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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1850.

NO. 31.

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POETRY.

[From the N. O. Delta.]
THE SKELETON HAND.

BY JOHN G. DUNN.

Rap tap! rap tap! at the door of the heart;
Rap tap! with a loud demand!
Oh, who is it raps at the door of the heart,
Crying—Matter and Spirit shall surely part—
The one to the dust, for dust thou art,
The rest to the spirit-land?
'Tis I! 'tis I, who knocketh without;
'Tis I of the Skeleton Hand!

Rap tap! rap tap! I have started thee up
From the midst of a misty dream!
Rap tap! rap tap! I have started thee up
When thy lips were red from the deadly cup
And thy curves were looser at every sup,
And thy orbs in a frenzy gleam!
For 'tis I! 'tis I, who knocketh without,
With a bony arm and a knuckle stout—
'Tis I of the Skeleton Hand!

Rap tap! rap tap! on the bony walls;
What ho! art ready within?
Rap tap! rap tap! on the bony walls—
Rap tap! rap tap!—still louder it falls;
I'll rent thee no longer these carnal halls,
Thou hast made them a den of sin.
Make ready! make ready! 'Tis I without,
With a bony arm and a knuckle stout;
'Tis I of the Skeleton Hand!

Rap tap! rap tap! But a voice of prayer
Gushed forth from the sinful wight.
Rap tap! rap tap! A voice of prayer
Went trembling upward, to spare—oh, spare!
For another year—a year to prepare
For the regions of glory and light;
A year to prepare for him without,
With the skeleton arm and the knuckle stout—
For him with the breath of blight.

Rap tap!—no more. The year is given;
A year of neglect and crime.
Rap tap!—no more! A year is given
To fight in the fields where the righteous have striven
For their spurs and robes and a home in heaven,
But, alas! how fleeting is the time!
'Tis past; and again is heard without
The bony arm and the knuckle stout,
Like a wild and deadly chime.

Rap tap! rap tap! on the bony walls;
What ho! Art ready within?
Rap tap! rap tap! on the bony walls;
Rap tap! rap tap! like thunder it falls;
I'll rent thee no longer these carnal halls,
Thou monster of falsehood and sin!
In a tunnel of horror the spirit went out
O'er Avernus, with him of the knuckle stout,
With him of the Skeleton Grim.

POPULAR READING.

[From the American Monthly.]
THE CRUISE OF THE SPARKLER.

BY JACK GARNET.

[Concluded.]

Now all this was very fine; but the sloop-of-war, though one of the crackest sailers in His Majesty's navy when going large, (before the wind) was not so excellent when close-hauled, and was destitute of the true independent Yankee way of putting the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom-end when on a bowline; accordingly, at this sentimental game she did not make much.

'Captain Benson,' said St. John, as the privateer took up her position as before stated, and was firing at her pursuer as fast as her long Tom could be served, 'you would soon escape the sloop-of-war by making sail to the schooner, and leaving my ship to take her chance.'

'You don't say so, shipmate?' replied Benson, with a knowing wink and the true Yankee drawl. 'Do tell!—I don't do that 'are, sir by a—' sight.'

'Sail ho!' hailed the look-out aloft.

'Where away?' replied Benson quickly.

'To windward, sir,' answered the look-out; and in plain sight on the weather-bow, not more than eight miles, was a large ship bearing down, in the bustle of the chase, had escaped observation.

'An English frigate, by the Lord!' shouted St. John, jumping on a gun. 'Now, Captain Benson, what do you say? Shall I take the command in the name of his Britannic Majesty, God bless him; or will you flog both the sloop and the frigate?'

'Spin that yarn to my marines, my fine fellow, replied Benson quietly, as he removed the glass from his eye. 'There's nothing English about that craft, if I can read o'clock.'

'I'll bet you a dinner of stewed cat harpen-legs, and a tuckout of grog on that, brother Jonathan,' continued St. John, jeeringly; 'but what is she then?'

'She is neither American, English, or French,' replied Benson, 'and that is all I care for. If she was one of Uncle Sam's forty-four gunners, they would be coming in for a share of prize money, and I don't want any of their assistance; so I am satisfied as it is—Keep up your fire, my lads. Straight as you go, quarter-master.'

The sloop-of-war seemed to have been aware of the presence of the frigate before, for she continued her chase, occasionally firing a gun apparently aimed at the rigging of the Indian; and although the frigate was meanwhile rapidly approaching, seemed to think that she, at least, had nothing to fear.

For half an hour such was the state of affairs on all sides, and this time amply sufficed to bring the frigate within a half a mile of the privateer on her weather-beam, heading as if to pass between her and the sloop-of-war.

Benson now sent up the American flag at the fore, at the same instant a broad banner blew out clear at the fore-sky-sail mast-head of the frigate, disclosing amid its rustling folds the armorial bearings of the battle ensign of the Danish crown; while far astern, at the mast-head of the sloop-of-war, glancing in the sunbeams, waved the meteor-flag of England. Firing one gun across the privateer's bows, and another across the sloop-of-war's, the frigate

ate continued her course a moment longer, and then hove to immediately between them, sending up a white flag at the main.

'The English of that, Captain St. John,' said Benson, smiling, 'is "heave to, send a boat on board," so belay all with that forty-two, and make a severe turn round the hencoop.'

He then made signal for the Indian to heave to, and when she had done so, shortened sail on the schooner, and laid her right alongside of his prize under his lee.

'Now, Mr. Townsend,' said Benson, 'as his boat was lowered and manned, 'you will turn to all hands, and toss that cargo on board of us as if the devil was after you, while I board the frigate. How's this?' he continued, pausing at the gangway, 'the sloop-of-war has not hove to.'

'Such was the fact. The sloop-of-war being some three or four miles from the frigate, continued her course without minding the summons of the Dane, and this disobedience of her orders was apparently not observed on board the frigate.

'That's a good one, Johnny War,' shouted St. John, clapping his hands; 'you perceive, Captain Benson, that my countryman yonder does not care a straw for the frigate's orders. She is a neutral, and has no business to interfere.'

The Dane, however, was not idle, and waiting quietly until the sloop-of-war was within half a mile of her, she then fired two guns in quick succession, the shot of the first passed merrily over the water just ahead of the Englishman, while the second whistled between his main and mizen masts.

'That decided the point; the sloop instantly backed her main-top-sail, while her captain, jumping into his boat, pulled for the frigate, chuck-full of wrath at this interruption of his pastime.

'A race my lads!' said Benson, who jumped into his boat at this moment also; 'she's as near the frigate as we are, give way.'

Now the etiquette of men-of-war pronounces it most honorable to board at the starboard gangway, which, as the Dane lay hove-to, was the side towards the privateer, and when her boat was within a few lengths of the ladder, the boat of the sloop-of-war came under the frigate's stern, making for the gangway, it being, of course, beneath the Englishman's dignity to go on board at the other.

Benson, who was as full of fun as his opponent was of wrath, no sooner became aware of this, than he steered directly for the bow of the other boat, and his own being a sharp whale boat, he ran her right aboard with such force and good-will, that all the English oarsmen 'caught crabs,' while their commander, who was standing at the moment, was nearly overthrown by the concussion.

'Old England forever! Rule Britannia!' shouted Benson, as he shoved in at the ladder; 'hope you are not drowned, my lord. I say, my lord, I guess that 'are was as solid as one of my forty-two's love-taps. What's your opinion, my lord? If a fellow was to serve me such a sweetener as that, my lord, d—n my bloody eyes, my lord, if I wouldn't be into his pork-barrel about east, my lord. I say, Mr. Bull,' continued Benson as he deliberately mounted the ladder, 'wouldn't have you expect I meant to do that 'are? Oh! no, my lord, it was all an accident done a-purpose. Come aboard, my lord; after me is manners.'

