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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. V. WATERTVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1852.

NO. 26.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.
That golden curls that weave its path,
And dazle in the sun,
That it is light in transient ray,
That it is light in transient ray,
Some gifted bard adorn,
With flowing tresses and a smile,
And leave naught but the thorn.
They tell me, 'tis an empty sound,
That comes from the wind,
And soon in sudden flight departs,
All transient, save a tear.
Or the music of its notes,
Through centuries shall ring,
The harp that breathes its melody,
Bears many a care wrought string.
They tell me, 'tis a beautiful bird,
That sings in the forest,
And who strains the songster frail,
A sad, and silent strain,
And when a few brief words are said,
Have placed him with the dead,
The bird, with mournful requiem,
Shall hover o'er his head.
'Tis strange, for he is 'far off' now,
Mocking man's fond desire,
Or 'empty sound' or 'beautiful bird,'
Waking some brief transient lyre,
Yet nobler hearts, and purer souls,
Rise in thought and dream,
Have sought and claimed in eagle pride,
The honor of its name.
LIT. L.

MISCELLANY.

A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

So strong a fortress as Murany, in the centre of a country so often the scene of civil war, could hardly have escaped sharing in the great events of those times; and we accordingly find the name of Murany frequently occurring in Hungarian history. At one time the Diet complains of it as a harbor for traitors and robbers; at another, a solemn decree of the nation indicates it as the safeguard of the kingdom, and appoints it as the place where the sacred crown of St. Stephen should be deposited. During the religious wars, when Transylvania under the first George Rakotzy, aided by the Protestants of Germany and the Mohammedans of Turkey, waged almost constant war against the Catholic Emperor and King, the possession of Murany became a point of great importance. Fortune who loves to play strange tricks, had at this eventful moment placed the fortress in the hands of a woman; but as if to make amends, it had endowed her with all the qualities of greatness, to which our sex commonly lay claim. Szelei Maria, the Lady of Murany, a young and beautiful widow, educated a strict Protestant, had little difficulty in choosing the party she could adopt; and readily admitted a detachment of Rakotzy's troops to strengthen the garrison of her castle, but only on condition that she herself should retain the command. The King's forces, under the direction of Esterhazy, easily drove the ill-disciplined forces of the Transylvanian leader from their conquests in the open country;—for they had extended their excursions nearly as far as Presburg; but, as long as Murany protected their retreat, their entire subjection was almost hopeless. While therefore, he confined his campaign in the plains, he was obliged to detach a strong body of troops, under Wesselenyi Ferenc, to besiege the castle. As Wesselenyi drew up his troops before the fortress, and surveyed all its natural and artificial defences, he almost despaired of effecting its reduction; and when he heard that Maria herself commanded the garrison, his despair was embittered almost to desperation by the thought, that his hard-earned laurels would now be tarnished by defeat at the hands of a woman. All the arts of war were expended in vain against the huge mountain fortress; every attempt to beat the blood of some of the king's best troops, and served only as amusement to the garrison. A protracted siege rarely improves the discipline of an army, and the news of victories on the side of the enemy were not wanting to discourage the besiegers. Time, too, now pressed; and as force was evidently powerless against Murany, Wesselenyi at last determined to try what persuasion might effect on its commandant. Disguising himself in the dress of an inferior officer, the general appeared before the gates as bearer of a flag of truce to demand a parley with the mistress of the castle; and cunningly did he talk of favorable conditions and royal rewards, but his opponent only laughed at his offer, as she had done at his threats. A good general, however, always finds out some weak points in his enemy's defences; and perhaps the eyes of Maria had expressed no displeasure at the handsome face and manly figure of the envoy, nor probably were the beauty and courage of the commandant without their influences on Wesselenyi's determination. Certain it is, that next day another trumpet summoned the garrison to a parley, and at this time the herald bore a letter, offering the heart and hand of Wesselenyi to his beautiful enemy to whom he confessed the ruse he had practised, but vowed that love had taken simple revenge for his temerity. Caught with the romance, but determined to test its sincerity, Maria answered that if the writer's courage equalled his boldness, and he was willing to pursue the fortune he tempted, he might find at midnight a ladder against the northern tower, in which a light would be burning, and where if he came alone, he might hear something further of his suit. Wesselenyi was too good a knight to refuse the bidding of a 'lady's favor,' albeit somewhat of the most hazardous. At midnight, and alone, he left his camp, and, gaining the summit of the rock, found the promised light in the northern tower. The ladder hung from an open window, and, cautiously and cautiously, did the lover gain the height; but no sooner had he sprung into the tower than he found himself suddenly seized from behind and dragged to the ground, while a body of armed men entered the chamber, and bound him in chains. Blindfolded he was led forward he knew not whither, till a harsh voice commanding a halt, thus addressed the prisoner: 'Sir Knight,

strategy is fair in love as well as war; you have delivered yourself into the power of your enemies; and it is for them to dispose of you as they choose; but the commandant of the castle is inclined to mercy, and on condition of your deserting the cause of the king, she is willing, not only to give you freedom, but to bestow herself and her vast possessions on you by marriage. In an hour I come to receive your answer—acceptance or death! Rude as was the trial where love and life pleaded against loyalty and duty, the soldier withstood it manfully; and at the hour's conclusion, returned only a sullen answer, 'Better die than betray!' Scarcely had the words passed his lips when the bandage fell from his eyes; Szelei Maria stood before him in all her beauty; a smile played around her mouth, and, extending her hand to the astonished Wesselenyi, she exclaimed: 'Take it, noble knight, with it all I have, for thy constancy hath won my heart; keep but thy faith to me, thou hast done thy king, and Maria will gladly acknowledge thee her conqueror.'

Many are the versions of this history,—for it has been sung by Hungarian poets, spun out by German romancers, and told by every peasant to his child, from that day to this,—but all agree that Wesselenyi gained the castle and the lady at the same time; and our guide pointed out to us the northern tower, by which he assured us, the knight entered the castle. It was where the rock is 'highest and steepest; and it was no faint heart that took such a path to gain his lady love. In the summer-house is still preserved a tablet erected by Wesselenyi to commemorate his victory.

From the Knickerbocker, for January, 1852.

Superficialism of Men in Large Cities.

BY PAUL SIGEVOLK.

