



3-21-1850

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 35): March 21, 1850

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail

 Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 35): March 21, 1850" (1850). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 138.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/138

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III. WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1850. NO. 35.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 31-2 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

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

AN OLD-FASHIONED DITTY.

I've tried in much bewilderment to find
Under which phase of Joveliness in thee
I love thee best; but oh! my wandering mind
Hovers o'er many sweets, as doth a bee,
And all I feel is contradictory.

I love to see thee gay; because thy smile
Is sweeter than the sweetest thing I know;
And then thy blimp eyes are all the while
Sparkling and dancing; and thy fair cheeks glow
With such a sunset lustre, that 'tis so
I love to see thee gay.

I love to see thee sad; for then thy face
Expresseth an angelic misery:
Thy tears are shed with such a gentle grace,
Thy words fall soft, yet sweet as words can be,
That though 'tis selfish, I confess, in me,
I love to see thee sad.

I love to hear thee speak; because thy voice
Than music's self is yet more musical;
Its tones make every living thing rejoice;
And 'tis when on mine ear those accents fall,
In soothing I do believe that most of all
I love to hear thee speak.

Yet no! I love thee mute; for oh, thine eyes
Express so much, that thou hast need of speech!
And there's a language that in silence lies,
When two full hearts long fondness each to each,
Love's language that I fain to thee would teach;
And so I love thee mute.

Thus have I come to the conclusion sweet:
Nothing thou dost can less than perfect be:
All beauties and all virtues in thee meet;
Yet one thing more I'd fain behold in thee—
A little love, a little love for me.

POPULAR READING.

THE LAUGHER.

George—could never look upon any thing deviating in kind or degree from what he regarded as the rule of propriety—that is, any thing slightly ridiculous or even odd—without manifesting his emotions in a downright laugh on the spot. The poor fellow was put to serious inconvenience by what the author of Pelham would call his cabinatory propensity. Even in the sacred enclosure of a church, if the clergyman tripped in a word or phrase—such as a transposition of letters in calling "next verse" "next nurse"—he would fall into a shaking and tittering that often annoyed his neighbors, and once or twice was borne even to the ears of the clergyman.

In his younger days, when thievery, especially in an orchard, is regarded as a "youthful roguishness," he was entering a garden near the house of the owner and with a companion had "slyly taken possession of a tree, when they were compelled to keep perfect silence by the approach of the farmer's son in the garden, who would inevitably bring them down if he heard them, while it was too dark for them to be seen, perched as they were among the leaves." George was eating a cherry—snapped the stone carelessly, and it entered into his companion's back and clothes, so as to annoy him a little. George did not observe the cause but the effect was enough for him; for the moment his eye caught the figure of his companion wiggling to and fro in the tree and manifesting his hands into his backward garments without any apparent cause, he broke forth first in the well-known and "catching" snort of repressed laughter and then a roar. "Zounds!" cried his companion, "scud—it's all out!" and the two dropped to the ground and flew to the fence, (all the quicker because they heard the cry of "You rascals!" and the quick beat of feet in pursuit) until they cleared the fence and George sat laughing under an elm tree on the common and his companion out of mere sympathy laughed with him.

Laughing George, as his neighbors called him, was at Saratoga, and spent his time there as fashionably as a man very well can without a superfluity of money. He became acquainted with a young lady who was not unattractive in person, although she was in the habit of putting on that artificial compound which like a looking-glass shows any thing rather than what is behind. But as in the one case no expense was wasted on the plain rough board that stands behind the mirror, so in the other you will find nothing highly attractive behind the coating of rouge, for no woman is so absurd as to conceal any charm which she can with a color of advantage reveal. However, George overlooked this circumstance in consideration of a clever little fortune supposed to be in her hands. She was with exceedingly sentimental. This trait would have appeared remarkably "flat" had it not been for the "cash" to which the hearer constantly reverted; so that she reminded one of the goblet of the eastern prince, which thump it up you might, would give no fascinating sounds until you dropped into it pieces of silver, whereupon every touch drew forth a sweet sound that riveted every hearer to the spot where he happened to stand.

George was walking with her one evening which she declared was "exquisitely beautiful." They had been for some days "developed" as it were in a ray cloud of love and one would think that it must soon burst. But George had made no declaration although he saw that her feelings had mounted to the "brim" in his favor. She expected it this evening and was unconsciously patting her "wavy" hair the delicate sentiment and exquisitely refined feeling trickled from those lips that had that afternoon been "developed" after the manner of Titian. At last she declared "I am waiting for you." "Do tell me," Mr. Velvet what he said. "Why," he began with one sigh and two glances, then took her hand and then ejaculated, "Oh! Miss Sophronista Arabella Barnes!" "Well, what did she do to that?" "I don't know," he replied, "but she looked tenderly at him and returned the pressure of his hand. Then he exclaimed, 'Dare I hope a—hem—dear Sophronista—ugh!—that my—love is not unreturned—' and then he turned and walked away."

"Did he say so? well that's driving the horses right up to the water! What did she do?"

Why—she conjectured it was about the time for being overcome and accordingly contrived to fall away quite exhausted into his arms exclaiming, "Hope dear George,—know! yes—I feel that I am yours!"

"Well, that was affecting, Mr. Velvet, what did he do?"

He thought she was fainting for she hung heavily upon him and her eyes were closed; and accordingly he bore her a few rods to a brook. Here he threw a handful of water into her face which startled her for a moment, for she had not expected such a shower, but she recovered her languid composure and opened her eyes gradually, but not until George had applied her white handkerchief to her face with a view of taking up the superfluous portion of the sprinkling. "Dear George!" she exclaimed removing his handkerchief, but alas for George! her complexion, in which the natural hue and the beautiful rouge now alternated, seemed like Joseph's coat of many colors, and this change which a little water so instantaneously produced, struck her lover's well known key so forcibly that he followed her pathetic "Dear" with a coarse burst of laughter that blew his character as a lover at once "sky-high."

Miss Sophronista Arabella Barnes sprang from him astonished and indignant. Her wrath crimsoned every spot upon her face from which the rouge had been so unfortunately wiped, and this burst of truly natural feeling was but strengthened when, after she had hanged him sufficiently, she saw him sitting on the spot consecrated to love, but now so desecrated, and still shaking like a "custard pudding."

I shall not dwell further on the affair, nor say whether any one hearing that laugh as it rattled forth on the stillness of the evening, came to the spot and escorted the affronted Miss Sophronista home. But a few months afterwards when I heard George telling as much of the story as his laughing propensities would permit, he wound up the narrative by saying,—"However, that laugh saved me from getting dismally cheated, for I have discovered since that Miss Sophronista Arabella Barnes was not worth one cent!"—[The Sitting Room.]

Puritans and Witches.

The hanging of witches is so often spoken of in connection with the Puritans of New England, that few perhaps are aware that people of any other sect were ever concerned in the same superstitious folly. Let us be just to our forefathers. The Puritans of America whom the Episcopalians of Great Britain have condemned, never hung half so many for witchcraft as did the Church of England. The following facts stated by Prof. Stowe, in his *Bible-Sera* ought to be more generally known than they are.

"But they hung the witches. True, there was one brief, dark, sad, transient storm on this subject, and only one. For the space of a year or less, they were involved practically in the universal error of their age; but they speedily saw the error, bitterly repented it, amended their statute-book accordingly; while the rest of the world murdered witches ten times more, did not see their error, did not repent, did not amend their statutes; and in many, especially the Roman Catholic countries, these superstitious and sanguinary laws continue unamended, unrepented even to this day. During the witchcraft delusion, twenty persons lost their lives in New England; but a little before this more than 60 had been executed for the same offence in a single country in England; some twenty years after this, eighty-five witches including twenty children were burnt at one time in Sweden. In Scotland—in Switzerland it was equally bad—and in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe infinitely worse. How is it that the Puritans alone are to be blamed? Is it because they were so much less guilty than others?"—[*Gospel Banner*.]

On Extremes.

Had I only attended to one-half of the rules which I have ventured to lay down for the guidance of others, how carefully, how creditably, and how exemplarily might I have walked through the world! But we are more disposed to give advice than to take it; and it is easier to lay down good plans for our own guidance, than to carry them into effect with uniform steadiness and perseverance. A word with you now on the subject of extremes.

