



4-29-1852

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 41): April 29, 1852

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 41): April 29, 1852" (1852). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 248.

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At No. 31-2 Boultelle Block.....Main Street
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"THE FIRST WATCH OF THE NIGHT."
 Golden stars call forth each other
 To watch over a sleeping world;
 Unseen fairy forms are flitting,
 On their starry wings unfurled.
 They are a marriage of the air,
 Of the waves of crested white,
 Dreams of bliss his heart are thrilling
 In the "first watch of the night."
 Higher now the stars are climbing,
 Wilder now the billows roll,
 And the mariner no longer
 And the hours move a flitting specter,
 And no more the glancing waters
 Seem to shed forth rainbow light,
 Faded now the careless dreaming
 Of the "first watch of the night."
 But the weary stars descending,
 Light no more his eyelids seal,
 And the hours move a flitting specter,
 Creeping, one by one depart;
 Calmer, higher thoughts are pouring
 Through his break a sudden light,
 Linking to the dawn the night
 Of the "first watch of the night."
 Paler, paler grows the starlight,
 Colder, darker rolls the main,
 Memory's torch is burning dim,
 Never to glow forth again;
 On night's robe of fading slumber,
 Gleams the dawn's morning light,
 Rest thee, mariner, in slumber,
 'Tis the last watch of the night!

FOLLOWING A DOG'S WHISTLE

whistle. He was a dog, and will follow a dog's master. You may call him wherever you please, as if he had no power to decide right from wrong for himself. I wish I knew what kind of a boy he was."

"I will tell you," said a faltering voice in the door-way.

The boys both started with surprise at the unexpected answer, and on looking towards the door, they saw poor Greeny himself earnestly peeping through the crack. The outside door, George, had left quite open when he entered, and the one into the sitting room was but partially closed. It now opened, and the man whose character Sidney had been describing stood before them. In a moment he was seated on the table. He took a dirty and ragged handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped a tear from his furrowed cheek, as he repeated, "I will tell you what kind of a boy he was; yes, I will tell you." He hesitated and spoke not again until Sidney said,

"Please, Mr. Greeny, give us the history of your youthful days; it will interest us very much."

"Yes, I will tell you of Robert Greeny when he was a boy. You call him a dog, now; well, he was a puppy once, and when his father sent him to school, he was no boy; he did not learn his lessons, but ran off to play, because it was easier and pleasanter for him. And when his father found out this, he lashed him as he would lash any other puppy, and he whined as a puppy would whine."

The dirty, ragged handkerchief again wiped the furrowed face, and the old man, thrusting his hand into his pocket, took out a parcel, which he handed Sidney, saying, "Open that; look, read. You will see I was not born a puppy. I have made myself so, and puppies must become dogs, they never grow to men."

Sidney opened it, and found within a small box, three letters; and a miniature of a beautiful woman, and a still more beautiful babe. George drew his chair near, and they gazed in silent wonder at poor Greeny's interesting picture. At length the old man spoke, saying, "Read, read mother's letters, they will tell the first story; read, yes, read them aloud; although I am no longer her child, I love to hear her words."

Sidney began reading, but was soon interrupted by the loud sob of the unhappy man. The letters were full of love and affection, written by his mother when he was but five years old, and during her last illness. They were directed to him, and left in charge of a friend, to be given him with the miniature, when he was old enough to understand and read them.

When Sidney had finished reading, he and George gazed again at the beautiful picture, and one of them whispered, "can it be that poor Mr. Greeny was ever that innocent, happy babe?"

"Yes," sighed the old man, "yes, I was once that babe, and my mother loved me; but she could not love me now, for I am, as you say, poor Greeny, a Tom-fool and a dog. But my picture shows you I was not born so. No, I was not born a puppy. I have made myself so, and I have grown to be a dog. Well, I will be a faithful one, and do my errand to you, boys. You are wanted on the common to play ball. They sent me for you. They say it is a grand night, with a bright, full moon, and you must come. Now you hear their whistle. Do you go?"

"What would you advise me to do?" said Sidney.

"I can give you my experience of the thing," said the old man. "When I was of your age and heard a whistle like that, I was not slow to be on the ground. But my lessons staid in the book, where they have remained till this time. Now, good evening, boys. I have showed you what I was and you see what I am."

"Stop," said Sidney, "you have only excited our curiosity, without giving any of your history."

"You wish to know what has made me what I am, do you? Well, I have said it was my own work. No, that was not what you wished. 'Tis this—what kind of a boy I was. I was a good and happy boy, with a clean frock, and red shoes on, when my mother died. After that, Aunt Deborah took care of me, and whenever visitors came, she patted me on the cheek, and said I was a good boy, and would do whatever she wished me to. I said my prayers then. I have forgotten them now. Next, father moved to this city, and he sent me to school here, and I met boys that did not love their books, and they told such stories as poor Greeny tells now; and they whistled me to follow after them. But all this could do me no harm, had I not made myself a puppy. This I did, and I put my tongue into all kinds of dishes, and I got scalded and kicked—and lashed by everybody. Now, here I am, and I cannot tell what I would, for my memory is gone, and I must go too; so good night, boys. You have called me a dog; and if I were a worse one than I am, I would growl, and bite you for hitting me so hard upon the head. Now, if you would not be what I am, do not follow a dog's whistle."

And the poor old man closed the door behind him, and again went into the street without knowing which way to bend his steps, for he had no home, and seemed to be without use in the world! The two boys remained thoughtfully silent for a moment, when Sidney said, "What a lesson we have learnt from poor Greeny; I shall write a sketch of him in my journal."

"That you can do to-morrow," said George, "but let us now go on to the common, and not lose the game of ball!"

"No, no, do not say so," replied Sidney; "let us rather not lose our lesson. Come, stay here with me, and help me get out these sums of the geese."

George hesitated, and felt inclined to stay. He heard an inward voice, which, when listened to and obeyed, always leads right, and formed the perfect man. But he heard, too, from the common, the dog's whistle. And he said, "I must go to-night, for the boys will expect me to-morrow evening I will study with you."

