



6-27-1850

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 49): June 27, 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. 49): June 27, 1850" (1850). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 152.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/152

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, JUNE 27, 1850.

NO. 49.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.
At No. 3 1-2 Bottle 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.

THE MAY-TREE.

[From "Bohemian Bells," translated by A. H. Wadsworth, and published in "The Eastern Mail," London, 1849.]
A May-tree fair at Whitstun
Was brought me by my lover,
It was the fairest pine he could
In all the grove discover.
Even as a bird's eye, the moon
Doh in my chamber shine;
Two from the window, and his
His feelings well divine.
He at the window knelt, and "Grant
O, grant one kiss!" he cried,
But like a little mouse beneath
The coverlet I hid.
Right eye above the coverlet
Seems fast asleep to be,
Left eye beneath the coverlet
Laughs at him merrily.
He calls again: not so the stag
Thinks for the cooling tide,
Not so the bee that longing seeks
For honey far and wide.
But in my chamber 'twas as still
As though a grave it were,
Only the beating of my heart
Betrayed that I was there.
Long time he knocked, long time he called,
At length the door went,
His lovely voice though conquered me,
And to the window sent.
A little bit I raised it up,
I think that he has seen,
He catches me, he kisses me,
Until my neck is red.

POPULAR READING.

THE QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

BY MASSINIUS, A GERMAN JESUIT, 1657.

"Or all my wives," said King Ninus to Semiramis, "it is you I love best. None have charms and graces like you, and for you I would willingly resign them all."
"Let the king consider well what he says," responded Semiramis. "What if I was to take him at his word?"
"Do so," returned the monarch; "while beloved by you I am indifferent to others."
"So, then, if I asked it," said Semiramis, "you would banish all your other wives and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partner of your power, and Queen of Assyria?"
"Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already," said Ninus, "since you reign by your beauty over its king?"
"No, no," answered his lovely mistress; "I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not; I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed. And to reign, then, you think so great a pleasure?"
"Yes, to one who has never experienced it." "And do you wish then to experience it?" "Would you like to reign a few days in my place?"
"Take care, O King! do not offer too much." "No, I repeat it," said the captivated monarch. "Would you like, for one whole day, to be sovereign mistress of Assyria? If you would I consent to it."
"And all which I command them to be executed?"
"Yes, I will resign to you, for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre."
"And when shall this be?"
"To-morrow, if you like."
"I do," said Semiramis; and she let her head fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which has been yielded to.
The next morning Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus, who, enchanted with her beauty, ordered all the officers of the palace to assemble in the State Chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered into the chamber, leading Semiramis by the hand. All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey, during the whole day, Semiramis as himself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and placed it in the hands of Semiramis.
"Queen," said he, "I commit to you the emblem of sacred power, take it, and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves, and I myself am nothing but your servant for the whole of this day. Whoever shall be remiss in obeying your orders, let him be punished as if he had disobeyed the commands of the king."
Having thus spoken the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile, her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to obey blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was finished, the king made her his compliments, and asked her how she managed to go through with it with so grave and majestic an air.
"While they were promising to obey me," said Semiramis, "I was thinking what I should command each one to do. I have but one day of power, and I will use it well."
The king laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more piquant and amiable than ever.
"Let us see," said Ninus, "how you will continue your part. By what orders will you begin?"
"Let the secretary of the king approach my throne," said Semiramis, in a loud voice.
The secretary approached, two slaves placed a little table before him. "Write," said Semiramis: "Under penalty of death, the Governor of the citadel of Babylon is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear to him this order." "Fold this order, seal it with the king's seal, and deliver to me this decree." "Write now!" "Under penalty of death, the Governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order." "Fold it, seal it with the king's seal, and deliver to me this decree." "Write again!" "Under penalty of death, the General of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who shall deliver to him this order." "Fold, seal, and deliver to me this decree to me."
She took the three orders thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation; the king himself was surprised.
"Listen," said Semiramis. "In two hours hence let all the officers of the State come and offer me presents as is the custom on the accession of new princes, and let a festival be prepared for this evening. Now let all depart. Let my faithful servant Ninus alone remain. I have to consult him upon affairs of State."
When all the rest had gone out—"You see," said Semiramis, "that I know how to play the queen!"
Ninus laughed.
"My beautiful queen," said he, "you play your part to astonishment. But if your servant may dare to question you what would you do with the orders you have dictated?"
"I should be no longer queen were I obliged to give account of my actions. Nevertheless this was my motive. I have a vengeance to execute against the three officers whom these orders menace."
"Vengeance, and wherefore?"
"The first, the Governor of the citadel, is one-eyed, and frightens me every time I meet him; the second, the chief of the slaves, I hate, because he threatens me with rivals; the third, the General of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."
This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, charmed Ninus.
"Good," said he laughing. "Here are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."
The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones, others of a lower rank flowers and fruit, and the slaves having nothing to give gave nothing. Among these last were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were from an enormous tiger. When they passed the throne, "And you," said she to the three brothers, "have you no present to make your queen?"
"None other," replied the first, Zopire, "than my life to defend her."
"None other," replied the second, Artaban, "than my sabre against her enemies."
"None other," replied the third, Assar, "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."
"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable presents of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the General of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You who have offered your life for my defence, take this order to the Governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you. And you who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order to the commandant of the palace and see what will be the result."
Never had Semiramis displayed so much gaiety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when a slave, not having executed properly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to cut off, which was immediately done.
Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus still continued to converse with Semiramis till the evening and the fête arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch.
"Is well," said she, after having examined it. "Place it on a stake in the court of the palace, that all may see it, and be you there to proclaim to every one that the man to whom this head belonged lived three hours ago; but that having disobeyed my will his head was separated from his body."
The fête was magnificent: a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the garden, and Semiramis received the homage of all with a grace and majesty perfectly regal; she continually turned and conversed with Ninus, rendering him the most distinguished honor.
"You are," said she, "a foreign king come to visit me in my palace, I must make your visit agreeable to you."
Shortly after the banquet was served. Semiramis confounded and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the foot of the table. He was the first to laugh at this caprice; and the court followed his example—allowed themselves to be placed, without murmuring, according to the will of the queen. She seated near herself the three brothers from the Caucasus.
"Are my orders executed?" she demanded of them.
"Yes," they replied.
The fête was very gay. A slave having, by the force of habit, served the king first, Semiramis had him beaten with rods. His cries mingled with the laughter of the guests. Every one was inclined to merriment. It was a comedy, in which each played his part. Toward the end of the feast, when the wine had added to the general gaiety, Semiramis rose from her elevated seat, and said—
"My lords, the treasurer of the empire has read me a list of those who this morning have brought me their gifts of congratulation on my joyful accession to the throne. One grandee alone of the court has failed to bring his gift."
"Who is it?" cried Ninus. "He must be punished severely."
"It is yourself, my lord—you who speak." "What have you given to the queen this morning?"
Ninus rose, and came with a smiling countenance to whisper something in the ear of the queen. "The queen is insulted by her servant," exclaimed Semiramis.
"I embrace your knees to obtain my pardon. Pardon me, beautiful queen," said he, "pardon me. And he added, in a lower tone, "I would that this fête were finished."
"You wish, then, that I should abdicate?" said Semiramis. "But no—I have still two hours to reign; and at the same time the withdrawal of the hand which the king was covering with kisses." "I pardon not," said she in a loud voice, "such an insult on the part of a slave. Slave, prepare thyself to die."