Instead of talking learnedly about Scylla and Charybdis, I will say in more homely language, that in avoiding the ditch on one side of the road, we often run into the muddy quagmire on the other. Now, it is, but a sorry source of comfort when a man considers that he has escaped falling into one puddle up to his knees, by falling into another up to his neck. Avoid extremes! there is a golden mean which we shall do well to attain. Tho' we need not fear being too humble, too honest, too sincere, or too eager after heaven, yet in a thousand things we err by carrying things to extremes.

There are few who run into extremes of abstinence in eating, drinking, and sleeping; though many err in the opposite excess of gluttony, drunkenness, and sloth. Instances, however, of all kinds of extremes do occur. I knew a man who almost killed himself by an excess of abstinence; and another, a clergyman, who attributed his ill state of health to the circumstance of his lying so much in bed, though it was a rare case for him not to rise before four o'clock in the morning.

Gravity and mirth are both good in their way; but that which in one degree may be an advantage, may in another be an affliction. Neither excessive gravity nor excessive mirth is suited to man. Excessive gravity would rob him of the energy of action, and excessive mirth would unfit him for salutary thought. My advice is that you go neither scowling thro' the world like a screech owl, nor grinning like a monkey.

With steadfast mind partake life's sweets and sorrows, And neither grin nor growl away the hours.

dent and a liberal spirit, neither scattering as a spendthrift nor amassing as a miser.

Treat not as dross the goodly gifts of Heaven, Nor hold too hard what God has freely given.

Thoughtlessness and care are extremes that ought to be avoided. Let us neither tempt God by despising his gifts, nor dishonor him by distrusting his goodness! There is enough of pain, poverty, sorrow, and sin in the world to call forth reflection and prudence; and there are far too many proofs of our heavenly Father's care for us, to warrant unreasonable anxiety for ourselves. Neither pass away life with reckless indifference, nor waste it in gloomy apprehensions of evil.

With prudent forethought let thy path be trod, And fearlessly commit thy way to God.

There are those who make haste to be rich, adding, at all hazards, field to field, and house to house, and barn to barn; and there are those, also, who by imprudence, are industrious in attaining poverty. A wise man will strive to shun, and a good man will struggle to avoid, the snares that lie in the extremes of riches and poverty. Agur saw these snares and earnestly put up the prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain. Prov. xxx. 8, 9. If you desire a smooth path on earth and a bright prospect of heaven, be thankful that your lot is not cast in the extremes of riches and poverty.

Let neither needless penury be thy real, Nor useless treasures lure thee from thy God.

Some have the gift of speech and indulge it in such a degree that they will run on by the hour in conversation, scarcely allowing those around them to interrupt the current of their discourse. Others are so habitually silent, that drawing an observation from them is like extracting a tight cork from the narrow neck of a bottle. Talkativeness and taciturnity are extremes not to be commended: of the two, however, I prefer the latter; for talking too much is certainly a greater fault than talking too little. If you wish to render yourself useful and agreeable to your friends, you will neither chatter like a parrot, nor sit as though the gift of speech were denied you.

A man of wisdom tempers well his tongue, Nor talks too loud, too rapid, nor too long.

Severity and weak indulgence are failings that cling closely to parents, though the latter is more common than the former. At times these excesses are found in the same person, who at one season excuses great faults, and at another sternly reproves trivial errors. Parents! be on your guard; for what father can hope that his child will love him, if he snaps him up sharply on the least occasion; and what mother can expect a child to honor her in age, who is allowed to make faces at a bald head? Be kind hearted and reprove evil; be neither weakly nor wickedly indulgent or severe.

Be neither swift to censure, weakly blind; Unjustly cruel, nor absurdly kind.

Credulity and scepticism are sad errors; for the one will weakly believe what is false, and the other will wilfully doubt what is true. To give credit to every idle report, or to call in question what knowledge and experience have proved, is equally to manifest a want of wisdom.

Extremes indulged are certain to grow strong, Weakness and willfulness must both be wrong.

Sharpness and excessive softness in conversation are extremes attended with great disadvantages; the former being disliked and the latter being often suspected. A friend of mine the other day, describing two characters, said of them, "The one is as sharp as freshly gathered mustard, the other is a dear oily man; both together they would make an excellent salad."

Sharp words and soft deceit, show want of sense; Let truth be told, but still without offence.

I might lay before you a catalogue of extremes, and one way to increase its length would be to add thereto the list of my own excesses; but enough has been said perhaps to set you to work to discover the extremes into which you yourself most commonly run, in order that they may be corrected. In this undertaking you will do well to remember that kindly feelings are no security against success; nay, very often they are the very cause of creating it. Prudence and self-denial are gifts worth praying for; with their assistance, you may weather the storm of many temptations, but without them you may be shipwrecked in a sea of good intentions.

Let me advise you to seek not to discourage the remarks of those kind friends who faithfully reprove you. A friend of mine observes, "That man is not fit for this world who is not thankful to have his faults detected, and his improvement thus promoted."

With a wise distrust of our own powers, and a strong reliance on Divine goodness and mercy, we may work wonders, or rather, wonders may be worked in us, restraining us from excesses and extremes, that set thorns and briars in our early paths, and bedcloud our view of heaven.

May grace divine with bright effulgent beams, Shine forth and scatter all our strange extremes. [Old Humphrey.]

A DUEL AVOIDED. A famous duellist challenged an Irish barrister, for some remark made by the barrister whilst the duellist was giving his testimony on the stand in some important case. The barrister knew precisely as much about fighting as a fancy boxer knows about Milton's "Paradise Lost." His friends told him, however, that there was no way to avoid the scrape, and it was certainly expected of him either to fight or to apologize. This settled the point, for the proud little Irishman, though he had rather eat than fight, still infinitely preferred being shot to making an apology. So the two duellists, with their seconds, came upon the battle ground. The challenger was notorious as a great pistol shot, and had fought some half-dozen duels before, in one of which he was so badly wounded as to be left a cripple for life. When other preliminaries were arranged, he requested, through his second, one favor from his adversary, which was permission to stand up against a milestone that was on the chosen ground. He sought no advantage, but wished to lean upon the stone, being too lame to stand without support. His request was at once granted, and just as the request was about to be given, the lawyer issued his mandate to stay proceedings, as he also had a request to make. In the gravest manner in the world, he solicited permission to lean against the next milestone, and the joke was so good that the challenger took his re-

venge out in a hearty roar of laughter, withdrawing his deadly defiance, and declaring that he could never shoot a man of such excellent humor.

Two Sorts of Drunkards.

We know a man who would get dead drunk about once in two or three months. He lived many years in this way, and it is believed is living still. He never tastes any liquor except at these periodical revivals.

We know another man who took a little, every day—not enough to make him tipsy—just enough to answer as a "medicine" for some complaints he had. He always passed for a sober man. A year ago he was one of those who thought it ridiculous to join a temperance society. He thought a man ought to have judgment to know when he had drunk enough. He is now dead. His physician assures us that he died of *delirium tremens*, though never suspected of intemperance. He informs me, moreover, that this dreadful disease is generally produced in that way. If a man gets thoroughly drunk, the poison works its own cure, as in some other cases, where a large dose of small quantity, remaining in the system—constantly at work there, wears off thread by thread, the cords of life. If you must needs drink, get drunk, at once, and done with it. But as you value reason and life, don't be every day sipping a little—rivetting your chains, and wearing out life by inches.—[*Genius of Temperance*.]

"Poor Richard" Aphorisms.

Not only lips but dyspeptic stomachs are an abomination to the Lord. The man who neglects to control his appetites, is to himself what a state of barbarism is to society, the brutish part predominates. He is to himself what Nicholas is to Hungary. Men buy pains, and the purveyor and market-men bring home disease. Our pious ancestors used to bury the suicide where four roads meet; yet every gentleman or lady who lays the foundation of disease with turtle soup or lobster-salad, as really commits suicide as if he or she had used the rope or pistol; and were the old law revived, how many who are honored with a resting place at Mount Auburn, would be lying at the cross roads! Is it not amazing that man, invited to a repast worthy of the gods, should stop to feed on garbage; or asked to partake of the Circian cup, should stop to guzzle with swine! * * * If the devotee of appetite desires its highest gratification, he must not send for buffalo tongues, but climb a mountain or swing an axe. Without health there is no delicacy that can provoke an appetite. Whoever destroys his health, turns the most delicious viands into aloes and ipecac. The man is physically wicked, does not live out half his days, and he is not half alive while he does live. However gracious God may be with the heart, he never pardons the stomach. [Hon. Horace Mann's Address.]