And he left the house, not with a joyful start, and a happy face, for he still heard the inward voice reproving him for choosing the wrong way, while it urged and entreated him to return to the right. But he had disobeyed many times, often yielding to temptation, when not restrained by some strong command from his parent or teacher. And he disobeyed it now—yet not with the ease he had formerly done, for Sidney's words and poor Greeny's history had opened his eyes; he saw things in a new light, and his steps towards the common

on the hand that touched it with rude and indelicate assault? Now, were we to judge from the kind of opposition so often made to the Bible, and from the curious and contradictory charges so frequently arrayed against it, we should not hesitate to affirm, that it has been tried, not on its own intrinsic merits, but by those proud and vague preconceptions which we have briefly sketched. Those opposed to revelation do not in these days take Scripture as it is, and humbly examine its credentials; but presuming that a book from heaven must be composed and published in such a form as their anticipations would suggest, they reject the Bible, as being out of all unison with their theism and ethics—with their notions of what God is, and how God should proceed in the disclosure of Himself and his counsels.

But the method of divine revelation is beyond the limit of human analogies, as well as out of the sphere of ordinary calculation, and it is not to be judged by our ideas of propriety and expediency. Our knowledge of God is not sufficiently profound, and ample to enable us to determine how we shall act. All our expectations only mock us. We find ourselves at fault in every conjecture with regard to His style and arrangement. Thus, the New Testament is a book of remarkable simplicity of structure. It is a collection of seven-and-twenty separate and independent tracts. These tracts circulated singly for a long period, and in various countries, ere by the pious wisdom and foresight of the Church, they were gathered together and bound up into a volume. The Apostles at an early epoch separated to their several fields of foreign labor, and when a few of them did happen to meet again, it was not to concert measures for literary publication, but to discuss questions of discipline, organization, and missionary enterprise. With one exception—in itself an imitation of ancient prophetic oracle—the style of the New Testament is reduced to the two simplest and commonest forms of human speech—*telling a story and writing a letter*. The gospels and epistles made up the book. The four gospels are but brief biographies, quiet, earnest, unaffected sketches, and twenty-one books are letters—the fruit of easy and familiar correspondence—and sent to various churches from the pressure of peculiar circumstances. About the book there is no literary ambition, no exaggeration, nothing meretricious in form, or pretension. The telling of an honest tale about the man Jesus, and the writing of a letter of counsels and suggestions, are works which admit of no embellishment or ornamental appendages, for clearness and impressiveness are their prime beauty and first distinction. The radiance that now aluminates our path to immortality, comes like its brightest emblem, through a colorless atmosphere. And the book possesses no abnormal means of self-defence against vulgar insolence and sceptical caricature. Voltaire's motto [*Ecrasez l'infame*] was indeed daring and profane—a blasphemous reference to Him who is the Alpha and Omega of the New Testament, and yet that waterword was not traced in letters of hell-fire on his impious forehead. This collection of biographies and epistles relies for its defence and circulation on the power of its evidence, and the adaptation of its truths. It deals with men as possessed of reason and immortality, while its *attest* before them is 'great cloud of witnesses.' In all those respects, man's expectations as to the history, character, contents, and power of the Book, are utterly contrary to the reality—apparently folly is found to be consummate wisdom—seeming weakness is strength. Truly 'the weak things of the world' astonish us by their power.—Strange it is that the life of Him who descended from his father's bosom to ransom a guilty world—who spake as never man spake, for he thought as never man thought, and loved as never man loved—who is presented to us as a model-man, the incarnation of perfect virtue—strange it is that his life should be written four times and by such a quaternon—first by a petty officer of Roman inland revenue, then by a literary friend and follower of the man who had the hardihood to deny all knowledge of his master—again by a physician of pagan extraction, who was not even an eye-witness, and lastly by a Galilean fisherman. And the majority of the letters were composed, not by a member of the original apostolic college, but by a scholar trained in all the subtleties of Rabbinical lore, whose first position toward the new cause was that of a restless and malignant persecutor—himself a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and yet especially magnifying his office as the 'Apostle of the Gentiles.' Those letters often written in a dungeon, and sent, in all directions, to Corinth, to Ephesus, Philippi, and Rome, were in course of time interchanged and copied, from the perishing autographs, and gradually gathered into one volume. What more unpretending than all this? What more unlikely as the varied organs of a divine revelation—as if its Author had proposed to mock the expectation, and baffle the ingenuity of such as presume to 'think Him altogether such an one as themselves'.

Still more, the language employed in the New Testament is a peculiar and inferior dialect. It is not a pure tongue; it has not the pictorial euphony of Isaiah, nor is it the lucid and musical diction of Xenophon. It is a broken speech—Hebrew in essence and Greek in dress, Hebrew in spirit and Greek merely in body, dexterity, and costume. That Greek was not the grace and elegance of classic times, for it was learned by those who used it in Palestine, not from books, but from conversation.—In a language at which Plato would have sneered for its barbarous structure, and which Demosthenes could not have interpreted: in its Hebrew idiom and allusions, were these books of the New Testament composed. Besides, the people with whom the volume originated were reckoned a poor and fainter race by their enlightened neighbors. The wisdom of the world had not dawned upon them, neither the sciences of Egypt nor the philosophy of Greece had visited them; but Babylon had oppressed them, geographers had scarcely noticed their narrow strip of territory, and Rome had now laid her iron hand upon their distressed and divided cantons. Ere these books were collected together, their capital, with its magnificent fame, was overthrown, and thousands upon thousands of the tribes butchered or enslaved. And are men of such language, such a race, and such a country, to be the pioneers of universal civilization and spiritual worship? What contempt is poured on Grecian eloquence and Roman majesty!

Now if we group together these peculiar literary elements, the style and language, the age and country of the sacred poem, the

personal obscurity, and, with one exception, their previous want of mental culture, the utter absence of premeditation and concert, their employment of the homeliest methods of composition, and their apparent unconsciousness that they were writing for all men and for all times—if we study those strange characteristics, we cannot but feel that the whole enterprise, so foreign to the circle of man's familiar operation, and so distant from the range of his likeliest conjectures and forethought, must surely be ascribed to Him who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.