Take any man, born, bred and educated in a large city, ten to one he is superficial, thoroughly superficial; superficial in his thoughts, in his cultivation, in his reverence, in his purpose. He looks at life as a moving panorama; enjoying what is immediately before him, careless of what has gone, indifferent as to what is coming, looking neither before nor after, but vividly appreciating the present. Precedent and prophecy are to him alike unmeaning and without weight or influence. Memory and Forecast are facilities used only as bases of calculating daily gainful speculations, or as ministers to his pleasures. They are no part of his mental being. They are not woven with its texture, as the warp, but the mere selvedge, to be torn from the cloth for homely use. They are not faculties spiritual, but helps practical only. They are not, as they should be, the links of a golden chain, connecting the present with the eternity of the past on one side, and the eternity of the future on the other. To the superficial, things temporal and things eternal are not thus allied. Swift, in his 'Tale of a Tub,' complains bitterly of this superficiality of the city-bred literary men of his day. 'We of this age,' says he, 'have discovered a shorter and more prudent method than the ancients to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is two-fold. Either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or secondly,—which is, indeed, the method,—to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is turned and governed, like fishes by the tail; for to enter at the palace of learning, by the great gate, requires an expense of time and forms; therefore, men of great taste and little ceremony are content to get in at the back door. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit into the postern of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails.' A graphic illustration, truly! and it seems to have jumped with the humor of Pope, when he, afterward, striking at the same vice, exclaims, with more than a coincidence: 'How index-learning turns the student pale, Yet holds the coil of science by the tail.' And Hazlitt, too, has remarked, in his Essay on the Ignorance of the Learned, 'People in towns, indeed, are woefully deficient in a knowledge of character, which they see only in a bust, not as a whole length.' It seems, at the outset, an odd proposition, that where there is the more food, there should be the less fat; that where the means of cultivation and the resources of thought are profusely scattered on every hand, to stimulate the curiosity, the ambition and the taste of the meanest or the most gifted, there should be less profundity of intellectual power. But I am not wholly certain an intellectual surfeit is not far worse than intellectual starvation. In the city, one hears so much, sees so much, feels so much; such a variety of impressions seize hold of one, and in a moment are chased away by new ones, that while one's powers of apprehension are quickened to a marvellous degree, one's powers of reflection are proportionally weakened for want of exercise. The memory too, suffers constantly from being overloaded with an ill-assorted burden it cannot carry.—There is no time to classify or dispose of the miscellaneous treasure, and in the confusion of it, all escape together. The loss is not felt, any more than the stream runs dry, because all the water in it, at any fixed place and time, is passed away. A new supply of the senseless current fills the space before we are conscious of the loss. Thus the mind is ever busy, and serves as the dim reflex of the transient present. See my friend there, sitting in his arm chair after breakfast, smoking his cigar. He is now upon his fourth newspaper. It is his constant habit at an expense of four hours per day, to read six newspapers in the morning and six in the evening. He is a very clever man, as the world goes; very shrewd in business, very sage in advice, very well informed, very firm in his opinions. When he has finished his sixth morning paper, I ask him, 'What is the news?' Do you think he occupies two hours in telling me? Do you think he makes some profound observation, showing he has grappled with, classified, and generalized upon the myriad facts that have passed, like images before the wizard's glass, in review before his mind? You are much deceived if you do it. His answer is always the same; short, pithy, and sincere: 'Nothing.' If he answered as a philosopher, I should perhaps blame his philosophy, because he is a cynic, but praise his sagacity. But I can do neither. 'What! have you told of two hours, and found nothing worthy of recollection? Have you not been apprised of

the astounding discovery made in a remote city, that government and law are useless and expensive encumbrances upon the soaring spirit of a free people; and that an impromptu Vigilance Committee, do the work, cheaper and better? Have you not, too, learned this, that, and another thing? Well, yes, he does recollect something of the kind; but really it had escaped his memory. And thus it is each day; and in wisdom the man grows feebler every day.

'Beware of the man who reads but one book,' is the ore of an old proverb of the cloister, eliminated and refined from the dress of a medieval Latin etymology, too barbarous to be trusted abroad without an interpreter. A mint of wisdom lies imbedded in those profound old words; wisdom hard to learn; learned only after the lapse of much time and, melancholy experience; often learned too late, frequently not at all; humiliating to the pride of intellect, mortifying to ambition; even when learned in timely season. Two truths must sink deeply into the mind of a man before he can begin to know anything. He must be satisfied that it is impossible in one short life to learn everything. He must be satisfied that it is impossible for him to know only very little. A bitter conviction it is, when it overcomes the ambitious student, that he cannot know everything worth knowing; that his life would be exhausted in the acquisition of a 'tittle' of it, and no time would be left to use it. Diligence may enable him to extend his researches to very distant boundaries; unifying patience and persevering labor, coupled with good natural powers, will do wonders in the way of acquirement. But knowledge is neither research of distant boundaries, nor wonderful acquirement. They are merely the implements of knowledge. They are the source and materials.—Learning supplies the mingled ingredients of the alchemy of the mind; knowledge is the new form, after the process of distillation and crystallization is complete. Intellectual knowledge, like practical sagacity, is usually the acquisition of experience. The first is an ultimate growth of the mind's experience, dealing with the great recorded thoughts of men and events of the world, and nurtured amid the vicissitudes that mark its own career, as the other is taught by the common events of every day life. Knowledge is a secondary result, for which the mind is fitted to seek after and comprehend only when research and acquirement are accomplished. Until this is done, a man has neither the intellectual habits nor the intellectual discipline, necessary to enable him to detect the discrepancies in seeming analogies; to discriminate between primary and secondary causes; finally, to distinguish betwixt truth and error.

Perhaps I may seem to labor the point unnecessarily. But I think not. This is a fearful mistake, this confounding acquirement with knowledge, and has occasioned the shipwreck of many a noble mind, proudly launched in an ocean of fact. All the facts in the world do not constitute the minutest infinitesimal of truth; and a man might possess his memory with all the facts in the world, and be not wiser with it all. Fact is the foundation of truth, but the superstructure scarcely betrays what sustains it. To go back to my metaphor: truth is a distillation from fact. Fact is chemical, not mechanical. Fact is multifarious—prismatic; truth is single and hueless.—The facts which sustain truth are in endless and countless rays. Truth is fixed and immutable; fact revolves about it as a common center, and often like the kaleidoscope, changes with every revolution, and yet is the same thing first and last. What we know of truth is, that it is the clue of all the labyrinth of nature, time, and history, and that what we can possess of it, though positively much, is comparatively nothing. Human knowledge is fragmentary; here a manifest certainty, there a probability, and elsewhere a conjecture.—Perfect knowledge is the highest attribute of Deity. So far as we progress in the pursuit of pure knowledge of truth, so far we approach Divinity.

If a pre-requisite to the mastery of any subject were the pursuit of everything written upon it, well might the student despair. The recorded ideas of centuries upon the simplest topics would exhaust an ordinary life-time in the perusal. The old adage, 'Non multa sed multum,' is in point, and is the true rule.—Reading furnishes the oil to the lamp of thought. The lamp must be lighted and burn, or there is no light. 'There are,' says Sheridan, on every subject but a few leading and fixed ideas; their tracts may be traced by your own genius as well as by reading. A man of deep thought who shall have accustomed himself to support or attack all he has read, will soon find nothing new. Much thinking, little reading, makes the sound reasoner. The proportion should be vastly in favor of the first, and the appetite for the latter, though stronger, will still demand and relish only substantial and nutritious food. Reading for amusement is like any other amusement, of little importance mentally, provided it amuses; the mind having an instinct in this respect, and seeking that amusement which is most beneficial as such. Reading for knowledge is hard work; it is a severe task, and inclination is not to be consulted. No rule can be laid down. One will read three times as much as another, and each derive equal profit. It seems idle to read except to furnish the mind food for thought, to keep it occupied; more than this not only is wasted, but overloads and incapacitates the mind for thinking. This begets inattention to facts, and inattention is followed by loss of memory, and then the materials of thinking are gone. Intellectual power is the offspring, result and acquisition of close connected, and protracted thought. Natural powers being equal, it will vary in men in proportion to this discipline of them. Thinking is the severest labor of man yet it is the most compensating. If the mind be immortal, the laborer is working in a garden he shall always till. Labor is a curse; but whoever dares do all, that does become a man, will literally work out his own salvation.

Few men, however, in cities can be led to believe themselves capable of any continuous, sustained mental effort; fewer still have the inclination to exercise the capacity; of those who feel themselves capable and inclined, few have the energy, and fewer still find the opportunity. Amid the toil, and bustle, and noise, and confusion, and multiplicity of facts and events, passions and purposes, each succeeding the other so rapidly that before the mind can grasp one, it is gone, and another fills its place, what chance has thought? What Herculean

powers of mind can hold them? What Argus eyes can discriminate which is worthy of being picked from the miscellaneous heap?