The Englishman, out of all patience, threw a stretcher at Benson's head, and following, as he needs must, since he could not lead, dashed upon deck, boiling over with wrath; while, to add to his vexation, the officers and seamen standing around, though ignorant of English, were laughing heartily at the practical wit of the Yankee.

Once upon the quarter-deck, Benson altered his tone, and uncovering and bowing politely to the Danish captain, he addressed him in French, informing him who and what he was, and where bound, thus giving his version of the story, while the Englishman stood by awaiting his turn.

At length he also, in obedience to the commands of the Dane, gave his name and that of his vessel, Captain Stanley, of H. B. M. sloop-of-war L., and bitterly complained of the interference of a neutral power with his chase of a privateer; and having warmed with his subject, he categorically demanded the name of the vessel and of her commander who had dared to heave to an English Man-of-war; and wound up with the declaration, that unless he was allowed instantly to open his fire upon the American, he would report the Dane to the Lords of the Admiralty, and through them to the King of Denmark.

'All this is very good, sir,' replied the captain of the frigate, not in the least ruffled by the furious tone of the Englishman; 'you are on board his Danish Majesty's frigate Dannebrog, which I, the Baron Augustus Von Hovenberg, have the honor to command; but now that I have ascertained what you both are, you must allow Captain Benson as much time as was place him as far ahead of you as he was when I first ordered him to heave to.'

'D—d if I do, that's all,' growled Captain Stanley.

'But you shall, sir,' replied the Baron secretly wishing to favor the American, though this proposition was only justice. 'And moreover, I shall allow no fighting between you while my ship is in presence.'

'Which course does your Lordship intend to steer?' asked Benson, very innocently, winking at the Englishman.

'Towards the American coast, sir,' replied the Baron, understanding him at once.

'That's just my course, my lord,' continued Benson demurely; 'and I'll keep under your lordship's lee.'

'I'll be d—d if you shall, sir,' broke in Captain Stanley, whose patience was fast vanishing before the gibes of the Yankee.

'Don't know how you'll prevent me, sir,' replied Benson very composedly, shutting his starboard eye and squinting horribly with the other.

'Quietly, gentlemen quietly,' said the Dane gravely; 'just step into my cabin and take dinner with me, we'll talk this matter over. No refusal, gentlemen, come along.'

Captain Stanley, though wishing the Dane at the devil, could not refuse; while Benson, enjoying the fun, gladly accepted the invitation, and all descending into the cabin, sat down to dinner.

'Now then, gentlemen,' said the Baron, as he adjusted his napkin in the most scientific manner, and made the other requisite preparations for taking his allowance aboard, 'nothing so much injures digestion as violent talking,

therefore we will eat our dinner in peace, and discuss this matter over our wine. Captain Stanley, allow me to give you a bit of his Majesty's junk; and during dinner he talked over the news; the method of ascertaining longitude by D. R. an improvement he had made in the log; and narrated some well-timed yarns.

With all this delay Benson was much pleased, as he knew it would give time for his men to get out the Indian's cargo, and accordingly swallowed the Baron's stories, and laughed so heartily at his jokes, that he made quite a lodgment in the Dane's good opinion; while Stanley, too angry to eat or talk, answered only when addressed, and then only in monosyllables.

'Well, gentlemen,' said the Baron, as he finished relating an out-and-outer, and passed the bottle for the twelfth time, 'we will now arrange this matter. When I hove to the schooner she was four miles from the sloop-of-war; it is, of course, fair that she should have the same advantage. You, Captain Stanley, will therefore remain here to until Captain Benson has made this headway; and then you can continue your chase. But, Captain Benson, I cannot allow either you or your prize to keep under my lee, for I should by so doing violate my neutrality; and although I shall keep within sight of you, it will be only to see the result of the game, as I shall not interfere in any way.'

'If you please, my lord,' said Benson, a comical idea entering his cranium at this moment, thirty minutes truce from the time I reach my vessel will suit me, as well as four miles headway. In that time I shall return the Indian's crew and passengers on board of her, and we will then escape by running, or fighting, as it may happen.'

'That is very fair, sir,' replied the Dane; 'and with that, Captain Stanley, I think you will be satisfied. At the end of the thirty minutes' truce I shall fill away, and leave you to fight your own battles, and at that will consider it settled.' So saying, he returned upon deck followed by the rivals.

Captain Stanley, though little pleased with this decision, felt that it was useless to remonstrate, and sullenly mounted the gangway to descend into his boat, when, on glancing at the privateer, a sight greeted his eye which made him pause and give vent to several vigorous anathemas.

Now it so chanced that the privateer's men having nearly cleared the Indian of the most valuable part of her cargo, were at this moment tossing the cases of silk and chests of tea in a perfect shower over her gunwale upon the deck of the schooner; while the multitude of cases' boxes, etc., which lay about the American's deck showed plainly that Jonathan had well improved his time.

This was too much for Captain Stanley's nerves, and jumping back upon deck, he angrily demanded of the Danish Baron that Benson should be compelled to restore the cargo of the Indian.

'That, sir,' replied the Baron, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, 'is none of my business, and no part of Captain Benson's agreement.—He agreed to leave the ship to take her chance, but said nothing about the cargo;—you must help that as you can. And furthermore, sir,' he added sternly, 'if you offer to brace up until I do, which I shall do as soon as the thirty minutes have expired, I shall consider it a personal insult, and shall open my fire upon you immediately. So adieu, gentlemen; it is seldom that I meet such pleasant society at sea, and I shall always remember you.'

Politely taking leave of the Baron, Benson first returned to his boat, where the bloody faces of both boats' crews showed that they had been enjoying a little quiet fight among themselves.

'How's this, my lads,' said he in a loud voice that Stanley might hear him, as he shoved off to let his boat draw up; 'you did wrong to flog these gentlemen rope-haulers; you should have doused your peak to them. I say, Capt. Stanley,' he added, as the latter came down into his boat, 'don't you think it would be a good plan for us to club together and take this frigate? I believe we could lick her, and then we would have our fight out good naturedly, eh?'

The Englishman, however, was in no humor for jesting, and vouchsafed him no reply; so each returned to his vessel.

'We have taken out all the schooner's stow of the Indian's cargo, sir,' reported Townsend, as Benson came on board.

'Very good, sir,' replied Benson; 'muster all hands aft here.'

Few words sufficed to explain his plan, and it was as rapidly put in execution. All the English prisoners, including Captain St. John, were put into the cabin of the Indian, and the companion-way, sky-lights, dead-lights, and hatches, locked fast and battened down. Next all her sheets, tacks, and halyards were stowed and unrove, all her studding-sails were then set on both sides, she still being hove to and leaving the tacks standing, the sheets and halyards were also stowed and unrove; and every thing being prepared, the remainder of the thirty minutes truce was employed in starting overboard the balance of her cargo. When the Danish frigate braced up at the close of the truce, the Indian was cast off from the privateer, her yards squared, and her helm lashed fast amidships; and instantly gathering way, was off like a shot before the wind, heading directly for the sloop-of-war.

The few Americans who yet remained on board of the Indian then jumped into their boat, were hauled back by the line, the boat run up at the davits, and the schooner filling away, stood north-north-west, thus keeping her prize between herself and the sloop.

The Indian, meanwhile, bore rapidly down for the man-of-war, and the latter was so nearly in her course that Stanley found great difficulty in getting out of the way in time; for, had the Indian yawed two points she would have run him aboard; which concussion, as it would probably have sent them both to the bottom, was not exactly 'a consummation devoutly to be wished.' By this time, also, Stanley perceived that there were no persons on the Indian's deck; and the nature of Benson's trick dawning upon him, he became aware that it was not so easy to take the Indian, she having, of course, a singular degree of independence in her motions; and before his plan of operations was arranged, she had whizzed past him, and was off to the south-west at twelve knots an hour.