Two Pictures of Emerson.

The following is from a correspondent of the Boston Transcript:

I once asked an intelligent Jesuit, with whom I was traveling, and who had assured me of his perfect belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation, and in the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius—if he could reason upon these matters?—"God forbid!" he replied, "that I should pretend to comprehend things past finding out! Such is my reply, when I am asked if I understand the writings of the great Emerson. I look upon nine in ten of the sentences of this self-made man as high conundrum mysteries."

His lectures have given great satisfaction; for there is a larger proportion than some folks wot of, in almost every auditor, who have more pleasure in being amazed and stupefied, than in being enlightened. And it cannot be denied that the great Emerson deals in a species of demi-delicious, dumbfuzzlement and fudgemistahumors, which have seldom been surpassed in this or any other country.

One of the great Emerson's works was loaned me this morning. I find a few passages of peculiar merit underlined; and I cannot, in conscience, withhold them. The cassette, where I find these gems, is called "Nature." Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us, by the powers they supply to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines, to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works, and laws, and worship."

A few more of these jewels taken almost at random, may be worth the exhibition, as specimens of the great Emerson.

"When we speak of Nature," in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects."

Again, "In the presence of nature a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says, he is my creature, and mangle all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me."

Again—Standing on the bare ground, my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space, all my egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball. I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God."

Again—"The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone, and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them."

Now I take the two last passages, translated from the Emerson into the English language, to mean precisely this:—Standing, bare-headed, on the ground, and at the same moment lifted into infinite space, I am no longer the great Emerson, but an eye-ball. I am nothing and see everything, and being reduced to nothing, I am a fraction of Almighty God. I have no pleasure in the fields so great as that which proceeds from the conviction, that I am related to the squashes and pumpkins. I look upon the cabbage as my cousin of the half-blood, and we keep up a nodding acquaintance. Such a man, so related, is worth running after. Objections are made: I am aware, to the style of the great Emerson. Others take an entirely different view of the matter, and make a complaint of a more solemn character. They speak of the great Emerson in terms of gross

disrespect. They say he is a tremendous humbug; and that it is preposterous to complain of a man's style, whose very substance is nothing but chaff.

Now and then, they admit, there is a glimmering of thought; but even that, they aver, has always a crazy crack in it, and is so bundled up in miserably affected verbiage that it does not pay for the trouble of extrication from its complex envelopes.

Flint, in his Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi, relates that an Indian, with a solemn air of mystery, informed him that if he would come to the Indian's wigwam, he would show him a great treasure, the like of which had never been seen before. Flint, from the Indian's description, imperfect as it was, supposed it must be a jewel, and most probably a large diamond. He went to the wigwam. The Indian, with a great deal of ceremonious mummery, took a large parcel from a corner and proceeded to unfold it. Wrappers of birch bark and Indian cloth were taken off, one after another, till the patience of the visitor was fairly exhausted; when, at length, the Indian held up to view a fragment of a cut glass decanter-stopper, for which he had sold packs of valuable beaver. I invariably think of this anecdote when I think of the great Emerson.

Now see what a different picture is drawn of Mr. Emerson by Rev. Theodore Parker!

His position is a striking one. Eminently a child of Christianity and of the American idea, he is out of the Church and out of the State. In the midst of Calvinistic and Unitarian superstition, he does not fear God, but loves and trusts Him. He does not worship the idols of our time—Wealth and Respectability, the two calves set up by our modern Jeroboam. He fears not the damnation these idols have the power to inflict—neither poverty nor social disgrace. In busy and bustling New England comes out this man, serene and beautiful as a star, and shining like a good deed in a naughty world. Reproached as an idler, he is active as the sun, and pours out his radiant truth on Lyceums at Chelmsford, at Waltham, at Lowell, and all over the land. Out of a cold Unitarian Church rose this most lovely light. Here in Boston, perhaps the most humane city in America, with its few noble men and women, its beautiful charities, its material vigor, and its hardy enterprise; commercial Boston, where honor is weighed in the public scales, and justice reckoned by the dollars it brings; conservative Boston, the grave of the revolution, wallowing in its wealth, yet groveling for more, seeking only money, careless of justice, stuffed with cotton yet hungry for tariffs, sick with the greedy worm of avarice, loving money as the end of life and bigots as the means of preserving it; Boston, with tourism in its parlors, tourism in its pulpits, tourism in its press, itself a Tory town, preferring the accidents of man to man himself—and amidst it all there comes Emerson, graceful as Pegasus, Apollo, fearless and tranquil as the sun he was supposed to guide, and pours down the enchantment of his light, which falls where'er it may, on dust, on diamonds, on decaying heaps to hasten their rapid rot, on seeds new sown to quicken their ambitious germ, on virgin minds of youth and manhood to make it grow to beauty and to manliness. Such is the beauty of his speech, such the majesty of his ideas, such the power of the moral sentiment in men, and such the impression which his whole character makes on them, that they lend him, every where, their ears, and thousands bless his manly thoughts.

Office of the Physician.

I have often said, that independently of their religious function, the clergy of a country like ours are inestimable, because they carry letters and manners and morals to the people. If the magnificent Girard College be worth all its great cost, as a superb specimen of one of the grandest of the arts, and as an improvement to public taste, how shall we estimate the value of the good men who convey to every sylvan retreat pure English, sound learning, corrective example and persuasive precept! So, my young friends, your degree in medicine, however estimable, is not the sole good which you will carry back to the loved homes, which you are now to revisit. The grand supplement to the clergyman's boog is in your hands. If he conveys learning, you transmit science; and whilst both will elevate and refine the place which may have the happiness to receive you, you will be the grand interpreters of nature, as she speaks from the thunder-cloud, as she rustles in the breeze, blushes in the flower, or shines in the mineral. Yours will be the noble task, of making dumb nature speak in charmed accents to unlettered ears. Moses-like, at the stroke of your wand of science, will gush forth from rugged rocks the sweet waters of knowledge; Elysium-like, you will convert the beautiful statue of nature into a living and a breathing thing; Rossini-like, you will animate the dull language of truth with the music of a divine philosophy.

Go, then, in the spirit of the Grand Master of our Faith, on the noble mission of the assuager of pain and the healer of disease. Go, then, with the soul of a Rush and a Wistar, into the temple of nature, to be her Priest and her Interpreter.

Go, gentlemen, back to the homes of your childhood, to show to the loved ones of your house, that you have not given to them in vain the pangs of a separation; but that, whilst your sojourn in the great world has enriched you with knowledge, improved you in manly character, and left you untainted by temptations, you have not lost by the way even the least of the gentle virtues of domestic life.—[Prof. Mitchell's Charge to the Graduates of Jefferson Med. Coll.]

The Conjugating Dutchman.

Two Englishmen once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around with the most stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the two Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this the grave looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spoke.

"I arrive," said he, "thou arrives, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive, &c."

est, he speaks, we speak, you speak; they speak."

"How is this!" said the Englishman, "do you mean to insult me?"

The other replied, "I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult."

"This is too much!" said the Englishman; "I will have satisfaction; if you have any spirit to your rudeness come along with me."

To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied, "I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come," and thereupon he arose with great coolness, and followed his challenger.

In those days, when every gentleman wore a sword, duels were speedily despatched. They went into a neighboring alley, and the Englishman unsheathing his weapon said to his antagonist, "Now, Sir, you must fight me."

"I fight," replied the other, drawing his sword, "thou fighdest, he fighst, we fighst,"—here he made a thrust—"you fight, they fight" and hute he disarmed his adversary.

"Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied."

"I am satisfied," said the original, sheathing his sword, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied."

"I am glad every body is satisfied," said the Englishman, "but pray leave off quizzing me in this strange manner; and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing so."

The grave gentleman now, for the first time, became intelligible. "I am a Dutchman," said he, and am learning your language. I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do: I do not like to have my pupils broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you of this before."

The Englishmen laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them.

"I will dine," replied he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine, we will dine, you will dine, they will dine, we will all dine together!" This they accordingly did; and it was difficult to say whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with the most perseverance.

