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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 32): February 26, 1852

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEB. 26, 1852.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### "NIL DESPERANDUM"

BY INEZ.

The Angel Time has whispered to our hearts—  
"In the bright places of the hallowed past,  
Ye may not stay; the morning hour departs,  
The golden sands of life are running fast.  
Linger no more! bid adieu to all that's vain,  
And turn to God, who waits for thee again."

We listen to that voice; but while the chain  
Is round each spirit twining solemnly,  
While in each other's eyes we seek in vain  
For that forgetfulness we know must be,  
What spell shall guard us on life's changing sea?

What shall our watchword be in years to come,  
When hearts as well as paths are severed wide?  
What shall bring back warm memories of home?  
Thro' those still halls with twilight flooded o'er,  
And listen to the hymn that breathes to us no more.

The vesper hour with other songs will come,  
And other voices will their influence pour  
Around the soul, tho' oft will memory roam  
Thro' those still halls with twilight flooded o'er,  
And listen to the hymn that breathes to us no more.

Yet would we have some well remembered tone,  
Stealing around us still where'er we are,  
Whispered from all things bright to us alone,  
Written on forest leaf and cloud and flower,  
Floating at nightfall from each watching star.

"Nil Desperandum"—word that oft hath stirred  
Our souls to higher and more earnest thoughts,  
In the soft morning wind let it be heard—  
On the pure banner of the starlight wrought,  
And music with its strain of triumph fraught.

"Nil Desperandum"—with the storm's wild song,  
It shall be blended from the depths of night  
Clear it will murmur—and we will be strong;  
With that our watchword, Time in vain shall blight  
The summer of our hearts for ever bright.

"Nil Desperandum," listen and go forth,  
Never despairing, to the distant goal,  
When on thy heart life gems of richest worth,  
And when the waves of sorrow heaviest roll—  
"Nil Desperandum," upward, soaring soul!

## MISCELLANY.

### A MAIDEN'S MISTAKE: Or a kissing Adventure.

Say what you will about it, I am ready to swear that I never was kissed, as far as I remember, but once. But that once has not been forgotten, and if you will leave your main yard slack, I'll tell you the story, though it won't do for me to catch you a laughing at it.

It lacked only a half an hour of midnight. I had been on a visit to one of my neighbors, and found such agreeable company that the hours passed by unnoticed—by me, at least, but I finally got under way for my lodgings. The night was cold and nearly starless, and the wind blew fresh from the north; but it did not worry me much, for I sauntered along whistling the very familiar tune of "Oh no, I never mention it."

Suddenly, while passing an aristocratic-looking mansion, I saw a front window in the second story softly illuminated. The light seemed to beckon me to approach. Wondering who it could be, and what was wanted I darted through the front gate, and was under the window.

"Is that you, Charley?" asked one of the sweetest voices you ever dreamed of hearing. I was surprised—astonished—as you will readily believe, considering the lateness of the hour; but I was pretty well convinced that it was me, and nobody else, so I replied—

"Yes, here I am!"

And there I was, trembling like a sky-sail pole in a gale of wind. And then came the response to my answer—

"Well, I am ready!"

What do you think of that, coming as it did from a young lady at that hour of the night?—fitting time for a revelation of horrors!—Ready! what could she mean. I was thunderstruck.

Ere my curious speculations assumed any definite shape, the unseen lady lowered the end of a rope ladder to the ground, seemingly inviting me to ascend; but I fell back again. However, I was spared the agony of a refusal. I saw in an instant that the lady was about to descend to the ground; I saw her suspended between heaven and earth. Oh! how I wished that the ropes might give way, so that I should have an opportunity of catching her in my arms. But they didn't break, and she reached terra firma in safety.

And oh, joy! the instant she touched the ground she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me again and again! Wasn't I happy? Of course I pressed her to my bosom with a lover's ardor, and returned her kisses with more than compound interest.

"Oh! I am so glad you have come!" murmured the fair creature, in tones that thrilled my heart with delight. "I have taken nothing but my jewels and ready money; for I have hoped that a reconciliation will be effected. If not, we will live, love and be happy in a little world of our own."

"Yes, we will," I replied in an emphatic manner, for I felt that she was all that mortal man could desire. I now really thought that I had secured a bride; and then the "jewels," "money," and "reconciliation," rang in my ears like a dinner-bell in a one-eyed tavern.

And now let us hurry away before we are discovered," said the lady, taking my arm and leading the way. No doubt she thought me very backward, but, to tell the truth, I didn't know where to direct my steps. Following the "gentle inclination," we passed rapidly up the street.

Go ahead, my beauty, I'm yours till death, thought I. But a change soon came o'er the spirit of our dream. Our rapid pace soon brought us to the gas-light on the corner, and then, for the first time, she caught a glimpse of my features. The effect was electrical. She disengaged her arm from mine, recoiled a few paces and murmured wildly—

"Merciful Heaven! you are not my Charley!"

whistling the same tune I had been indulging in a few moments previous. As I was about to make some remark upon the singular coincidence, my fair companion darted away in the direction of whistler No. 2. The whole adventure seemed a mystery to me; and there I stood, wondering what would be the next move. The top of my bliss had been over-turned.

Five minutes might have passed, and then the lady made her appearance, leaning upon the arm of a noble-looking man of about my own age. "I was just about to ask myself who could finish us with pistols for two and a coffin for one, when the lady took my hand, and looking archly up into my face, she asked—

"Will you not accompany us to the Rev. Mr. Smith's residence, and see us married?"

The truth dashed upon my mind in an instant. The lady was the only daughter of wealthy parents, and they were opposed to her lover, considering him as too poor, as he was a young merchant who had just set up in business. He was forbidden the house, and, as a natural consequence, the lovers planned an elopement. She was to be ready on a certain night, and he was to give notice of his whereabouts by whistling the tune of "Oh, no, I never," &c.

Well there was no law against whistling, and at the appointed hour I happened to be near the lady's residence, and whistling my favorite tune, which chanced to be the signal agreed upon by the lovers. It was thus that she mistook me for her lover, whose name was Charles.

To make a long story short, I accompanied them to their place of destination, and saw the lovers united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The rest of the night was passed in rejoicing, and the next morning I called upon the lady's parents—gradually imparted the news to them—received their forgiveness for the lovers, saw them reconciled, and agreeable to the request of the newly married couple have made their house my home ever since—but never shall I forget the kisses I received by reason of the "Maiden's Mistake."—[Western Emporium.]

The Triumph of Genius.

The surpassing superiority of Michael Angelo, while it secured the patronage of princes and popes, awakened the envy and hatred of artists. Pope Pius II. determined to monopolize his labors. His enemies suggested to the Pope that he was an excellent painter as a sculptor. This stroke of policy told.