"Silly child that thou art," said Ninus, still on his knees, "yet I give way to thy folly; but patience, thy reign will soon be over."
"You will not then be angry," said she, in a whisper, "at something I am going to order at this moment?"
"No," said he.
"Slaves," said she aloud, "seize this man—Ninus!"
Ninus smiled, put himself into the hands of the slaves.
"Take him out of the saloon, lead him into the court of the seraglio, prepare everything for his death, and wait my orders."
The slaves obeyed, and Ninus followed them, laughing, into the court of the seraglio. They passed by the head of the disobedient eunuch. Then Semiramis placed herself on a balcony. Ninus had suffered his hands to be tied.
"Hasten to the fortress, Zopire; you to the camp, Artaban; Assar, do you secure all the gates in the palace."
These orders were given in a whisper, and executed immediately.
"Beautiful queen," said Ninus, laughing, "this comedy only wants its dénouement, pray let it be a prompt one."
"I will," said Semiramis. "Slaves, remember the eunuch—strike!"
They struck. Ninus had hardly time to utter a cry when his head fell upon the pavement, the smile was still on his lips.
"Now I am queen of Assyria," exclaimed Semiramis, "and perish every one, like the eunuch and like Ninus, who dare disobey my orders."
Curing a Nibbler.
Some people have a very ugly way of laying violent hands on small trifles that don't belong to them; which cost others money, and which they don't think of paying for. Now it is very well known that grocers pay about the smallest profits of any other merchandise; hence the habits of some folks of going into a store to purchase ten or twenty-five cents worth of groceries—to be sent home too—and while they wait for the goods to be put up, they amuse themselves by a mouthful of sugar, gormandise an apple or two, or guzzle a bunch of raisins, figs, slice of cheese, plug of tobacco, biscuit, or whatever else lies around temptingly exposed to view. You may rest assured that people don't trade and traffic for the fun of it, and if you gouge the grocer he'll be justified in keeping square with you, by sending light weight and scant measure. A facetious old merchant friend of ours up town, was thus tumbled by a customer who used to come in daily to order something or other in the grocery line, and who having an amazing sweet tooth in his head, thought nothing of nibbling chunks of sugar, bunches of raisins, &c. One morning, Nibble came into the store before breakfast, evidently disturbed in mind.
"Mr. —, you sent my quarter bill last night."
"Yes, sir, I did."
"Well, there's one item I don't understand— nibbles 3 mos. daily—\$3. What the dickens do you mean by that?"
"You keep a dry goods store, Mr. —."
"Yes, I do."
"Now suppose I came in every day to buy two or three shillings worth of goods, and each time I should levy on a spoon of cotton, a paper of needles, or a piece of tape, which I never of course thought of accounting for?"
"O, ah, yes, yes, I take the force of what you are about to say; those little things do count up."
"You've got me now." The bill was paid. The dry goods did not take the matter as an insult, and what is still more strange—quite nibbling. [Boston Saturday Rambler.]

TAKING THE CENSUS.—Madam, will you please to inform me of the number of inhabitants in this house?
"Sir?"
"The population in this mansion?"
"Well, there is eight in the room over head."
"How many?"
"Eight."
"Are they all adults?"
"No; they are all Smiths, except two boarders."
"Smiths; black or white smiths, madam?"
"I'd have you to know I don't live in a house with niggers."
"I didn't allude to color; I meant their calling."
"O, that's it, is it? Well, if you'd been here last night, you'd have found out, for they were calling the watch as loud as they could scream."
"Madam, I merely wish to know how many people you have in this house, and what they do for a living."
"Yes, yes, now I understand. Well, let me see, there's the two Mullinsees—that's one."
"That makes two, madam."
"Well, if you know best, count 'em yourself."
"It is my business to inquire, madam."
"Well, you had better attend to it, then, and not bother me."
"Madam, I am out with the census, and—"
"Well, you act out of your senses, I should think, to come into my house asking such questions."
"It is in accordance with an act of Congress, madam."
"Well, you tell Mr. Congress, or whatever his name is, that he acts very foolishly, sending you round, asking such silly questions."
A good and pious minister had an excellent and elegant horse, on which he had placed no small share of his affections, and he was proud to show and pamper him; but very suddenly and unexpectedly to his family he sold the horse, and when they, astonished at the measure, inquired the cause, he made answer, that he could not keep the horse, because he got into the pulpit with him.
The intrusion is not a singular one, but the conscientious determination of the good man was highly creditable to his heart and judgment. [Ellsworth Courier.]

RIDING ON HORSEBACK.—On which side of a lady on horseback should a gentleman ride? Hear N. P. Willis, high authority on any such matter. "It is, says he, a disputed point, but, 'in our weak way,' we have always chosen the right side for several reasons. If the lady's horse stumble, and throw her, of course to the left side—if your own horse shies or prance up against her—if she have occasion to arrange her stirrups—if you wish to ride very close to her—if you wish to show her to the best advantage and with all her drapery to the passer-by—if it be worth while to have her face turned to you as an attention, and not as a matter of course—for all these reasons the right side seems the better."
Enough said, Mr. Willis; so many cogent, sweet, and satisfying reasons, must settle the point for all right minded equestrians.
Punctuality.
Ah! that's the word—punctuality! did you ever see a man, who was punctual who did not prosper in a long run? We don't care who or what he was—high or low, black or white, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized—we know if he did as he agreed and was punctual in all of his engagements, he prospered and was more respected than his shiftless, lying neighbors.
Men who commence business should be careful how they neglect their obligation and break their word. A person who is prompt can always be accommodated, and is therefore 'lord over another man's purse,' as Franklin would say. Never make promises upon uncertainties. Although the best of men may sometimes fail to do as they would, the case is extremely rare. He who is prompt to fulfill his word will never make a promise where it is not equal to a moral certainty that he can do as he agrees. If you would succeed be punctual to the hour. Return borrowed money the moment you promised it. In all things if you are thus prompt we will risk you through life, you will succeed—you cannot help it. Those who are prompt in their business affairs are generally so in every department through life. You never know them to be late at church, to the polls or to bed. A promptness in every thing characterizes them. May you be thus prompt. The first symptoms of reform, if you have been remiss in duty, will be to send to the printer forthwith and pay your subscription. We have been more or less connected with papers for twenty years, and the result of our experience is, the man who pays punctually for his paper is prompt in every transaction of life, makes a good citizen, exerts a good influence, prospers, and is in a fair way to reach heaven.
THE HONOR OF BEING A HANGMAN.—Copenhagen, in its criminal policy, possessed the spirit of Adam's old school-mistress, and punished 'with a difference.' To satisfy the pride of the burghers, a prominent stone gallows was erected in a field of doom, and the wheel stood hard by. These were expressly for the use of well-to-do citizens. Ignoble vagabonds were fain to be content to be run up to a wooden beam. A stone gibbet was too much honor for your obscure scoundrel! The same pride for long distinguished the turbulent cities of Flanders; and a pride, similar in quality, but excessive in degree, prevailed till lately, and perhaps still prevails, in Hungary. In the latter country, no town of note would care to exist without its peculiar hangman. A criminal might live even without a clergyman; but how could he possibly die without an executioner? It once happened, we are told, that the inhabitants of Kesmark, in the Zips, sent to the authorities of Luthan, begging the loan of their hangman. 'We will do nothing of the sort,' replied the indignant magistrates to the messenger. 'Go back to your masters and tell them that we keep our hangman for ourselves and our children, and not for the people of Kesmark!'