The mind fares better in the country. There are fewer subjects of contemplation. God and nature are ever present. Everything is suggestive of man's littleness and brevity of existence, of nature's permanence. The timid grass bristles stolidly on the very graves of our forefathers. It is only by connecting one's self with the great human family that the aching sense of insignificance is lulled. The thoughts move thus, if they move at all, in a larger compass. There are fewer books and fewer men to make opinions, and so comes self-reliance, the parent of thought. If this is doubted by any citizen who fancies himself a student and a thinker, let him spend a month in the country, and my word for it, he returns a wiser and a sturdier man; 'wiser' for the hours consumed in reflecting upon what would have escaped his attention in the city; 'sturdier' that he was not my convert sooner.

Perhaps the chief advantages of education as a mere accomplishment may be summed up in the two words, consistency and toleration, the two highest traits of a Christian and a gentleman; consistency in his own ideas and actions, and a wise toleration toward the ideas and actions of others. These I think may be better attained in the country than in the city. They are the result of a careful and assiduous cultivation, much silent, serious meditation, and a breadth of views only to be acquired by patient, protracted and uninterrupted thought.

Before I quit this subject, I cannot refrain from two quotations recalled by what has been written. There is one type of man that is not utterly frivolous, thus depicted by the great dramatist:

What is a man, If his chief good and market of his time, Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more. Sure, he that made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not To rust in us unused.

And there is one view of this life that is not utterly insignificant, thus expressed by the great political thinker of the age:

'As it is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb which, amid this universe of worlds, the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send them, with something of the feeling which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the contemplation of the myriads of beings with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space; neither is it false and vain to consider ourselves as interested and connected with our whole race through all time; allied to our ancestors; allied to our posterity; closely compacted on all sides with others; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being, which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present and the future, and terminating at last with the consummation of all things earthly, at the throne of God.'

Ladies Mode of Dress a Cause of Disease.

BY ALFRED C. GARRETT, M. D.

Practitioners of Medicine are often speaking and writing of the unaccountable and alarming increase of nervous, dyspeptic and other diseases, which blast the health of so many young ladies, which twenty years ago were rarely seen. But, alas! these excellent thoughts and wise suggestions are heard only by medical men, or lie locked up in medical books, little known and little regarded. I have long observed the influence of dress on health, and by repeated trials, am fully convinced of the importance of a rational change at once. Now if my theory of the cause of such untold suffering on the part of this class of patients be correct, as a medical man, it is my inclination, if not my duty, to speak and tell mothers what that duty is.

Permit me, then, mothers of American daughters, to call your most serious attention to the real aspect of this important, though delicate subject. The laws of Physiology, which I presume comprehend you more or less, show plainly that the present mode of adjusting and fashioning the whole attire of an American lady must seriously influence her health,—indeed hazard her life. Low-necked dresses, constrained and tight waists, heavy skirts, and thin, light shoes, are the results of a series of unhealthy fashions,—the cause of more deformity than beauty, more misery than happiness, and more sickness than medicine can cure. But I refer more particularly to the adjusting of the under-dress—the skirts. Much has been said of tight lacing, and its direct consequences. Much, also, of exposing the chest, and its tendency to disease the lungs. You have been told again and again that damp cold feet destroy thousands. But the usual mode of suspending the greater part of a woman's attire about the loins, has been too long practiced, and its consequences too much overlooked. Until about twenty years ago, though the dress was at times worn very low on the chest, yet it was always hung by broad straps coming over the shoulders. A reference to the pictures illustrating the fashions of the century prior to the time mentioned, or the costumes of France and England in the past century will prove this. But as a ball dress, the shoulder straps were at first dispensed with, so that the upper line of the dress was quite horizontal. This was often low enough to be indecent. In this style, there was danger of the dress slipping down; and it would have done so, but for the contrivance of suspending it from uprights of whalebone, the lower ends of which pressed upon the waist. This, from being a ball-dress style, became more and more common. Hence, the custom of suspending the skirts around the waist. But the injurious effect was not so apparent at first while the clothes were light, few and short. With a view of improving their form, the lower part of the dress of ladies, now very long, consists of several skirts, sometimes six or seven. These are made of cotton goods, corded, bulky and heavy, and supported severally by a string and binding, drawn around the body, and then rendered still more ligating my motion or exercise. We have seen the marks of these bindings and strings for days after those long ponderous skirts have been removed; we have seen them even after death! But of the displacement and other work within I cannot speak. Here, then, is a great, predisposing cause of evil. The continued and increasing constraint, which is thus kept up, must evidently embarrass greatly the internal organs,—

When to this, however, we add the weight of the profane and lengthy clothes, we cannot but perceive how great an additional force we set at work, particularly if its operation,—its exerted upon organs having among themselves a mobility almost equal to fluid,—be properly estimated.

Here, then, we have an explanation full, and we trust convincing, of the frequency of a large class of diseases, affecting all ages, not excepting the young of the tender sex, the sufferings from which she bears patiently and in silence, until absolute sickness calls the family physician to her relief, perhaps too late. The symptoms commence so gradually, and point so indirectly to the first cause, as to excite no alarm in the victim. Exercise, which ought to invigorate, soon fatigues, and finally becomes distressful. Lassitude takes the place of vivacity, and now the race of disease is begun. Consumption may take the lead; spinal affection, liver engorgement, or organic disease of the heart, may become ultimately the killing disorder. Though obscurity may mark the intermediate steps, be assured the cause is very often the same. The symptoms eventually begin to point to the real seat of trouble more directly. Frequent embarrassment of some or nearly all the internal organs.

The sequel is, a morbid irritability, which reacts through the nervous system upon the general health, resulting often in premature death. Close observation, and more particular inquiries into the symptoms, have convinced me that in very many cases, the pressure above described keeps up, if it does not effectually induce, strangulation of circulation, to which much suffering at times may be reasonably attributed. Acting upon my conviction of this state of things, I advise that this mode of dressing be at once dispensed with, in every family. Let the under garment of every female, of whatever material it consists, be made with a waist, and closed with buttons. Let it be found fit the form smoothly, and let it be found much more easy than the old shoulder-straps. I advise also, for the sake of health, that mothers use their influence to keep the style of dress so as to cover well the chest and neck, and to be short and light-skirted, and quite easy about the waist. Walking shoes should always be substantial.

The Vanity of Riches.

In the following, our friend Tracy, of the Museum, seems to have hit upon a happy vein. The style is felicitous, and in many parts would do credit to Neal, the author of the Charcoal sketches. The philosophy of wealth and its enjoyment, is a subject which admits not only of the truthfulness here displayed, but of a deeper attention than is generally bestowed upon it.

Mr. Ferguson, the noted bibulant—he of the rubicund visage we mean—was standing in Washington street the other day, leaning against an awning post to rest himself after the fatigue incident upon visiting and chatting with a number of publicans and sinners, when he fell into the following train of reflection:—

What's the use of being rich? In particular, what's the use of getting rich? My wife, she says to me every time I get to work on a good job,—'Jim, why don't you try to lay up a little money?' says she. And then I try to distil into her mind the evils of riches. There was poor Mr. Astor, worked hard to accumulate property, and when he had piled up a lot of it he was pestered to death to take care of it. Then there was poor rich Mr. McDonogh, in Louisiana, nigh about starved himself, and only had one suit of poor clothes, for the sake of buying all the land that joined him. I reckon, I've et and drunk about ten times as much good stuff as Mr. McDonogh did in his life with all his property. I live kinder independent like. Nobody asks me to indorse notes or go bail for anybody. No tenth cousins come to my house a-visitin, expectin to live like fightin-cocks at my expense. Nobody asks me to subscribe a thousand dollars for Kossuth. Nobody asks me for money for party purposes. In fact, I get treated at other people's expense—every lecture.