After having walked for some time, Julius led the artist into the Sistine Chapel, and raising his hand toward the vault, said: "Since my uncle's death, this beautiful building has remained unfinished. I wish it to be said: 'Julius II. has completed what Sixtus IV. began.' Behold your appointed work; you shall be at once the architect, the painter, and the decorator. Fill this immense vault with frescoes and innumerable figures. I will that the world shall know that Michael Angelo is imitatable not only as a sculptor, but as a painter."

For a moment the artist stood silent with amazement; then he said:

"Your Holiness mocks your servant."

"What mean you, Master Buonarroti?"

"My business is to wield the chisel and the mallet. I know little of painting and nothing of the mechanical part of fresco work. How, then, can I suddenly at my age change my career? But your Holiness cannot be in earnest."

"I have said I will it; it is thine to obey."

"And I tell your Holiness that this idea never came from yourself. It is an infamous snare laid for me by my enemies. If I accept, I shall certainly fail. Well, I prefer enduring the anger of your Holiness to incurring certain shame. I shall instantly return to Florence."

"We'll take good care," cried Julius; and he retired abruptly, leaving the artist to prey to his mute despair. The thoughts that passed through the sculptor's mind during that long, lonely night, have remained unspoken. But let us imagine him whose mind was teeming with vast projects, who needed but to strike the rock and glorious creations would start forth, turned suddenly back in his career, commanded to forget his people of stone, and evoke in their place a nation of colored shadows; to pass from the summit of one art to the base of another; and this to be accomplished in an hour; truly, it was a fierce struggle, and a strange triumph wrought by the indomitable human will.

On the morrow, Julius found Michael Angelo on the spot where he had left him; his arms were folded on his breast, his head bent in profound meditation; his cheeks were pale, and his eyes bloodshot, but the fire of genius beamed on his brow.

"Well?" said the Pope.

"I submit to your wishes."

"I am sure of it. Believe me, your enemies, in seeking to injure you, have prepared for you a new triumph."

"Let Bramante come immediately to construct the scaffolding."

This man had been foremost in the attack; and now, caught in his own snare, the envious architect thought at least to procure a share of the work for his nephew Raffaele. But Julius was inexorable, and dryly ordered Bramante to prepare the necessary planks and cordage.

Meantime Michael Angelo went to the Sistine, and, for the first time addressing himself to Bramante, said, in the presence of the Pope, and in a tone of insulting irony, "In what manner do you propose, Master Architect, to raise this scaffold?"

"In the usual manner," replied Bramante, scornfully.

"That is to say,"

"That is to say, Master, since you seem ignorant of the first principles of the art you profess, that I will make holes in the vault; that from these openings capstans will descend; and sustain the movable platform on which you will work."

"Very clear indeed, Master Bramante. But permit me to ask you one question; when my painting shall be finished, how will you stop up these holes?"

"Oh, time enough to think of that."

Michael Angelo shrugged his shoulders, and having called the head carpenter, said to him, in a loud voice, "Take all this trowerly away, sell it and keep the proceeds for your own use." He then explained to the astonished Pope the method which he meant to employ, and which has been ever since adopted under similar circumstances.

The next day he sent to Florence for several painters accustomed to fresco work. He

caused them to ascend the scaffold, and gave each a portion of the wall to paint, and watched their proceedings closely. A few hours sufficed to make him acquainted with the mechanical portion of the art. He paid them liberally, and dismissed them; then he effaced all that they had done, and shut himself up alone.

Without any assistance, he tempered the lime, mixed the plaster, and ground his colors. Often, a few drops more or less than the right quantity of water, a coat laid on too thickly, in fact, the smallest oversight, used to cause his nearly finished frescoes to fall off in patches. But genius mocks at difficulties both great and small. After a time, colors and plaster obeyed their ruler, as marble and bronze had done before. The mechanical obstacles removed, it only remained for him to execute his sublime conceptions.

It was the spirit of Dante incarnate under another form, and breathed forth, in painting instead of in song. Both have embraced in their compositions the whole range of creation, the order and events of time, from the fall of the angels to the last judgment. It would be as impossible to convey an idea of the glories of the Sistine vault to those who have not seen them, as to describe those of Dante's wondrous epic to such as have not felt them. It would be speaking of music to the deaf, and of colors to the blind. He employed but twenty months in his stupendous work. One day when he finally came down from the scaffolding, his eyes had been so accustomed to look upward, that he could no longer without pain turn them towards the earth. A touching symbol of genius obliged to look downward and walk with men after having soared amid the regions of the sky.

Agriculture.

A sailor friend writes me that he lately 'boarded' the island of St. Thomas, off the coast of Africa, and he saw the natives ploughing exactly in the old Bible fashion. They had sorry teams and were ripping up the fertile soil with sharp stakes, just as if a cast iron mould board had never been heard of. He saw also a specimen of thrashing that he had hitherto considered as belonging to the primitive ages. A mass of grain was collected in a yard, and some animals were 'cracked round' it at a lively pace. A fellow in charge of the job laid it over the cattle as if thrashing indeed.

I commenced this article with the intention of writing about Tools, and their importance to the farmer. I need only refer your readers to the many mammoth establishments in Boston and their enormous business to show how desirable the community already deem it to be supplied with suitable tools. Within ten years there has been a great change. Farmers spend more for tools, and less for labor, to accomplish the same work. Let me give you an example.

A number of years ago I employed two men by the day, to fill carts with rich soil from a bank of flood deposit by the river. I had two carts, and the men filled one while I drove the other away. They used shovels. The soil would stick to the shovels, and the blade must be rapped continually to keep it in order. The shovel went hard the soil was so adhesive; and when it was unloaded there was a hard wrench given to the arms. About this time I met with an eight-tined fork price four dollars. I bought it, and found it a surprise that one man would now fill the carts as quick as two before—and easier. It was not pleasant thinking how much I had lost by not having the article before! But I noticed, occasionally, that the finest soil would slip through—there was some waste. Well, I happened to see a tined fork, price five dollars; I took that home and found that it was superior to the other for all but the top layer of sods. It would go in easier and never clog. There was a spring to it when unloading. I now found that my man filled the cart while I was gone and gained time to eat apples and smoke besides!

I might give other illustrations from my own experience, showing the saving in having the best tools. I have suggested there is no comparison between the equipment of the farms now and that of ten years ago. Still there is room for further improvement. I shall not give offence to any brother farmers when I say that there is not yet that spirit of inquiry among them, which among manufacturers leads them to endeavor to economize the production of their goods. We have lumbering, unwieldy vehicles—carts flung together by bunglers, instead of being made on scientific principles. Who has not seen scores of cart bodies made narrow and long, hard to fill and harder to 'tip up'? What a saving if Scotch cart bodies could be substituted; short, light bodies, sides flaring to the very wheels. We still have the old wooden axle trees every where, which are kept free from dirt with great difficulty, need greasing often, and go hard then.