LITERARY BLUNDER. When Godwin was writing the life of Chatham, he applied to many of his acquaintances for suitable anecdotes and suggestions. Mr. Fawcett supplied him with a passage from a speech which he had heard Chatham deliver, on general warrants:—"Every man's house is called his castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No. It may be a straw built hut; the winds may whistle around it; the rain may enter it—but the king cannot." The point was plain enough; but when he came to read the printed volume, he found it thus arranged:—"Every man's house is called his own castle. Why? Because it is surrounded by a moat, or defended by a wall? No. It may be a straw built hut; the rain may enter it; all the winds of heaven may whistle round it—but the king cannot."

FAST.—This word is a bother to foreigners (especially the Frenchmen) learning the English language. The difficulty with such words as *plough, cough, dough, rough*, &c. lies in getting the proper pronunciation only. The word *fast* admits of a triple signification—hence the trouble. We once heard a Frenchman upon the road—last "Fast Day," we believe—tell a boy to hold his horse *swift*. "Fast, you mean, don't you, sir?" interrogated the lad. "Vell! fast, den; mais, be gar, I no understand dis." "There goes a fast horse!" exclaimed a bystander, as streaked by a lively trotting nag. "How is zat?" nervously inquired the astonished Frenchman; "sare is one horse fast, and he goes like zunder all de time; sare is my horse—he is fast, too, and he not more." "This is Fast Day in reality, by appearance of the road," said another. "Oh, I see den," said Monsieur, "ry dis is fast day, eeverything is fast. De horse zat goes is fast, ze horse zat is tied is fast, and ze folks zat eat nothing and eat slow is fast. Be gar! vot a countries!"

CANINE SENSIBILITY.—The Georgia Legislature has been enacting a rather severe dog-law, whereupon the Rome Bulletin runs the following saw upon the grave Legislators:—

A gentleman travelling along was furious, attacked by some half dozen dogs, and seemed in danger of being torn to pieces, but it happened to occur to him that as he was coming from the direction of Milledgeville, he might be mistaken for a member of the Legislature, he pulled off his hat and with great earnestness assured them that he was not Col. Shackelford, nor even a member of the Legislature; whereupon with one accord, they dropped their bristles, asked a thousand pardons by their looks, and meeked off as if ashamed of their mistake.

PULLED OUT, OR DROVE IN.—A Hoosier got upon the railway car between Springfield and Cincinnati, O., and tying a log fast by a cord to the end of the last car, took his seat among the ladies. When the train pulled up, at the station, he went out to take a look at the animal, when to his surprise, he found only the head of his dog. The remainder had been left somewhere.

Old Mrs. Partington says that when she was a girl she used to go to parties, and always had a bean to extort her home. But now-a-days, says she, the gals undergo all such delectables; the task of extorting them home develops on their dear selves. The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men were more palatable in deprecating the worth of the fair sex.

Mr. Thomas, from Clinton, is a wag. He made a good hit yesterday on the motion to appoint a door-keeper. Mr. Pratt, who proposed Mr. Qaborn, alluded to the fact that he was the father of nine children. Mr. Thomas replied that the democratic candidate had not his full share of children, and he promised to give his note for the balance. It is needless to say that the House was convulsed.—[*Albany Knickerbocker*.]

There is only one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools, deliver me from an over-wise man! You may make idiots philosophers; you may coax dunces to forego philosophy—but don't ever think of driving common sense into the heads of conceited persons. They are as impenetrable to arguments as Gibraltar is to apple-dumplings.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO LITTLE GEORGE

How oft have I, when o'er my brow
The flush of care was thrown;
And when perforce my youthful hopes
And cherished dreams seemed down,
Sought thee; and in thy sweet embrace
Forgot my childish grief,
As by thy tiny arms entwined
All sorrows were but brief.

I've gazed into those clear blue eyes,
And pressed those cherry lips,
And from thy smiles a nectar quaffed
Like that the fairy sips:
I've looked upon thy infant face,
So pure and innocent,
Until it seemed that thou hadst been
An angel to us sent.

I've often dreamed, as o'er thy couch
In silence I have bent,
Of future years of great renown,
And praise on thee spent:
I've seen thee crowned with laurel wreaths,
Thy country's proudest boast;
And where applause was best bestowed
On thee was lavished most.

And yet I would not ask for thee,
As first, 't'gain wealth or fame;
Or sacrifice one kindly thought,
To win a noble name:
But I would ask for thee, sweet babe,
A pure, a noble soul;
And crave that angels o'er thee watch,
And lead thee to life's goal.

LILLY LAKEWOOD.

MISCELLANY.

The Use and Value of Night Soil.

That man gets his bones from the rocks and his muscles from the atmosphere, is beyond all doubt. The iron in his blood, and the lime in his teeth, were originally in the soil. But these could not be in his body unless they had previously formed part of his food. And yet we can neither live on air nor on stones. We cannot grow fat upon lime, and iron is positively indigestible in our stomachs. It is by means of the vegetable creation alone that we are enabled to convert the mineral into flesh and blood. The only apparent use of herbs and plants is to change the inorganic earth, air, and water into organic substances fitted for the nutrition of animals. The little lichen, which, by means of the oxalic acid that it secretes, decomposes the rocks to which it clings, and fits their lime for "assimilation" with higher organisms, is, as it were, but the primitive bone-maker of the world. By what subtle transmutation inorganic nature is changed into organic, and dead, inert matter quickened with life, is far beyond us even to conjecture. Suffice it that an express apparatus is required for the process—a special mechanism to convert the "crust of the earth," as it is called, into food for man and beast.

Now, in nature everything moves in a circle—perpetually changing, and yet ever returning to the point whence it started. Our bodies are continually decomposing and recombining—indeed, the very process of breathing is but one of decomposition. As animals live on vegetables, even so is the refuse of the animal the vegetable's food. The carbonic acid which comes from our lungs, and which is poison for us to inhale, is not only the vital air of plants, but positively their nutriment. With the same wondrous economy that marks all creation, it has been ordained that what is unfitted for the superior organism is of all substances the best adapted to give strength and vigor to the inferior. That which we excrete as pollution to our system, they secrete as nourishment to theirs. Plants are not only Nature's scavengers, but nature's purifiers. They remove the filth from the air, as well as disinfect the atmosphere, and fit it to be breathed by a higher order of beings. Without the vegetable creation the animal could neither have been nor be. Plants not only fitted the earth originally for the residence of man and the brute, but to this day they continue to render it habitable to us. For this end their nature has been made the very antithesis of ours. The process by which we live is the process by which they are destroyed. That which supports respiration in us produces putrefaction in them. What our lungs throw off, their lungs absorb—what our bodies reject, their roots imbibe.

Hence, in order that the balance of waste and supply should be maintained—that the principle of universal compensation should be kept up, and that what is rejected by us should go to the sustenance of plants—nature has given us several instinctive motives to remove our refuse from us. She has not only constituted that which we esteem the most loathsome of all things to our senses and imagination, but she has rendered its effluvia highly pernicious to our health—sulphuretted hydrogen being at once the most deleterious and the most offensive of all gases. Consequently, as in other cases where the great law of self-preservation needs to be enforced by special sanctions, nature has made it not only advantageous to us to remove our night-soil to the fields, but positively detrimental to our health, and disgusting to our senses, to keep it in the neighborhood of our houses.

NEW MODE OF RAISING WHEAT.—An experiment has been tried in Iowa, where two bushels of wheat and one of oats were mixed and sown together in the fall, on one acre. The oats shot up rapidly, and were, of course, cut down by the frost. They, however, furnished a warm covering for the earth, and when the snow fell among the thick stalks and leaves, they kept it from blowing away. This covering prevented the winter-killing of the wheat, and the oats yielded a rich top-dressing for the crop the following spring. The result was an abundant crop, while land precisely similar along side of it, and treated in the same manner, with the exception of omitting the oats, was utterly worthless. Will some of our readers try this experiment the coming season, and give us an account of the results?

There are some grumblers who are always complaining of the light, flashy, superficial character of the newspapers of the day. Reader, did you ever hear any of these Jeremiahs?—and if so, did they not invariably come from shallow-pated fellows, with hardly a thimble full of brains—coxcombs, who would have staggered, top-heavy, under the weight of two ideas? So far as our experience has gone, it is such owls that complain of the want of power in the contents of the newspaper press. They want profounder articles—the Pacific Ocean isn't deep enough for these minnows!