And now what's the use of my working and scrubbing around year in and year out just to accumulate a few hundred thousand dollars? My wife would like to have me do it, I know, so that she might dress in silks; but caliker is good enough for any woman. I enjoy myself just as well as if I was rich. Can't I see all the pretty pictures they put in the windows, around here, for nothing? And all them watches and rings the other side of that plateglass, I can enjoy as well as if I owned 'em. I have new patterns put out for me to look at almost every day, and I don't have to worry nights about their gettin stole. Your rich men go to a great expense and much trouble to keep their coaches and great lazy fellows to drive them, but when I want to ride up to South End, or almost any other part of the city, I just beckons with my finger, and a four horse team and coach haul up to the curb stone and I jump in and am off—only a furbence to pay. No, no! You don't catch Jim Ferguson being one of the 'Rich Men of Massachusetts,' no how! They ain't good members of society they ain't. Cause why! They buy their liquor by the demijohn and drink it at home, and there ain't no public spirit about that. That don't help landlords and saloon-keepers to pay rent—don't help along the 'chinery of society.' It's liable to raise a breeze in the family circle, as I know by experience, for if I carry home even a pint-bottle, Mrs. F. raises a blow that a'most takes my hair off. If I followed the example of the rich men, I should lead a pretty life with Mrs. F. In fact rich men are a humbug, and money is a humbug, so I guess I'll carry this quarter to some grocer and invest it where thieves can't break through and steal it. As long as I carry it about I'm liable to have my pocket picked, but when I've drunk it up nobody can cheat me out of it—that's a fact.

And Mr. Ferguson being fully impressed with the vanity of riches, spent his last quarter at the nearest grocery.

'How admirably,' says Racine, 'is the simplicity of the Evangelists,' they never speak injuriously of the enemies of Jesus Christ, of his judge or his executioners, they repeat the fact without a single reflection. They comment neither on their master's mildness when he was smitten, nor on his constancy in the hour of his ignominious death, which they thus describe:—'And they crucified Jesus.'

FARMERS' DWELLINGS. We need a great improvement in this respect; we need a distinctive rural style of building—comfort and convenience combined with neat and simple elegance. Nothing expensive, gaudy or obtrusive, but graceful in form, chaste in ornament, with quiet, neutral colors, sweetly blended with the surrounding green, all breathing an air of peaceful calm repose on which the eye may rest with pleasure. I would gladly enlarge upon this did time permit. The house should not only be sheltered, but adorned with trees—none more beautiful than those of our own forests.

A few choice fruit trees of various kinds, with grapes and small fruits which need but little care, with flowering shrubs and ornamental climbers, should be there. None of the adornments of beauty are more graceful or attractive than fragrant and blooming vines around the rustic porch. And let there be a garden, too—it need not be a large one—not the unsightly patch of neglected earth, sometimes so miscellaneously intended for potatoes and cabbages, but filled with birdseed and nettles, and a neatly arranged plat of shrubs and flowers, and teach your children to love them. In doing so, you give them new sources of pleasure—new facilities for enjoyment. And do not deem the time they bestow on them lost time; it is well bestowed, and will yield a rich return in pure and simple joy, and the cheerful love of home.—[Address of T. D. Burral, before the Ontario Agricultural Society.]

TO PROMOTE THE HEALTH OF CATTLE.—Mix, occasionally, one part of salt with four, five or six parts of wood ashes, and give the mixture to different kinds of stock, summer and winter. It promotes their appetites, and tends to keep them in a healthy condition. It is said to be good against bots in horses, murrain in cattle, and rot in sheep.

Horse-radish root is valuable for cattle. It creates an appetite, and is good for various diseases. Some give it to any animal that is unwell. It is good for oxen troubled with the heat. If animals will not eat it voluntarily, cut it up fine and mix it with potatoes or meal.

Feed all animals regularly. They not only look for their food at the usual time, but the stomach indicates the want at the stated period. Therefore feed morning, noon, and evening, as near the same time as possible.

Guard against the wide and injurious extremes of satiating with excess and starving with want. Food should be of suitable quality and proportioned to growth and fattening of animals to their labor or exercise. Animals that labor need far more food, and that which is far more nutritious, than those that are idle.

Guard all descriptions of stock against cold and exposure, especially against cold storms of rain, sleet and damp snow, and against lying out on the cold ground in cold nights, in the spring and fall.

In dry time see that animals have a good supply of pure water. When the fountains are low, they drink the drainings of fountains, streams, and passages of water, which are unwholesome.

It burns and stables are very tight and warm, ventilate in mild weather, even in winter.

In feeding animals on apples, or roots, begin with a small quantity and gradually increase it. It would be better to have strangled made gradually.—[American Vet.]

PICKLING MEAT.—Prof. Rehnauque denounces the use of salt petre in brine intended for the preservation of flesh to be kept for food. The part of the saltpetre which is absorbed by the meat, he says, is nitric acid or aquafortis, a deadly poison. Animal flesh, previous to the addition of pickle, consists of gelatinous and fibrous substances, the former only possessing a nutritious virtue; the gelatine is destroyed by the chemical action of saltpetre, and, as the professor remarks, the meat becomes as different a substance from what it should be, as leather is from the raw hide before it is subjected to the process of tanning.

He ascribes to the pernicious effects of the chemical change all the diseases which are common to mariners and others who subsist principally upon a salted meat—such as scurvy, sore gums, decayed teeth, ulcers, &c., and advises a total abandonment of the use of saltpetre in the making of pickle for beef, pork, &c., the best substitute for which, he says, sugar, a small quantity rendering the meat sweeter, more wholesome, and equally as durable.

REMARKS. We fully agree with Prof. R. in denouncing the use of saltpetre in preserving our meats. Such poisons, and especially when they so nearly resemble common salt, or Glauber's salts, should never be brought into the midst of the family. The most fatal consequences have often resulted from it. Beside, the use of it does no good, and may do a great deal of harm.

Some persons have a practice of administering saltpetre to their cows once or twice a week, in order to keep off disease, or in their language to keep them healthy. This should be strongly reprehended. It is soon enough to do either animals or humans when there are symptoms of disease, as each dose of saltpetre contains nitric acid or aquafortis, which is a deadly poison.—[New Eng. Farmer.]

COOL IMPUDENCE. Yesterday afternoon a rather genteel looking young man walked into the bar of the Woodruff House, and called for a whisky toddy. He was served, and after he had drank the toddy, he obtained a cigar, sat down by the fire and leisurely puffed it away. He then called for another toddy, and after placing it beneath his vest, he calmly buttoned up his coat, pulled on his gloves, and turning to the bar-keeper, said: 'I'm ready.' 'You are ready, are you?' replied the bar-keeper. 'Well, your bill is twenty-five cents.' 'I was aware of that fact,' replied the patron, folding his arms and turning his face towards the door, 'and now I am ready.' 'Ready for what?' 'To be kicked out. Ha! got a darned cent—couldn't do without the liquor—been served like a gent—ain't ashamed of my poverty—take your pay, air—kick me out!' The bar-keeper finding the chap was in earnest, obliged him with several applications of his boot toe, lustily administered. The 'diddler' bore it in good part, and after he had been kicked into the street, turned round, made a polite bow to the bar-keeper, and then, apparently in a merry mood, trotted down street.