How often the remark is made, 'If I had only known of this before.' Well, there are a good many improvements yet to be introduced. The ignorant natives of St. Thomas are anxious for nothing better. But with us it is not a stand-still age. True we are to 'hold on' to that which is good; but also stretch our arms for more of the same article. In no direction can we grasp more aid than in gathering about us all good and necessary tools. Parsimony here is ruin; a liberal and judicious expenditure a precursor of success.—[Commonwealth.]

A NOVEL ARGUMENT.—Hon. Wm. B. Lawrence of Rhode Island, recently made a speech in opposition to the Maine Liquor Law, in the course of which he stated that one of the characteristic distinctions between Mahomedanism and Christianity is, that the use of wine is prohibited by the former and allowed by the latter. The Providence Journal says this may perhaps be regarded as one reason why the ships that carry out missionaries to Heathen lands are sometimes loaded with New England rum; but thinks it is not a legitimate inference; however, that a man's Christianity is to be measured by the liquor he drinks.

Mr. SLOW OFF SOUNDINGS.—"The ninth is round, my son," said Mr. Slow, impressively, taking an apple from his son's hand, and holding it between his thumb and finger; "it revolves on its own axle-tree round the sun, just as regular as any machine you ever see. The air is made up of land and water and rocks, besides vegetation and trees, and things growing. The mountings upon the service of the earth are very high—more'n half a mile, I should think; some of 'em are called white mountings, because they ain't black. The ocean is very deep, and some folks think it has

not got any bottom; this is all gummin; everything has got a bottom, my son. The reason they can't find it is 'cause the world is round. They throw their sinker overboard, and it goes right through one side, like this—(thrusting his knife through the apple)—and hangs down underneath, jest so—of course they can't find a bottom." Mr. Slow gave his boy the apple, and turned round much satisfied with himself.—[Carpet Bag.]

Teas.

As the names of the different kinds of Tea relate to the time of their being gathered, or to some peculiarity in their manufacture, or have thought a brief account of them—would not be inappropriate.

It is a general rule, that all tea is fine, in proportion to the tenderness and immaturity of the leaves. The quality and value of the different kinds diminish as they are gathered later in the season, until they reach the lowest kind.

BLACK TEAS.—As soon as the leaf-bud begins to expand, it is gathered to make Pekoe. A few days' later growth produces what is here called Black-leaved Pekoe. The next picking constitutes Souchong; as the leaves grow more and more mature they form Congou; and the last and latest picking is Bohea.

Bohea is called by the Chinese, Ta-cha, (large Tea), on account of the maturity and size of the leaves; it contains a larger proportion of woody fibre than other teas, and its infusion is of a darker color and coarser flavor.

Congou, the next higher kind, is named from a corruption of the Chinese Kooing-foo, (great care, or assiduity.) This forms the bulk of the black tea imported, and is mostly valued for its strength.

Souchong, Souchong, (small scarce sort) is the finest of the stronger-black tea, with a leaf that is generally entire and curly. It is much esteemed for its fragrance and fine flavor.

Pekoe is a corruption of the Canton name, Pak-ho, (white down); being the first sprouts of leaf-buds, they are covered with a white silky down. It is a delicate tea, rather deficient in strength, and is principally used for flavoring other teas.

GREEN TEAS.—The following are the principal kinds: Twankay, Hyson-Skin, Hyson, Gimpowder, and Young Hyson.

Young Hyson (when genuine) is a delicate young leaf, called in the original language Yutsien, (before the rains,) because gathered in the early spring.

Hyson, from the Chinese word, He-tchune, which signifies flourishing spring. This fine sort of tea is gathered in the early part of the season. There is extreme care and labor used in the preparation of this tea; each leaf is picked separately, and nipped off above the petiole or footstalk, and every separate leaf is twisted and rolled by hand. It is much esteemed for its agreeable flavor.

Gunpowder, as it is called, is nothing but Hyson rolled and rounded, to give it the granular appearance whence it derives its name. The Chinese call it Choo-cha (Pearl Tea).

Hyson Skin is so named from the original Chinese term, in which connection the skin means the refuse or inferior portion. In preparing Hyson, all those leaves that are of a coarse yellow or imperfectly twisted appearance are separated and sold as Skin-Tea, at an inferior price.

Twankay is the last picking of green tea, and in addition to the leaf being older, it is not so much rolled or twisted as the dearer descriptions; there is altogether less trouble bestowed on its preparation.

Magnetic Discovery.

A remarkable magnetic discovery has just been made public in England by Mr. Rutler, a scientific gentleman of Brighton. A medical gentleman of this city has favored us with the subjoined interesting account:

By means of an electrical machine of great delicacy, which is styled the Magnetoscope, Mr. Rutler is not only able to demonstrate in the most satisfactory manner the polarization of our bodies, and those parts where the north and the south poles are situated, but likewise the alterations which take place from change of position from the vertical and sitting positions to the recumbent, as also those which take place from other circumstances. He is also able to demonstrate most clearly the difference between the male and female currents, and that the latter are generally in an increased or antagonistic state to those of man; also, that certain positions of the arms and hands arrest the effects of these currents upon the instrument. Dead animal matter, brought into contact with the hand of the operator, or with any person, or any number of persons forming a chain by holding one another by the hand, the one nearest the operator holding his hand, and the dead matter being put into the hand of the person most remote from him, almost immediately stops the movements produced on the instrument by the electric current.

Mr. Rutler has, it seems, carried the discovery still farther; for he has ascertained, and is able to prove most unerringly, that mucus matter, whether animal or vegetable effluvia, or mineral or vegetable poisons; in fact all substances capable of producing death, have the same power of stopping the action of the instrument. Numerous experiments have been performed in the presence of some hundreds of lay and professional gentlemen with the most convincing results. Drs. Quin and Madden, homoeopathic practitioners of London, were present at most of the experiments, and were permitted by Mr. Rutler to test the effect of the Hahnemannian attenuated drugs, both mineral and vegetable, upon the instrument, with a result that astonished all present. The experiments were made upon some fifty drugs in their crude forms, as well as in the various attenuations from the third up to the eighth hundredth. All the known deadly poisons, hydrocyanic acid, opium, Sux Vomica, stramonium, digitalis, invariably stopped the motion of the pendulum.—[New York Recorder.]

THE RULE AND THE REASON.—Horne Tooko, when at Eaton, was one day asked by the master the reason why a certain verb governed a particular case. He answered, "I don't know." "That is impossible," said the master. "I know you are not ignorant, but obstinate," Horne, however, persisted, and the master begged the rule of grammar which bore on the subject, and Horne instantly re-

plied, "I know that very well but you did not ask me for the RULE—you demanded the REASON."

[From the New England Farmer.]

Knowing How.

"That country which has the most intelligent laboring population, will excel in every branch of industry."—Gov. BOTWELL.

Brother farmer, what is the reason you cannot go into your neighbor's workshop and make a wheel as well as he? What is the reason you cannot repair your own clock or watch, as well as the watchmakers? Why can you not shoe your own horse, or your own feet? Why can you not preach on Sunday, and argue law-cases, and amputate limbs the rest of the week? Is it because you have less natural understanding than the men who do these things for you? By no means; it is simply because you do not know how.