This was decidedly provoking, and Stanley was obliged at once to give up all hope of capturing the privateer, which had now gained

good start to the windward, and make all sail in chase of the Indian, for to leave her in present condition would have been outright murder to all on board. Accordingly, with heartfelt execrations at the Yankee's trick, he bore away in chase, while, to add to his vexation, the privateer perceiving his change of course, instantly put up her helm also, and despatching a forty-two pound shot to inform him of that fact, gave him chase, taking care to avoid the range of his stern-chasers, so that it looked altogether amazingly as if he was running away from the schooner.

It was truly a laughable sight to see the sloop-of-war setting studding-sails low and aloft, and cracking on every thing in chase of the Indian; for to fire upon her would do no manner of good, as it would very likely kill some of the crew; so that it was altogether a romantic chase, very much like running after eggs down hill; to put your foot upon them would stop them doubtless, but it would probably break them in the bargain.

Accordingly, the Danes and the Yankees cackled greatly at Stanley's pickle; and he, guessing their thoughts from his consciousness of the predicament he was in, mingled all manner of prayers for their future condition with the orders he gave, the which petitions, if granted, will materially affect the conditions of the scamps aforesaid on the leeward side of the river Styx.

The Indian, meanwhile, seemed spitefully to sail like the devil, so that it was more than an hour before the sloop was abreast of her.

It was next necessary to board her, and this too was by no means so easy. Two large ships under full headway, would rasp one another finely if laid alongside, while to send a boat was useless, as it would drop astern very shortly; so here was another peck of troubles.

Captain Stanley at length perceiving that nothing else would do, ran within a hundred feet of the Indian, and loading his starboard battery with chain-shot, let it drive among her rigging. Here, however, he got more than he bargained for. Intending to shoot away only the braces, the shrouds and stays followed; and the wheel being also demolished, the Indian yawed suddenly, and in an instant was lying along his starboard side afoul. The consequent rasp was highly emphatic, and in consequence, down thundered the masts and yards of the Indian, the greater part on the decks of the sloop-of-war; so that Stanley was, on the whole, quite decently peppered; while, to crown all, the farewell forty-two-pound-shot of the privateer, as she hauled upon the wind for the coast, came crashing through his taffrail.

Living and Means.

One of the most mischievous phrases in which a rotten Morality, a radically false and vicious Public Sentiment disguise themselves, is that which characterizes certain individuals as destitute of financial capacity. 'A kind, amiable, generous, good sort of man,' (so runs the vernacular), 'but utterly unqualified for the management of his own finances'—a mere child in every thing relating to money.—&c. &c.—meaning that with an income of \$500 a year, he persisted in spending \$1,000; or with an income of two to three thousand, he regularly spent five to eight thousand, according to his ability to run in debt or the credulity of others in trusting him.

The victims of this immorality, debtor as well as creditor—are entitled to more faithful dealing at the hands of those not directly affected by the misdemeanors of the former. It is the duty of the community to rebuke and repress these vicious glosses, making the truth heard and felt, that inordinate expenditure is knavery and crime. No one has a moral right thus to lavish on his appetite money which he has not earned and does not really need. If Public Opinion were sound on this subject—if a man living beyond his means, when his means were commensurate with his real needs, were subjected to the reprehension he deserves—the evil would be instantly checked and ultimately eradicated.

The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks nor tariffs, in bad public policy nor hard times, but in their own extravagance and heedless ostentation. The young mechanic or clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of taking hold to help him to earn a livelihood by doing her own work, must have hired servants to help her spend his limited earnings. Ten years afterward you will find him struggling under a load of debt and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destination of financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky.

Through every grade of society this vice of inordinate expenditure insinuates itself. The single man, hired out in the country at ten to fifteen dollars per month, who contrives to dissolve his year's earnings in frolics and fine clothes; the clerk who has three to five hundred dollars a year and melts down twenty to fifty of it in liquors and cigars, are paralleled by the young merchant who fills a house with costly furniture, gives good dinners and drives a fast horse on the strength of the profits he expects to realize when his goods are all sold and his notes all paid. Let a man have a genius for spending, and whether his income is a dollar a day or a dollar a minute it is equally certain to prove inadequate. If dining, wine and party-giving won't help him through it, building, gaming and speculating will be sure to. The bottomless pocket will never fill, no matter how bounteous the stream pouring into it. The man who (being single) does not save money on six dollars a week will not be apt to on sixty; and he who don't lay up something in his first year of independent exertion will be likely to wear a poor man's hair into his grave.

No man who has the natural use of his faculties and muscles has any right to tax others with the cost of his support, as this class of non-financial gentlemen habitually do. It is their common mistake to fancy that if a debt is only paid at last the obligation of the debtor is fulfilled, but the fact is not so. A man who sells his property for another's promise to pay next week or next month, and is compelled to wear out a pair of boots in running after his due, which he finally gets after a year or two, is never really paid. Very often, he has lost half the face of his demand by not having the money when he needed it, beside the vexation and trouble of running after it. There is just one way to pay an obligation in full, and that

is to pay when due. He who keeps up a running fight with bills and loans through life is continually living on other men's means, is a serious burden and a detriment to those who deal with him, although his estate should finally pay every dollar of his legal obligations.

Inordinate expenditure is the cause of a great share of the crime and consequent misery which devastate the world. The clerk who spends more than he earns is fast qualifying himself for a gambler and a thief; the trader or mechanic who overruns his income is very certain to become in time a trickster and a cheat. Wherever you see a man spending faster than he earns, there look out for villainy to be developed, though it be the farthest thing possible from his present thought.

When the world shall have become wiser and its standard of morality more lofty, it will perceive and affirm that profuse expenditure, even by one who can pecuniarily afford it, is pernicious and unjustifiable—that a man, however wealthy, has no right to lavish on his own appetites, his tastes or his ostentation, that which might have raised hundreds from destitution and despair to comfort and happiness.—But that is an improvement in public sentiment which must be waited for, while the other is more ready and obvious.

The meanness, the dishonesty, the iniquity, of squandering thousands unearned, and keeping others out of money that is justly theirs, have rarely been urged and enforced as they should be. They need but to be considered and understood to be universally loathed and detested.

Swearing and Lying.

The following mirth-provoking story may be an old Joe *fedivus*, but we do not recollect having seen it before. At any rate, the reading of it proved a dangerous experiment to our waistbands:

A Quaker had a piece of new ground to plough, which was very full of roots, and he set his hired man, John, to hold the plough while he drove the oxen. A root would catch the nose of the plough; the plough handles would hit John a wallop in the side; and John would commit a breach of the commandment; 'swear not at all.' So it went continually—catch, jerk, thump, swear, whoa! back! gee! haw! jerk, thump, swear.

At length the placid spirit of friend Jedediah became disturbed by so much profanity, and he stopped the team and told John to take the goad and drive the oxen, and he'd see if he could not hold the plough without swearing.—John took the ox goad and Jedediah seized the plough handles. He placed his two legs in a bracing position; and John drove ahead. The plough caught a root, made a bound, one of the handles hit Jedediah under the chin, and he exclaimed: 'Well, raly; I never saw the like.'

Again it caught, hit Jed. again, and again he declared he had never seen the like. It caught again, knocked Jed. down, and he rose with the exclamation: 'Well, raly, I never did see the like.' So matters went, till Jed. had returned to the starting point, and had positively affirmed that he had never seen the like, some fifty times. 'There, John,' said he, 'take hold of the plough and see if thou canst not get along without swearing. Thou hast seen that I have not sworn an oath in a whole round.' 'No,' replied John, 'thou hast not, friend Jed, but thou hast told fifty lies.'

Jed. thought a minute and replied: 'Well, John, I don't know but my lying may be prompted by the wicked one as well as thy swearing. I hope the pesky roots will be taken into consideration in the final account of both of us. Get up! Duke and Darby.'