MISCELLANY.

Cranberry Culture.

A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, Joseph Orcutt, of South Weymouth, Mass., furnishes the following as his views and experience relative to the culture of cranberries:

I own about an acre of meadow, covered with cranberry vines; last year I gathered twenty bushels, this year none, owing to a frost in June which destroyed the blossoms. In the year 1849, I set out forty bunches of vines on a high bluff of ground, elevated about forty feet from a piece of interval near by, and on which I have apple and quince trees growing luxuriantly. The soil in which I set the vines was very thin and poor, and the amount of ground occupied by the vines being about one rod. The first year these vines produced one quart, the second year four quarts, third year eight quarts, these vines having no labor bestowed on them since setting out. The same year, 1849, I tried a piece of bog meadow, from which I took off the turf and then set the vines, which were of an extra kind, and they have not done any better than those on the upland; but the fruit this year has been destroyed by frost. The day before the frost occurred, I took up some vines and set them on the upland where they produced a few cranberries. I prefer upland to meadow for the cultivation of the cranberry, for the following reasons.

On upland they grow larger and ripen earlier, the quality is better and keeps better. The freedom from frosts and from being flooded with water insuring a regular crop, and they can be cultivated in any situation which is desirable, being gathered with greater convenience. On meadow, in very wet seasons, the expense of gathering is near the value of the crop. They will grow on any kind of land, as well on poor soil as rich. The best time for setting the vines is in April or May. I have half an acre prepared for setting in the spring, and have selected the plants from a bog-meadow which bears cranberries of good size and quality; I shall strike out the ground in furrows four feet apart each way, then set the vines without manure. A friend of mine, in the year 1849, set a few bunches of vines in a light soil, with a subsoil of gravel and sand, and they have done well this year, bearing cranberries of as large size as I ever saw and very full. I have been informed of a gentleman residing near, who owned a lot of meadow and upland; on the upland there was a gravelly knoll which he removed to the meadow, and when he had taken off all the elevation, he set out some cranberry vines in the gravel and sand, which flourished remarkably well.

THE CONTRAST.—I saw a vast multitude of the sick and dying, and all fast hastening to death; and I heard a voice saying to each and all, "There is life for the asking;" and there was but one or two of all that great company raised their voices to beg the boon.

I saw a band of weary travellers, in a sandy desert, parched with thirst, and faint beneath the rays of the burning sun; and I heard a voice saying to them, "There is water for the seeking." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" and directly in sight appeared a cool and sparkling fountain, gushing from a rock, which threw a deep shadow across the "weary land," and but few there were who made the effort to reach the grateful shade of the rock, or to slake their thirst in its waters.

"There is gold for the digging," proclaimed another voice; and thousands of eager questioners cry, "Where—where?" Far, far away over the deep waters, across the dangerous passes of the mountains; danger and disease must be met, privation and hunger must be braved—but what of all that? there is "gold for the digging" at the end. And how they throng, and press, and crowd, to reach that far off land!

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what, when it is lost, shall he give in exchange for his soul?"

ERRORS IN COMPOSTING MANURE. The farmer's manure heap is usually the receptacle of every substance that has served its original purpose; but it is a mistaken idea that every thing thrown in there will serve a useful purpose. We may, however, just say here, that this error has considerably influenced farm practice. Belief in the alchemy, rather than the chemistry of the farm yard, has led some persons to cart soil into the manure yard, and carry it back again to the very field from whence it was taken; adding materially to the bulk and expense of the manuring. They presume that they added to its value, but the effect of the earth upon the farm yard manure would be merely to retard decomposition, and thus might be a loss or a gain, according to the circumstances of soil and the crop.

Animal substances, offal, and fish of every description are also very unprofitably applied to farm-yard manure. The natural tendency of animal substances is to enter into putrefactive fermentation is well known to be greater than that of vegetable substances. By placing them in the manure heap, we are in further degree facilitate the quality in which they naturally excel, and the tendency of which is to rob them of their most valuable element, nitrogen. Judicious practice should avoid this error, by adopting, if possible, a system having an opposite effect.

Lime is one of the substances which is also an error to use with composts in which we have farm-yard manure. It is equally an error to mix lime with any compound rich in ammonia. The tendency of lime, in all composts, is to promote decomposition and to waste nitrogen, which escapes, by union with hydrogen, under the form of ammonia, which is the very treasure of the dung heap, and of most other manuring substances. [Professor Norton's Agriculture.]

INSPIRING ANECDOTE.—We read in a foreign journal, recently, a review of the life and writings of Condorcet, who was one of the greatest men that France has produced.

He was one of the revolutionists in 1793; but it was not more safe during the reign of terror, to be even a revolutionist. One Government was overthrown after another, and the friends of each demolished assembly sent to the guillotine. Condorcet was one of the proscribed revolutionists, and he lived at the house of Madame Venet. An act was passed by the Convention, prescribing death as a punishment of any who should harbor any man charged with political offences. On the passage of this act, Condorcet addressed Madame Venet as follows:

"Madame, I am sensible of your many kindnesses to me; and the more I esteem your goodness, the more I am under the obligation of an honest man not to abuse it. The Convention has proscribed all who shall harbor a political offender; and should I be found in your house, you will meet the fate that is now denounced against me. I must leave your house."

To this Madame Venet replied, in language that stirs the blood of every true spirit:

"The Convention may put you out of the pale of the law, but it cannot put you out of the pale of humanity."

Search the records of greatness, and a nobler sentiment, more beautifully expressed, cannot be found.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... JAN. 15, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
E. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co.; with A. R. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.
Y. 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 Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

Lycium Lectures.

The lecture of Rev. Mr. Caldwell, of Bangor, on Monday evening, on the subject of "Unwritten History," was one of unusual interest. Both in style and matter it stamped its author an eloquent writer and a close and ingenious thinker.

If those by whose efforts the present course of lectures has been planned can sustain the high character thus far secured for them, we can hardly doubt that they will ultimately meet the encouragement they merit. Thus far our citizens exhibit strong indications of a lack either of generosity or good taste, or both. Lectures of less merit, and for a less commendable object, have been accustomed heretofore to secure an audience much larger; and that we would rather attribute the cause to the weather, we fear that some narrow views have taken possession of some of the little minds with which every community is afflicted. If a course of lectures which effects a generous and praiseworthy object, and at the same time trains at home the money expended, cannot secure a generous patronage in Waterville, it cannot be easy to conceive a plan for general improvement that would not find objectors. This plan should be well encouraged. It deserves encouragement; and it must be humiliating, even beyond those immediately interested, to see it met with a lukewarmness that indicates something beyond indifference.

Our neighbors in Augusta, who have one of the largest halls in the State, are inquiring through the press, what they can do for room to accommodate the holders of Lycium tickets! The demand for tickets has gone beyond all possible accommodation; and it is even proposed to build a new hall! What do the little half-fed intellects that could not afford a ticket this winter for fear of aiding a sectarian, or an orthodox, or a religious enterprise, think of this? Last winter, as the result of a week's labor from some half dozen persons, a respectable audience was secured. Baptists, Universalists, Methodists, Unitarians and Nothings mingled together for mutual benefit without the least fear of benefiting each other. Now we have a better plan and better lectures; but everybody's dollar is suddenly gifted with a creed, or something else, that renders it "sticky as tar." Learned and liberal men, of all denominations, have volunteered to aid an object of which they naturally suppose our whole community approve. They are to lecture gratuitously—but to an empty house! Shame upon such narrowminded individuals! We might even hope the great denomination of "Nothings-arians" would interpose from sheer spite, to save our village from such disgrace; but, for once, they have conceived a creed, too, more binding even than self interest.