Having used a tallow candle for some time, without snuffing, and being very much annoyed for the want of more light, Cimon mustered up sufficient courage, to finally thus address the foreman:
"Jones, as the fingers are a portion of the animal system, which, according to the laws of nature, are so constituted as to be unable to resist the tickling influence of flame, I most respectfully suggest the propriety of your going to the somewhat extravagant expense of purchasing a pair of snuffers."
"Fingers," replied Jones, "were made long before snuffing."
"Well, snuffing again!" exclaimed Cimon, "and as you haven't made any thing on that tack, just hurry up the utensils."
Jones sent out and bought the snuffers, and inwardly resolved never again to attempt to corner a printer's devil. [Museum.]

THE THREE CLAIMS.—A few weeks ago a lonely traveler was seen to approach a solitary log hut which stood fifty miles from any habitation, in the centre of a Western prairie. The tenant of the cabin was much struck by the woe-begone looks of the traveler who approached, holding his knapsack in his hand. The following confab took place:
"What is your opinion of the Webster case?" asked the traveler.
"Never heard on it," answered the squatter.
"And what do you think of the Forrest divorce case?"
"Never heard of him nayther," responded the squatter.
"And—as to the Galphin claim," continued the traveler.
"Never heard of him," was the quick response of the squatter.
The traveler burst into tears. "Stranger!" he cried, in an outburst of joy, "I'll stay with you a few weeks. It will take about three weeks for those three cases to reach this quarter; and when they do, why then I'll strike out for Japan!"
He was a man who had been bored into madness by reading newspaper discussions on the three cases. [Quaker City.]

THE THOUGHTFUL BARBER.—There are boys who think themselves men, and who go to barbers' shops to be, as they say, 'barbered.' We have heard of a juvenile who went to be scraped, and the barber having adjusted the cloth, and soaped his smooth skin, left him, and went lounging about his door. As soon as the young gent saw him samtering, he impatiently called out, "Well, what are you leaving me all this time here for?" "I am waiting until your beard grows!" replied the witty barber. [New York Herald.]

HE CAN PASS.—The Cleveland Plain Dealer, a paper which has some spicy paragraphs now and then, tells the following 'good one':
"Men will be humbugged and imposed upon—the police may be as adroit as the law will allow—but the scoundrels whose hands are against every man, and every man's hand against them, like a weaver's shuttle fly and evade the hand of justice. Strangers, untried and unsophisticated, fall easy victims to city impostors, while our good citizens are not exempt from the tribute paid to itinerant humbugs. The latest scheme put into execution by the wharf pirates, is that of pretending to be city officers, and making greenhorns pay for the 'freedom of the city.' A variant son of Pennsylvania was set upon by one of these sharper the other day, and threatened with the calabasso, if he didn't pay fifty cents for a 'pass,' which read as follows:
"James Ray Hubbs, is hereby permitted to pass through this city hereafter."
"Hither, bright angels, wing your flight, And stay your gentle presence here— Watch round, and shield us through the night, That every shade may disappear."
How sweet, when Nature claims repose, And darkness fronts in silence night, To welcome in at daylight's close, Those radiant troops that gem the sky!
To feel that unseen hands we clasp, White feet unheard are gathering round— To know, that we, in faith, may grasp Celestial guards from heavenly ground!
O ever thus, with silent prayer, For those we love, may night begin— Repeating safe, released from care, Till morning leads the sunlight in."
J. T. F.—[Museum.]

Home Affections.
The heart has affections that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are the memories of home—early home. There is a magic in the sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung many a day; yonder is the river in which he learned to swim—there the house in which he knew a parent's protection—may, there is the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church whither, with a joyous troop like himself, he has often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who ministered at the altar. Why, even the very school-house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant remembrances of many occasions that call forth some generous exhibitions of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness in life, has made a home for himself, happier than that which his childhood had known. There are certain feelings of humanity, and those, too, among the best, that can find an appropriate place for their exercise only at one's own fireside. There is a privacy of that which it is a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more or less than a villain; and hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate in any man, the man who invades the sanctity of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection and confidence which are not to be abused.

POVERTY.—Poverty, says Douglass Jerrold, is a bitter draught, but may, and sometimes with advantage, be gulped down. The drinker makes wry faces, there may, after all, be wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however courteously it be offered, is the cup of a siren, and the wine, spiced and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a flaw in his jerkin, and cracks in his shoe leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor, though clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he but a serf upon a holiday—a slave, to be reclaimed at any time by his owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; let thy mouthwater at the last week's roll; think a threadbare coat the 'only wear'; and acknowledge a white washed garret the fittest housing place for a gentleman; do this, and fee debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded.

Almost any young man who knows how to work at twenty-one, might at twenty-six own a cottage and lot if a city mechanic, and a tolerable dwelling, and from forty to one hundred acres of land if a farmer, if he would really and steadily try. It is not the thing to marry and take your bride to another man's house—it is not fairly taking her home. If our young men would earnestly, consistently try to have a home of their own for such occasions there need be no great proportion of them come short of it. But to effect any thing they must try thoroughly—put aside frolics and playhouses—pitch the 'sparkling glass' sheer overboard, and send the tobacco and cigar box spinning after it.

TRANSMISSION OF NEWS IN FORMER DAYS.—Nov. 8, 1777.—The extreme difficulty in procuring authentic news, common to this period, may be illustrated by the subjoined extracts from the local newspaper:—"Monday evening last, several gentlemen of Nottingham received letters by the coach, with an account of a total defeat of General Washington's army in America, obtained by his Majesty's forces under the command of General Sir William Howe. Soon after, this news was communicated to several gentlemen who were regaling themselves at different public houses in the town; and, in consequence of the above most interesting and most important intelligence arriving, the bells began to ring about one o'clock in the morning, and continued all Tuesday and the day following, with but very little intermission. At intervals several young men assembled themselves together on this joyful occasion, each armed with a gun, and paraded the streets, frequently discharging the same, which was immediately re-echoed with uncommon shouts of applause. The populace procured an ass, on which they erected a figure, representing the rebel General Washington, dressed in a military character, which was repeatedly fired at, and after that committed to the flames. We were also amused with the expectation of a gazette extraordinary arriving to confirm the accounts contained in the above letter, and also in one received hereon Tuesday, from a gentleman who heard the purport of an express which reached the Duke of Newcastle at Clumberpark, on the preceding day. The same day we also received a Glasgow paper, confirming the above advices. After receiving so many accounts (all agreeing with each other) of such important news, who could be otherwise than in an elevated state? No extraordinary Gazette has yet (Saturday) arrived with a confirmation, notwithstanding that it is generally believed to be true, although the Government had not received their official accounts from Sir Wm. Howe." It is scarcely necessary to add, there was no foundation for "the total defeat" so enthusiastically greeted—[The Nottingham Date Book.]