For those books did not pine and perish in the shades of their native obscurity. With every drawback in origin, structure, language, and authorship, they have now won their way to unparalleled ascendancy. No volume ever commanded such a profusion of readers, or was translated into so many languages.—Such is the universality of its spirit, that no book loses less by translation—none has been so frequently copied in manuscript, and none so often printed. King and noble, peasant and pauper are delighted students of its pages. Philosophers have humbly gleaned from it, and legislation has been thankfully indebted to it. Its stories charm the child, its hopes inspirit the aged, and its promises soothe the bed of death. The maiden is wedded under its sanction, and the grave is closed under its comforting assurances. Its lessons are the essence of religion, the seminal truths of Theology, the first principles of Morals, and the guiding axioms of Political Economy.—Martyrs have often bled and been burnt for attachment to it. It is the theme of universal appeal. In the entire range of literature, no book is so frequently quoted or referred to. The majority of all the books ever published have been in connection with it. The Fathers commented upon it, and the subtle divines of the middle ages refined upon its doctrines. It sustained Origen's scholarship and Chrysostom's rhetoric; it whittied the penetration of Abelard, and exercised the keen ingenuity of Aquinas. It gave life to the revival of letters, and Dante and Petrarch revelled in its imagery. It augmented the erudition of Erasmus, and roused and blessed the intrepidity of Luther. Its temples are the finest specimens of architecture, and the brightest triumphs of music are associated with its poetry. The text of no ancient author has summoned into operation such an amount of labor and learning, and it has furnished occasion for the most masterly examples of criticism and comment, grammatical investigation, and logical analysis. It has inspired the English muse with her loftiest strains. Its beams gladdened Milton in his darkness, and cheered the song of Cowper in his sadness. It was the star which guided Columbus to the discovery of a new world.—It furnished the paucity of that Puritan valor which shivered tyranny in days gone by. It is the magna charta of the world's regeneration and liberties. Such benefactors as Francke, Peff, Schwartz, and Howard, the departed Chalmers, and the living Shaftesbury, are cast in the mould of the Bible. The records of false religion, from the Koran to the Book of Mormon, have owned its superiority, and surreptitiously purloined its jewels. Among the Christian classics it loaded the treasures of Owen, charged the fulness of Hooker, barbed the point of Baxter, gave colors to the palette and sweep to the pencil of Bunyan, enriched the magnificent fancy of Taylor, sustained the loftiness of Howe, and arming the plummet of Edwards.—In short, this collection of artless lives and letters has changed the face of the world and ennobled myriads of its population. Finally, and to show the contrast, while millions bid it welcome—the mere idea of its circulation causes the Pope to tremble on his throne, and brings fearful curses from his quivering lips.

And here, were it our present purpose, we might raise an argument from all these momentous considerations in favor of the divine origin and authenticity of the New Testament. These characteristics are cogent proofs of infinite wisdom and condescension. Taking the book as it is presented to us, its genuineness is clearly stamped upon it. It is precisely such a book in style, language, and structure, as you might expect in such circumstances—eight honest and ardent men, either giving a plain narrative, or writing letters of sympathy and warning. Had these Gospels been artistic compositions, and the language in which they are written more rhythmical and elegant, had these letters been polished dissertations, the strength of the Christian evidences would have been weakened in proportion. But the New Testament is such a volume as the mind relishes, for every one likes the tale of a wondrous life, and prizes highly the letters of eminent worth.—And therefore the Gospels are given it, and there is spread out before it this rich and genuine Cardiphonia.

The Little Pauper.

The day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly opened grave stood a little delicate girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting, and the rough men, as he named the last shov'ful full of earth over all the child had left to love; 'fretting won't bring dead folks to life; pity you hadn't got no ship's cousins somewhere to take you; it's a tough world, this ere, I tell ye; I don't see how ye're going to weather it. Guess I'll take ye round to Mrs. Fetherbee's, she's got a power of children and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If ye're enough to float the ark it won't do you no good." Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another, and yet another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in ugly-colored calico dress with any quantity of brass jewelry, sat sewing some shabby cotton lace on a cheap pocket-handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three, about an apple, from big words they had come to hard blows; and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange apple, and a stick of candy—each combatant "pating in" for the big gem.

Poor Allie with pale cheeks and swollen eyes, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was

amusing himself, pulling out at intervals little handfuls of her hair.

"Quiet that child! can't ye?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no very gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge, here. There, I declare, you've half put his eyes out with those long curls dangling round; come here, and have 'em cut off; they don't look proper for a *charity child*; (and she glanced at the short stubby crops on the heads of the little Fetherbees.)

Allie's lip quivered, as she said, "Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning; she said they were like little dead sister's; please don't," said she beseechingly.

"But tell me *I do please* to cut 'em, so there's an end of *that*," said she, as the several ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor; "and do for creation's sake, stop talking about 'dead' folks, and now eat your breakfast if you want it. I forgot you hadn't had any—there's some of the children's left; if you're hungry it will go down, and if *you* *don't* you can go without."

Poor Allie! The *daintiest morsel* wouldn't have 'gone down' her eyes filled with tears that *wouldn't* be forced back, and she sobbed out, "I must cry, if you *beat* me for it—my heart *pains* me so bad."

"H-t-y—T-t-y-l! what's all this?" said a broad-faced, rosy milkman, as he set his shining can down on the kitchen table; "what's all this, *Miss Fetherbee*? I'd as lief pint pails and needles as hear a *child* cry. Who is she," pointing at Allie, "And what's the matter of her?"

"Why, the long and the short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of *charity*, and she's crying at her good fortune that's all," said the lady with a vexed frown of her head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded; nothing on earth to do here, but tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and go of a few *arrands*; ungrateful little baggage!"

Jimmy's heart was as big as his farm, (and that covered considerable ground;) glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said skillfully, "that child's going to be *sick*, *Miss Fetherbee*, and then what are you going to do with her? besides she's too young to be of much use to you; I'd better let me take her."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you was half right," said the frightened woman; "she's been trouble enough, already; I'll give her a 'quit claim'."

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jimmy with a bright good-natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidently in his rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jimmy as he put one arm round her, to steady her fragile figure, as they rattled over the stony pavements; we shall soon be out of this smoky old city.—(Consarn it! I always feel as if I was poisoned every time I come into town;) and then we'll see what sweet hay-fields, and new milk, and clover-blossoms, and kind hearts will do for *you*—you poor little plucked chicken!—Where did you come from when you came to live with that old Jeezabel?"

"From my mother's grave," said Allie.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jimmy, wiping away a tear with his coat sleeve. "Well, ever mind it! I wish I hadn't asked you; I'm always running my head agin a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey?—Did you ever milk a cow? or ride on top a hay-cart? or go a berrying? Do you love bouncing red apples? and peaches as big as your flat? It shall go hard if you don't have 'em all. What has become of your hair, child? have you had your head shaved?"

"Miss Fetherbee cut it off," said Allie.

"The old serpent! I wish I'd come in a little quicker. Was it your curls them young 'uns was playing with? Well, never mind, said he, looking admiringly at the sweet face before him, 'you don't *need* 'em; and they might get you to looking in the glass oftener than was good for you.'

"Well, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the door-way, shading her eyes from the sun. I guess she wonders where I raised you."