Now, why not, we ask, take hold with spirit and sustain these lectures? Why not Baptists be generous?—and Universalists liberal?—and Methodists obliging?—and Unitarians neighborly?—and everybody else public spirited?—so that this enterprise may not prove a shame instead of a benefit to our village?—That must indeed be an "almighty dollar" that is worth more to an entire family than a good course of literary and scientific lectures. Throw it in boldly, ye who are able; and let such as are not, be counted, "one of the family," till the house is filled with a good audience. Open your hearts, we say, and throw it in.

Panorama of California.

This painting, which has been extensively exhibited in various parts of our State, and elicited decided commendation from good judges, commences its exhibition at this place this evening, in the Town Hall. We have seen it, and confidently assure such as feel interested in El Dorado, or the route thither, that they will be well satisfied with the panorama. It is a good picture; but whether better or worse than this or that, is no matter. No doubt it is what it claims to be—a variety of views and scenes in California, drawn from actual observation. Many returned Californians have felt assured of this from a view of the work. Those who would know how California looks without going there, cannot do better than to examine the panorama.

The Drop Game on a Down Easter.

A good story is told of our honest friend and townsman, Nealand Osgood, who left Waterville some two weeks since for California. Mr. O. is a plain man, and better known for blunt honesty than personal beauty—one who would be likely to attract the attention of those who drop pocket-books for others to pick up. While in New York, before the steamer sailed, he was looking about the great city to wonder at this and that, when he eye suddenly rested upon an apparently well filled pocket-book. As he stepped forward to pick it up, a fellow started forward from the corner of a building and snatched it up. "Hold on!" says a third man, probably a partner, as he saw the intruder walking off with the prize. "Hold on there!—that man saw that thing first."

"What's that to you?—I've got it." After a little parrying, in a still way, the two strangers agreed that the thing should be settled by stepping into a shop close by, and dividing the money.

"But look here!" said Osgood, in a voice loud enough to be in danger of arresting the attention of the police—"Look here! somebody has lost this money, and the owner ought to have it! It ain't yours, if you have found it—and it won't be mine if I buy it. It belongs to somebody else, and he ought to have it!"

But the argument of Mr. O. was less effectual than the noise he made—which was likely to attract more notice than the conspirators desired; and before it was fairly completed they slipped out of sight—probably convinced that this present subject was either too honest or too cunning for their purposes.

(For The Eastern Mail.)

Reform, Temperance, and the "Liquor Law."

The object of law is to restrain all evil, to dam up the fountains of iniquity, that the law of love may have its perfect work. The demand for a law to restrain any evil depends on the extent of the evil; and the penalty attached to a law for any crime should be in accordance to the magnitude of the crime. I think no one will object to these premises. The conclusion that necessarily follows, is this: that since it has been repeatedly shown that intemperance is the greatest evil known among men, and the traffic in spirituous liquor the greatest crime, we have more need of a law to suppress it than any other evil, and that that law should have attached to its violation the severest penalty known to our laws! The only objection I have ever had to any temperance law, I have against the present one, namely: the penalty for its violation is not equal to the magnitude of the crime. This is the only thing that will prevent its success. I am in favor of petitioning the Legislature, this winter, to amend the law in this respect, and also to make it the duty of the authorities of every city and town to prosecute to the extent of it. It is an old saying that what is every body's business, is no body's business. It is so in regard to the violation of the present liquor law; and hence many hotels and stores keep open bars, and sell to any who want it, with impunity. These things ought not so to be. At the suggestion of the severest penalty known to our laws, being attached to a violation of the liquor law, many are ready to start up and ask, what! would you place the dealer in spirituous liquors on equal footing with the murderer? I answer, murder is murder, whether committed with the knife or slow poison. They are alike affected; and for me, I had rather my son would die by the knife than run. By the former his death is instantaneous and without disgrace, by the other, he dies an ignominious death, and fills a felon's grave. If there is a man on earth who dissents from me in this matter, let him speak. It is said of the law that it is unconstitutional—that we cannot make a law that will give the state a right to destroy a man's property. Then I would ask if it is lawful or constitutional for a liquor dealer to destroy his neighbor's property, or take it from him without giving him an equivalent, as he sells him rum. What right has he to turn him out of doors with a dependant suffering family upon him? What right has he to destroy his neighbor's immortal soul, and send it down to ruin; in which all with whom he is connected, the innocent as well as the guilty, are involved? Yes, the community in which he lives, and the world feel the shock that crushes a fellow being; and its influence will run through all time. Is there any thing under high heaven that calls louder for our charity? for our action? for our interference to succor and to save? No man has a right to follow a business which interferes with the good of his neighbors and the peace of society. No man has a right to open a school to qualify men for every species of sin. Every place where spirituous liquors are sold, is such a school, and yet we are told we have no right to interfere with such nuisances! but that they must be suffered to roll their dark and turbid waves over our land, which bears away all that is lovely and noble in the character of man! That we have a right to put a stop to this wholesale destruction will be satisfactorily proved, within one year, to the most credulous. Sooner, than we would have the former days of intemperance rolled back upon us, we would repel them at the point of the bayonet! There is a fear with some lest the liquor law will be repealed at the coming session of the legislature. I have no fears of its repeal, but faith that it will be made stronger.

The feelings of the people of this State are too well known for such an act. An attempt to repeal it would be the signal for a state indignation meeting, in which it would be shown that the voice of the people, in this state at least, is law.

Yet, I would suggest that all political parties make the question of intemperance the criterion on which all the officers of towns, counties, states, and the United States shall be filled. By taking this position in regard to our own state, we shall become what our situation in the American constellation signifies, the leading star.

I cannot close this article, without calling the attention of the friends of temperance to a strong fortification of intemperance, which, as yet, has been entirely overlooked. I allude to apothecary shops and doctors. These are strong holds of the enemy, and their fire must be silenced, as it is making mighty havoc in the ranks of the temperance army. The victory can never be complete till the enemy is forgotten out of these places, and the medical profession cease prescribing spirituous liquors for their patients. Most of the patent medicines sold by druggists are prepared in spirituous liquors, and there can be no doubt, but that there are many "bitters" drank at the present day because of the alcohol there is in them. Besides druggists are obliged, as things are now, to

keep liquor to supply the demand of the doctors. This state of things has grown out of the idea that spirituous liquor has a medical property for which there is no substitute. I deny this, and call on any physician to make it appear. It can be shown that all diseases have been successfully treated in every country, under all circumstances, for twenty five years without the first drop of spirituous liquor. If diseases have thus been treated by the first physicians in Europe and America for the above length of time, it is irrefutable evidence that spirituous liquor is not needed for the successful treatment of diseases. Then let us strike at the root of the evil, and exclude from our hopes all medicines containing spirits; remembering that if there is no seed left, there will be no crop next year. Depend upon it, that as long as it is among us, there will be a bad use made of it. Nothing short of its extermination can secure us from its immeasurable evils. It is understood that I war against principles, not men.

The Legislature.

We find little in the legislative journal, thus far, to interest our readers. The subject of making Kossuth the guest of the State, or inviting him to become such, has called out a generous quantity of patriotism; but whether Kossuth will think the interests of Hungary will be promoted by the proposed visit, we have some doubt. Mr. Irish, of Union, was the only man who said nay to the resolution, against 118 who said yea. An independent man is Mr. Irish.