A Chapter on Reading.

There are three kinds of reading. First, that which is designed for the discipline of the mind, like the works of Stewart, Locke, and Edwards. Second, that which is designed for information, as politics, history, travels, and the works on the arts and sciences. Third, those intended for amusement only, such as stories, novels, and the like. The young man does not need amusement from reading. He can pick up flowers enough as he passes along, without planting a garden on purpose to raise them.—The first object you need to accomplish, is to discipline the mind. The second is to store it—or, as hunters say, first put the rifle in trim and then load it carefully. On these two points should the eye be fixed in all your reading. In the selection of books, remember that you want but few at first. Don't try to see how much or how fast you can read, but how slowly, and how thoroughly you can make it your own. The distinguished Grincke says he was six months in reading a single volume of the size of Stewart's on the Mind, when he began to read to real advantage. The books which you need are those which have stood the test of time—such as have been the means of disciplining multitudes of minds before you. The young man who has mastered Stewart, Butler's Analogy, and Edwards on the Will, has done a great work. He may safely turn to history and drink at inexhaustible fountains. Poetry—such as successive generations have pronounced to be poetry, will refine the taste, quicken the imagination, and purify the feelings. But that world of light reading, in the shape of periodicals without morals, and novels without sense, I pray you to shun. You can hardly abuse the mind more than to make it feed upon such trash. It would shortly starve the most vigorous intellect, numb the finest sensibilities of the heart, and create a morbid appetite for fiction the most impossible, adventures the most marvellous, and unnatural deeds the most fool-hardy, and scenes the most revolting to a noble heart. To attempt to point out the books which you may not read, by name, would be like the physician who, at the request of the indulgent parents, attempted to prescribe what the convalescent patient might not eat. The list was formidable in length, and the physician thought it very complete. Unfortunately it did not contain roasted goose, and so that was procured, eaten, and the patient ruined. Better lay it down as a principle that you will not read, at least for years to come, anything that can waste your time without adding to the discipline of the mind or to your stock of information. I believe a single volume read in the manner of Grincke, even if it takes six months to read it, would be more valuable than six volumes read every week in the manner that books are often hurried over. You might try to live upon floating islands which fill the dish and sit so gracefully upon the top of a lady's whip, but if you are expected to strengthen the body, or prepare the taste for ordinary food, you would be most disappointed. The food on which the swan feeds, and which makes her so beautiful,

so strong and so long-lived, grows deep at the bottom of the clear running river, and she works hard to wrench it up from the stones on the hard bottom.—[Todd.]

The Mysterious Guest.

A ROMANCE OF MOROCCO.

The grandfather of Ben Abon, the present Governor of Rif, when Caid of Tangier, made a great feast at the marriage of his daughter. One of his friends, Caid Mahommed Widden, observed a poor man in mean attire in the court and ordered him out; and he not obeying, pushed him so that he fell. That same night the keeper of an oven (there are no sellers of bread; every one makes his own bread at home and sends it to the oven.) had barred his door and retired to rest, when some one knocked at the door. He asked, 'Who is there?' and was answered, 'The guest of God,' he said, and got up, unfastened the door, and having nothing but some remnants of the koscossoo from his supper, and the piece of mat upon which he lay, he warmed the koscossoo in the oven, and after bringing water to wash his guest's hands, he set it before him. He then conducted him to the mat and lay down himself on the bare ground. In the morning when he awoke, he found the door unbarred and the poor man gone; so he said to himself, 'He had business and did not wish to disturb me, or he went away modestly being ashamed of his poverty.' On taking up the mat he found under it two doubloons; so he was afraid, and put the money by, and determined not to touch it, lest it had been forgotten, or lest the poor man had stolen it and put it there to ruin him.—Some time afterwards an order came from Fez for Mahommed Widden and the baker to repair thither. They were both conducted to the place before the palace to await the sultan's coming forth. When he appeared, they were called before him; and, addressing the first, he asked him if he recollected the feast at the marriage of the daughter of the Caid of Tangier, and a poor man whom he had pushed with his left hand and kicked with his right foot. Then Caid Mahommed knew whom he had thus treated, and trembled. The sultan said: 'The arm that struck me and the leg that kicked me are mine; cut them off.' The baker now said to himself, 'If he has taken the leg and the arm off the Caid, he will surely take my head; so he fell down upon the earth and implored the sultan to have mercy upon him. The sultan said to him, 'My son, fear not: you were poor and took in the beggar when he was thrust forth from the feast of the rich. He has eaten your bread and slept on your mat. Now ask whatever you please; it shall be yours.—The Caid returned to Tangier maimed and a beggar, and his grandson was lately a soldier at the gate of the Sicilian consul. The baker returned, riding on a fine mule, richly clothed, and possessed of the wealth of the other; and the people used to say as he passed by, 'There goes the oven-keeper, the sultan's host.'—[Urquhart's Pillars of Hercules; Travels in Morocco.]

TRICK OF A YORK ROGUE.

We want to warn our friends from the ked'ntry to keep their eyes wide open and their hands in their pockets when they go to York. It is one of the wickedest spots in the United States. The following sokenstans occurred: A friend of ours, a constant subscriber of the 'Flag Staff,' Mr. Solomon Bagsley of Bunkum, was in Fulton Market, selling cabbages and buying a piece of corn beef. A quite wogone individual comes up to him and offers to sell him a big silver watch. Twenty dollars he asked, and he would by no means take that, but he was very distrust for pecuniary means. 'Oh, no,' Mr. Bagsley said; 'he could not give it; he wanted the money, and he didn't want the watch.' 'Would he then come into the followin' arrangement: to let him have only five dollars, and take the watch? It wasn't probable that he should call for it; once it was an ole fammely time-piece, and to let him redeem it at some future time?' 'Oh! wal, why, yes!' Mr. Bagsley didn't make it if he did do that. 'You'll find there's no mistake about its going!' says the watch-seller; 'I'll set it a goin' for you; and with that he'll give it a wrench or two, and commenced a-rappin' it all round with bits o' newspaper. Mr. Bagsley g'n him the money, and he left the field of action. A wonderful chubby cheek'd, red face sort of a butcher kept lookin' keowin' and grinin', and he later he hollered right out. Says he: 'Look a-here, my friend, look a-here; what'll you bet you haven't got a stun?' This kind of netted Mr. Bagsley, who takes the 'Flag-Staff' punctual, and he swore some, (he done wrong to swear), and 'What do you mean?' says he.

'Why, you've a stun, friend,' rapped up in them papers.'

'Tain't so,' says Bagsley, quite sharp.

'What'll you bet it ain't, respected and dear Sir?'

'I'll bet you five dollars' says Bagsley, his spunk getting on top of his prudences, and keepin' it down.

'Done!' said the young man; 'plank the tin.'

Our friend done so; he then commenced an-rappin' it, and took off the 'Courier and Enquirer' newspaper, then the 'Express,' then the 'Herld,' then the 'Mornin' Star,' and lo and behold notin' but a small round cobble stone! We suppose there was a haw-haw unequal'd in the whole history of law-haws.—The wery dead bulls' eyes seemed to stare right out of their sockets, and the cleverest beef to gupe open wider. One ole fish-woman put her hands right on her waist, so down on her stool, and cried, she did. So the jolly young butcher put his five dollar bill into his pocket, and Mr. Bagsley threw the stun away and walked off. But oh! when his wife found it out! oh! oh!—[Bunkum Flag-Staff.]

MRS. PARTINGTON ON EDUCATION.