From the Southern Planter.
ORIGIN OF SOILS.
If the origin of soils be considered with reference to the geological agents which have produced them, and the whole be then considered in connection with practical agriculture, the subject will be found to be very interesting and instructive. I propose treating on these topics in this and subsequent articles.
The science of geology explains those natural agencies by which soils have been gradually and slowly produced, and which have effected their distribution in such diversity of character over the earth's surface. From a partial examination of the surface, we might suppose the interior of the earth was all confusion and irregularity; sands and gravels, limestones and clays, are mingled together without any apparent order; and hence it is that such an opinion is actually entertained by many persons. The examination of these superficial accumulations of gravel, together with the vegetable soil generally resting on them, teaches us little concerning the true structure of the earth; on the contrary, this loose, superficial matter, and this grassy mantle covering the earth's surface, only tends to mask and conceal its real features from observation; and hence, to become acquainted with the structure of the interior, we must examine a spot where the crust of the earth has been broken, either by a natural or artificial cause, and presents what geologists call a natural or artificial section, as, for example, a sandpit, ravine, railway cutting, quarry, or coal mine; we shall then see that the crust of the earth is composed of a series of mineral masses piled one above the other, and observing a regular order of superposition.
It may be remarked, that the examination of the superficial gravels has brought to light many facts in relation to changes which the earth's surface has undergone. When examined scientifically, these gravels are found to consist chiefly of the decomposed substance of the underlying rocks, or those in the immediate neighborhood, which have been transported from the adjacent hills by superficial currents of water. It is common, however, to find fragments of rocks which bear indubitable evidence of having come from a considerable distance, there being no rock like them in the neighborhood, or for many miles around. The fact is, that the superficial gravels constituting the diluvium and alluvium of the geologists, are composed of the wreck of strata of all ages, alluvial formations having occurred in all ages, the disintegration of rocks and the transportation of their loose material having taken place in every portion since the surface of the earth was first divided into land and sea. Hence it is an easy matter to pick up, out of almost every collection of gravel, specimens of granite, porphyry, slate, and stone, in short, of almost every description of primary, transition, and secondary rock known to the geologist.
Now, although the layers, or strata, constituting the surface of the mineral masses which form the crust on the globe, have originally been deposited from water in the horizontal posture, as is evident from their identity in structure with modern strata formed by aqueous disposition of sediment at the mouths of rivers, or on the coasts left dry by the retreat of the sea, yet, nevertheless, owing to earthquakes which have taken place repeatedly, and at vast intervals of time, the greater part of them have been thrown out of the horizontal posture and dip, and strike into the earth at every angle of inclination from no degrees to 90. Hence it is that the edge of the beds emerge in succession from the bowels of the earth; and in travelling over a given district, we pass over the edges of the upturned beds, and the amount of superficial area covered by any particular soil below in proportion to the thickness of the upturned bed, out of which the soil has been formed.
The disturbance suffered by the strata, however disastrous to actual life at the time of its occurrence, has, nevertheless, been productive of much ultimate good. Had the strata continued in the horizontal posture, the same rock would have spread over a vast extent of country, and the soils of countries would have been the same. There would also have been a difficulty in obtaining valuable minerals, which now can be had with the greatest facility. Coal, for example, which lies at considerable depth, could not have been obtained without boring through the upper series of strata. The surface of the earth would not have been diversified with its present grand and beautiful scenery, produced by mountain, bill, and valley; and that admirable intermixture of mineral matter, which is so essential to the fertility of the soils, and the variety and progress of organic life on the globe, would never have taken place.
The whole subject of the formation of vegetable soils, and their distribution in such diversity of character over the face of the earth, is replete with the profoundest interest and instruction. Every earthquake which, in bygone times, fractured and dislocated the solid strata; every flood which has swept over the ancient continent; every change of level, which has elevated the bed of the ocean, or depressed the land beneath its surface, has contributed to bring about the present admirable intermixture of material—sand, clay, and lime—which now forms the earth's upper covering, the fruit-bearing soil, the inexhaustible source of national prosperity and strength.
The London Mercury mentions a new mode of extracting confessions of guilt. Two juvenile offenders, who have for some time been plundering the tills of the tradesmen in Spalding market place, have at length been detected. One tradesman, with a view of extorting confession from the urchins subjected them to the galvanic battery. A few shocks had the desired effect.

ONE MAN OUT OF TEN THOUSAND. The San Francisco Watchman of the first of May 1848:
On the thirtieth of March, the Rev. O. C. Wheeler, pastor of the First Baptist Society at San Francisco, asked the Trustees of the Society to reduce his salary from the first of April, to the rate of five thousand dollars per annum, being just one half the sum generously tendered him.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 27, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at 8 Congress st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PITTENGER, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

The Picnic Party.

The old soldier loves to rehearse his battles; and those who attended the Picnic may want to enjoy again, the "good time coming," and going, and stopping, with the glorious party of picnicers. But every body was there—and every body knows all about it. It was simply a premature "Fourth of July"—an eruption of patriotism and joviality, that couldn't wait times and dates. It lacked the reading of the Declaration of Independence—but this was only because the jubilee originated with ladies, who feared openly to proclaim the rights of "all men" at the very moment when all women seemed to be taking matters into their own hands. For it was emphatically "woman's work," and all the men in the world couldn't have done it. And it dates back to the beautiful ladies of Lewiston, who made a flying visit to Waterville last winter; with the very judicious improvement—(for women as well as men, improve by experience)—that the ladies of Waterville took warning from those of Lewiston, and invited the gentlemen to go with them. We don't allude to this by way of triumph, and advise that our friends should not. It might have an influence upon the next picnic.

Well, all the ladies invited all the gentlemen to go with them to Winthrop, and see all the ladies and gentlemen of that beautiful place. The A. & K. Railroad tendered them a special train, and the number that availed themselves of all these favors at half past 12 o'clock on Tuesday was but a score short of four hundred! Such an array of beauty and gallantry!—even the iron horse snorted and puffed and pranced and neighed, as if he felt the inspiration by a spree of this kind!

Off went the men—and women kind!—We never folks so glad! The rails did rattle underneath As if the spirit of "Good Mistress Gilpin" were at the engine. Of course, with our "steam up at this rate," we soon had a glimpse of the Winthrop Depot.

And now—"Thank God for women," as the poet did for mountains,—for here we found a "few more hundred of the same sort," who with the same inspiration of gallantry had invited their men to stand by and see them welcome the gentlemen (and ladies) of Waterville. Three hearty cheers, and the appropriate tune of "The Campbells are coming," (we guess) from the Band, gave general leave for mutual welcome, introductions and hospitalities.