"Look here, Betsey! do you see this child? The earth is fresh on her mother's grave. She has neither kith nor kin. I've brought her from that old skindrift of a Fetherbee's and here she is; if you like her it's well and good, and if you don't, she'll stay here just the same; but I *know* you *will*, said he coaxingly, as he passed his brawny arm round her capacious waist; and now get her something that will bring the color to her cheeks; for mind you, I have no *white slaves* on my farm!"

How sweetly Allie's little tired limbs rested in the fragrant lavendered sheets! A tear lingered on her cheek, but its birth was not of sorrow. Jimmy pointed it out to his wife as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.

"Never forget it, Betsey," said he, "harsh words ain't for the *motherless*. *May God* forget me, if she ever hears one from my lips."

[Olive Branch.]

NEGROES AND WHITE PEOPLE.—Jefferson noted seventeen points of difference between the black and the white man. They differ in color, in their hair, and in the shape of their bodies. The black has less beard than the white man. He perspires more profusely. There is a slight difference in the arrangement of the fangs, by which the black has more exhaling force than the white. The black man requires less sleep. He is more adventurous. His lore is more ardent but less imaginative than that of the white man. His grief is more transient. He reflects less. His reasoning powers are decidedly inferior. His memory is equal to the white man's, but not his imagination, which is dull in the extreme. The black has less originality. He has no turn to the arts of painting and sculpture. He has no good ear for music as the white man. He is skill in composing. And, lastly, the black has no poetical tendencies. Poor fellow!

KOOSUTH HATS.—The popularity of Koosuth, which has caused so many to adopt the wearing of the Koosuth hats, has had a very disastrous effect upon the hat-fishing trade. Out of 400 fisher journeymen hat-fishers in this city, 150 are now walking about the city with nothing to do. This shows the effect of fashion. The arrival of Koosuth hats has caused a great display of feeling in certain quarters, and among the hatfishers it is peculiarly felt.

[N. N. Paper.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

ODE TO TORQUATUS.

Now Spring once more looks out; the snows have fled;
Grass to the fields returns, that seemed so dead;
The starting birds begin a new to wail,
And earth puts on robes more than to wail.
The rushing streams their bounds now overstep,
And foaming brooks no more their channels keep.
Grace unaffected dances o'er the plain,
While nymphs and fauns her sprightly train
Shall sing, frequent, Nature's changes see.
And still, on earth, hope immortality?
Fierce Boreas' blast, mild Zephyrus succeeds,
And Summer follows Spring with fiery steeds.
Himself, tired in his course, will yield his place
To fruitful Autumn, following him apace.
Then in his hand, dire Winter swift return,
And Sol's oppressive heat no longer burn.
Yet changing months repay Dame Nature's strife;
'Tis true, 'tis variety the spice of life.
But when, where falls, knees are laid,
We follow, these we ever must remain.
And who can say, the Gods above will add
To-morrow's hours to these already had?
If not, then all you have, my friends, be true,
Will soon be squandered by rapacious hands.
When once this Earth than at, and upon this
The great judge Minos passed his stern decree,
Not eloquence, my friend, nor royal birth,
Nor piety shall bring thee back to Earth.
For even Dion could not life restore
Unto Hippius once on the shore
Of Lethe, where the shades lie in vain.
From his dear friend to rend the fatal chain,
Then, friend Torquatus, do not borrow pain,
"Live while you live," said huge to live again.

MISCELLANY.

Pruning and Grafting Old Apple Trees.

BY N. P. MORRISON.

MR. EDITOR:—If I were as well qualified for handling the pen, as I am my implements of farming, I would try to contribute through the medium of the agricultural journals many inducements calculated to raise the standard of farming to one of the most profitable and delightful vocations in life. I have had considerable experience in pruning and grafting. The success which has attended my labors, and the profits derived, have drawn my attention more particularly to this branch of husbandry, which I think has been too much neglected by farmers in general. I have found by observation, while travelling in the country, that there are thousands of worthless apple trees, impoverishing the land without giving the owners a fair compensation. Farmers and others ought not to be so negligent of their own interest, as to disregard every inducement which may be found in reading agricultural journals, and otherwise calculated to stimulate them to action, progress and wealth.

As regards pruning and grafting, I have been my own adviser, although I have had friends who are more experienced fruit growers than myself, frequently caution me in regard to my method of pruning, and they have confidently asserted that my course of treatment would prove a serious injury to the trees. Now I would say to farmers, and all who are concerned in fruit growing, be cautious whom you employ to execute the labor which is necessary to make your trees admirable for their beauty, and a lasting benefit in the production of fruit. I took a journey last June into New Hampshire, and as I went with my own carriage, it gave me a good opportunity of examining the progress which farmers were making in improving the soil and fruit trees. In regard to the latter, I must say that according to my judgment and experience, many are most wilfully, or ignorantly imposed upon.

In Lowell, I had an opportunity of examining the operations of grafting, and I came to the conclusion that the operator shook the trees and caught the birds, while his employer's anticipations would not be realized. The grafting, I think, was done by the job, so much per person, and the bill for two small trees amounted to almost five dollars, when all the labor which was necessary in doing the work, could have been done for less than one half that sum. The number of scions set was too many. One half the number would have been all that were needed to form a good tree. I noticed there were several small branches within a few inches of each other; from six to ten scions were set where there should have been but two, by cutting the limb below where the branches separated. Another error in grafting is, in leaving limbs too near the scions when set, so as to impede their growth; this should always be avoided. Other trees I have noticed frequently while travelling which had a few marks where grafting had been attempted by having six or eight scions set in the low limbs where twenty or thirty were necessary to have formed a good tree. I saw a man grafting for a friend of mine, and as he was an experienced workman, I had the curiosity to stop and examine the trees, and ask a few questions in regard to grafting, hoping to gain some information in so doing. His scions were set in a few of the middle branches, and according to the appearance by grafting so few stems, he did not intend to injure the trees but very little, for the scions would eventually be left, in the few instances above named, to take their own course, consequently they would be overrun with branches and left to wither and die. I inquired why he did not set more scions in a tree? His reply was, the man who employs me wants to make all the cider he can. I suppose he meant until the scions came to maturity. This we see is economy outdone.

I have found some trees which had twice the number of scions set, requisite to form a good top, while others fell short in the same proportion. Now it will appear from the many observations I have made, that farmers and many others who have land and trees to improve, feel conscious that something ought to be done in renovating and improving their fruit trees in order to give them a profit which is realized by thousands who have their work thoroughly done. Therefore, give the farmer knowledge, perseverance, (and I must say) temperance, these all combined, will give him the satisfaction of seeing his labors crowned with abundant success.