'For my part I can't deceive what on airth eddication is comin' to. When I was young, if a gal only understood the rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing, and the common dominator, and knew all about the rivers and their obituaries, covenants and dormitories the provinces and the umpires, they had e' cation enough. But now they have to botomy, Alger-bay, and have to dem suppositions about syrophants of cir gents and Diagonies of parallelograms, nothin' of oxides, asheads, do in school, to call on us be abstruse triangles.' And the highest price confused with the technical, ENOUGH & CO

MISCELLANY.

THE SWEET VOICE OF SPRING.

Sweet is the voice that soothes my ear,
The voice of love, the voice of song;
The voice, that celebrates the fair,
And animates the friendly throng.

Sweet is the counsel of a friend,
Whose honest words are gentle kind;
Whose mild persuasion brings an end
To all the sorrows of the mind.

Sweet is the breath of balmy Spring,
That lingers in the primrose vale;
The wood-lark sweet, when on the wing,
His wild notes swell the rising gale.

Sweet is the breeze that curls the lake,
And early wafts the fragrant dew;
The hovering clouds of vapor break,
And clear the bright ethereal blue.

Sweet is the flower, and blooming pea,
More fragrant than Arabia's gale,
That sleeps upon the tranquil sea,
Or gently swells the extended sail.

Sweet is the walk where daisies spring,
And cowslips seek the vernal mead;
The woodlands sweet where linnets sing,
From every bold intruder freed.

But far more sweet are virtuous deeds;
The hand that kindly brings relief—
The heart that with true friendship bleeds,
And shares a loving brother's grief.

The friendly and humane here rise,
With liberal hands and feeling heart,
And chase the tears from sorrow's eyes,
And bid each noxious woe depart.

FAIRFIELD.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

We promised our readers something from the "SCALPEL," and the following paragraphs are from an article in that work on "The Causes of Early Decay in American Women." The entire article is too long for our use, and yet our extracts by no means do it justice. They are to the point, however, and will lead some parents to reflect upon the popular course of training children.

"We give the girl two years start of the boy, to make her condition equal to his at the outset. Both have endured the torture of bandaging, pinning and tight dressing at birth; both have been focked, jounced upon the knee, papped, laudanum'd, pargoric'd, castor oil'd, and sudorificated with a blanket over the head, sweltered with a cap and feather bed, roasted at a fire of antiseptic, and poisoned with the foul air of an unventilated chamber, according to the universal formula of some superannuated doctor, or experienced nurse; probably both, for these people usually hunt in couples and are very gracious to each other. We give the girl enough start, to make up for the benefit the boy has derived from chasing the cat, and an occasional tumble in the hall or yard, and the torture she has endured from her sampler, and being compelled to 'sit up straight' and not be a 'boyden'."

"Our little couple start for school, with such a minimum of lungs as the unnatural life they have led will allow, and a stomach that is yet fresh enough to endure bad bread, plum cake, candies and diseased milk. The reater will remember that nature is beneficent, and will endure much abuse before she succumbs. Well—they are off for school;—observe how circumspectly my little miss walks; soon she chides her brother for being 'rude.' He nothing daunted, starts full tilt after a stray dog or pig; and though he often tumbles in the mud, and his clothes get spoiled, the result is soon visible in increase of lungs and ruddy cheeks. He cannot run without more breath; he cannot continue to run without increased dimensions and power of lungs; he cannot have large lungs without good digestion; he will feed well and thrive abundantly."

"They are now at school, seated on a bench without a back, and often with their legs hanging down, so that the poor back-bone has no earthly support. Thus sits the wretched child with book in hand, from nine till twelve or one o'clock, and sometimes three. The boy with the aid of sticking a pin now and then into his neighbor, and occasionally falling asleep and tumbling from his bench, from pure nervous exhaustion, to the great relief of his half-stagnant bloodvessels and torpid nerves, endures it till another merciful pig or dog chase makes him feel that he is alive."

"But our unfortunate little miss is in a distressed condition. She is charged to walk 'straight home,' where she is allowed to select her dinner from those articles that afford the least nutrition, such as pastry, cakes, rich puddings and apples. This, by the way, is her second meal of the same character, having taken one either at breakfast or lunch. Indeed, she requires no better food; for she has no exercise to consume the azote of meat which she ought to eat. Remember, that her muscles move her limbs, and are composed chiefly of azote; and it is the red meat or muscle of beef or mutton that she would eat if she had any appetite for it, that is to say, if her stomach and bloodvessels would endure it: the fact is, the child has fever, and loathes meat."

"After dinner, she either sits down to her sampler, or the piano, and in all probability finishes the day's feeling with tea and preserves. She is then posted off to a feather-bed in an unventilated room, with the door shut for fear the little darling will take cold. A Nott's stove or furnace keeps the upper chambers from 85 to 100 degrees, and the feather-bed and the blankets, retaining all the heat of her body, swelter the little creature till morning. What wonder that she gets spinal curvature, if not actual deposits of tubercles in the body of her vertebrae or lungs? All this we have explained at length in the article on Consumption. We have there shown, that although strongly predisposed to that form of scrofula, consumption, as well as spinal disease, can often be overcome by exercise, air and a strong meat diet; and though a child be actually free of scrofula, that it may be produced by such a barbarous and wretched mode of life as we have painted above; one that we grieve to say, is exceedingly common in this city. Boys often escape these evils by parental neglect—and a precious boon for them it is; but the poor girls are deprived of nature's only method of keeping the pale-faced monster at bay."

"Suppose, on the other hand, she be the unfortunate child of uneducated and vulgar parents, whose absurd ideas of gentility and education, have dragged or driven her through early infancy in the manner we have endeavored to set forth. The period for the great change arrives, and the mother, totally un-informed of the rationale of the function, and knowing nothing but the fact that her child is still more wretched than before, sends for her physician. He, perhaps, almost equally ignorant with herself, or what is still worse, being a miserable time-server, sees the admirable facilities for 'making a bill,'—and straightway commences a scene of deception and ignorance, that if it do not result in the death of his un-

fortunate patient, leaves her a miserable creature, with spinal curvature, or consumption, or still worse, by confinement and phisic, destroys her only chance of restoration, and causes her, should she struggle through this eventual period of life and become a mother, upon her second if not her first confinement, to drag out a wretched life, lying on her couch from pure inability to stand up."

"To this pernicious training, we may add the example of that insane passion for dress, that constantly leads the mother from attention to her offspring, and the instruction of her own mind in those great truths essential to the proper conduct of every family. It is impossible for a child to form elevated ideas of morality or correct taste, if constantly under the influence of a mother whose whole soul is absorbed in the set or color of a dress or a bonnet."

"On this subject it would be well for our countrywomen to notice the remarks of some of their own sex, whose fortune and inclinations have led them to the observance of foreign customs amongst those to whom wealth is no novelty. We have often heard our intelligent countrywomen remark, that no lady abroad, would be seen in such walking-dresses as we may constantly see in Broadway. It is true these dresses, are never seen here upon those whose early training and associations have taught them better taste, but we are desirous that our countrywomen generally should be as celebrated for their good sense, as they justly are for their beauty."

"If we are asked what this has to do with health, we answer, that extravagant and elaborate dress, not only incapacitates the body for natural and graceful movements, but by pre-occupying the mind, often exhausts the nervous system before the wearer leaves her house for needful exercise. And what is worse than all, the insanity of emulation in dress, too often deprives a household of those minor comforts and ornaments, upon which so much of our health and happiness depends. There is little doubt that a well-furnished and judiciously selected library, and those other indispensable aids to the formation of correct taste in children, good drawings, and casts of statues of artistic merit, might often be purchased by the exercise of a refined economy in dress, by the time her children were old enough to appreciate them, by many a mother who now sighs for her inability to compete in extravagant dress, with a wealthy and vulgar neighbor."