Then the music, with the ladies and gentlemen of Winthrop, led the way to the ground designated for the party. This was one of the most delightful spots in the world—designed by nature, as well as art and the women, for this very occasion. It was a small grove, in the bow of a beautiful stream—with the green grass under foot and a mellow sky overhead—sprinkled here and there with women, music and flowers—and bounded by the Winthrop Exchange, three hundred gallant men, and several rods of well loaded tables. Precisely such a place, in short, as nobody will ever see, except those who go on just such an occasion as this.

Who can describe the tables! We would as soon attempt a description of a kaleidoscope, or a fashionable woman. All well filled tables are alike to us. Eating presents the only difference; and here there was but little difference, for every one ate all he could get, and all he wanted—and "five baskets" would not have stood away half the fragments that were left. For the reason of this we must go back to the announcement of the marshal, on entering the grove, that one hour would be spent in viewing the tables; at the expiration of which, on signal of music from the band, eating would begin!

Think of six hundred men and women, after such a probation, eating to the fastest quickstep the band could find in their books! Even sober clergymen and deacons, dignified railroad officers, and honest lawyers, found it just as easy to regulate their jaws by "Molly put the kettle on," as by "Old Hundred." So it is, that the appetite, like the bankrupt, "makes no note of time"—striving only to render "the things of time and sense" subservient to the two senses of taste and smell.

Four o'clock—two hours to the time of starting for home, and all at liberty to choose the manner of spending it. Some promenaded the grove, and others the street; some filled their glasses, and others filled the Exchange; some rode out in carriages, and others rowed out in boats; some listened to the music, and others to the ladies.

Time waits for nobody—and so, taking him gently by the forelock, the music and the ladies led the way to the cars—a "round-about way," that showed them all the attractions of the charming village that they had come so far to visit. Even to the depot, and to the doors of the cars, they were attended by the same concourse of polite and hospitable neighbors who so promptly welcomed them with cheers at their arrival. A round of mutual cheers for Winthrop and Waterville was the Good-bye that terminated our pleasant visit.

The brief hour spent in the cars was devoted to extolling the cordial and frank politeness of the ladies and gentlemen of Winthrop; the beauty of the village; the hospitality of the proprietor of the Winthrop Exchange and its beautiful grounds; the tasteful performance of

the Band; and the very acceptable manner in which those burdened with the arrangements, both at Winthrop and Waterville, executed their task.

On alighting from the cars at "home, sweet home"—(and our neighbors will not think us wanting in modesty, if we say, that of all the beautiful villages scattered over our broad land, none have more attractions to us than our own.)—the following sentiment, dictated by the fervent gratitude of all gentleman who had favored themselves with the acceptance of the ladies' liberal and general invitation, is presumed to have found utterance in the eloquence of Squire S.—

"The gentlemen of Waterville tender their thanks to the ladies for the very acceptable manner in which they have 'done the agreeable' during this excursion. Having been thus taught, for the first time, the convenience of having a good beau for an emergency, we pledge ourselves to seek all proper opportunities for returning the favor. And anticipating your safe conveyance at least 'to the chips,' we bid you a most affectionate good-night."

Another "Too Good to Keep."

We don't like to involve our neighbors, but some of these good stories ought to be told, and shall be; and those who complain must learn to avoid having a part in them.

There are two towns in N. England, so near alike that each has a college, and each an east and west village. One of these towns is Waterville and the other isn't. To the east village of one of these towns came Dr., a neighborly and kind hearted graduate of the Thompsonian school, who wanted to obtain an honest living by saving the lives of others.—We always pity men who have to labor against a popular and foolish prejudice. But Dr. did not ask either pity or favor. He took a straight-forward course. When the current set against him he met it, in a quiet way, and when in his favor he showed no symptoms of triumph. He was a philosopher—but philosophers are just the men to be caught on the morning of April 1, 18—no matter what year. That was a cold morning, and the loud knocking at the Doctor's door just at 4 o'clock, convinced him that somebody had a most violent attack of something. On showing his night-cap at the window, he was requested in a strange and hurried voice to visit Mr. Whatsname, out at the west village, as quick as his horse could carry him there. The messenger instantly disappeared—and so did the Doctor's night-cap—and in fifteen minutes his horse's hoofs were disturbing the morning naps of the farmers on the road to the west village.

A loud rapping at the door of Squire Whatsname soon told him that it was time to get up, though it gave not a hint about April Fool.

"Good morning, Dr. —, glad to see you." "Good morning,—how's the woman?" "Very well, thank you, Doctor; how is yours, and the rest of the family?"

"All well." And the Doctor rubbed his hands, and looked as Doctors always do when they have secured a new customer that has the means of paying. But the truth must be revealed,—and in a few minutes the appearance of Mrs. Whatsname, in perfect health, flashed the whole fact like lightning to the Doctor's mind, that he was an April Fool!

How coolly some men take a joke! Dr. — thanked the Squire for the privilege of warming by his fire, and left him to guess where he was going to warm his hands next time. And if the Doctor kept the secret, who else would dare reveal it, on pain of being taken for the author of the joke!

Just a year from that time came the first day of April again, agreeably to the Doctor's calculation—during which time he had satisfied himself that the author of his last year's adventure was a certain wag of a Deputy Sheriff—and he began to wonder if the world was not wide enough to hold two April fools as well as one. On that day, the Doctor put into the hands of the sheriff a copy of a writ, duly made and executed against a quiet old gentleman living a mile out of the village, whom he knew would be in Main-st. during the day, and who had an equal horror of being in debt, and of taking medicine. Mr. Deputy took the writ, with directions to make all sure upon the old gentleman's horse and buggy, which soon took its usual stand at a post opposite the Hotel.

Grab'em was on hand, and while the owner was in a store, slipped his property into the hotel stable, made the proper endorsement on the back of the writ, and stepped into the bar-room to see the result. The Doctor was there.

"All right, Mr. Sheriff?"

"All right."

"Made your endorsement?—let's see."

The Sheriff lit a cigar while the Doctor read the endorsement. The Doctor had a slight-of-hand way of handling papers, but the Sheriff was satisfied he was fair enough in this instance, and so deposited the writ in his pocket.

"Landlord, seen any body take my horse and buggy; I hitched it over there, and somebody saw it coming this way—eh?"

"Well—ahem—Mr. Grab'em there—ask him."

The Sheriff took the old gentleman a little one side and explained to him how he had attached the property on the claim of Dr. —. He was in a raging fever in an instant; swore he didn't so much as know the Doctor, and did not owe any mortal man a red cent! The Sheriff didn't pretend to know how that was, but referred the question to the Doctor, who sat quietly smoking a cigar by the window.

"What is the case?" inquired the Doctor, as calmly as if just waking from a quiet sleep.

"What do I owe you for—eh?" asked the abused man.

"Me?" and the Doctor counterfeited surprise to a charm;—in short, he had the audacity to wonder what the Sheriff meant by striving to get him into a quarrel with a gentleman he never saw before! Here was a trump.

"What, then, does this mean?" exclaimed Grab'em, drawing his writ from his pocket and slapping it upon the table.

