon another's grounds, and thereby falleth into a sink, he shall get nothing but dirty clothes, unless he shall happen to be an outside barbarian, in which case he shall be also get laughed at. As-sing believes those laws still in force in all parts of the world and also in California. But, if Mr. E. thinks otherwise, he can trot that officer along with the writ.—The proceedings were—'

THE TRIALS OF MARRIED LIFE.

We have a friend, an excellent husband and doting father, who came into our office the other day looking rather sleepy. 'What is the matter with you?' we inquired. 'Oh, nothing,—that is to say,' he replied in a hesitating way, 'babies are some trouble after all, ain't they?' Of course we nodded an indifferent assent, but could not help asking 'how?' 'Why, the fact is,' said our friend, 'that little fellow of ours is getting to be very knowing, and will be humored now and then, so I get up occasionally and walk him to sleep; but last night both wife and myself had to carry him alternately, and—' 'Surely, two are not required—' 'Hear me out. You see the child wanted novelty, and so I lighted the candle, and as my wife carried him up and down the room, I walked after her, making all sorts of queer manoeuvres with the light.' 'Well, did that pacify him?' 'Why, yes, after a fashion. It stopped his crying, but we consumed a whole candle, and the best portion of the night, before he fell asleep; and the consequence is, I feel wretchedly stale this morning.' Now, old bachelor, laugh, if you feel like it, and let this be a caution to you.

WEEDS.—

As soon as the haying season is over, or in full weather, every opportunity should be improved for the destruction of weeds before they go to seed. A single stroke of the hoe will destroy a weed that would produce seed for hundreds, if neglected, which would require a long time for their destruction. How often do we see, early in the fall, a crop of weeds, fully equaling in amount of produce, the cultivated crop! In this case, and in all cases where there is only a moderate crop of weeds, the cultivated crop is reduced in value, besides the serious injury from propagating a great pest. Some weeds are succulent, and when dug up they may be turned to some small account by throwing them into the hog-pen. When this is not convenient, and there are many weeds, it is best to pile them into heaps, that they may decompose, and form manure. When allowed to remain scattered on the ground, they become wasted in decomposing. The gases are scattered to the winds, and a small amount of a most useless fibrous matter remains. To save all the fertilizing matter of weeds, throw earth over the heaps, or bury the weeds in the soil.—[New England Farmer.

A most remarkable freshet for the season was occasioned by the heavy rains of last week. On Sunday morning the water was within two feet of being as high as the great freshet of the spring. Some hundreds of logs went over the falls, belonging to this place, and we understand a large number were lost at Brunswick. In Leeds thousands of acres of meadow land were overflowed, and the grass upon them entirely spoiled. From all parts of the country we hear of reports of damage.—[Leiston Journal.

HON. JOHN HUBBARD

was re-nominated for Governor of Maine, at the Convention of the Democratic members of the Legislature in Augusta on Tuesday evening last.