GOD'S ADVICE.—Don't get in a flutter, and go on a bustle, nor allow yourself to be terrified by; but keep a cool head, and never be led, to join in a burrah and spree.

If we could show to some objectors the delicate Elizabeth Barrett Browning—the most delicate, most ethereal creature that ever came upon earth, with a voice like a ring-dove's, we might show in vain to her identity on the night of some of the strongest and bravest

poetry of our day; so obstinate a conviction exists in some minds of the close connexion between mental power and masculine coarseness."

A QUESTION INDEED.—The following question is said to have created tremendous excitement before the Hardscrabble Debating Institution:

"What is the difference between there being conscience enough in all women, and women enough in all conscience?"

After three weeks' discussion, the president decided "there was a difference, but wherein it consisted he was quite uncertain."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 21, 1850.

Mr. A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

Town Meeting and Temperance.

As Waterville has become, through the energy of temperance men in the adjoining towns, the centre and strong-hold of the rum traffic in this section; we doubt not that all classes—temperance men, moderate drinkers, drunkards and rum-sellers—will be equally glad to hear what course the freemen of our town have taken in regard to the traffic here. Neighboring towns have an increasing interest in this matter. Many of them have abolished the traffic; or materially reduced it within their boundaries; and it remains to be seen whether such towns shall suffer all the evils of drunkenness without ever the paltry return of the pecuniary profit on the liquor. The freemen of Waterville have also become interested in the question whether the traffic here is to be strengthened by the patronage of all the rum-drinkers of the neighboring towns. With all these considerations to aid it, an unusual interest had been awakened throughout the town, and the freemen came together in town meeting with the full conviction that some definite and efficient measures were to be taken in reference to the sale of intoxicating liquors.

The question came up, under the appropriate article, in a motion to instruct the selectmen to prosecute all violations of the licence law. A discussion ensued, during which a motion to adjourn one week prevailed, and the voters dispersed to spend that time in weighing the respective merits of temperance and drunkenness. When the time expired, both parties were at their post, and the discussion was renewed. The proposition to instruct the selectmen was not sustained, and a motion was substituted, and carried by a large majority, to appoint a committee of three to prosecute all violations of the statute. It had been feared that on account of the serious complaints made against a committee appointed for this purpose last year, nobody would consent to assume the responsibility this year. A committee designated by the Chair to make a nomination reported the names of STEPHEN THAYER, SAMUEL DOOLITTLE, and TH. W. HERRICK, for prosecuting committee. They were almost unanimously appointed: and Dr. Thayer, in a brief and characteristic speech accepting the appointment, pledged himself that nothing but death should prevent a faithful discharge of his duty. Mr. Doolittle had previously pledged himself to the town in equally strong terms. Mr. Herrick was not present, but stands as decidedly committed to the work.

We are thus particular, because our readers are over-inquisitive on this subject. We have told them how the matter stands, and shall keep them informed of what is done. Monthly, if not oftener, we promise to "post them up" in all proceedings connected with this subject, the ensuing Spring and Summer—however strong assurances the freemen may have had that the work would be sooner ended!

CHANGE OF HOURS. Longley & Co. will run their Express on the 12 o'clock M. train; thus giving those out of town an opportunity of getting their packages through to Boston the same day. The confidence of the public in the promptness and fidelity of this Express is well sustained.

[For the Eastern Mail.]
RAISING OF WHEAT.

MR. EDITOR:—Last Spring I sent you an article upon the raising of wheat, which appeared in the Mail. Since that time, I have proved by actual experiment, to my own satisfaction, that what I advanced at that time, (which was to sow the Black or Red-headed, instead of the Bald or Tea Wheat) is correct. On the 22d of May, last, I sowed one bushel of the Red-headed Wheat, (being all I could obtain of that kind) and two bushels of the Bald or Tea Wheat, on a clayey loam soil. It grew as well as could be expected, considering the drought; until it was nearly full in the milk, when we had four days of damp, rainy weather, in which time the Bald wheat rusted, but the Red-headed escaped the rust entirely and ripened a full and perfect kernel, while the Bald Wheat was shrunken or pinched.

I have conversed with a number of farmers belonging to neighboring towns, during the past winter, upon the subject of raising wheat; and without an exception, they have told me they have never failed to raise a good crop since they have sowed the Red-headed wheat. An intelligent farmer in Fairfield told me, today that he sowed the Bald Wheat until he barely obtained the seed he sowed; but for the last three years he had sowed the Red-headed, and obtained an excellent crop. He also told me that he had two bushels of his wheat ground, a few weeks since, which made 95 lbs. of good flour, being 47 1/2 lbs. per bushel.

The farmer, when he eats bread made from wheat raised by himself, knows that he is not eating plaster of paris, corn flour, or flour made from wheat that has been sprouted in the field, moulded, heated and soured in the bin, and then the acidity taken from it with lime. Such things, we have reason to suppose, have been done, from the appearance of some of the flour we buy. I consider it of the greatest importance,

apce, that the farmer should raise his own wheat, or I should not have troubled you with these few remarks of mine.

Waterville, March 13. I. MARSTON.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

A Fair Offer and a Fair Chance.

MR. EDITOR:—Just about a baker's dozen of us, "marriageable" girls, as we are called by your correspondent 'Quiz,' have had a tea-cup council, of which the following enigmatical list of a few of our most esteemed friends has been the result. On a careful re-examination of this list, we, the said baker's dozen, who have been duly pronounced 'marriageable' by Quiz, do ordain and proclaim, that the first lucky man who shall find his own name in this list of our favorites, shall have an affirmative answer to the most agreeable question he may 'propose' to any one of the said dozen. The Rev. Mr. — engages to consummate the results of this proposition without charge.

Signed in behalf of the dozen.

H.....

1. 3-7ths of what he has often sent us, 1-2 of one who handles more money than he does, and 2-3ds of the other half of the same person.

2. What we should say to him should he ask a certain question without meeting this our proposition, and what he would doubtless say to any one of us who should improve the privilege allowed us by leap-year. [Umph!]

3. The whole of the shortest petition he ever made, and one quarter of the shortest answer he ever got from any of us.

4. What he is trying to accomplish, 1-4th of what he wants, and the whole of what he is in danger of.

5. What H..... says he can't have, 1-3d of what she would cheerfully give him, and 2-3ds of the worst thing he ever did.

6. The whole of what he wants, 3-4ths of what the whole 'Dozen' wish him to be, and 1-4th of what any one of us would give him.

7. What he can't see between himself and what he aims at, what he has after dinner; 1-2 of what he is, and what it takes him two days to get.

8. What he has in his head, 1-2 of what he ought to have there, and the last half of what his first half is a part of.

9. 3-5ths of a Latin term for what one of the prettiest of us has tried to make of him, (heigh-ho!) the last half of what he can't have except with her, and the last 3-4ths of what she begs him to take care of.

10. One half of what he has but little of, and one half of what we all advise him to have but little to do with. [So there!]

11. What he drinks, what he don't eat, and 2-3ds of what he does too much of.

12. One half of what would be just like him if it had his eye, and the last 3-4ths of what can only be his on condition he finds his name here. [Posi-t-i-v-e-ly!]

13. What he is bound to do to his uncle and his enemy, and what we should like to see him attempt among this precious Thirteen.

14. 3-5ths of what he has in his coat sleeve, and one-half of what would have satisfied Solomon or Girard.

15. One half of what adds effeminacy to his very manly face, one half of what I am waiting for him to do, and what I would be happy to join him in. [Wouldn't I? says H.]

16. 3-5ths of what we shall not do to him, the same share of the place where he is daily seen, and one half of what one of us has already said to him. [Who was it?]

17. 1-2 of what we shall not feel sure of retaining without him, 2-3ds of what 3-4ths of us are trying to do with him, and 1-3d of what we think he would do if a pretty girl should offer to 'make' him a subject for illustrating the golden rule. [Aha!]

18. What he might practise towards the whole posse of us during life, with no answer but the salutation of a certain creature to a red shawl. [Oh!]