"Ah, what is this?"—and the Doctor coolly opened the folded sheet, and revealed the pure white surface inside! Something on the outside resembled the endorsement, but all within was blank!

"Thunder and Mars?" ejaculated Grab'em, as the Doctor walked towards the door—"Here—here! Doctor, what does this mean? Have I made a mistake, or—"

"Yes," answered the Doctor coolly; "you made a mistake in waking up the wrong passenger, a year ago to-day!"

"Honor House," Boston. The friends of this widely known and well established house from this State, who read the advertisement in another column, will recognize in Mr. Gilman an old acquaintance from Maine; one whose extensive acquaintance with the wants and tastes of business men will insure the best efforts for their comfort. The house is too well known to need praise; and we doubt not that the number of its guests will be increased by the efforts of Mr. Gilman.

THE FOURTH!—Who can't afford to treat himself to a ride on the glorious Fourth, after reading the arrangements made by the Railroad? To Portland and back for \$1.75! Everybody will go somewhere, of course. We hope to see them all in Waterville. [Read the advertisement.]

In the Legislature the contest for U. S. Senator remains undecided. Two ballots were had on Tuesday, as follows:

	First.	Second.
Hamlin	64	65
Evans	33	31
Fessenden	25	26
Anderson	24	25
Hubbard	1	

The Senate, voting simultaneously with the House, had four ballots. The first and fourth were as follows:

	First.	Fourth.
Hamlin	13	13
Evans	7	6
Fessenden	4	5
Anderson	6	6

Under a joint resolve voting was to be resumed yesterday at 11 o'clock. [For the letter containing the above we thank our correspondent.]

SUICIDE. Mr. Gustavus G. Wilson, harness-maker, committed suicide in Skowhegan on Monday morning. Intemperance was the cause. He was a married man.

The Democratic County Convention in Somerset is called for the 12th of July.

EMBEZZLEMENT. Mr. Hiram Haskell, of this village, was yesterday brought before Justice Herrick, at the suit of Ticonic Bank, on the charge of abstracting some 2000 dollars from a package entrusted to him by the Cashier of the bank, for delivery in Boston. The examination was waived, and he was held to bail in the sum of \$2200. We understand he admits having taken the money and converted it to his own use.

During the thunderstorm on Thursday afternoon, there was a destructive tornado of hail, wind and rain, about a mile wide, which swept through the town of Hampden, breaking nearly all the glass on the west side of the houses, removing several buildings, prostrating the fences, &c.

The hail stones were as large as ounce bullets, and came in a torrent, with sheets of water. In the dwelling of Col. Joshua Lane one hundred and sixty-eight panes of glass were broken, and similar destruction in other houses in the vicinity. The streams and brooks in the vicinity, were suddenly raised, and the fields and pastures were flooded, and the most forward grass completely prostrated. We have not learned the length of the tornado, although it probably commenced in the vicinity of Dixmont.

At the steamboat wharf, in this city, at the time the lightning struck the chimney on Washington street, two wagons were loaded with iron fences, and the electricity snapped and crinkled and sparkled among the wires, but no damage was experienced except frightening the horses and causing them to injure each other slightly.—[Bangor Whig.]

CAUSE OF THANKFULNESS.—A minister was once speaking to a brother clergyman, of his gratitude for a merciful deliverance he had just experienced. "As I was riding here to-day," said he, "my horse stumbled and came very near throwing me from a bridge, where the fall would have killed me, but I escaped unhurt."

"I can tell you something more than that," said the other. "As I rode here to-day, my horse did not stumble at all."

We are too apt to forget common mercies.

Bushes around Cultivated Lands.

It is a very common thing, in some sections, to see the borders and corners of fields cultivated in cereals, and in grass, overrun with bushes. This is a bad practice, and no correct farmer will allow it to exist. The tendency of most bushes is to extend their roots, and to send up shoots at a greater remove from the parent stock every year, and thus ultimately to overreach upon and occupy the field. A rod or so of good fertile land around a large field is of no small value, and should be cultivated, and made to produce something of value to the owner, instead of being a disgrace and an expense to him. When these occupants have been permitted to stand for several years, extending their roots, and acquiring annually new size and energy, they become formidable tenants, and most farmers contemplate their removal as a task too onerous and expensive to be attempted. But the best way is to cut them down close to the roots, and having removed or carefully burnt the tops, beat off, as fast as they appear, every sucker the roots put forth. This, in a short time, will utterly annihilate them, and the soil will be cleaned and ameliorated for the action of the plow. Old fields are often defaced by clumps of bushes in the open sections—generally round stumps or ledges, or heaps of stones. After attaining a size too large for the scythe, they are generally neglected, and permitted to occupy the soil, to the exclusion of profitable vegetation, without any attempt whatever to coerce or arrest their growth. No correct farmer will permit the existence of these evils.—[Corr. German-town Telegraph.]

Bold Attempt to Rob the Mattapan Bank of Dorchester.

We learn that on Saturday morning, about 1 o'clock, the watchman engaged by the Railroad Corporation at the depot in Dorchester, had his attention attracted to the Mattapan Bank building by hearing a slight noise, apparently made by the careful application of burglars' tools. Proceeding cautiously to the building, he discovered two men, one of whom was prying open the shutters, while the other was at work on the door. The watchman made an attempt to seize the fellow at the window, who eluding his grasp, fled round the building, and into a shed near by, pursued by the watchman. The shed being very dark, the latter commenced groping about to lay his hands upon the robber, when he was astonished by the flash and report of a pistol, the ball from which passed through his cap, slightly grazing the top of his scalp. Upon the discharge of his pistol, the fellow attempted to rush from the shed, was seized by the watchman, but after a short and violent struggle, got away and took to his heels. The watchman being armed with a single barreled pistol, drew it and followed in close pursuit, and fired, wounding the robber so that he fell to the ground. Upon falling the wounded man cried out—"Thompson, for God's sake come and help me!" His comrad, who had been awaiting the result of the scuffle at a short distance, came to the assistance of his pal, whom he assisted upon his legs, and they started in the direction of the turnpike. The watchman, who was then unarmed, followed, but was told by the robbers it would be dangerous for him to come too close, as they were armed, and also had friends near at hand.

After proceeding a few rods they came up with a horse and wagon by the road side, in which were two men, who got out and bundled the wounded man into the carriage. They then drove off at a rapid trot.

It is not known, of course, how seriously the man was injured by the shot, but it may lead to the detection of the party. The conduct of the watchman was cool and determined, but the whole affair was so suddenly commenced, and rapid in its termination, that he had no time to call for assistance.

There is evidently a gang of bold and ingenious bank robbers on a visit to this vicinity, and country banks will do well to be on their guard against them.—[Boston Mail.]