"The constant changes of fashion in female dress, often afford the Broadway philosopher, the most grotesque and ridiculous exhibitions of the skill of the cunning modistes who devise them; their surprising ingenuity in contriving means for filling their pockets and converting the feeble intellects of their purchasers, is matter of astonishment, whilst the melancholy result of a close application to that death-distributing agent the needle, is visible in the pale cheeks of their wretched employes, who are sacrificed by thousands on the altar of cupidity and fashion."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, FEB. 21, 1850.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY. The public examination at the close of the Winter Term confirmed what has long been well understood—that this school enjoys an excellent system of management. This will sound like slight praise, to those whose interests or duties have prompted them to see for themselves. Mr. Hanson labors with an interest that looks beyond his salary, and with a zeal that would convince the most skeptical that "work is work." This is not the only point, but it is a prominent one, upon which the marked success of the Academy has depended. And here our neighbors will be surprised to hear us predict its approaching success. The best teacher in the world cannot permanently sustain the interests of a school without the special countenance and sympathy—a countenance and sympathy made manifest in positive action—of the community where it is located. There was a time when the friends of this school watched it closely; but when its Principal had perfectly established his competency, shown himself always at his post and in his duty, and signified a willingness not only to teach the school, but to take care of it, he was left to do so. Parents send their children there, and feel so sure that justice is done them, that they hardly make inquiry; and those who flay less direct interest there, hardly know the school yet continues.

This state of things is worse for the school than positive opposition; and we cannot do Mr. Hanson the credit to suppose that his efforts will be continued in the face of such neglect. Not that he will resent it, but he will avail himself of it—as human nature suggests everywhere. What is the profit of doing more than one's duty, if nobody knows it?

Of this neglect, and the source of it, we only judge from what we see. The half-dozen, and generally less, who attend the examinations, find them most strikingly interesting. Young misses and lads acquit themselves with a readiness and an intelligence that might well draw the mark of pride to the parent's cheek—but no parents are there. Strange the scholar is interested to do so well, when nobody but his teacher cares for his success!—and no less strange that the teacher should make such effort, when the pupil would better like an easier task! Both will ultimately tire of such thankless labor. The only remedy is to renew the interest and watchfulness, in the active exercise of which the school was brought to its present flourishing state. Parents, especially, must become more interested. This is due to the scholars, and to themselves,—it is specially due to the Principal.

WATER POWER. Mechanics and others would do well to examine the water-power advertised for sale, in another column, by Mrs. Harriet L. Crommett. We know nothing of the price, but have no doubt it will be reasonable; in which case the purchaser can hardly fail to make a good investment.

"THE ROCKSTER KNOCKING," which has elicited so much inquiry, and which seems to have found credence among those who have heretofore been supposed to possess common sense, seems to have been pretty essentially "knocked in head" by the statement of one

of the committee appointed to investigate the two girls through whom the spirits are said to communicate. The committee admit their inability to account for the knocking, but say that they went so far as to ascertain that when the girls' petticoats were tied over their feet the spirits persist in their credulity. Those who still persist in their credulity, must at last admit that these spirits are most essentially under petticoat government.

The following letter, from a son to his parents, was written on the occasion of the death of a young man in this vicinity, a few months since. It breathes sentiments and feelings that will find sympathy with those who have passed similar trials.

My Endear'd Father and Mother:

With an aching heart, and tears trickling down his cheeks, a mourner has seated himself to address his stricken parents, and, if it may be, to cast one drop of balm into their bleeding hearts.

Yesterday, with the same joyful feelings that ever thrilled my bosom at the reception of a message from my dear Uncle, I hastily broke that seal, beneath which lay the bitterest draught I have ever tasted—the keenest arrow that has ever pierced my soul.

Oh! had I seen a father vainly endeavoring to stifle his grief, as he gazed upon the stiffened form of the idol of his heart; but that was not my father—that cherished one was not my brother. As oft had I listened to the touching strains of a bereaved mother, as she dwelt upon the loveliness of her first son; yea, I had seen the tear of maternal love watering the sod beneath which lay one on whom she had looked as the pride of her morning and the joy and solace of her evening life. That was not my mother; those were not the lips that imprinted the first kiss upon my cheek; that moistened eye had never wept for me; neither slept beneath that bedewed sod one whom I had been proud to call brother. Alas! what means this funeral array? Whose is this sable bier? Whose forms are these I see slowly gathering around it? Why are all these choking sighs? This flood of tears? That cruel messenger tells me a spirit has flown from earth, a loved one has departed; and that around his body are standing fond parents, loving brothers, and a devoted sister. Oh! that this were all! Oh! that it had been the sequel of that mournful intelligence! But, no; here I see my beloved father and mother, my endear'd brothers, and my almost idolized sister—bedewing with their tears the body of my sweet but dead brother Albert. Poor human nature could not endure this; it sunk beneath the blow. I yielded to grief uncontrolled and uncontrollable. Oh! that I might have been permitted to mingle my tears with yours. Oh! that our sighs, our heartfelt supplications for the eternal welfare of his immortal spirit might have been caught by the same breeze, and wafted together to the throne of Him, in our adorable wisdom and mercy has seen meet this to lay his chastening hand upon us. Would to God I could once more have felt the warm pressure of my dear brother's hands; that I might again have heard his sweet voice, or caught one more smile from his happy countenance; that I might have pressed those lips, glowing with life, to mine, and felt again the beating of his warm and generous heart. Oh! dearest brother! thou who hast clung to the same breast, nestled in the same bosom, and been dandled upon the knee of our common father—it is hard to give thee up; 'tis hard to feel the separating knife divide the tender bond which bound our souls together.

Alas! my dear brother, that thou should'st die—Thou who wert made so beautifully fair—That death should settle in thy glorious eye, And leave his stillness in thy clustering hair. Oh! that I could have bid farewell to thy departing spirit; that I might have looked once more upon thy proud form, though humble in death, and shed upon thy noble brow brotherly affection's hallowed tear. May it be that thou hast left the shores of this troubled sea, but to be received into that haven of eternal rest, where sorrow and sighing are unknown. May God have called thee like a wanderer home.

Dearest beloved parents; how can I mitigate your sorrow? What can I, a poor vile worm of the dust, say or do to assuage this flood of grief? You know our hearts bled together; that your loss is my loss; that Death, in taking from you a darling son, has torn from my bosom a warm brother; he has leaped into your fold and plucked a tender lamb, whose absence has made room in all our hearts. Though the shaft has pierced to the heart's core, is there not Balm in Gilead? Though the dissecting knife has severed the very marrow, is there not a Physician there? Is not the true healing ointment to be sought for here? Are here not pools of pure water, in which the anguish of the afflicted soul may be allayed? Here is the Physician of value, and our friend, who, if we cast our burdens in confidence upon him, will sustain us. It is He, who though he wounds to heal and kills to make alive, hath graciously invited us and all who are weary and heavy laden, to come unto Him and find rest unto their souls. It is hard to bow in humble submission and resignation of spirit to so severe a blow—a blow which seems to dash to earth our neared chalice. Peculiarly trying it is to us, who for the first time and at so unexpected a moment, are called upon to mourn the loss of a beloved brother. But I do most fervently hope we may all seek for that frame of mind in which we can say, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, bless his holy name." The gold is separated from the dross only by subjecting it to the furnace; and as that is the purest when the fire is most intense, so the choicest blessing may come forth from the keenest trial. May it prove one in disguise. It is a loud alarm to us all. May we not turn a deaf ear to its warning voice, but meekly and sincerely pray for that preparation of heart which will gain us an admission into the presence of Him who died that we might

live. Oh! beloved parents, brothers, and sister; as we are sensible that this is not our abiding place; that we must all be separated, sooner or later, and we know not whose turn it may be next, let us endeavor so to live, from day to day, that whether the cry go forth at midnight, or at the cock's crowing, our lamps may be trimmed and burning, and we may finally join our voices in celebrating the name of Him who liveth forever.