19. 3-5ths of what he should do among this baker's dozen, 1-2 of what he would be to at least one of us, and 1-7th of what he will bear in mind that he has already promised to eleven of us. [O me!]

[For the Eastern Mail.]

MR. EDITOR:

As there has been considerable dispute about the distance from Sebastacook to this place, by the two different routes, you will confer a favor by publishing the following in your paper, the several distances having been ascertained by actual measurement, by Thomas Dunbar and James Eaton, who carried the chain, and Benj. F. Palmer Esq., who kept the tally.

From Herrin's Corner, in Sebastacook, to the Depot in Waterville, by way of Waterville Bridge, five miles and 203 rods.

By way of Fairfield Bridge, five miles and 10 rods.

From Herrin's Corner to the Williams House, by way of Waterville Bridge, five miles and 32 rods.

By way of Fairfield Bridge, five miles and 148 rods.

The most central place in Waterville, except the Depot, is Messrs. Henry Nourse & Co's store, to which place the distance will not vary twenty rods by the two routes.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Improvement of Orchards.

Friend MACHAM: As the present is a leisure and favorable season for cutting scions, pruning and scraping trees, &c., would not a gentle hint, through the Mail, possibly be the means of stimulating some to a renewed effort for the improvement of their fruit trees, as a matter of economy?

Although the past season was not a prolific one, as respects fruit, in Maine, yet the counties of Kennebec and Somerset furnished the western markets with several thousands of barrels at very fair prices. Much more, however, might have been realized had the varieties been better suited to the market, and the quality improved, as it easily may be in nine cases out of ten, by a judicious pruning (not a heavy one), scraping off the moss, rough bark, &c., and applying a solution of soft soap and water, equal parts, which will destroy numerous insects that are injurious to fruit, besides imparting nutriment to the tree and giving it a much more healthy appearance. But after all, if the tree is in a starving condition (as very many are), not having been furnished with any thing to supply the exhaustion from long and repeated cropping, it will be in vain, either

er to look for fruit of a fine quality or for profit in orcharding. That orcharding may be so managed as to render it profitable, admits of no doubt. About one acre of orcharding, in this neighborhood, which has been managed as it should be, produced, as I have been informed, about \$200 worth of fruit; a profit sufficient to afford good management.

Much attention is now being paid to grafting, and it will soon remunerate the cost. The trees, however, should be in a thrifty condition, or much benefit may not be expected.

D. TABOR.

Vassalboro', 3d month, 1850.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1850.

Dear Mail:—I send, for your excellent sheet, a short account of the commencement of the Jefferson Medical College of this city:

The Jefferson Medical College held its annual commencement at the Musical Fund Hall, on Saturday last, when the Provost, the Rev. Dr. C. Cuyler, conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine upon two hundred and eleven young gentlemen; being the largest number of graduates ever sent forth from any American Medical College.

The occasion was one of complete triumph in every sense of the word, for this learned and prosperous institution, the success of which has been unexampled in this country. The anxiety to witness the exercises was so intense, especially among the ladies, that a throng began to collect in front of the building as early as nine o'clock. The saloon, capacious as it is, was soon filled to overflowing, and the door being then closed, hundreds were forced to retire without gratifying their curiosity. The scene within the Hall was rendered resplendent, by the throng of beauty that filled every portion of it, while the music from the Orchestra of Messrs. Cross and Breiter delighted every one.

The Valedictory address delivered by Prof. J. R. Mitchell to the graduating class was an interesting, chaste, beautiful and eloquent production. The Professor commenced his address with a welcome and entertaining history of the Medical schools of the city, followed by an account of the Jefferson College, and its progress, through all its seasons of adverse and prosperous fortunes, to its present unrivalled position.

The whole number of students in attendance at the Jefferson Medical College, last winter, were 516, of these 96 were M. Ds. of this and other Colleges.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

MR. EDITOR: I notice that some one who feels a deep interest in the "fusible plug" for steam engines, seems anxious that the public should examine the principles upon which this invention is said to be a safeguard against explosions. I am not an engineer, and have but little acquaintance with the steam engine; but the very simple character of a discovery which is offered as a substitute for the profound researches already devoted to this subject, leads me so far to doubt, as to feel disposed at least to ask a few questions. As one of the travelling public, I feel an interest in this matter.

Is the lead plug offered as a safeguard against explosions from an excess of steam?—and is not this the cause of a great portion of the explosions which take place?

When the use of the plug is so easily tested, and the principle on which it operates so simple in its explanation, why is it rejected by engineers, without exception, on boats and railroads?

Is there not serious danger to the fireman in the sudden fusion of the plug, and the consequent rush of steam and water into the fire?

Would the use of the plug be any safeguard against fire in the wood-work? and are such fires of frequent occurrence on boats and railroads?—I mean, fires caused by overheating the boiler from any cause.

Is there not reason to fear that the use of the plug would lead to an unfounded feeling of security in the engineer, that would be attended with greater danger than that now existing?

Has the "fusible plug" ever been submitted to the test of experiment?—or has the question of its usefulness ever been submitted to the examination of scientific men?

I notice that the subject of steam boiler explosions, since the dreadful calamity in New York, is exciting increased interest in the public mind; and to one not very familiar with the subject, it must of course appear singular that the best mechanics in the country cannot be made to see the merits of a discovery that promises so great benefit at so little cost. For one, I cannot avoid the conclusion that if the fusible plug could commend itself to common sense as readily as it does to your correspondent, it would long ago have been in general use. Why not?

I shall feel gratified if the above questions are answered.

FUSION.

We have on file two other articles on this subject—from which we conclude inquiry is turning in the direction of the "fusible plug," with the intention of finding out its merits, if it has any.

SAXE'S POEMS. The second edition of Mr. Saxe's Poems is already published. Such success is of course flattering to the author, and especially gratifying to his friends of the Green Mountain State, with whom he is justly a favorite. The Boston Post says the Poems have "met with an immense sale."

SHIP HAMPTON, Davis, from Bath for San Francisco, on board of which are many passengers from this town and vicinity, arrived at Valparaiso, on the 4th of January last; having been four days less than four months on the passage.

A. & K. RAILROAD—CHANGE OF HOURS.—It will be seen, on reference to the advertising columns, that a change has been made in the time of running the cars, by which passengers leaving Waterville at noon arrive in Boston the same evening.

LIFE INSURANCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Within a day or two my attention has been called to so striking an instance of the great importance and advantages of life insurance, by hearing related the history of a life policy recently paid by one of the companies in this city, that I am anxious to make the case known, through the columns of your paper, hoping it may induce many others to follow the example set them by a fellow citizen, who was suddenly and unexpectedly taken from his young family.

Mr. —, a merchant in this city, was induced about a year since, by one of the agents of the American Life Insurance Company, to take out a policy of Insurance in that Company on his own life, for the sum of \$5000 (the extent to which they insure on any one life), for the benefit of his wife, and in case of her death, for the benefit of their children. The wife and mother died a short time since, and a few weeks after her father also died, about 17 days before his second annual premium fell due; leaving three young children orphans.—The youngest is but 18 months old, and it has since been found (as far as his estate is concerned) that he has left them penniless. Last week the above named Company paid to the guardian of these three orphan children the full amount of the policy, \$5000, which saved them from the cold charities of the world, a dependence upon relations or friends, and is sufficient to educate them until they arrive at an age when they can do something towards their own support. By the forethought and prudence of their parent, this sum of \$5000 was secured for his now orphan children, for the comparative small sum of \$15,53-100, the amount of the annual premium, and that paid in quarterly payments. Is not Life Insurance more than "Bank for savings" to the widow and orphans? How little, Mr. Editor, are the great advantages of it appreciated in this community, especially by that class who so much need it.

To be satisfied that the above account was fully correct, I called at the office of the Company in this city, which is at 40 Wall street, and was assured by Mr. Wadsworth, the Actuary, that it was true; and he also informed me that the Company had now been in operation nearly two years, in which time they had lost but about \$18,000, every dollar of which (with the exception of one loss of 2000) has been paid under circumstances very similar to the one related above. In almost every instance it is the sole support of the widow and orphan. Where is the man that has one ray of affection left in him; who knows, as hundreds nay, thousands in this city must know, that if they were taken away from their families, they must be left entirely destitute, who can hesitate or delay one moment, under such circumstances, and such evidence of its great advantages before them, on the subject of insuring their lives for the benefit of their families.