I have about eight acres of orcharding, and have so managed in pruning and grafting as to give all the old trees mostly new and vigorous tops. I commenced in 1842, taking off the large and low limbs which were in the way of the team when plowing, and continued the same process yearly until my horses could walk without coming much in contact with any of the limbs. I found that taking off the under limbs, (which is too much neglected) increased the growth of what remained, new shoots came forward, which now compose a good part of my trees. Too many large limbs should not be taken from a tree in one season. I have cut off limbs that were six or seven inches in diameter, and have applied cold beef tallow to the trunk where they were cut, and they have done well. My pruning is mostly done in Feb. and March, scraping the trees immediately after, which I think well pays for so doing. I keep the land plowed and tilled, where it is not too much shaded. Grafting I have done in April and May. There were about forty large New York Greenings, which proved to be almost barren and worthless. I have grafted all of these, and many more which bore inferior fruit. I have sold the apples which grew on one or

two of them the past season, for over fifty dollars, and the sum total for the last season will amount to seven hundred dollars. I was informed that sixty-two barrels was the most ever raised in one season previous to my purchasing the farm.

I state these facts for the encouragement of others, that they may see what can be realized in reclaiming and improving old apple trees. The process in setting scions is very simple, but the number needed, and where to be set, in order to give an even and well balanced top, requires both care and judgment.

Trees should be thoroughly examined in order to see where, and how many limbs should be grafted, to give each an equal division of space to grow in, and make a well shaped top. I generally commence at the highest branches, and work downward, so as not to interfere with the scions after setting. Do all the grafting to each tree in one season, leaving a few scattering limbs that will not interfere with the scions, for one year, then take off all remaining limbs and leave the sprouts, except when near the scions, for one year, then cut all, or most of the sprouts, and leave but one scion on a stalk, if the growth has been good, if not let the two remain a longer period. Never graft very low limbs, for they always incline downward after bearing fruit.

I am aware there are some experienced fruit growers, who disagree with me in some respects; all trees should not be treated in the same manner. Trees that have a sound trunk and a healthy appearance, pruned and grafted in the manner I have prescribed, will give satisfaction, I think, to all who try the experiments. —[New England Farmer.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... APRIL 29, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PARKER, 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, Cor. Third and 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.

Corporation Meeting—Monday P. M.

There seems a prospect, for once, of a full meeting of our villagers, on Monday next. The notice of the clerk, in another column, shows what is contemplated. The improvement of the fire department seems to be a prominent object. It is also an important one, and one that will call out the voters. Our village corporation has too long been a dead letter. Unless it can be made available to the improvement of the village, policy dictates that it should be "expunged." It has been only an instrument in the hands of the minority, and as such is worse than useless. Let the voters of the village take hold of it, and wield it in the cause of progress. Our population is increasing and we are beginning to see the need of long strides in the march of improvement. Let the young men be there, as well as the old—those who have but little property, as well as those who have much. The latter have got rich—the former want to do the same; and their success depends upon the enterprise, growth and prosperity of the place. Let them put their hands to the plow, resolved to both hold and drive. Sow liberally, and reap in due time. Everybody wonders at the slow progress of our village. With the best natural advantages in the world, it almost stands still. There is nothing wonderful in this. Our advantages are nothing, unless improved. Our water power must be brought to move wheels, or be used only enough to water horses. Our capital must move hands and feed mouths. Our railroads can do us but little good, except through the improvement of the facilities it offers. To the man who earns no money, it matters little whether money is plenty or scarce; and to a village without enterprise, neither natural or artificial advantages avail anything.

Waterville has looked long enough in the wrong direction for prosperity. Her capital is not going to move her enterprise; but her enterprise must move her capital. Most of her capitalists have passed the meridian of activity, and look for an opportunity to associate their capital with the enterprise of others. Let them see the wheels in motion, and they will stand ready to grease them. Let the young and enterprising start them in a safe way, and they will keep rolling—and their best interests will roll along with them.

THE WEATHER.

Our readers in Maine know as much about the weather as we do. It is for the benefit of those in California and away west that we make our notes upon this subject. Many of them are anxious about the farms and mills and lumber they left behind. Thus far, notwithstanding the singular coldness of the winter, and the severity of the spring freshets throughout New England, all is well in Maine. The Kennebec has not reached an unusual height, and unless the rains should be severe there is no alarm in this direction. The Spring, though a little late, is opening well. Hay is not very short, and but little has been sold higher than \$10. Now it is plenty at \$9. Snow has disappeared in the fields, and winter wheat, of which a great amount was sown, looks well. The roads are rapidly improving, and the plow will soon be in the field. All looks well, we say, in the Dringo State.

In some parts of Vermont, during the late rain in Waterville, snow fell sufficiently deep for good sleighing. Those who want to emigrate from Maine should be careful, in their selection of a new home, to better their condition by the exchange.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for April (Leonard Scott & Co., New York), contains a strong article in praise of Lord Stanley, the present Premier, his position and prospects, some more

chapters of 'My Novel,' which are political and interesting, a paper on American Military Reconnoissances, &c., &c.—all of which make it a very pleasant number.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

APRIL 26th, 1852.

The past has been one of the most gloomy and unpleasant weeks that I ever experienced. It commenced raining on Sunday night, the 18th inst., and until Friday last, we did not even get so much as a kiss from the sun. Saturday and yesterday were glorious days, and many a fair face was seen smiling among the gay promenaders, who had almost despaired of showing their pretty feet before May, at least. I can honestly say the common is green now, while the fountains have recommenced their 'Sprinklings' for the season in anticipation of Kossuth's visit tomorrow. Great preparations are being made for his reception; but the majority of the people do not sympathize with the movement, and I frequently hear 'humbug' applied to the whole proceedings. The 'material aid,' I think, will be somewhat less than a million, and 'Hungarian bonds' at a greater discount (than Vermont Central R. R. Stock since the astounding (?) disclosures made by Mr. Seymour, who, by the way, rather disappointed public expectation, and the Stock of this road advanced as soon as the 'mouse' from the 'mountain' showed himself. In a former number, mention was made of the burning of the Tremont Temple; I regret to add this week the destruction, by the same element, of the National Theatre, with nearly all the wardrobe of its numerous company. This was one of the largest theatres, in point of stage arrangements for scenic displays, in the country. This edifice was consumed on Thursday morning, Mrs. Sinclair having performed to one of the largest audiences of the season, the evening previous; and to give an idea of the energy of the managers, the Boston Theatre, which had recently been sold to Sayles, Merriam and Brewer, for \$70,000, was obtained through the kindness of the purchasers, cleansed and ventilated; and before noon the bills were out, announcing Mrs. Sinclair's appearance at that house. The National was burned at about 3 o'clock A. M., and at 7 1-2 the same evening, the 'Old Drury' was literally crammed to witness the same pieces that were previously advertised to come off at the former house. About \$1500 were raised for the artists who suffered by the Tremont Temple fire.