Tiffs you acknowledge at once, and you flatter yourselves, or rather, you have a right to assume, that you might, with the same attention which men of other occupation give to their business, have been their equals in it.

But, you have a neighbor, perhaps, who year after year raises a crop of fifty bushels of corn to the acre; while your land, of the same quality, produces but thirty; and you have another neighbor, perhaps, who always has his cattle fat and sleek, while yours are poor, and his two year old steers are as large as your three year olds! Why is this?

Now be honest in the matter. Don't say that somehow he has better luck than you, or that there is no particular reason, but it seems to happen so. Own up, like a man as you are, that it is because he knows how, and you do not. Confess it to yourself, if to nobody else; and then you will know as much as the Governor, or at least as much as he has said, in the article above from his message, that intelligent labor will excel all other, as a friend of ours often tells us, "there is a good deal in knowing how."

If we have as much natural capacity as our neighbor, and as good land, and do our best, and yet cannot raise as good crops, or cattle, as he, it is because we don't know how. And when we have come to this conclusion, we shall soon be trying to learn, and how shall we learn? If you want your son to learn the profession of law or medicine, you know well enough how to have him taught. First you send him to school, and give him a good general education, that his mind may be thoroughly disciplined by habits of attention and investigation, so that he may be capable of understanding whatever may be presented, and then you place him with those who best know the principles and practice of the particular profession in view.

If again you desire your son to be a mechanic, you expect him to learn the trade of one who understands it. You would think a man crazy who should advise you to let your son find out the business of a wheelwright or blacksmith, without any teaching.

In everything but agriculture, we see and feel the advantages of education—of intelligent labor. In everything else, we believe in Progress. In every other occupation, trade and profession, there are men, admitted by all to be wiser and more skillful than the rest, men to whom others of the same business are ready to concede the possession of superior knowledge.

In agriculture, the impression seems to be, that we are better farmers than ourselves, that they succeed better than we because they understand their business better. The idea seems to be that Agriculture, like the Goddess of wisdom, was born full-grown! and that if we only continue to do as our fathers did, it is enough. How strange this idea! that a business involving the science of chemistry, of natural philosophy, geology, botany, in short a wider range of knowledge and research than any other, should be the only one, that every man should claim fully to understand.

But the question returns, how shall we learn? To the present generation, the answer is—learn from your neighbors—learn from the newspapers, and periodicals of the day, from Farmers' Clubs in the villages, and meet weekly for discussion—read books—in short, use every means to compare your opinions with those of other men.

For future generations, we hope better things. Let the present Legislature see to it, that some means are provided, for giving an agricultural education. Law schools, and medical schools, and schools of Divinity we already have, constantly imparting to their respective students the means of "intelligent labor," in their future professions. But there is no school in Massachusetts for the farmer.

Not long ago, we received a letter from a gentleman of another State, requesting us to advise him where in our State he could place his son, to educate him in the principles and practice of agriculture, and we were ashamed to be obliged to inform him, that for that most important of all occupations, our Commonwealth, had made no provision.

Farmers of Massachusetts, attend to this matter. See to it, that some provision is made, at once, to advance education in agriculture. In this branch of industry alone are we behind the age. In this branch of education alone, does the old world excel us. In almost every state in Europe, there is successful operation agricultural schools and colleges. In art and manufactures we are fast outstripping the world, and simply because we employ "intelligent labor," while the operatives of Europe are ignorant and degraded. In Agriculture, as in manufactures, the contest with other nations is soon to be determined by the intellectual and moral power rather than the manual force of the laborers.

The Right Way to Plow.—This is a subject of the first importance to farmers, and one that is very often done wrong. My mode is this: I use two poles eight feet long, for laying off the lands. First strike one furrow across each end of the field, two lengths of the poles or 16 feet therefrom; this is the head-land. Then measure two more lengths, which brings the poles four lengths from the sides; which is the centre of the first land.

Now strike a furrow by the poles—move them over four feet lengths, and this will be the centre of the next land. See round, if your pole throws to the right, and plows what is termed back-furrowing. This the lands will be 32 feet, which is wide enough.

Keep plowing in this way until you get within 16 feet to the opposite side; then you will have a head-land 16 feet wide all around the field which is to be plowed last. In plowing

sward land it would be better to harrow and roll the main lands before plowing the head-land.

The head-land is to be plowed by throwing it towards the main land. Thus you can have a field plowed without the track of a beast upon it.

The advantages this mode possesses over the haw-row way are—

First.—You can plow without tramping plowed land.

Second.—It is easier for both team and teamster, the former, by turning on the head-land, have unplowed land to turn on; the latter, instead of lifting the plow around, can let the team pull it round, as we do not plow across the ends.

Third.—We can plow much faster, as the team does not stop to turn, but keeps on round. [Ohio Cultivator.]

The Bombardment of Johanna.

Johanna, the place bombarded recently by the U. S. sloop-of-war Dale, Capt. Pearson, is one of the Comoro Islands, situated in the northern part of Mozambique Channel. It is much frequented by whale ships for supplies, repeated outrages upon whom, committed by the King of the Islands, furnished the necessity for the bombardment.

The following letter from the Captain of the bark Dolphin, of Warren, R. I., gives the particulars of the transaction:

JOHANNA, Friday, Aug. 8, 1851.

MR. RANDALL.—Dear Sir: I take the liberty to write you the particulars of the bombardment of the Fort at Johanna. On the 6th of August the U. S. sloop-of-war Dale, Commander Pearson, arrived here, and immediately demanded redress of the King for the unjust imprisonment of Captain Moore, of the bark Maria, of New Bedford, who was imprisoned here in August, 1850. Capt. Pearson, after making all inquiries of both the English squadron on this station and the masters of American ships in the harbor, and also of the English residents here, being convinced of the flagrant injustice done to Capt. Moore, and others at this Island, immediately demanded of the King 20,000 dollars, and required an immediate answer.

After waiting all night and receiving no answer, he dispatched another letter, informing the King, that if he did not give him an answer at or before 12 o'clock, he should commence hostilities. The King replied to the last note, offering 500 dollars in cash, and 500 worth of bullocks and trinkets. Capt. P. refused this, and got his ship under weigh and moved her off the town, 100 yards from the beach, with his broadside to the town. The King then sent off and offered to pay \$5000, if he could get it any way—would give trinkets, cattle and cotton cloth to make up the amount. Capt. P. then gave the King 24 hours more to consider of it, at the same time telling him not to make any warlike demonstration in the meantime, if he did, he should consider it as a breach of faith, and should commence immediate hostilities. He also notified the King that if he did not come to some definite terms, to send the women and children out of the place, by noon, the next day, as he should commence firing upon them.

At daylight, the 6th, there was a large number of troops paraded on the shore, and they sent word to Capt. Pearson that they would do what he could; they would not pay anything.