And now, dear parents, farewell; and farewell, dear brothers and sister. Comfort each other; remember that my heart beats in unison with yours. As one has gone from our happy band, let us who yet survive draw closer around the family altar. I have felt as though more than a threefold cord had been added to the ties which have ever bound us together as a family. May we become more and more entwined in each other's affections.

Please accept this from a weeping but devoted son and loving brother.

Cheap Postage.

One of the hindrances to the introduction of cheap postage is the franking privilege, which members of Congress are unwilling to abolish. The abuses of this privilege are thus forcibly and plainly set forth by the editor of Zion's Advocate.

"There are reasons for all this. One of them we shall try to explain. It is one of the thousand abuses that grow out of the franking privileges. It is now a well understood thing that at each Presidential canvass there are stationed at Washington during the recess of Congress, Central Committees whose business it is to manage the machinery of the pending election.

The heads of these committees are active and able members of Congress. A large sum of money is levied upon the leading men who are in office or expect to be on a change of rulers. With this money an immense number of electioneering documents are procured and sent by cart loads to subordinate agents in all the different towns and counties from Maine to Texas, and from Cape Cod to Oregon. These documents, piously intended to enlighten the poor benighted people, are often sent in large quantities to agents who themselves write M. C. after their names, to be re-distributed under frank to persons who give the political law to the little circle in which they move. These documents are all franked and many of them twice over. And the readers of this article as well as ourselves, are taxed to foot the bill. Now to whom does the benefit of this enormous expense accrue? Not to the great body of people who can never by any possibility hold office, but to the Hon. Messrs. X. Y. and Z., who are appointed to cabinet offices, as ministers to foreign courts, to the collectorships of customs, and to Post offices and similar posts of honor and profit throughout the country. Now if the franking privilege be abolished these documents must be sent about the country every campaign just as they now are, but the politician would be obliged to pay the cost of transportation, not the people. Hence there is a good reason why politicians are not over anxious for Cheap Postage, for when this comes, there will be no more free transmission of electioneering documents. This may be plain talk, but we believe what we have said to be the truth and that it ought to be spoken. We shall never have Cheap Postage until the great body of voters are enlightened on the subject, and compel our rulers to remove this odious tax on letters. We wish that the inhabitants of every school district of the State would send petitions to Congress in reference to this subject, and continue to do so till we can get our letters carried for a fair price."

CALIFORNIA PAPERS. A friend in Boston has sent several copies of San Francisco newspapers. They exceed a 7 by 9 in the size of their pages, but will probably soon be able to enlarge with a subscription price at \$16 a year! Their advertising department indicates a prosperous enterprise; and would lead one to conclude that San Francisco is already the American London.

We learn from the Clarion, that the proprietors of Norridgecock Bridge have commenced rebuilding it with a crew of forty men.

A LAWYER'S ADVICE.—G. and P. owned lots adjoining. Exactly on the dividing line in front stood a fine tree. Mr. P. wished to cut it down, as being in his way. Mr. C. remonstrated, it being a fine shade for his house. Angry words ensued, but Mr. P. eventually felled the tree. Mr. C., somewhat excited, applied to lawyer B., an incorrigible wag, for advice.—B., after heedfully listening to C.'s story advised him as follows:—"This is one of those nice and delicate questions, wherein it is impossible to guess how a jury would decide. My opinion as to its result might lead into a fruitless lawsuit. My advice to you, therefore, is to go and pull P.'s nose! That would be a tangible case of assault and battery, about which there could be no dispute—and my fee is five dollars." Not unlike the quack-doctor, who said to his patient, "I don't know what your nasty stuff that I'm givin' on ye now will cure you, but it will throw you into fits, and I can cure fits—I'm death on 'em!"

Youth is a glorious invention. While the girls chase the hours, and you chase the girls, the months seem to dance away "with down upon their feet." What a pity summer is so short, isn't it? Before you know it, lovers become deacons and romps grandmothers. So says somebody.

ROBBER'S ARGUMENT.—"If I don't get that man's money, somebody else will, therefore I'll rob him."

RUMSELLER'S ARGUMENT.—"If I don't sell him liquor, somebody else will, and I might as well have his money as any other person."—Will any sane man show us why the robber's argument is not as good as the rumseller's?—[Nonpariel.]

RE-VACCINATION.—We take the following information, which may prove useful to all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Home Journal:—"First, every individual is susceptible of vaccination; second, re-vaccination is not necessary before puberty; third, the system undergoes a change at puberty, and re-vaccination is then necessary; fourth, vaccination is a sure preventive of small pox; fifth, re-vaccination is a sure preventive of varioloid; sixth, the third vaccination is inert; seventh, the system is susceptible of varioloid after puberty, whenever the individual is exposed to small pox without re-vaccination; eighth, re-vaccination is not necessary if the first operation was performed since puberty; ninth, those who disregard vaccination are always liable to the small pox

whenever exposed to the influence of that dreadful disease; tenth, if every individual were vaccinated before puberty, and re-vaccinated at that revolution of the system, there would be no such disease existing as the small pox."

NOT SO BAD.—One of our townsmen meeting with one of the strolling organ players, was inclined to engage in conversation with him, and asked him:

"What part in the great drama of life do you perform?"

"I mind my own business!" was the brief and pointed reply.

GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS.—We were amused with an affair, says a New York paper, which happened a few weeks since in this city.

A young gentleman called upon the leader of a cotton band, and ordered five musicians for a certain evening. There were but four in the band, including the leader, who informed the applicant that he could not comply with his request.

"But we must have five," said the young gentleman.

"But there are only four of us, sir," replied Joe.

"Not less than five," persisted the other. The gentleman was about leaving, when a barber, well known to our citizens, volunteered his services, making the number complete.

"What are you going to play?" asked Joe, when the gentleman left.

"The flute," replied the barber.

"The flute! why you don't know one note from another."

"Yes, but I can put a cork in the mouthhole and go through the motions."

The plan succeeded, and the barber was praised for his remarkable softness in blowing.

LEGISLATIVE CLOTHING. Years ago, when Marblehead, Mass., was smaller than it is now, a member was elected to the general court. His circumstances, however, being slender, like those of his townsmen, it was resolved that the town should furnish him with a suit of clothes. Accordingly he went to "Boston," rigged out in complete long tops, making a great sensation, as may be supposed. But, unfortunately, the member died before another election, and consequently the 'legislative suit' reverted nearly now to the town. To save expense, it was then resolved that the next candidate, in addition to his other qualifications, should be capable of filling the 'town suit' of clothes; and that the ceremony of election should be preceded by a 'trying on' of the long tops. But the wags of Boston got wind of this proceeding, and it became a standing joke in the State House, when Marblehead was announced, to cry out: "Here comes the Marblehead suit of clothes; wonder who's in 'em!"

EDUCATION. A science succinctly summed up in the profound exhortation of the American Philosopher:

"Rear up your lads like nails, and then they not only go through the world, but you may clinch them on either side."—[Thomas Hood.]

ORIGINAL LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN.—The Boston Bee is publishing some original letters of Dr. Franklin. The following is advice to a young lady, with whom a very chatty correspondence appears to have been conducted.

Philadelphia, October 16, 1755. Dear Katy: Your favor of the 28th June came to hand, but the 23d of September, just three months after it was written. I had two weeks before written you a long chat and sent it to the care of your brother Ward. I hear you are now in Boston, gay and lively as usual. Let me give you some fatherly advice: Kill no more pigeons than you can eat. Be a good girl, and don't forget your catechism; go constantly to meeting, or church, till you get a husband; then stay at home, and nurse the children and live like a christian. Spend your spare hours in sober whist, prayers, or learning to cypher. You must practice addition to your husband's estate by industry and frugality. Subtraction of all unnecessary expenses. Multiplication he will soon make you mistress of. As to Division, I say with brother Paul, "Let there be no division among ye;" but as your good sister Hubbard (my love to her) is well acquainted with the rule of two, I hope you will become as expert in the rule of three, that when I have again the pleasure of seeing you I may find you like my grape vine, surrounded with clusters plump, juicy, blushing, pretty little rogues just like their mamma. Adieu: the bell rings, and I must go among the grave ones and talk politics. B. F.