The estate on the corner of Hanover and Elm-sts., eastern side, was purchased at auction last week by Mr. Rayner, for \$81,500. 'Madame Ramor,' says Ramor the defaulter did not go out in the Steamer Asia. Can't she tell us where he is? Knowing that many of your subscribers are interested in wool growing, I thought a little information respecting the state of our market for that article, would not come amiss. I regret that I cannot speak so favorably of the spring indications as I could wish; upon enquiry of quite a number of houses, large dealers in this staple, I find the general opinion is, that the present rates will not be sustained. Sales are small and in favor of buyers, with the feeling that prices of coming clip will open nearly, or quite, ten cents per pound lower than last year. The average quality of Maine wool is now held at 35c 6 mos., and by June, will probably fall to 30c, or less; this is the impression of those who ought to know best. I give you quotations of present prices.

Foreign.		Domestic.	
Saxony Fleeces,	32 a 46c	Washed,	16 a 24c
Full Blooded Merino,	37 a 49	Unwashed,	11 a 13
34 "	34 a 36	Crimes,	9 a 13
34 "	28 a 30	Buenos Ayres,	8 a 10
34 "	28 a 30	Mexican,	10 a 15
Extra,	43 a 46	Valparaiso,	9 a 13
Superfine,	39 a 41	Barbary,	11 a 13
No. 1,	33 a 35	Unwashed,	20 a 30
No. 2,	30 a 32	Washed,	20 a 30

Business, owing to bad weather, has not been quite as lively as usual. Money continues abundant and Banks discounting liberally. First class paper is very scarce, while loans call are made on undoubted securities, at less than the legal rate. The English Steamers bring more specie than they carry away, and imports during the month have fallen off considerably, compared with the month previous, or the same month last year. A speculative movement in stocks, real estate, or something else, seems inevitable, should this state of the money market exist for a month longer.

The Howard Athenaeum and Museum are the only permanent houses for theatricals, as the Boston has been but temporarily engaged by the managers of the late National.

Miss Davenport at the Howard and the 'Harp' at the Museum.

Yours Really, CHAS. DUDE.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE, for May is a prime number. Among the thirty original contributions we observe articles from the pens of G. S. Burleigh, R. H. Stoddard, Alice Carey, and W. Gilmore Simms. Sartain displays great taste in the management of his magazine this season, and is deserving of success. A new feature is to be put forth with the July number—a Pictorial Life of General Jackson, by J. T. Headley. Sartain's Magazine, for one year, and a large and handsome steel plate, 21 by 15 inches, entitled 'The First Reformers Presenting their Famous Protest at the Diet of Spitz, in 1526,' can be had for three dollars. Cheap enough—send on your three dollars.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Be patient. Many good articles are on file, and many others, presumed good, are waiting their turn.

THE WEATHER IN APRIL, 1775.—The Boston Traveller of Monday evening, in its meteorological article, says:

The battle of Lexington, of which to-day is the 77th anniversary, was fought on one of the warmest days of the very warm and early spring of 1775. Indeed, it is generally understood that the heat on the day of battle was so great as to cause much distress among the British troops on their retreat from Concord, while the spring was so forward, that on the 19th of April the cherry trees were in full blossom, which has been the case but two or three times

since 1775, and which, judging from the present appearance of the weather, will not this year be the case until the 19th of May.

Railroad Meeting at Bangor.

The people of Bangor seem to be approaching a proper degree of interest in the proposed road between Waterville and that city. A large meeting was held on the evening of the 20th, at which, after the reading of the report of a committee, upon the defeat of the Loan Bill, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the time has come for the citizens of Bangor to take prompt and efficient measures to secure the early completion of the entire road from this place to Waterville.

Resolved, That as citizens, feeling a just pride in the place of our residence, and an earnest desire to promote her future prosperity, we are now prepared, one and all, to enlist in this enterprise and become subscribers to the stock of the proposed Road.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the Directors of the Road should at once cause to be opened books of subscription to the stock; and that the necessary steps should be taken to locate the Road; carefully estimate its cost, and to prepare for placing the entire road-bed under contract at an early day.

The Liquor Law in Portland.

The following items, from the Portland Advertiser, show rather conclusively what kind of a triumph the opponents of the Maine Law secured by the defeat of Mr. Dow:

'LIQUOR IN TRANSIT.'—One day last week, several casks of liquor came from Boston in one of the steamers, marked 'Gorham, N. H.' On their arrival at the wharf, and when they were about to be transferred to the cars for the place of destination, they were claimed by some individuals in this city. The agents who had them in charge refused to deliver them here, as they felt bound to 'put them through' according to directions, and placed them upon the freight train with this object in view. The real owners thus being foiled in their attempt to get possession of their liquor here, selected an agent to follow it to 'Gorham, N. H.' where it was secured, and brought back to the city on return train. It was no sooner landed here, however, than our new vigilant police seized the same and had it carted to the government house, where more of the same sort had been deposited in days past.

By this operation the Railroad realized the sum of \$5,000 as freight money, together with the fare of the agent who followed it, and the city authorities, the worth of the liquor whatever it may be—a handsome business transaction all round!

A LARGE CHEESE!—A box, purporting to contain cheese, just arrived from Gorham N. H., attracted the attention of the police, at the Atlantic station house, yesterday morning. One of them thought there was too much of a *swash* about the contents of the box, for cheese, unless it was in the first stages of the process of manufacture. Upon opening it, the box was found to contain a barrel of liquor, the same that had arrived from Boston, and gone up, two or three days ago. They accordingly seized it, and had it safely taken care of. This is but another proof of the truth of the adage, that 'you cannot catch old rats with cheese.'

FARTHER LIQUOR SEIZURES.—A 20 gallon cask and a 10 gallon keg, also two large trunks, containing 12 demijohns and a large jug of various kinds of liquors, were seized by the police yesterday morning, at the landing place of the steamer John Marshall, and taken into safe keeping.

MUSIC.—See Miss Ellis' notice of a singing school for juveniles. Teach your children to sing, and thus cultivate their hearts and purify their morals.