At 4 A. M. the Dale commenced firing shot at the Fort. After five shots they sent a white flag. Capt. P. immediately ceased firing, and sent Lieut. Fairfax with a flag of truce to inquire what the white flag was sent for, and if they were ready to treat with him. They answered that they wished the firing to cease, and said they could not meet the demand. They were told to haul down the flag of truce, but they refused to do so. Capt. P. on learning their answer, sent another message to them, informing them that if they did not haul down the flag he should commence firing again with it up.

After waiting a proper length of time, Capt. P. again commenced firing at the Fort, and Blockhouse at the corner of the town, but strictly avoiding to fire into the town. After nineteen shots and shells, they sent a signal on the beach, and Lieut. Parker was sent with a flag of truce. At this time the King offered to pay 1,000 dollars down, give a bond for 5,000, and surrender the town; said he was very sorry that he had done wrong, and faithfully promised not to do so in future. He would give up his houses, his slaves, his cattle. Capt. Pearson wishing to avoid bloodshed, accepted this offer on condition that the King should make a treaty with the American Government, placing Americans on an equal footing with the most favored nations.

At 5 A. M. on the 7th, Capt. Pearson hoisted his ship from the town, and everything has gone on quiet since, so far.



## MISCELLANY.

## A WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE.

In person decent and in dress,  
Her manners and her words express  
The decency of mind; her face  
Good humor, brightness in her eyes,  
Where passion never leaves a trace;  
Nor frowns a look unkempt;  
No vexing sneer, no angry word,  
No scandal from her lips is heard;  
Where truth and sweetness blend;  
Submissive to her husband's will,  
Her study is to please him still,  
His fond and faithful friend;  
She waits his returning way,  
When from the troubles of the day  
He seeks an hour of bliss—  
She runs to meet him with a smile,  
And if no eye be near the while,  
The smile is with a kiss!—[Anonymous.]

[From Sartain's Magazine for February.]

## A WONDERFUL HISTORY.

Showing how the Hare ran a race with the Porcupine,  
and how the former miserably perished.

[Translated from the Platt Deutsch.]

BY MEISTER KARL.

This legend is laughable to relate, and yet true withal. For my grandfather, whenever he told it, was wont to say, 'It must be so, my son, otherwise how could I tell it thee?' And it was in this wise that the thing came to pass.

It was a fair Sunday morn before harvest-time, about buckwheat bloom. The sun shone bright in the sky, the morning wind blew warm over the stubble, the larks sang in the air, the bees hummed in the buckwheat, all nature rejoiced—and with it the Porcupine. For the Porcupine stood before his door, with folded arms, gazing out towards the morning wind, and trilled (quintleerde) a little song, in a manner neither better nor worse than that of any porcupine, when he sings. And while he thus hummed, it came into his head that, while his wife washed and dried the children, he would take a little walk in the field, and see how his turnips were getting on. For the turnips grew near his house, and as he ate of them, with his family, he called them his own. Said and done. The Porcupine shut the door and went his way to the field. And at no great distance from home, as he was going through the bushes which grow in the field which lies near the road which runs by the rock which is just before the hedge which is not far from the brook which runs behind the slope which lies below the spot where the turnips grow, he met the Hare, who had gone forth on similar business—namely, to look after his cabbages. And as the Porcupine saw the Hare, he civilly bade him good morning. But the Hare (who on his own meadow was quite the gentleman, and murderously polite at that) answered the Porcupine nothing; but said to him, with the sneering air of a nobleman, 'Why are you strolling round here so early in the morning?' 'Taking a walk,' answered the Porcupine.

'Walk, indeed!' laughed the Hare; 'it seems to me that you might better use your legs for something else.'

This answer aggravated the Porcupine, who was crooked by nature, being somewhat bent in the legs, and not straight in the soul; and he answered accordingly, 'You think, then, that your legs are worth more than mine?'

'That I do,' answered the Hare.

'And that remains to be proved,' quoth Porcupine, 'for I bet that in a race I beat you.'

'Fudge!' replied the Hare; 'with your crooked legs? But I take the bet—what is it?'

'A lousior and a bottle of wine,' replied the Porcupine.

'Done!' cried the Hare. 'Cut and run, I'm ready!'

'Let me first go,' replied the Porcupine, 'and get my breakfast.'

When the Porcupine reached home he said, 'Wife, dress yourself, and come to the field, for I am to run a race with the Hare for a gold lousior and a bottle of wine.'

'Man, man!' she answered, 'art thou mad? What! race with the Hare!'

'Hold your tongue, wife,' replied the Porcupine. 'Ladies should never meddle with their husband's business. So dress and come!'

And when they were in the field he said, 'See, we will run our race on this plowed ground, between the furrows, where neither can see the other. Now you must stand at the one end of the furrow, so that, when the Hare comes racing up on the other side, you may cry out, "Here I am!" And this she did like a good wife.'

And as the Porcupine came on the ground, behold the Hare was there. 'What's the word?' asked Fur-Coat.

'Cut and run!' replied Porcupine.

And off the Hare went, like a storm-wind, over the field. But the Porcupine ran exactly three steps, and then turned back. And as the Hare came full pace to the other end, there was Porcupine, his wife, and she cried, 'Lo, here am I!' And the Hare stared and wondered not a little, thinking that it was Porcupine himself; for I forgot to tell you that the Porcupine's wife is the very image of her husband.

'The Old Nick must have helped you,' snapped the Hare. 'Here goes again.'

And off he shot like the storm-wind, till his ears lay flat; but Mrs. Porcupine lay still. And as he came to the other end, her husband cried, 'Here we are again! how are you?'

Then the Hare began to swear like a Viscount, and snarled, 'Try it again.'

'Take it easy, son,' answered the Porcupine. 'As often as you like, for aught I care.'

So the Hare ran four-and-seventy times, and every other heat the Porcupine cried, 'Here we are again!'—but the odd runs were called off by Madame. And on the seventy-fifth heat the Hare dropped dead in the furrow. But the Porcupine took his bottle of wine, gave his wife the lousior, and they joyfully went their way homeward—and still live there, for aught I know. This was the Great Race between the Porcupine and the Hare, which came off on the Buxthuder Heath; and to all who read the history, I wish joy. The moral of the tale, however, is this—

'Husband and wife should be like unto each other.'

A DOG STORY.—A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was the owner of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which owing to some change of the wind and weather, had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage extremely hazardous. The spectators on shore were quite unable to render assistance to those afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than to diminish. Our friend the dog looked on for a length of time evidently aware of there being great cause of anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat.

The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard, but he would not come within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his

apparent meaning. 'Give him the end of the rope,' he said; 'that is what he wants.' The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned around and made straight for the shore, where a few minutes afterwards boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed in safety and undamaged! Was there no reasoning there? No acting with a view to an end or for a given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct?