The name of the President, Prof. Benjamin Silliman, Sr. and those of the other officers and Trustees (which will be found in the pamphlets) of the American Mutual Life Insurance Company, located in New Haven, Conn., and in this city, are sufficient guaranty that the business of the Company is conducted upon the strictest rules of prudence, uprightness and liberality, and whatever investment is made there is safe.

The rates of premium in the above company, we understand are reduced 25 per cent.—[N. Y. Jour. Com.]

Pamphlets explanatory of their system, and all other information relating to the company above named, can be obtained at the office of Dr. R. J. Davis, their agent for Waterville.

The Lower Route.

MR. EDITOR: The survey of the Railroad Route from this place to Bangor, by way of Unity, Troy, Dixmont, &c., known as the 'Lower Route,' under the supervision of Mr. Wildes, is proceeding rapidly. Thus far a very good route indeed has been found—much better than was anticipated. Mr. Wildes has reached Dixmont, and finds a feasible route through—or rather between—those famous hills. He will soon himself give a report and plan of the route, with an estimate of the cost of the road.

DR. WEBSTER'S TRIAL commenced in Boston on Tuesday. Most of the day was occupied in the preliminaries of getting a jury and preparing for the reception of testimony. Mr. Clifford had closed his opening argument for the State.

Webster's Speech.

We take the following abstract of Mr. Webster's late speech from an Exchange.

After recurring briefly to the events which led to the acquisition of California and New Mexico, and to the course of proceeding by which the gold region has been suddenly peopled, and has been presented to Congress now for admission into the Union, Mr. Webster enters briefly into a historical review of the question of slavery—an institution which, he says, has existed in the world from time immemorial. It was found among the earliest nations of the East. The Jews had it; the Greeks had it, and justified it, on the ground of a natural inferiority in the black race; the Romans had it, but held it to be against natural law, though supported by the law of nations; and Christendom inherited it from Paganism. But in the New Testament, he adds there is no direct injunction against the system; altho' the whole spirit of Christianity is, in many portions of the civilized world, understood to be against it. This understanding has taken deep hold upon the religious feeling of the people of the free States, who make open war, therefore—a war of destruction—upon the whole system—while in the slave States some justify it, and others see no way in which they can safely release themselves from it. Of the latter, too, he insists, that many are 'just as conscientious, as we are in the North, holding different sentiments.' He then complains, that upon the issue thus made up, the spirit of ultramarian has been too paramount. There are men, he says, who, in the hot pursuit of one duty, do not hesitate to violate a hundred others—men who deal with morals as with mathematics, and think that right may be distinguished from wrong with all the precision of Algebra—men who think that nothing is good unless perfectly good, and would blot out the sun if they detected spots upon it—impatient men, who cannot wait for the slow progress of moral causes in the improvement of mankind. These men, he says, exasperate the dispute which, on the subject of slavery, divides the Union.

But slavery, he continues, exists among us, and did exist at the formation of our Constitution. Then it was regarded as a moral and political evil in all sections of the country. Then it was expected that, by restraining the importation of slaves, slavery would gradually die out. Then, the ordinance of 1787 was applied to exclude slavery from all the territory of the United States over which Congress had jurisdiction. But opinion on the subject has

changed. The North has grown stronger against slavery, and the South stronger in its favor. The Southern change he attributes to the rapid growth of the cotton planting interest, which renders slave labor more profitable and more desirable. In 1794, Mr. Jefferson hardly knew that any cotton was raised here at all, but now in a good year and with high prices the cotton crop is worth a hundred millions of dollars. To the same cause he attributes the purchase of Louisiana, and the cession of Florida, and the annexation of Texas—the latter of which measure he says he opposed from beginning to end—but which being accomplished he is ready to execute in good faith. He then lays down the proposition—which is the real substance of his whole speech—that there is not at this moment within the United States a single foot of land the character of which, in regard to its being free soil territory or slave territory, is not fixed by some law, some irrepealable law—a law beyond the power of the action of this government. By the resolutions admitting Texas, four States might thereafter be formed out of her territory—of which those above the Missouri Compromise line were to be free, and those below the line to be free or slave as their respective inhabitants might determine—and the whole of this territory, he argues, is therefore, irrevocably fixed in its character on this subject by the operation of law—fixed, too, by the votes of men who have since become active in the ranks of free-soil.

In this connexion Mr. Webster alluded to his own course, and that of Northern Democracy, on the subject of the acquisition of Texas. He had been opposed to it from the start. In 1837 he had opposed it in a speech made before the Whigs of New York at Nibbs' Garden, on the occasion, we believe, (though Mr. Webster did not then allude to it,) of a dinner given in his honor.

He had endeavored, without success, to awaken the Northern mind to the great importance of the subject, for he was opposed to the acquisition of Texas on the ground that he was opposed to the creation of any more slave States. Against his will and that of the Northern Whigs, Texas was annexed by Northern Democratic votes, and it was annexed by resolutions which authorized the formation of four new States, with the consent of Texas, within the boundaries of Texas. This was the compact. It was well drawn, stringent, and obligatory. It was the legacy of the Northern Democrats. The work was thoroughly done, without blot or flaw in it. There was the compact—and he was determined to fulfill it.—Whenever Texas, under circumstances contemplated by the resolutions, called for the formation of three new States, he was bound to vote for their admission, for he would never violate or sully the pledged faith of the Government.

But no sooner had these Northern Democrats admitted Texas than the war with Mexico was set on foot with their concurrence and assistance, and sustained by their votes. He with the Whigs had opposed the acquisition of territory contemplated by that war. But when his friend from Georgia introduced his resolutions repudiating the idea of acquisition, the Northern Democracy opposed them, and the new territory was acquired; California and New Mexico became ours by their votes, and then they undertook to hold us harmless under the perils thus brought upon us, by the saving grace of the Wilmot proviso. The Senator from liberty loving Connecticut, (Mr. Niles,) and the Senator from New York, (Mr. Dix,) after doing what in they lay to involve the country in the evils and dangers resulting from these acquisitions of Texas and portions of Mexico, went home to make rousing and capital speeches about Free-Soil.

This view of the question led Mr. Webster to speak of the "Wilmot." On this subject he expressed himself very distinctly. He said that this slave question had ceased to be a practical question, with the annexation of Texas. That disposed of the slave soil. When it came to New Mexico and California, a very different state of the case was presented. If there were any question as to the territory—if there was any practical good to be effected by adopting the ordinance of 1787 and applying it to the new acquisitions—that would present a different case for consideration. But where it was an idle or a useless provision—where it would answer no good end, and could only serve to wound the feelings or pride of a portion of his fellow citizens—he would vote against its introduction into any territorial bill. With regard to New Mexico, he would not so disgrace his own understanding as to vote for the "Wilmot." To place it on a territorial bill for New Mexico, would be to reaffirm an ordinance of Nature—to re-enact the will of God.

With regard to the charges of aggression made against the North for the formation of Abolition societies and the establishment of Abolition papers, Mr. Webster regretted all this, but saw no way to arrest it. They had never, in his judgement, accomplished any good end. They had only strengthened the bonds of the slave, and retarded the prospects of emancipation. There was no man now in Virginia who would dare to discuss the slavery question, in the tone and temper in which it was discussed in 1832. The reason of this was, that the agitation of the Northern papers and societies had aroused an antagonistic sentiment in the people which could not be resisted. It united all men of all sentiments against the improper and impertinent interference of strangers. But for this evil there was no remedy. In the nature of things, there could be none. The press could not be shackled any more than the debates in Congress could be checked, and they had exhibited as much violence and harsh language as had been displayed in the Abolition newspapers. Under our Government, the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press must remain inviolate.

In regard to fugitive slaves, Mr. Webster was of opinion that on this score the South had substantial cause for complaint, and that the North had done wrong. The Constitution had made distinct provision on this subject, and, in honor and justice, the North were bound to fulfill all their constitutional obligations. The State Legislatures had no right to pass any laws in any manner conflicting with the duties of the States under the Constitution, and he was ready, and willing, to second and sustain all necessary and proper legislation by Congress to carry out the provisions of the Constitution on this subject.

