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THE IRON HORSE.

BY H. A. MOORE.

With its eyes of fire, and its breath of flame,
On, through the twilight, the monster came;
Surging, and moaning, and rearing hoarse,
With a comet's speed came the fiery horse.

The air was rent,
The echoes spread,
And to their mountain caves they sped.

The tread of ten thousand mailed feet,
The rush of ten thousand pistons fleet,
The headlong career of a wrothened flood,
The yelling of vandals at riot and blood,
Were nothing to
That awful sound,
That mighty tramp that shook the ground.

I stood in its path, but I was not dismayed,
I was charmed by the glare of that blazing eye;
And thundering on came the steed of death,
But for the noise of his hoofs I was not vexed.

Of far is done—
A frightful shriek proclaimed it won.

Miscellany.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

THE INTIMATE FRIEND.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

When little Kate Fernley first came home from boarding-school, her education finished, she was the prettiest, brightest fairy that ever glided like moonlight before an admiring lover's eyes. So, at last, thought Harry Broadwood, a young gentleman of independent fortune, who lived in her neighborhood; and when, being very young and enthusiastic, fell instantly, deeply and irretrievably in love with her.

Kate was small—considerably under middle size; but her figure was graceful and airy, as a spire of gray waving in the wind—her hair was black, and waved naturally round a brow of purest white, beneath which, eyes of clear, heavenly blue, gleamed tenderly and merrily; a bright rose color dyed her rounded cheeks; a neck, graceful and white as that of the beautiful Helen, and hands and arms of exquisite symmetry—such were some of Kate's external charms; and to these, manners careless, graceful and tender as those of a child, and you may, perhaps, imperfectly picture to yourself a being so very lovely.

Young Broadwood was completely bewitched by her; found all the time not spent in her society intolerably dull, and by some pretence or other managed to be almost constantly with her.

Of course, this being the case, he could not be long in discovering that Kate was absorbed by one idea—one sentiment—that of the most romantic and devoted attachment to her "intimate friend," Leonora Stanley. Did he praise a song, "Oh, dear Leonora sings that so well!" Did she admire a drawing—how glad she would be if he could only be favored with a glance at Leonora's drawings! Did he point out a fine view—Kate did so with Leonora were of all the world, were capable of doing so.

Worse still—whether her baffled admirer attempted to read, talk, sing, or muse his little tormentor in any way, most ill-timed comparisons would continually steal unawares into her unschooled and unguarded speech, such as: "that is a very charming story you have just been reading, Mr. Broadwood; but my dear Leonora has quite spoiled me for any reading but her own—she does read so splendidly—quite a different thing from reading as one commonly hears it,"—and carried away by enthusiasm for her friend, she would be entirely unconscious of the very unpleasant conclusions forced upon her companion, and his mortification would pass unobserved. Young Broadwood began to grind his teeth with vexation whenever he heard Leonora's name mentioned.

Of course such dear friends as Kate and Leonora were also close correspondents. Never since the world was made there such repressing and lengthy epistles.

One afternoon young Broadwood called on his pretty neighbor to ask her to walk with him: "I would with the greatest pleasure," she replied; "but there is a letter to Leonora which I must write."

"Nonsense!" cried Broadwood, losing his patience; "you wrote to her yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that—you can have nothing more to write about."

"That is all you know about it," returned Kate, quite nettled; "pray don't wait for me, Mr. Broadwood, if you are disposed for walking. It will take me all the afternoon to write my letter for it must be a full one, as my last two were very short."

"She smiled half in malice, half kindly, and tripped up stairs."

Young Broadwood, anxious above all things to convince Kate, (he could not deceive himself that he could greatly enjoy a walk without her), called forth, whistling a lively air to conceal his vexation.

As he was crossing the lawn before the house, a sweet, clear voice called to him from the window: "Mr. Broadwood! Mr. Broadwood!" He looked back, and saw her in her hand, was standing at her window, and bending forward to speak to him. Her attitude was strikingly graceful, and her lovely face was full of animation.

"She," he said, by Jove, muttered Broadwood, who suddenly conceived the hope that she had relented, and would accede to his request; a few bounds brought him beneath the window.

"Mr. B. I trouble you, Mr. Broadwood," said Kate, smiling pleasantly, "as you are going to walk, to direct your steps to the village post-office, and see if there is a letter for me from Leonora."

Broadwood turned hastily aside that he might not betray the irritation this ill-timed request excited, and the words "I'll be hanged if I do!" were just ready to burst from his lips, when Kate shyly added—

"I shall not flatter you by intimating that my request is perhaps a trifle to ensure myself the pleasure of seeing you soon again; but if you choose so to construe it, you may."

His good-humor completely restored, Broadwood departed, and ere long returned with the expected letter. Kate, who had come bounding to meet him, took it with heightened color, and sparkling eyes, and her young admirer gazed at her as he asked himself what he would give to know that a letter from him would be received with equal rapture.

The mischievous question conveyed the transporting intelligence that the beloved Leonora was actually coming on the day after the next, to make the delightful Kate a visit. "Never was any creature more overjoyed than Kate at this sudden stroke of good fortune; her whole face and figure were radiant with pleasure. Secretly annoyed, young Broadwood long took this leave, having first acceded to Kate's urgent request that he should be present to meet her friend on her arrival."