MORALS AT CATTLE SHOWS.—During the interesting discussions which took place at the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, on Wednesday, at the State House, Col. Page, of Bristol, remarked that he passed three days during the autumn in attendance upon agricultural exhibitions. That in those three days he probably mingled with 30,000 persons, yet saw no one intoxicated, heard no angry words or indelicate expressions, and at no moment during the time found himself in a situation where he would be unwilling for his wife to be upon his arm!

Col. Page is an accurate observer of manners and men, and as his observation accords very nearly with our own during several days spent at the Shows, we cannot but believe that the Festivals of the Farmer have been in a great measure exempt from the vices which are usually noticed in most large gatherings. That the tendencies of agricultural pursuits are to virtuous lives is plain, and if any thing were wanted, this offers another inducement for more persons to engage in them.—[N. E. Farm.]

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... FEB. 26, 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.

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 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.

## Agricultural Statements.

We are giving, as room permits, the statements submitted by the various applicants for premiums on crops, at the late annual meeting of our Agricultural Society.

The following is an accurate account of produce raised by F. Paine, Winslow, in 1851, on 95 rods of land. 45 rods planted to early potatoes May 7th. Commenced digging July 15th, and ended August 4th—amount 45 bushels. Sold 20 bushels at \$1.00, 17 1/2 at 80c, saved for seed and used 6 1/2, \$6.00. \$40.21 50 rods land planted to corn April 28,

green corn Aug. 11, corn s'd green, 9.89  
Sold green peas, planted in cornfield, 2.65  
Sold "beans" " " " " 3.05  
2 bushels seed corn, " " " " 2.50  
8 bushels good sound corn, " " " " 6.67

Whole amount, 64.97  
Land intervals. Potatoes planted on stubble, 8 or 10 horse-car loads of manure. 45 rods planted in potatoes May 7th on top of the land, hoed twice. Expenses carting, plowing, digging, marketing and seed 2 1/2 bushels, 9.50  
Corn manured in hill, planted April 28, hoed three times, plastered and ashed in hill. Expenses plowing, carting, planting, hoeing and marketing, 7.50

Net profit, 17.00  
Value of manure used on corn and potatoes not included in the above estimate. 47.97

F. PAINE.

I herewith submit to your consideration a statement of my crop of carrots raised the past season, on 42 1/2 square rods of land. The land was of a light loam, in good order, having been cultivated with the same crop the last year. Plowed the 23d of May as deep as I could conveniently with a seed plow. After plowing hauled five cart loads of manure, composed of horse and sheep manure equal parts, and harrowed well. Raked with hand rake sowed in drills 14 inches apart with a machine the 25th of May. Harvested the first week in November 243 bushels.

Cost of plowing, .75  
Manure, 5.00  
1-2 pound seed .50, sowing .50, 1.00  
Haking after harrowing, 1.00  
Weeding 6.00, harvesting 4.00, 9.00

Whole cost, 16.75  
Cut hay on the same in 1849.

Benton, Jan. 2, 1852. GEO. W. REED.

The following is a statement of my method of making compost manure. After clearing my barnyard and shed of manure in September, I hauled in thirty-four ox cart loads of black mud which is composed of vegetable matter, spread it over the yard and under the shed where I throw manure from the barn. I yard my cattle every night in the summer season, and every day in the winter; yard my sheep every night in the winter; in the spring take oxen and plow to mix the straw manure dropped from cattle and sheep with the mud; plow once or twice more in the summer, and it is ready for use, for wheat or to put in the hill for corn. I find this manure to be as good as any I can have to start my corn.

Expense hauling mud, man and oxen three days, \$4.00  
Do mixing, 1.00  
Whole expense, \$5.00

ROBERT R. DRUMMOND.

Winslow, December, 1851.

I enter for premium 12 cords compost manure—made by drawing turf from low rich places by the roadside, embankments from the house, scrapings from places on which wood had been piled for a long time, and ten loads of mud drawn at different times and dropped in the barnyard, and mixed with the manure there made by the stock during last summer and last winter, with the addition of plaster, pickle from meat barrels and ashes leached and unleached; thus forming a compost equal in value (as far as my past experience extends) to well rotted farm yard manure.

The cost of the above has been as follows: Old jobs and plaster, \$1.00  
1 day drawing mud, 1.50  
1-2 " turf and other material, .75  
Ashes leached and unleached, 1.00

Albion, Dec. 12, 1851. H. JAQUITE.

I enter for premium one acre of Indian corn, grown principally on slaty and gravelly loam, a part being a stiff clay loam, and all taken up from my sheep pasture. The land was plowed 5 inches deep in Oct., 1850, harrowed in May last, and marked off for corn in rows 3 feet apart by drawing two cedar poles nailed to

strips of board that distance apart, thus marking for two rows by travelling once the length of the piece. Considering the clay portion poorest, it was furrowed and three 40 bushel cart loads of compost from the hog yard applied in the hill and covered before planting; upon the remainder no manure was applied excepting one bushel of gypsum. A large, 8 rowed variety of corn was planted on the 19th of May in hills 2 1/2 feet apart, dropping from 5 to 8 kernels in a hill, with the design that 4 stalks only should be left to come to maturity. From the above piece I have harvested 63 bushels of shelled corn, raised at the following cost: Plowing, harrow'g & mark'g rows, 3.00  
Planting, 1.50  
Hoeing twice and thinning, 3.00  
Manure, 2.00  
Seed, .50

Whole cost, \$10.00  
63 bushels corn at 5s = 52.50  
Profit, 42.50

Harvesting more than counterbalanced by refuse corn and fodder, as it was cut at the roots before being killed by the frost.

The use of land must be estimated by the number of sheep it would have pastured. Albion, Dec. 13, 1851. H. JAQUITE.

The past season I raised 200 bushels of potatoes on 195 rods of ground. The land was prepared in the following manner: the soil was a clay loam six years ago—then a forest; I cut and hauled the wood off, got a poor burn, sowed to oats; in August, 1850, I plowed it as well as I could; last spring it harrowed up finely, and I planted it about the first of May to early Blue Noses, Long Red, Christies, Pink Eyes and Peach Blows. The Pink Eyes yielded the fastest, but rotted the most. I used Plaster of Paris on a part of them; used no manure. They rotted but a very little.

Plowing 1 1/2 day, 2 yk oxen 2 men, \$5.00  
Harrowing, 2.00  
Planting, 3.00  
Seed, 5.00  
Hoeing, 2.50  
Digging, 3.50

\$21.00

ISAIAH MARSTON.

Waterville, Jan. 2, 1852.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## Using Steam Expansively.