EXECUTION OF THE CARDENAS PRISONERS AT MATANZAS. Captain Wiswell, of the ship Sophia Walker, which arrived on Wednesday, from Matanzas the 5th inst., was a witness of the execution of the five prisoners of the Lopez expedition, captured at Cardenas. From the information he received, it would appear that these five men had no definite idea of the expedition upon which they were bound until their arrival at Cardenas. Then, as they say, they consulted together, and fearing to remain on board the steamer, went on shore and visited the American Consul, imploring his protection as Americans. The Consul (according to Capt. Wiswell's informant) asked them who they were, and when they replied that they came in the Creole, said that he could do nothing for them. They then went to a hotel and took dinner, were afterwards met in the street by an American gentleman, who advised them to get on board an American vessel with all haste, or they would soon be captives of the Spaniards. They were on their way to the sea shore for that purpose, when captured and put in prison. In a few days, guarded by a company of Spanish troops, they were taken to Matanzas, where they arrived at 4 P. M., one day, were put into the castle prison, and at 7 the next morning were marched out and shot near the walls, receiving the balls of a whole company, which rattled their bodies in every direction. The boy of seventeen, who has been heretofore described as among them, was a native of Cincinnati. He wrote a letter which was given in safe keeping of the Collector, who, Capt. Wiswell states, is an honorable man, and will see to it that it is delivered safely to the friends of the unfortunate youth. [It has been before stated that this letter was torn in pieces by the soldiers.]

It does not appear whether these men were tried by Court Martial, or were shot at the orders of the Captain General.

Capt. Wiswell further states that he heard nothing of the arrest of the Governor of Matanzas for his dilatory movements after the landing, and, indeed, no arrests have been made, so far as he knows, for alleged participation in the invasion.—[Traveler.]

REMINGTON BRIDGE COMPLETED. The Montgomery (Ala.) Journal says:

The bridge which Mr. Remington has been building in this city, and which has excited so much curiosity and speculation, was completed on Saturday, and the scaffolding knocked away under the direction of Mr. Remington, in the presence of a large concourse of people, and among them many doubting Thomases. The result was most triumphant for the inventor.—This beautiful structure, apparently too fragile to sustain its own weight, proved all that has been claimed for it. It was immediately put to the severest test. Hundreds of people passed over it, and it was conceded by the most sceptical that it would stand and answer for all practical purposes. The bridge, which at a little distance resembles a slight ribbon or shaving of wood extends over a ravine beneath, four or five hundred feet in length, though looking as if it could not bear the pressure of a bird, is found to endure immense weight, in fact, it appears, all that can be conveniently placed upon it. The planks, which are at the abutments about six inches thick, fine away at each end towards the centre to about one inch, or an inch and a half, and are finally joined by an impervious cement, the invention of Mr. Remington. The principle is regarded as eminently successful, and in all sections where lumber is a matter of moment, must prove of incalculable value.

FUN AMONG THE NABOBs. In New York city, on Monday evening, on the Washington parade ground, Mr. Edwin Forrest administered a severe flogging with a gutta percha whip to N. P. Willis, 'the first of American poets.' Both were held to bail to the sum of \$300 to keep the peace for six months. Forrest assigned as a cause for the act that Willis had seduced his wife. It seems to us that it was but a poor revenge for such an offence, if Forrest really believed it. It reminds us of the pleasant anecdote of the watchman, who was beating his round, and going past his own door, stepped in for a moment, when he discovered a person in *flagrant delicto* with his wife.—"Look o' here, mister," said he, "I have got to go my round once more, and if you ain't out of this when I get back, I'll throw your trousers right through the window!"—[Rep. Journal.]

Never neglect to read the advertising department of a newspaper if you would know where to lay out your money to the best advantage. Competition is at its height, and those who have any thing worth buying, at good bargains, advertise. They know it is the sure way to do a brisk and profitable business—by selling quickly they are enabled to sell cheap.

ly. Keep the run of the advertisements.—Sometimes the price of a whole year's subscription is saved by looking closely to the advertisements.—[Bangor Whig.]

Going to California.

A Californian gives the following amusing incidents of his travels from Gorgona to Panama:

"After breakfast we mounted little rats of ponies, saw the baggage start ahead on mules, and away we went on our journey to Panama. For a quarter of a mile the path was quite level, but we commenced climbing mountains and descending valleys—scrambling over rocks, through gullies and sloughs; and from nine in the morning until eight in the evening we never saw a piece of level ground sufficiently large to build a chicken roost on. Sometimes it was almost straight up, and we had to lay down and hold on to the mane to keep from sliding off behind—next moment going down a descent so steep that we shouldered the horses' tails, and held on to keep from pitching over their heads forward. Sometimes our heels were highest and sometimes our heads; and it was a continual rush of blood from one to the other, like changing ends with a bottle half full of water. Of all the rides I ever took, that one from Gorgona to this place beats all."

Of his sojourn at Panama, he says:

"During the day, our place is very cool and comfortable, but at night we have a nice time in fighting rats. The moment the light is extinguished, they commence a regular fandango—scramble over us, and draw their cold tails across our noses every five minutes. Each one when turning in prepares ammunition for a campaign. Everything available, boots, hair brushes, oranges, &c., are placed within reach, to shy at 'em during the night, when they get too uppish. We also have fleas and cockroaches; overhead there are four babies that yell half the night, and half a dozen dogs outside that howl incessantly; and last night there were several well contested, long, and doubtful cat fights. I made an onslaught, with an empty bottle in each hand, and seriously damaged one dog, and settled a cat fight by kicking a pair of pussies over the balcony into the street."

"MORE TEAMS.—The Mississippi of the 10th ult. says: 'Slaves are being taken constantly to California. We noticed the other day in the Arkansas Intelligencer, that a planter, with several slaves, had left Van Buren for California. There are many also now in that country from Mississippi, and all accounts which we receive state that slave labor affords the most valuable returns of all other investments.'

A VALUABLE INVENTION.—The Bangor Whig says that Mr. Charles T. Jenkins, formerly of that city, now resident in England, has succeeded in inventing a machine for cleansing wool, cotton, and other fibrous substances, which is said to be superior to anything of the kind heretofore invented, as it effectually separates the wool from all its connections and entanglements, and purifies it, ready for working. All the factories in England and Scotland will soon be supplied with it, to the decided advantage of manufacturers, and to the advantage also of the wool growers in South America and elsewhere, particularly when liable to be mixed with dirt and filth, the market value of whose wool will be considerably enhanced.

THE LEGISLATURE.—We learn from the Bath Times the following interesting facts in regard to the members of the present Legislature of this State.

The Senate is composed of sixteen farmers, five lawyers, four traders, two shipbuilders, two lumbermen, one tanner, and one merchant.

The House consists of 75 farmers, 14 traders, 13 lawyers, 3 merchants, 5 clergymen, 4 school teachers, 4 house carpenters, 4 lumbermen, 3 physicians, 2 ship carpenters, 2 mariners, 2 master mariners, 1 capitalist, 1 innholder, 1 mason, 1 sail maker, 1 baker, 1 laborer, 1 surveyor, 1 civil engineer, 1 tanner, 1 printer, 1 cordwainer, 1 jeweler, 1 scythe sheath maker, 1 millwright, and 1 millman. The youngest member of the House, is 24 years of age—the oldest, 65. There are 8 between the ages of 20 and 30, 44 between 31 and 40, 49 between 50 and 60, and 11 between 60 and 70.