The arrangements for active labor are making good progress, and we may look for work soon.

WE learn that the celebrated Meneuse Company, consisting of five of the Penobscot Tribe of Indians, will give one of their amusing and instructive entertainments in this village on Friday evening Jan. 16th. Tickets 25 cents.

SOCIETY IN TEXAS.—Judge Buckley, in a recent charge to the Grand Jury of the District Court of Galveston, presented a most deplorable state of morals in Texas. Among other things he said, that there was no country inhabited by the Anglo Saxon race in which there was so little regard to law and order as in Texas, and continued:

"During the four years that I have been on the bench there have been between fifty and sixty cases of murder before me—and if in each of the twelve Judicial Districts in the State there has been a like number, then there have been upwards of six hundred cases of murder in four years—showing a state of things unequalled in any country; and that of these six hundred cases, not six of them have been found guilty by the jury before which they had been tried. It is not possible to suppose that in all these cases there was a deficiency in evidence, and the only conclusion to which I can arrive is that the juries must have forgotten or disregarded their oaths."

ARVINE'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ANECDOTES. No. 3, has been received. This is an interesting collection of anecdotes on various subjects, both amusing and instructive. Published by GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, at 25 cents a number—to be completed in eight semi-monthly parts.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.—If the following from the London Times, be true, our geological correctors of Moses' cosmogony will have need to correct some of their dates, to say the least:

Professor Gorini, who is professor of natural history at the University of Lodi, made recently, before a circle of private friends, a remarkable experiment illustrative of his theory as to the formation of mountains. He melts some substances, known only to himself, in a vessel and allows the liquid to cool. At first it presents an even surface; but a portion continues to ooze up from beneath, and gradually elevations are formed, until at length ranges and chains of hills are formed, exactly corresponding in shape with those which are found on the earth. Even to the stratification the resemblance is complete, and Mr. Gorini can produce on a small scale the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes. He contends, therefore, that the inequalities on the face of the globe are the result of certain materials, first reduced by the application of heat to a liquid state, and then allowed gradually to consolidate.

OFFICERS of Waterville Division, No. 58, S. of T., for the quarter commencing January 1, 1852:

William C. Bridge, W. P.
James P. Hill, W. A.
Jefferson Soule, R. S.
Asa Pollard, A. R. S.
Emory Mellen, F. S.
Timothy McIntire, T.
James S. Craig, C.
Amos Southard, A. C.
Martin Nudd, I. S.
Erastus Warren, O. S.

POPULAR RELIGION.—He that breaks off the yoke of obedience, and unties the bands of discipline, and preaches a cheap religion, and presents heaven in the midst of flowers, and strews carpets softer than the Asian luxury in the way, and sets the songs of Zion to the tunes of the Persian and lighter airs, and offers great liberty of living, and reconciles eternity with present enjoyment—he shall have his schools filled with disciples; but he that preaches the Cross, and the severities of Christianity, and the strictness of a holy life, shall have the lot of his blessed Lord—he shall be thought ill off, and be deserted.—[Taylor.]

TAKK ANY SHAPE BUT THAT. The Boston Daily Mail, speaking of the Forrest Divorce case says: "When one of the witnesses, on Tuesday, swore that Capt. Howard 'wore Mr. Forrest's shirts,' the great American tragedian became so enraged that he jumped up, seized himself by the hair, and gave one of his hair's! which has made him so popular in Bolla. He could bear everything but this."

HIGHWAY ROBBERY. A produce dealer, Mr. Atwood, of Concord, Maine, was knocked down and robbed of \$185, in Maverick square, East Boston, on Monday night, 5th, as he was on his way to his son's house. He was attacked from behind by two men, and while he was lying insensible on the sidewalk, they got at his wallet, which he kept between his two shirts, and fled.

AUSTRIAN OPINIONS ON AMERICA.—Der Lloyd and the official Correspondent both devote a column to the message of the American President; the former, however, directs its attention chiefly to the reception given to Kossuth, and the effect likely to be produced on the policy of the States by the Hungarian agitator. The writer states that Kossuth may think himself most fortunate if he can amass "half the sum raised by Jenny Lind to retire upon." In the course of the article, the writer gives it as his opinion that America is too wise to commence a war of aggression in Europe until she has got rid of Spain and England in her own hemisphere, to both of whom he kindly accords another half century's enjoyment of their positions in that quarter of the globe. The Correspondent is only half satisfied with the President's disavowal of the Cuban expedition, which should have been foreseen and prevented. As to Kossuth's reception being made the subject of parliamentary deliberation, the Austrian organ considers it not only a friendly offer of place, but highly offensive to a friendly power, and calculated to produce much evil in the end, but of a piece with the policy that dispatched an American agent to the seat of war in Hungary. American institutions have, in the opinion of the writer, got to go through a fiery ordeal ere they can be pronounced sound or worthy of imitation.

MEANNESS. The New York Tribune states that the Hungarians who were brought to this country in the U. S. Steamer Mississippi, and have been ever since lodged at the Irving house at the charge of the city, were notified by the servants that their bill would not be paid after the 5th inst. This takes them by surprise, because on two occasions when they have expressed to the Mayor their desire to find less expensive lodgings, and employment, they have been requested to give themselves no anxiety, and to remain where they were until something should be done for them by Congress. They are entirely without means and without employment, and this manner of turning them off at this particular time without notice seems not only mean but really inhuman.

THE FORRETT DIVORCE CASE.—A New York correspondent of the Dispatch, writing in relation to this case, and the extraordinary profanity in fashionable society developed by it, says:

The papers give you all the disgusting details. As regards the popular expression here, we may say that it is peculiarly mixed up and uncertain on this subject. There are those who believe Mrs. F. an innocent and persecuted woman, and who are determined to believe her such under any circumstances. There are those, again, who conceive her to be culpable, and who are just as resolved to believe her such. For our own part, we have but this to say on the unpleasant topic; that taking the substance of every witness into view, Mr. Forrest's house, in his absence, was certainly made the theatre of most indecent operations. Mr. Voorhees and Miss Sinclair, Mr. Raymond and Mrs. Voorhees, Capt. Howard and the servant girl Ann Dempsey, (to leave Mr. Forrest herself entirely out of the question,) seem to have entirely forgotten the location of Mr. Forrest's residence, and to have imagined it to be in—or St. instead of in Twenty-second. That Mrs. F. knew of all this is not denied. That she permitted it is nothing to her credit. That she countenanced it, is a melancholy evidence of relaxed moral principle; and the latter will go far to superinduce a moral conviction, however inadequate to effect a legal one, of her own guiltiness.

Putting aside any opinion relative to Mr. F. at all—for we consider it now unnecessary—what will be the result of this trial? The jury will probably not agree. It is a cross suit, in which both parties claim a divorce. But the law demands that the party so claiming shall come into court with clean hands. Both parties have made it a point to so blacken each other in the course of this adjudication, that clean hands appear to be entirely lost sight of. We cannot see how either party, therefore, can claim a verdict.

And what then? Why, Mr. Forrest will have indirectly gained, we suppose, what was partly his object. The reputation of Mrs. Forrest will have been irretrievably blasted.—That of Mrs. Voorhees will have been placed in the same condition, Mrs. Anna Flowers, ditto. Mr. Raymond, Capt. Howard, Mr. N. P. Willis, Mr. R. Willis, Capt. Calcraft, &c., will have been baptised in infamy. The city newspapers generally will have partly done the work—and the Herald's pamphlet, with an edition of 100,000 for circulation in Europe and America, will do the rest. A dozen families will have been rendered wretched, and the peace of ten dozen more, related to them, will have been so disturbed that, however nicely covered up by a fashionable nonchalance, it never can be restored to its normal condition.