Having a steam engine 4 feet stroke, and containing an area of 100 square inches in the piston, pressure of steam 100 pounds per sq. inch, I have loaded the engine with ten tons, and put on the steam, and have raised the load 2 feet, just half the length of the cylinder. At this moment cut off the steam, and the pressure just sustains the load. Now, I find by relieving the engine of 1-4th of its load 2 1/2 tons, the remaining 7 1/2 tons is, by the expansion of steam, raised through a space of one foot, which is 21 6-10 of its first effect. Now I relieve the engine of another fourth of its original load, and find that the remaining load of five tons is raised through a space of another foot, to the termination of the stroke; which is equal to 25 per cent. of its original effect, of raising ten tons two feet. 21 6-10 and 25 per cent. shows a gain of 46 6-10 per cent.

The question of economy in working a steam engine with steam used expansively, has been long discussed by engineers, without arriving at any definite conclusion. It is obvious to your correspondent, that when the piston arrives at the last quarter of the stroke, the pressure of steam, by expansion, is reduced to 7 1/2 lbs. per square inch, and at the termination of the stroke of the engine, being expanded to double its original space, down to 50 lbs. pressure to the square inch, that 75 lbs. is the average pressure at the third foot of the stroke, as worked as above. If so, what is the amount of gain, or economy, in using steam at half strokes of the engine? Will some of your learned correspondents answer this important inquiry? and oblige your friend,

DOWN EAST.

## Treatment of Animals.

We make the following extract from a speech before the Mass. Legislative Ag. Society, by Hon. Edward Everett, which we find in the Traveller, and commend it to the attention of all who have the care of animals, and more especially to farmers.

If a farmer would have his stock in good order for work, or milk, or meat, it is just as necessary that they should be kept in good health, as that we ourselves should be in good health for the discharge of the duties or the enjoyments of the blessings of life. I do not say that any of the domestic animals, certainly not any of the larger ones, have a fibre as delicate as our own, or so easily affected by disturbing causes. Yet I rather think we expect our domestic animals to live and work under conditions incompatible with anything like the healthy play of the vital powers. I can never believe that a horse and a man are so different in this respect that while a man requires a moderate temperature, pure air, work and exercise proportioned to his strength, it suits a horse to be shut up in a heated stable, taken out and driven till he is ready to drop, and then put back into the stable to drink from a trough where the water has been drooled over till it makes you sick to look at it, and to breathe an atmosphere loaded with the exhalations of the dung heap. A sufficiency of wholesome food, given at regular intervals, an adequate supply of clean water—free access of fresh air, and work within his strength, are just as necessary to the health of the horse or ox as of the man, and if these necessary conditions are withheld the effect upon one will be very similar to the effect on the other.

The other remark which I would make springs from the same principle and is of a kindred nature. These domestic animals not only have active powers like our own, subject to the same laws of health; but they have a nervous system closely analogous. They are sensible to all the degrees and varieties of pain; and, as if to mark a sacred community of suffering between us and them, they express it in the same way we do. Though Providence has given to man, what it has denied to the lower animals, the power of describing his sufferings in words, yet, in the extremity of pain, he abandons language and takes refuge in groans and cries. The suffering beast and the suffering man speak the same inarticulate language. And he is entitled to the same exemption from gratuitous pain. The person who subjects his brute beast to unnecessary suffering may walk on two legs and counterfeit humanity, but he is a brute.

But the domestic animals have a higher claim to kind treatment. They are capable of attachment; they are grateful for good usage; they are influenced by the indescribable magic of the human voice, when it speaks the tones

of love. I remember reading in the newspaper a letter from an emigrant to Oregon who had crossed the western desert. He said that when the hard journey was about two-thirds over and the whole party, man and beast, were almost broken down by the hardships and privations of the weary march, there was in the large melancholy eye of the patient ox a look of uncomplaining endurance which was enough to move a man to tears. We have all read of the dog who watched the dead body of his master, starting at every flutter of his garments, till he died himself of starvation. And will you beat and kick, and goad, and starve creatures like these? For myself, I want no better test of a considerate, prudent farmer than his treatment of his animals. Prudent, did I say; it is a matter which rises far above prudence. It belongs to duty and morals. If I was obliged to choose between them, I had rather, so help me Heaven, go before my great and final judgment with the unlightened faith of the 'Poor Indian,'

Who thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company;

than with the religion of the professing Christian who goes to church on Sunday and on week days beats his oxen over the face with a walnut whip handle; or lashes the legs and flanks of his over-loaded horse, till the strained tendons are ready to snap from their attachment.

## California—Again.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a letter received by the last steamer, from Gen. S. S. Simons. The letter was written to Mrs. Simons, at this place, and with no intention, evidently, of producing any effect beyond the writer's personal friends.—Those who know Gen. S. will have full confidence in what he writes.

I was expecting my sister, Mrs. Philbrook, and family, and was down to the bay to meet them on the arrival of the two last steamers, but am very glad they did not come in either of them, for they had had very sickly times on board, I assure you. Could you go on board of some of those steamers as they land, and see the sickness and distress, you would rejoice that you had no friends in them;—women crying for their husbands or children who had been thrown overboard, or sick perhaps, and destitute of money; and the only thing they can do is to go to the Hospital, where they are pretty sure to die in a few days. They lost 27 passengers on the North America during her last trip from Panama; and nearly as many more have died since landing. It is dreadful to see them carrying off sick and crazy creatures to the Hospital. Some die while moving, and most of the rest soon after. Still very many arrive in good health, though quite a large proportion are either sick on the way or soon after arriving. You may think I am writing rather a discouraging letter, but I am only stating things as they are. For instance, of the number who have left Waterville, at the time and since I left, I, for one, have been very sick, but have fully recovered my health. Mr. Rollins is still very low; I am doubtful whether he ever gets well, but hope he may. If he is able he will start for home in February.—Leander Smiley is still sick. I hope his father will send for him. I don't think he will be able to do anything for a long time, if he ever is. Paul Chandler is still rather sick, but has been out. Asa Clifford came out since I did. He arrived here with the Panama fever, and is still sick at Philbrook's, though recovering.

## Whee, there!—Whee!

Cows are sufficiently intolerable in our streets—especially since the Field Drivers were instructed by the town to enforce the law to the very letter. But the last curse is let loose, this winter; our streets are full of hogs! Where is the man that dares own them?—to plead guilty to the dirty trick of feeding his hogs at the expense of his neighbors? Let him be rooted out, and clothed, as he should be, with bristles! Let the boys of the street squeal and grunt after him, as he walks abroad, till he repents of his beggarly and beastly outrage upon the decency of our village! What an excellent neighbor he must be!—what a public spirited man and fellow citizen! What a joke, if the Field Drivers should arrest these hogs and compel their owners to make themselves known in order to reclaim them! Who would not sooner lose his swine than admit that he had fattened his pork in the streets, and at the expense of his neighbors? again we say "Whee! hogs and owners too!"