AN INJUDICIOUS CONSIGNMENT. A correspondent of the True Delta, writing from Sacramento City, Cal., says that a house in San Francisco has received a large consignment of sleigh bells. He adds:

The house has a fine lot on hand that can be bought cheap—sleigh bells for a country where snow never falls except in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and a ride there would be rather a break-neck operation. If they had shipped out *belles* of another style, and not of brass, there might have been *slaying*, and a lively market for the article.

CASE OF PROF. WEBSTER. The full bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, gave a hearing on the application of Webster's counsel for a new trial, on Wednesday. The case was ably argued by C. B. Goodrich, Esq., and replied to by Mr. Bemis. The Court decided that a new trial could not be granted.

KNEELING TO THE POPE.—Upon the occasion of escorting the Pope to his throne at Rome, all the foreign ministers knelt and kissed his slipper, except Mr. Cass, the United States charge. In reply to the reproof of the Spanish minister, Mr. Cass stated that, as representative of a republican government, he could not kneel to any monarch on earth. Mr. Cass offers an exception to the proverb, that when at Rome we must do as the Romans do. [Boston Transcript.]

AMERICAN NEEDLES.—Mr. Wm. Essex, the original inventor of the 'drill-eyed needles,' formerly employed in the celebrated establishment of Messrs. Hemming and Sons, has established a needle factory, on a small stream called 'Mill Brook,' near Newark, N. J. It is the only establishment of the kind in this country, and the manufacturers in England are so anxious to put a stop to it, that they have repeatedly attempted to induce Mr. Essex to return to England.

REFORM IN VIRGINIA.—Henry A. Wise has announced himself a candidate to represent Accomack and Northampton in the State Convention. He says he is in favor of biennial sessions of the Legislature; public schools; encouragement of agriculture and the mechanic arts by the State; universal suffrage to the white citizens; election of Governor, Executive and municipal officers, sheriffs, attorneys, clerks, constables, &c., by the people; also that judges be elected by the people but no judge to sit alone on the bench where one of the parties has voted for and the other against him. The judges of the Court of Appeals, he thinks might be elected by general ticket and the inferior judges by the people of each circuit. "No man ought to sit on the bench after he is sixty years of age, and judges to be re-eligible after a definite term of years. He is in favor of abolishing the Executive council and county

courts, and goes for electing magistrates and police officers by the people and for paying all officers a just compensation. He is opposed to allowing any man to vote in more than one county no matter what amount of property he owns; the only qualification in the voter, he thinks, should be twenty-one years of age, one year a resident of the State and six months in the county.

THE LONDON TAILOR OUTDONE.—We mentioned, the other day, the fact that a London Tailor had invented a new article of summer coats, for gentlemen's wear, which weighed only six ounces, and could be put into a telescope case. Messrs. Lyon & Powers, 56 and 58 Washington street, have been engaged for some time in manufacturing a beautiful article, which they call Zephyr Sacks, made of Mohair Lustres; the whole weight of one of these is but four and three-fourths ounces; and can be easily carried in one's pocket.—[Boston Traveller.]

S. B. Spaulding of Brandon, Vt., has discovered a new mineral paint, capable of taking a great variety of shades, and growing brighter by the action of the atmosphere and weather. Although the material is expensive, so small a quantity suffices, that for two dollars enough can be purchased to cover a surface which would require a hundred pounds of white lead. A green for blinds, of equal durability, has been discovered by him.

The Maine Convention of Universalists will be in session in Orono on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 25th, 26th and 27th inst. The annual meetings of the Me. Universalist Missionary, Educational and Tract Society will be held at the same place during three days.

THE EXAMINATION OF GEN. LOPEZ.—The preliminary examination of Gen. Lopez before U. S. Commissioner Baldwin, was concluded on the 18th, and he was bound over in the sum of \$3,000 for trial before the U. S. Circuit Court.

A correspondent of the New York Mirror states that Willis has commenced a suit against Forrest, and laid his damages at \$10,000.

A RIGHTOUS DECISION.—A suit was brought in one of the Louisville courts recently, to attach a sum of money in the hands of the treasurer of an Odd Fellows' Lodge, of which complainant was a member. The money had been appropriated by the Lodge to defray the funeral expenses of the wife of one of the members. The Judge remarked, that it would outrage every principle of propriety and humanity for a chancellor to attach this charitable appropriation of the funds of a benevolent society, and he decreed that the complainant's bill be dismissed, and that he pay the defendant's expenses therein expended.

The much talked of Nashville Convention has concluded its business and adjourned. The tone assumed in the convention is less reasonable than much of the talk we have had in Congress. On the whole it was so slim an affair that it has attracted but little attention.—The truth is disunion is unpopular in this country.

MONEY MATTERS. We learn from a money article in the Boston Traveller, that money is fast accumulating, and that there is a falling off in the demand. There is no prime business paper offered at anything over six per cent.; and other good business paper is readily negotiated at from nine to ten. Railroad paper, which has been a drug in the market for months past, is now taken at the last named rates. The city of Boston has recently negotiated a loan of \$200,000, at 5 per cent., payable in 20 years.

TEXAS vs. UNITED STATES.—Mr. Rush and General Houston, the two Senators from Texas, seem to differ in regard to what Texas will do. Mr. Rush says she will vindicate her claims to New Mexico by force of arms; while Gen. Houston declares that Texas has not menaced the use of force, and did not contemplate it.

GREAT FIRE AT SAN FRANCISCO!—From a telegraphic despatch in the Bangor Mercury of Monday, we learn that the Steamer Crescent City from Chagres, arrived at New York, at 1 o'clock, Monday morning, bringing one hundred and fifty-six passengers, and \$250,000 in gold dust. She brings news of the destruction of at least one-third of the city of San Francisco by fire. The loss is estimated at \$1,000,000.

The reports from many portions of the country, both North and South, continue to be of the most favorable nature. The general state of health at the placers is good.

Important discoveries have been made on the Mokelumne. From one hole, three men took in two days, \$4,000. Nearly every man is making an ounce per day. Miners have done well. More bullion may be expected the coming six months than has altogether been received since the commencement.

The lumber market was entirely inactive; trade sales rare, and forced sales, for payment of freight, only transacted. The cargo of the Susan Drew, just previous to the fire, averaged \$40 per M.

Holders of money immediately claimed advanced rates of interest; holders of real estate in business localities advanced rents, and the valuation prices of lumber from yards advanced 100 per cent.; Bricks and some other building materials advancing in about the same proportion. These advances have not been sustained.

Drowned.—Mr. Benjamin W. Cayford son of Mr. Benjamin E. Cayford of Cornville, was accidentally drowned at Norridgewock Falls, on Thursday morning last, while engaged in driving the river. The deceased was about 23 years old, and was also a member of Skowhegan Division No. 66, Sons of Temperance.—[Clarion.]

BIG CALE.—Mr. Nehemiah Hobart of Solon, has a calf, which weighed, when one day old, one hundred and twenty-eight pounds.—[Id.]

20 OIL - Winter, Spring, and Summer, for sale by W. C. POWELL
2 Route 1, Hickory, N. C. 28601