JUDGE SHEPLEY ON "A LIBEL."—Judge Shepley in his charge to the Jury in the "Gardiner Fountain Case," gave the following legal definition of a libel:

"This publication, I am bound to say, as matter of law, is a violation of the law, that it is illegal, is wrongful, is immoral. Still, if such be the character, the law allows the Defendants to prove the truth, and stand justified. So that whatever be the character of a publication, truth is a justification. It is unlawful and immoral for one to call his neighbor a thief, but if he proves it, he stands acquitted; the truth takes away the immorality. So mighty is the power of truth, that in the eye of the law, to write or publish the truth is never immoral. A man may ever speak the truth, and be blameless, and be entitled to commendation for speaking it."

JACKSON AND INTERVENTION.—The following is an extract from the speech of Col. Small, at the Kossuth meeting in Philadelphia on Saturday last:

What do you think the immortal Jackson would have said upon the subject of non-intervention at this time? (Immense cheering.) I can imagine, gentlemen, the old hero watching with deep interest the struggle between Hungary and Austria, and the approach of the Russian Bear to take a part against the gallant Magyar, would have said at once to the latter, "Halt there, Mr. Bear, this is none of your business; we'll just draw a ring and show the parties fair play, but if you do mix in, look out for yourself, I'll be in, too, by the Eternal!" (The applause and cheering at this remark were of the most enthusiastic character.)

STOPPING PAPERS. The editor of the Buffalo Christian Advocate says: "A person has a right to stop his paper when he pleases with one exception. If he is in debt one, six, or a dozen weeks, more or less, he has no right to discontinue it until all arrearages are paid. A man who will stop his paper when he owes for it, is thievish, because he steals the march on the editor!"

AN EXPENSIVE FEMALE.—An economist the other day observed a lady who carried one of her labor of two thousand men upon her shoulders, and of as many more hanging from her ears. There was not a limb in her body

which did not call for the hard work of an entire day of one hundred men or women; and it was usual to adorn the person with gold, like a Chinese pagoda, instead of silks and furs, and textures of lace and wool, what was expended on her dress would have plated her all over with the precious metal.

The Congressional Dinner to Kossuth.
WASHINGTON, Thursday morning, Jan. 7. At 7 o'clock this evening, 264 guests sat down to the Congressional Dinner to Kossuth. Hon. William R. King presided. On his right sat Kossuth, and next to him Mr. Boyd. Hon. Daniel Webster sat on the left of Mr. King. The room was tastefully decorated with the flags of the United States, Hungary, England, Turkey and France. Several marine bands were in attendance, and discoursed delightful music.

At a quarter past 8, the ladies entered, filling the room. The regular toasts were immediately given.

First—The President of the United States. This was briefly responded to by the executive head of the departments.

Second—The Judiciary.

Responded to by Judge Wayne.

Third—The Navy, illustrious in giving liberty to the Hungarian chief.

Responded to by Mr. Stanton.

Fourth—The army, in saluting Kossuth, he added glory to his country.

Mr. Shields responded. The next toast was

Give Hungary fair play in her struggle for liberty. (Immense applause.)

Kossuth in his speech in response to this toast said: As Cincinnatus stood among the Senators of Rome, which controlled the world, thus, full of reverence and admiration, he stood among the Legislators of the new Capitol, whither the spirit of the old Capitol had fled. He contrasted the Old World with the New, and, in surprising eloquence, portrayed the exalted historical character of the Hungarian people.

He then alluded to the splendid career of the United States, and said they had conquered more in a few years, by principle, than Rome had in centuries, by arms; that the principles of this republic were destined to conquer the world. His hope for Europe was not in consolidation, but in the confederation of States like ours—for that, fair play was indispensable. (Applause.) We had it not in Europe.

Mr. Clay, said Kossuth (unbounded applause) thirty years ago, said that Paris was transferred to St. Petersburg; What say you now, if told that St. Petersburg is transferred to Paris? All Europe was but an appendage to Russia. A terrible and foreboding silence reigned in Europe; even Albion was sorrowful. But God's will be done.

He fervently hoped we should pronounce in favor of non-intervention. Such a declaration would secure fair play, and war would not follow. There was no freedom for Europe until Hungary was freed. "Freedom, or Death," was the watchword of his countrymen. If they perished, history would record that it was because there was none to protect the laws of nations. American Republicanism said Kossuth, was destined for the whole European Continent. His coming here was not a failure, as some announced. He and his country would forever remember us.

Upon concluding Kossuth was greeted with nine cheers and music.

The Secretary of State was then thanked. His sympathies are as broad as his intellect is profound.

Mr. Webster responded, and heartily joined in the welcome. He said their sympathy would exert a mighty influence in Europe. Let it go forth, borne on all the wings of the heavens! The public opinion of an intelligent and free nation was strong enough to shake the most powerful throne on earth. (Applause.)

He showed that the Hungarian people were capable of maintaining a national government. Mr. Webster concluded in an eloquent declaration in favor of the "hands off" principle. He gave as a toast—

Hungarian independence—Hungary, a distinct nationality.

(Overwhelming applause, followed by Yankee Doodle, from the band.)

Messrs. Gentry, Douglass and Cass followed. Mr. Cass said he was ready to pass the declaration of the "hands off" doctrine in Congress to-morrow, and to maintain it.

Kossuth responded to a toast in honor of Turkey; and proclaimed universal friendship for that nation; her interests were identified with Hungary.

At 12 o'clock, Kossuth and the officers of the meeting retired, the party breaking up with the greatest enthusiasm [Tel. to Boston Atlas.—Argus.]

IMPORTANT RAILROAD DECISION.

The case of F. O. J. Smith and others, against J. A. Fox and others, President and directors of the York and Cumberland Railroad, Maine, was decided on Saturday. Mr. Smith had been removed from the Presidency of the road by vote of the Directors, but nevertheless claimed to act as President, and brought this suit for the possession of the road. The decision of Judge Wells was, that the judges were of opinion the defendants were lawfully in possession of the road, and that the petitioners could take nothing by their motion. This is regarded as a decision of great importance, establishing the principle that a Board of Directors have a right to remove their President from office, for sufficient cause.

Lord Palmerston did not retire from the English cabinet before he had disclaimed, on the part of his government the act of firing into the Prometheus at Greytown. Despatches have been received at Washington from Mr. Lawrence, giving his correspondence with the State Secretary for Foreign Affairs on this subject. Lord Palmerston disavows the conduct of the captain of the Express, and gives such assurance of the feeling of his government as to preclude the possibility of any misunderstanding arising between the two countries. It is stated further that Lord Palmerston would at once give practical effects to the Clayton and Bulwer treaty by abandoning the Mosquito protectorate. Earl Granville (Lord Leveson Gower) will doubtless follow up this assurance of his predecessor.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—Capt. Penny states in a letter to the London Times, that he lately learned from Capt. Martin of Peterhead, that he commanded a whaler in 1845, and was the last person to communicate with Sir John Franklin. He told him, he says, during the conversation, that he had five years' provisions which he could make last seven, and his people were busily engaged in salting down birds, of which they had several casks full already, and twelve men were out shooting more.

This fact, which is not doubted apparently, has created renewed hope for the safety of the expedition.

GREEN CORN IN CALIFORNIA.—The editor of a California paper announces in his issue of the 11th of November, that he had green corn for dinner that day, picked from the stalks of a second crop this season.