## Look out for your Horses.

There are numerous narrow escapes, almost daily, in our streets, from neglect to hitch horses. No horse, however well trained, is safe without hitching, when surrounded by every kind of temptation to run away. On Monday a valuable young horse was spoiled by injuries received in running away, when frightened by the cars. One day last week a stage with three horses dashed through nearly the whole length of Main street, without a driver. In turning to the stable of the old Ticonic House they made a "smash up" at considerable cost to the owners. In all such cases there is great risk of life and danger to property, in a crowded street. A little care would prevent most of these cases. Hitch your horses—and see that you hitch them securely—and there is little danger. One runaway horse may start a dozen others; and it is for this reason that the John Gilpin races, and trotting matches, so common in our streets, should be prohibited. With a frightened horse and half crazy driver, as usual in those cases, the danger to life is imminent; and somebody ought to inquire of the legal guardians of public security what right they have to wink at these outrages?

"THE HORTICULTURIST." Most thankfully do we welcome this valuable monthly to our table. The name of the editor—A. J. Downing—is all the commendation it needs. No man in America has done so much for the improvement of the national taste and science, rural, architectural and horticultural, as Mr. Downing. Even the common farmhouses and kitchen gardens, in all sections of the country, have derived comfort, economy and beauty from his advice.

Mr. H. K. Morrill, one of the publishers of the Gardiner Fountain, was severely cowed in the street, last week, by Mr. Joshua Deane. Cause—the publication in the Fountain of an article reflecting upon the character of the deceased father of Mr. Deane.

The weather, for a few days, has been mild, and we are now enjoying a very agreeable thaw; though we have yet snow enough to stand a number of rainy days. There is an unusual weight of snow on the ground.

LIQUOR. The liquor law has been taking rapid onward strides for a few days past, in this section. In addition to what is done in Waterville, several adjoining towns are coming in for a share. Arrests have been made in Belgrade, Fairfield, Sebasticook and W. Waterville, which point directly towards a pretty thorough renovation. A most filthy nest has been attacked at Belgrade, and has a fair

prospect of being broken up—the various transactions connected with which promise to be worthy of detail as soon as the scene closes.

The Legislature has not yet settled the question between the K. & P. and the A. & K. Railroads. The Senate indefinitely postponed the bill, 15 to 7. The House was occupied with it on Tuesday, but came to no final action. There is hardly room to doubt that the same fate awaits it there as in the Senate.

LYCEUM. Lecture on Monday evening, March 8th, by John Neal, Esq., of Portland. Subject, "Eloquence." The proposed lecture by Mr. Judd, of Augusta, has been deferred, on account of an accident by which Mr. J. is temporarily disabled.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—This magazine, we believe, is constantly improving, and the last number is always the best. The number for March contains some new and attractive features, among which are four pages of music, beautifully illustrated. Of the embellishments it is needless to speak: Graham always has the best. Not the least attractive part of this magazine is the editor's gossip with his readers—wherein he indulges himself and delights his friends in his free and easy way, his table-talk being spiced with a piquant independence, which, though frequently bordering upon impudence, one cannot help liking.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for March is received. It contains two beautiful engravings—one a mezzotint entitled the Highland Soldier's Dream, is very touching. The reading matter of this number is of the usual well written and highly interesting style—and will be relished by the ladies. The fashion plates and wood cuts are excellent in their way. It is a capital number.

INSULTS TO THE SPANISH AND BRITISH CONSULS AT NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans Delta of the 12th inst. in giving an account of the proceedings of the mob collected at New Orleans on the arrival of the Spanish Steamer Colon, with Mr. Laborde, the Spanish Consul, makes the following statement:—

'From the time it was known in the city that the mode of salute was agreed upon, and the return of Senor Laborde, as Consul, great discontent was noticed in the ranks of the Fillibusters, which developed itself in various ways, and it was expected to display itself fully on his arrival. Hence it was, that from the moment the arrival at the Balcon de la Colon was announced, crowds began to collect, who made towards the wharves, particularly to the Government wharf. They had likewise provided themselves with tin trumpets, with the intention to hiss every Spaniard and every thing appertaining to Spain, and they cursed and swore that they would not be content with hissing alone, but, if it was necessary they would resort to acts.'

'When the Spanish flag was hoisted on the Government wharf, it was hissed, as also when the Colon began her return salute. There were several persons who signified their intention to haul it down, in order to tear it in pieces, and with this object they approached the flag staff. But, for the honor of truth, we are bound to state that they were only prevented by the firmness of the artillery officer, who told them they must first trumpet on him.'

'Dismissing from their design, and continuing their cries and insults, they turned their eyes towards the river where the steamer was anchored, and saw approaching a small boat in which was returning Mr. More, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul. When he stepped ashore he was hissed, and a mob of Fillibusters reached his carriage, into which he sprang, ordered the driver to escape without speaking a word. We do not know what may be the results of the insult heaped upon the Spanish Consul. The steamer (the Colon,) was afterwards moored to the Government Quay, near the Algier Ferry, when she was repeatedly hissed and insulted by the persons crossing the river in the ferry boat. It is reported that a meeting is to take place to-night with the design of attacking her.'

We do not know that the authorities have taken any steps to prevent all this disorder, and it is said publicly that if the Spanish Consul desires to land he must do it in the night time. Disgraceful, indeed, it is for Spain to come here to beg a salute and reception, after what has happened.'

CAUTION TO PARENTS.—We have just witnessed the death of a child in our neighborhood by convulsions caused by eating raisins. This is no uncommon occurrence. Dr. Dewees, in his work on the physical and medical treatment of children, (a book which parents should own,) mentions the death of three children from the same cause, and remarks that 'there is no stomachic—unless it be that of the ostrich—that can master the skin of the raisin.' I recollect some time since the death of a child in convulsions, caused by eating bits of bark and shreds of wool which it had picked up in creeping around the room on the carpet.—Dried fruit, bark, cork, or wool from the carpet or blanket, or any indigestible substances, in small quantities, cause much suffering—and in considerable quantities are almost certain, by obstructing the passage of the bowels, to produce convulsions and death.—[Cor. Boston Traveller.]

A few days since, Mr. Francis Choate, of Lynn, Mass., died at the Massachusetts Hospital in Boston, of mortification of the bones of the jaw. The business of the deceased was the manufacture of friction matches, and it is supposed that the poisonous exhalation, thus imbued was the cause of the disease which resulted in his death.

The Scientific American says that this is not a singular case; 'the disease is well known, and peculiar to those engaged in making phosphorated matches. The phosphorus used is the cause of it. A remedy for the evil has been discovered, as those who are subscribers to the Scientific American have been informed some time since. The discovery is the making of phosphorus amorphous.'

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.—It has been stated that the mother of Miss Lincoln, the young lady who was killed on the railroad at Brunswick, within eight months buried her husband, one son and three daughters. We are glad to learn that the son, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, arrived home the day after the funeral of his sister.—[Argus.]

LIQUOR LAW IN RHODE ISLAND.—The Maine Liquor Law bill has been killed in the Rhode Island Legislature. The House passed the bill to go into operation after the election of the next Legislature, but the Senate insisted on submitting it directly to the people, and adjourned before an agreement was effected.