In the course of his remarks, Mr. Webster alluded to the Nashville convention, and to the idea of "peaceful succession" or a peaceful dissolution of the Union. This portion of his speech was marked, we think, with a rhetoric as felicitous as adorns the most elaborate of his speeches, and it was thrown off, apparently as freely as fire from the flint when struck by the steel. Spark after spark, flash after flash, it warmed and thrilled the breast of every hearer, till when he closed, the pent-up enthusiasm of the audience manifested itself in a round of applause that the place and presence could not suppress.

Nothing humbler, at times, than ambition

Portland Advertisements

JOHN G. HAYES & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
 **HATS, CAPS, FURS and UMBRELLAS**
Buffalo Robes, Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c.
No. 7 Market Sq., (Opposite U. S. Hotel),
PORTLAND.
Cash and the highest price paid for **SHIPPING FURS** (Ly
JONES, HAMMOND & CO.

SHIP CHANDLERS.
At their Old Store, Manvers's Church Building, Head of Long
and Commercial Wharves... PORTLAND.
ARE prepared to furnish Goods of Rigging, Fishermen's Haul
ropes, Manila, &c. from the best Factories in New England.
Also, RAIL, DUCK of all kinds, CHAIN CABLES and ANCHORS,
PAINTS, OILS and HARDWARE... with a full assortment of BUILDING
CHANDLERY, at lowest prices and on favorable terms. 25

DRY GOODS,
H. J. Libby & Co.
H AVE in Store a Good Stock FALL and WINTER GOODS
which they offer to the Trade on as good terms as can be had.
In this or any Other City.
Merchants are invited to call and examine our stock, as we
intend to be offered to purchase it at their lowest to purchase
Goods in this Market. Montreal, CALIF. PORTLAND.

T. HAMMOND, JR.
No. 18 Exchange Street, PORTLAND, Me.
Dealer in
Sheet and Bolt COPPER, YELLOW METAL
STOVES and FIRE FRAMES,
Hollow-ware, Lead Pipe, Cast Iron and Copper Pumps
Vessel Work, and all kinds of Castings, and from
CASTINGS,
Th, Sheet Iron, Copper, Brass and Lead Work promptly executed
SPERM, WHALE, and LARD OIL.
ROBINSON & HYDE,
Manufacturers of Sperm and Whale Oil,
No. 18 Exchange st., PORTLAND,
Will always sell at lowest Boston prices, for Cash or approved
6m/2 result.

WALTER COREY,
Wholesale and Retail

furniture warehouse, feather store, — and
 CHAIR FACTORY.
 No. 52, 54 and 56 Exchange Street,
 ly21 PORTLAND.

DANIEL EVANS,
 IMPORTER OF
HARD WARE & CUTLERY
 Wholesale and Retail,
 147 Middle Street, Portland.
 Also, Constantly on hand, direct from American Manufacturers
 a full supply of DOMESTIC HARDWARE. ly22

EMERY & BUCK,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
 Vegetables, Olives, Lemons, Oranges, Raisins, Figs, Dates, Prunes
 &c. &c. Tamarinds, Vanilla, Peaches, Syrup, Preserved Cocoa Nuts,
 Almonds, Pea-Can Nuts, Pistachio, Salt Barrels, Chestnuts,
 Maple Sugar, Cigars, Tobacco, Cinnamon, &c.
 No. 267 Congress Street, Portland, Maine.

LOUR, MOLASSES, SUGARS, &c. &c.
 FOR SALE AT
 Nos. 1 and 2 Atlantic Railroad Wharf, PORTLAND.
 1200 bbls. superfine, fair, and common brands FLOUR
 1000 bushels Yellow Flat CORN
 200 bbls new crop CUA MOLASSES
 20 boxes Havana Brown SUGARS
 20 bbls Crushed do
 10 Powdered do
 12 " Portland Sugar House do
 30 chests and half chests Young Hyson TEA
 10 chests Souchong do

20 half chests Oolong	do
10 half chests Orange Pekoe	do
10 lbs pure SALESTAFFS	do
20 boxes "	do
10 " Soda	do
100 lbs Walden & Crafts' Extra Butter SALT	do
100 lbs Ground PLASTER	do
10 lbs Winter Spew Oil	do
30 bids " Whale	do

Goods delivered at the Atlantic Depot free of charge.

Wanted as Above,
 5000 bushels OATS; 600 bushels HERDSGRASS SEED;
 6000 the CLOVER SEED.

6m20 **EDWARD R. UPHAM.**

SMITH, HERSEY & Co.
 COMMISSION MERCHANTS

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
West India Goods, Teas, Paints, Oil, Lumber
Pot & Pearl Ashes, & Country Produce generally.
AGENTS FOR SALE OF
PORTLAND SHEETINGS, STRIPES AND DRILLS
—AD—
Buckfield Gunpowder Patent Safety Fuse for Blasting
Lawrence Rosendale Cement of first quality.
Feb. 28, 1856.
City Hall Building, PORTLAND.
ST. JOHN STREET,
T. C. HERRICK,
J. H. FLETCHER.

the Richest to the Most Common Kinds. LOOKING-GLASS
of ALL kinds—GILT FRAMES, for Portraits, Landscapes and
Pais—ALL of our own manufacture. The above articles warrant
ed, and offered wholesale and retail at prices as low as the
can be obtained in Boston or elsewhere. Purchasers are assured
it will be FOR THEIR ADVANTAGE TO CALL AT MY ESTABLISHMENT.

Chinese Lustral Washing Fluid,
FOR WASHING IN HARD OR SOFT WATER.

THIS magical effects of this Fluid have given it a fame in B

a rope, since it has been introduced into England, far beyond any preparation that has ever been tried to diminish the amount of labor necessary in the usual mode of washing. No rubbing required, and the linens and cottons come out of the rinsing water, cleaner, softer, and whiter, than if they had undergone the severest rubbing in soap and water. By the rubbing that cloth-

undergo in the tatal system of washing, they generally receive
the same treatment. The soap is made by the Lehigh Valley
Treat Fluid, this is remedied—seven-eighths of the soap is saved
and the labor is nearly all dispensed with.
One trial, according to the directions on each bottle, will
show that substitute all that is paid in favor of this valuable prop-
erty.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by W. E. B. MORSE,
269 Congress street, Portland.
He also has a general assortment of WEST INDIA GOODS
and GROCERIES; which will be sold, wholesale and retail, on the
most favorable terms. 2m29

MUSIC STORE.

AUGUSTUS ROBINSON, No. 61 Exchange street, Portland, Me.
A land, has just returned from Philadelphia, where he has

Musical Instruments,
and Musical Goods: a great variety of VIOLINS, from celebrated
makers in Cremona, France, and Germany, some very old and
fine, fitted at \$2.50 and \$4 each; Violins for Boys, Violin Cases,
highly polished, Musical Boxes, Briddles, and other Goods.
Finger Boards for Violins and Violoncellos, Tuning Forks, Figs
and Hammers, Rats for Bows, Drums, Baccalos, Post Horns, Tru-
bones, Concert Horns, Trumpets, Accordeons, Flutinas, Melod-
ions, Flutes, Violoncellos, Guitars, Banjos, Tambourines, Mus-
ic Boxes, Flageolles, Clarionetts, Octave Flutes and Pipes.

Players in instruments furnished at the same time, and which would inform the public that they are not to be deceived by the use of those celebrated **IMPERIAL VIOLIN STRINGS**. Those Violin players that have not used these strings, will do well to call and get a few, for they are the best strings to be found. Bass Viol, Guitar and Piano strings, together with a large collection of

PIANO FORTÉ MUSIC.
AND MUSIC FOR THE FLUTE AND VIOLIN.

To accommodate my numerous customers, my place of Music in my office will be ordered from Boston or New York. Terms Cash.

Instruction Books for the **Piano Forte** and all other Instruments.

Music for Gentlemen supplied.

JAMES O'DONNELL.
No. 115-26

Attorney and Counselor at Law,
No. 122 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND.

L. D. HANSON & CO.
Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES;
SHOE STOCK AND FINDINGS, LASTS AND BOOT TREEN,
ALSO,
N. York Slaughter and Southern Safe Leather
Together with a Prime Assortment of
COMBING BRUSHES and **BRISTLES**,
which they will sell as low as can be bought in the Trade
from the Country with pleasure give a call before purchasing.
NO. 119 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.

GWYNETH & TOLMAN,

[illegible]