PHILOSOPHY FOR LADIES.—"Young ladies should never dearest a lover because he makes an ass of himself, for people troubled with a palpitating heart are incapable of doing otherwise. Love is a sort of mania, and while we are under its influence, we are no more capable of acting like common sense, than gin or sugar is. As a general rule, it is a good thing to see a lover turn lunatic; it shows that the virus has taken, and the complaint is real. As long as men can reason, they are invincible to ankles as they are to sophistry. To see a young man try to blow his brains out with a chloroform, is doubtless comical; still it is a better sign of 'deep-rooted affection' than all the philosophy he can use."

WRITTEN DISCOURSES.—Pulpit discourses have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading; a practice of itself sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart, that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering state indignation, and fervor of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text; reading the tropes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardor of his mind; and so affected by a preconcerted line and page, that he is unable to proceed farther?—[Sydney Smith.]

COUNTERFEITING.—Our attention has been called to some gingham sent out by the house of A. S. Henry & Co. of Manchester, England, in obvious imitation of the well known and highly esteemed goods made in Lancaster, in this state. The width, styles, patterns and labels are all imitated—in fact, everything but the excellence of the goods. Though not "protectionists," we think the American manufacturer is entitled to fair play, and if he established a good character for his fabrics he should have the benefit of it.—[Boston Post.]

A NEW USE FOR TOBACCO.—A letter writer under date of San Francisco, Nov. 9, says: "I saw some houses the other day which had tobacco in boxes for underpinnings. It has been sold as low as two or three cents a pound."

The Boston Traveller says—Capt. Kimball of the California Packet, is completely organized by the Bostonians. The Company are busily engaged in making preparations for their departure.

OHIO LEGISLATURE ON SLAVERY. The Senate of Ohio have, by a vote of 25 to 8, resolved that the sentiment of the freemen of Ohio is—No more Slave states—No more Slave territory.

THE LAWRENCE MURDER. An entire new complexion has been given to this case, which adds to the atrocity and horror of the crime perpetrated upon Miss Adams. Darius Taylor, who has been implicated in the commission of the deed, gave an entirely new feature to the case in his testimony on Tuesday, to what was given in his testimony on Monday; he testified before the coroner's jury on Tuesday that after the 21st of Dec. he took Miss Adams to the house of Dr. Clarke, a person practicing medicine at Lawrence, but not considered as one of the regular physicians.

Dr. Clarke and his wife were yesterday examined by the coroner's jury, and a further examination of the body of the deceased was held by the physicians, and more testimony in relation to the finding of the body was heard by the coroner.

It appears that the body was found in a salt bag and had a cord about the neck, which showed evident attempts at strangulation. The verdict of the Jury of Inquest was rendered yesterday afternoon, and is that Catharine Louisa Adams came to her death between the 21st of December, 1849, and the 5th of January, 1850, at the house of Dr. Clarke, by means of blows inflicted on the head, by strangulation, and an attempt to commit an abortion."

Dr. Clarke and his wife, and Darius Taylor, have been arrested, we are informed, and will be held for the murder of the young girl. Taylor has retained Benjamin F. Butler Esq. of Lowell, as his counsel, and gave the new version of the story on Tuesday, after a consultation held with him on Monday evening.—[Herald.]

NEW TEMPERANCE OPERATIONS. The Burlington Hawk-Eye gives an account of some novel temperance movements that took place in that town in January. Mr. Ross, a lecturer upon the subject, hired a number of whiskey vendors, for twenty-five cents an hour, to sit upon the front seats of the hall in which he lectured, and 'stand his battery.' He portrayed the evils of their business in a faithful manner. He addressed them two hours and ten minutes, and then paid over to them, and took a receipt for 55 cents each. On Tuesday evening, another lecture was given, when the Rum Sellers struck for higher wages, and five were paid fifty cents an hour each, for listening to Mr. Ross. After they were paid off, a portion of them left the hall the band playing 'appropriate music.'

HEAVY DAMAGES. Rights of Railroads and Passengers. In the New York Circuit Court on Monday, in the case of Francis Huber vs. Nicholas De Hart, (a conductor on the New Jersey Railroad,) the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff for \$5,000 and costs. The action was one of damages in being forcibly expelled from a railroad car, whereby the plaintiff's leg was broken. The testimony was that after Huber had given up his ticket, and taken a check, he got off the train, which left him. He took the evening train, and offered his check, which was refused, and fare demanded. He refused, was put out, though before he was expelled he offered the money.—The accident occurred in the act of putting him out. The Court charged that Mr. Huber had taken his transit in a particular train, and could not claim passage in any other. He had a right to take a seat even without a ticket in the next train, being prepared with the means of paying the fare when it was demanded of him. If a passenger refuse to pay, the conductor is justified in stopping the train and putting him out, no matter where it may be. If he offered to pay even after the cars had been stopped, and the conductor understood it, he committed a trespass in turning him out, and is liable.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

RECIPE FOR MAKING CHOWDER.—Take for a two gallon pot, two slices of sweet salt pork and cut into the smallest squares possible. Slice six large onions, and put them with the pork into the fat, and fry brown. Then add as much hot water as the pot will conveniently hold; put in the fish in squares of convenient size, and boil till the flesh will cleave from the bones and no longer. Add twelve crackers powdered, and season high with salt and pepper. Serve up in the same manner as oyster soup—and that is Chowder Yankee fashion.

A fire-proof calico is now made for children by immersion in phosphate of magnesia. It will ignite by contact with flame, but the fire will not spread; it goes out immediately.

A model duel is at present the talk of Paris. One member of the Chamber of Deputies sent another member a bullet in a neat paper box, with his ear: the other returned the compliment by sending another bullet in a mahogany box. After this exchange of bullets, the antagonists declared their honors to be satisfied.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.—Rising early is a habit of high importance to fix in children; and in forming it, there is far greater facility than in other cases. They usually retire to bed some time before their parents, and at daylight or at least sunrise. Many of them are actually bred up with difficulty to the habit of taking a morning nap, when, once formed, generally prevails through life.

ONE OF THE BROTHERS.—Samuel Moor, of Albion, aged 105 years, a Revolutionary pensioner, is now at the Hatch House. He walks with as much agility as do many men of but 60 years. He is desirous of getting married, provided he can find a young and virtuous lady of his years.—[Bangor Mercury.]

LOST OVERBOARD.—We learn that William S. Brown, son of Theodore S. Brown, of Bangor, was washed overboard from the deck of the ship Charles Cooper, and lost, when three weeks out from Bangor for San Francisco.

BANGOR CUSTOM HOUSE.—The bill asking an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars to build a Custom House at Bangor, has passed to a second reading.

HAYNAU IN SOUTH CAROLINA. Two negroes were convicted; last week, at Newberry, S. C., for an assault and battery on two white men, and one sentenced to receive five hundred lashes; the other to be hung on the first day of March next.

BREVITY.—The following simple form for a deed, is prescribed by the new code of laws in Virginia:—

"This deed, made — day of —, in the year —, between (here insert names of parties), witnesseth that in consideration of (here state the consideration), the said — doth (or do) grant unto the said — all, &c. (here describe the property and insert covenant for any other provisions), witness the following signature and seal, (or signatures and seals.)"

It has been decided in New Orleans that a colored man is competent to testify in a court of justice. In some of the Southern States he is not, but Louisiana seems to rest upon a more liberal and just view of legal rights.