The May number of *Graham's Magazine* has come to hand. Its embellishments are good, as usual, the letter-press, unusually good. The romance by G. P. R. James, is continued here, and we also find Horace Greeley's lecture—'The Crystal Palace and its Lessons'—complete in this number. Graham must prosper while his magazine is issued in this excellent style.

THE LEGISLATURE adjourned on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, after a session—including Sunday and Monday—of 111 days. We shall give our readers, as usual, the public acts in an extra sheet.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for February, 1852. Re-published by L. Scott & Co. This is a most excellent number, abounding in valuable, instructive matter. The articles are entitled—1st The Works of John Milton. 2nd Zealand. 3rd The Life of John Sterling. 4th The Geology of the Surface and Agriculture. 5th The Literature of the New Testament. [See extract on the first page.] 6th Arctic Searching Expedition. 7th Memoir of Bishop Copleston. 8th Wesley and the Methodists. 9th Progress of Popular Education in Great Britain. 10th France in January, 1852.

IMPRISONMENT OF COLORED SEAMEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The validity of the law of South Carolina, requiring the imprisonment of colored seamen who may arrive in the ports of that State, has at length been controverted in a form which will put it to the test before the judicial tribunals of the country. Manuel Pereira, a colored Portuguese sailor, arrested to service on an English brig which was recently driven into Charleston by stress of weather, having been arrested and committed to jail, Mr. Matthew, the British Consul at that port, has applied to Judge Withers, through his counsel, Pettigrew, for a writ of habeas corpus. The Judge has refused to grant the writ, and notice of appeal has been legally raised, and there is every probability that it will ultimately be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States, for final adjudication. —[N. Y. Com. Ad.

THE UNIMAGINATIVE WIFE.—The following sketch of a wife, by Jean Paul Richter, may have been a correct, though probably an isolated one even in his day; but there are certainly none possessing similar qualifications to be found at this period—or at least in this region.

She could count the strokes of the town clock from her husband's kisses, and could listen and run off to the succession that was boiling over, with the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns, which echoed loudly from the neighboring apartments; and in the midst of a verse she would intervene the prosaic question—'What shall I warm up for supper?' and he could never banish from his remembrance that once when she was

quite touched, and listened to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but towards his feet, and at length said, 'Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow—I must first darn it!'

Grafting Wax on Cotton Cloth.

To the Editors of the Bangor Whig.

Inquiries are frequently made for the best grafting wax and the recipe for making it. I have procured the recipe for the best article I have ever seen, which was invented three years since by Major Chapman of this city, which he uses in grafting in his nursery, with good and almost sure success. I have used it two years and find it valuable; for it is very pliable, easily worked, and it contains nothing that in the least injures the scion or stock.

It should be made precise according to the following proportions:

RECIPE.

Gibs. Beeswax; 1 lb. Rosin; 1 pint Linseed Oil. (No other oil than linseed should be used.) Melt them well together over a slow fire. Then with a paint brush spread the wax thinly while warm, on one side of thin but closely woven cotton cloth. Cut the cloth when waxen (lengthwise, as the warp is the strongest) into strips as may be wanted, say half an inch wide and about 9 inches long, according to the size of the stock to be grafted.

Grafting can be worked with these strips very readily, as no strings are necessary, and may be very neatly as well as quickly, performed.

These wax strips may also be used in budding trees. That the public may be better accommodated I will try to keep a supply of the above grafting cloth in our store for those who do not wish to make it for their own use.

I would again remind our citizens that to insure success, all stone fruits should be grafted before the frost is out of the ground, or as early afterward as possible. Respectfully,
HENRY LITTLE.

THE JAPANESE EXPEDITION.—The New York Herald publishes one of the official documents transmitted by the President in answer to the call of the Senate, relative to the Japanese Expedition. This is Mr. Webster's letter of instruction to Commodore Aulick, and contains the gist of the whole matter. From this it appears that the whole object of the Expedition is pacific and friendly. The first thing to be done by the Commodore, is to return several shipwrecked Japanese sailors, picked up by our ships, and to assure the Emperor that his subjects may always count on kind treatment from us under such circumstances, and to impress him with the understanding that we shall always expect similar treatment from him and his subjects towards any Americans who may be wrecked on the coast of Japan. Next, the Commodore is directed to secure permission from the Emperor for our steamers to visit some port in Japan or the neighboring islands and purchase coal, with which Japan is abundantly supplied. And, finally, he is directed to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce, if it be possible, though the probability of being able to do this is regarded as very slight. The treaties with Siam and Muscat are given the Commodore as models. The President's letter to the Emperor of Japan, Commodore Aulick is directed to carry to Jeddo, the capital of the kingdom, in his flag ship, accompanied by as many of the squadron as can conveniently attend him, there to be delivered to such of his high officers as the Emperor may appoint to receive it, to whom the general purposes of the expedition are to be explained. —[Boston Traveller.

A DRUNKARD MAY FLOG THE RUMSELLER WITH IMPUNITY.—In New York, Mr. McDonald was brought before Justice Truman Smith on charge of assaulting Mr. Jackson. The complainant keeps a tavern, and the other got drunk therein, when he took a notion to whip the landlord, which he did effectually. The Justice decided that McDonald, having drunk himself crazy for the benefit of Jackson, the latter must endure the injuries he received at the other's hands while in such a state, and dismissed the case.

MR. KING'S CASE IN GREECE.—The Journal of Commerce contains a long letter from Athens, Greece, dated March 27th, in relation to Rev. Mr. King's appeal to the Areopagus, from the unjust sentence of the Criminal Court, had failed, and that his sentence, of 15 days imprisonment and banishment from the kingdom, was confirmed. Mr. King on hearing this decision, forwarded to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, his formal and solemn protest in the name of the U. S. Government, against the treatment he had received from the Greek Courts.

Mr. King is consular agent of the U. S., and Greek government may find they have carried things with rather too high a hand in thus trying and condemning an agent of this government without any notification to the government. Several of the most influential newspapers in Greece, intimate their fears to this effect; and one of them condemns, in very decided terms, the treatment Mr. King experienced on his trial. It says:

'The day of the discussion, a crowd of lovers of scandal repaired to the redoubtable of a determination to exercise a pressure on the Court. The lawyers were at every moment interrupted by vociferations, whilst the words of the accusations were received with great applause. Would not a little more, we will not say of severity, but of impartiality, have been able to repress such manifestations, so contrary to our manners, to the dignity of justice, and to that spirit of tolerance which characterizes and honors the Greek people. We are afflicted to be obliged to announce that the liberty of defence and the gravity which ought to preside at the deliberations of justice, have been greatly compromised. We are especially grieved in thinking of the long echo that this trial will not fail to have in the United States, that country so great in its present, so immense in its future, and which showed itself so sympathetic, so enthusiastic even for the cause of our independence.'

VERMIN ON CATTLE.—The Maine Farmer says the best way to destroy these, is to reject all the troublesome ointments and washes, and apply tobacco smoke. He suggests a box, with a tube in each end, the burning tobacco being placed in the box, and the nose of a belows applied to one tube, drives the smoke among the hair of the calf, and wool of the sheep. 'Would not Brown's Fumigator, used for smoking the insects on plants, be a good thing for this purpose?' And would not a covering of this oil cloth, over the animal's back, serve a good purpose in retaining the smoke? There are, probably enough, ciphers whiffed in one of our large cities in one week, to suffocate all the lice on cattle in the United States.

THE CAUSES OF CRIME.—The Baltimore Clipper assigns these causes for the increase of crime in our cities, viz., the transportation of criminals from Europe to this country; the neglect to 'train up' the young in the way they should go; and the facility with which every

one can get drunk. The Clipper adds that there is at present very little prospect of a removal of either of these causes.

We fear that there is an increase of consent to views of humanity which are degrading, and which surrender man to the hopeless thralldom of passion. There are not a few who seem to imagine that all attempts to elevate are visionary. Such, pride themselves on the philosophical calmness with which they can surrender the race to wretchedness and vice, and even amuse themselves with the speed with which men ruin themselves. Such have, of course, renounced the Bible view of man. [N. Y. Mir.

LAND SLIDES.—A land slide at Augusta, on Monday, crushed in the rear wall of the railroad engine house, and buried the anvil at the forge with stones and dirt. Another slide took place on the railroad, between this place and Augusta, near Hinkley's Plains, about a week since, carrying a large amount of dirt into the river and the track out of line. The road was repaired without much detention to the trains. The road cannot be considered safe at this point until a good culvert is put in.

Another Slide.—Thursday last, about noon, something like forty feet of the railroad embankment, above Hinkley's Plains, slipped in to the river. A strong force was put on, and the road was repaired before night. The passengers for the West went out on the freight train. Considering the newness of the road, it is remarkable that no more accidents of this kind have occurred. —[Hallowell Gazette.

INTERESTING TO IMPATIENT LOVERS.—The bill abolishing the old system of publishing intentions of marriage, has passed both branches to be engrossed, by a large majority. By the act thus passed, it will be necessary to notify the town or city clerk, and obtain his certificate, which shall be issued, except in the case of paupers, or when minors shall not have first obtained the consent of parents or guardians. The marriage may be completed immediately after obtaining the clerk's certificate.

If finally passed, this law will do away in part with the practice of going out of the State to get married. [Ken. Journal.

The Militia Bill, as it passed the Senate leaves the arms in the hands of the volunteers, but prohibits the issuing of any more. It also leaves the Adjutant General's salary as it now is—\$300, and \$300 for clerk hire.

The Boston Post advises that 'farm work for April' be undertaken as follows: 'Now clear the snow from your hot-beds, shovel walks from the house to the highway, make paths for the cattle to go out and take the air and browse, and prepare seeds and tools for planting in July, in case of a favorable change in the weather.'

A MORMON MIRACLE.—A boiler maker, who was a Mormonite, met with an accident from the nut of a screw which flew off while he was at work, and struck him on the eye with such force as to destroy the pupil. The man was recommended to go to an eminent oculist; but being a good Mormon, he preferred going to the elders for the laying on of hands, &c., that his sight might be restored. The elders saw the difficulty, and consulted together, when one of them, with a strong Yankee accent, said, 'Wall, have you employers?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'Wall, what did they tell you to do?' 'Answer, "They advised me to go to an oculist." 'Very well,' said the elder, 'do you go to him, and whatever he does we will bless, and God will bless too.' The man accordingly went, but whether the pupil of his eye was restored or not, he got his vision in another way, and saw enough of Mormonism to leave it.

[Liverpool Courier.

PANAMA RAILROAD.—We have advice from the management of the Panama Railroad, authorizing us to state that another section of the road will be opened in less than a month. This will bring the cars up to Agua Salad or King's Station, which are one and the same thing. Another leap and we shall be brought plump up to the right bank of the Chagres river, five miles and a half by railroad, from Gorgona! They are driving the work ahead with wonderful rapidity.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.—Some years ago two English clergymen visited America. One of them was converted by the Rev. Dr. Patton to pure teetotalism. Some years after, Dr. Patton had occasion to visit his proselyte at his own house. To the Dr.'s amazement, wine was upon the table at dinner, and his hopeful scholar partook, too. 'What means this, brother, did you not learn to abstain in my country?' The challenged backslider from the total abstinence practice, directed the Doctor to his medical man, who was also at the table, for an explanation. 'Then it is by your prescription that my brother has betaken himself to wine again?' 'It is, sir,' was the reply. 'How long have you been prescribing wine to my friend as a medicine?' 'About seven years, I think!' 'And has it removed the disease?' 'I cannot just say that it has.' 'Well now,' asked Dr. Patton, 'is it your usual practice to continue the same medicine for seven years, when it does not succeed in removing the disease?' 'I confess,' was the reply, 'that is a thought that never struck me. Men never see their own inconsistencies when their appetites or interests are concerned.'

A NEW WORD.—The Albany Evening Journal proposes to introduce a new word into the vocabulary, the object of which is to avoid the necessity of using two words when one will answer. The word referred to is *telegram*, to be used instead of 'telegraphic dispatch,' or 'telegraphic communication.' 'Telegram' means to write from a distance. *Telegraph*, the writing itself, executed from a distance. *Monogram*, *Logogram*, &c., are words formed upon the same analogy and in good acceptance. The House line in their communications are recommended to use the word *teletypes*, as they are printed, not written.

GOING TO LAW.—'Laving' is pretty well shown up in the anecdote of two Dutchmen, who built and used in common, a small bridge over a stream, which ran through their farms. It seems they had a dispute concerning certain repairs, which it required, after a time. One of them declined to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of two or three planks. Finally, the aggrieved party went to the neighboring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hands, 'I'll give you all dish money, if you'll make Hans do justice mit de bridge!'

'How much will it cost to repair the bridge?' asked the honest counsellor of the determined litigant. 'Well, don't more ash five