On the important day Broadwood was at his post. He sat on the hall sofa, pretending to read, but really employed in watching Kate's face, as she filed restlessly about from place to place—putting flowers here, and books there, and looking from windows, and arranging and rearranging the piano wires in time, and none other than running up stairs once more to see if dear Leonora's room was all quite

right, till her jealous young lover was half wild for thinking what he should do to inspire such devotion for himself, as he now saw bestowed on Kate's "intimate friend."

The sound of carriage wheels was heard; Kate paused a moment in an attitude of anxious expectation—then her white robes fluttered along the hall, almost ere the new-comer had time to alight, Kate's arms were flung around her, and the two friends locked each other in a close embrace. An interminable kiss followed; and then, without releasing her friend, Kate dragged her into the house and seated her on a parlor sofa, kissing and embracing her meanwhile, till young Broadwood, beginning to feel positively uncomfortable, was about to leave the room, when Kate fortunately recovered her presence of mind sufficiently to present him.

Miss Stanley was a tall, fine-looking girl—not pretty, but graceful and pleasing, with a face expressive of more good sense than Broadwood was inclined to think her conduct would warrant. He was prejudiced against her, nor did his dislike decrease on finding himself become quite a nonentity to Kate. He had thought her indifferent enough to him before Leonora's arrival, Heaven knows; but now he was utterly extinguished. Vain all his efforts to be agreeable; he found himself absolutely nobody whenever the favored "intimate friend" was by.

Piqued and almost despairing, he changed his line of conduct. His attempts to win Kate's attention entirely ceased. He looked often and earnestly at Miss Stanley, and he took occasion to ask Kate why she had never told him how very charming her friend was?

"Never told you so?" cried Kate surprised, "why, I told you so a hundred times, till upon my word, Mr. Broadwood, I began to think you were tired of hearing it."

"But you never told me how extremely beautiful she was."

"Because," said Kate, hesitating, "I can't exactly say that I do think Leonora is so very, very beautiful—though she is very lovely—something better than pretty."

"Not pretty? Oh, Miss Kate!" returned Broadwood, "how can you say so? She is positively beautiful!"

Kate was silent.

An evening or two after this conversation, Miss Stanley was seated at the piano, singing, when young Broadwood whispered Kate—

"Never heard such a voice in my life! superb! What taste! what feeling! I never heard any singing that pleased me so well."

Kate's face flushed, but she replied, quickly and warmly,

"I knew you would like Leonora's singing. Do, pray, dear Leonora, give us something more."

Miss Stanley favored them with several more songs, and Broadwood's enthusiasm kept pace with her efforts. After a time she insisted on resigning her place at the instrument to Kate, who tremblingly did her best. Broadwood remained cold and silent, and with secret joy perceived a little point on Kate's sweet lips as she left the piano. He saw that he had gained an advantage, and followed it up. He found whatever Leonora did perfect, and did not fail to make his opinions known to Kate.

The next day, when Leonora went to the piano, young Broadwood took a seat beside her, expressing now and then the extreme delight her performance afforded him. Suddenly she glanced up at him, and said, smiling,

"I understand—I will help you."

"Thank you—thank you," Broadwood returned warmly, and their compact was sealed.

Broadwood's adjunct was a most efficient one, and afforded him invaluable aid, not only by sounding his praises to Kate, but by affecting to accept and return his attentions. It was curious, and charming too, to see how jealous little Kate was become. How entirely she ceased to sound her friend's praises to Mr. Broadwood; and yet, she was a good little thing, and tried hard to overcome feelings she thought unworthy. Broadwood had never loved her so well.

One charming afternoon the young ladies, with Broadwood, set out for a ride. Now Kate rode extremely well, while Miss Stanley was but an indifferent horsewoman, yet as the latter centered on a little in advance, Broadwood exclaimed—

"Look, Miss Kate—did you ever see such riding? magnificent, by Jove! why your friend is another Di. Vernon."

Kate glanced at him to see if he were in earnest, and deceived by the gravity of his face, she pouted and turned away her head without saying a word.

"The finest riding I ever saw," Broadwood continued, maliciously, "Don't you agree with me?"

Forced to reply, Kate turned her face still further from him, and answered petulantly,

"I can ride better myself."

"You!" cried Broadwood, with rather an impolite intonation of astonishment.

"Yes," responded Kate, now quite roused, and turning her eyes full upon him, "I can ride as well as Leonora, and sing as well, too—and," she continued, her voice suddenly changing, "I used to think you liked my singing, and—every thing else I did, until Leonora came; but now,"—her voice faltered, and her long lashes hung heavy with tears, which she struggled angrily to repress, but finding it in vain, she turned sharply to her companion, saying,

"Oh, you needn't look so pleased, Mr. Broadwood; I'm not crying for what you think I am."

Ere Mr. Broadwood had time to reply to this strange assertion, Leonora rejoined them, and the words he longed to utter, and which would have set poor little Kate's proud, fluttering heart at rest, remained unspoken.

When, after their return home, Kate came down in the parlor, after changing her habit, she found Leonora and Mr. Broadwood seated in a window corner engaged in a close conversation, and an evidently of the deepest interest; her ear caught a word or two, and growing very pale, she turned as if involuntarily to leave the room. Broadwood looking up at the moment was struck by the alteration in her appearance, which he had not before observed. She seemed thinner, taller, and much sadder than he had ever seen her; her beautiful blue eyes were heavy with languor; her face was very pale, and about her mouth hung a certain expression, which seemed to tell of secret, lonely weepings. Broadwood's heart smote him; the poor child had been really suffering, and he had been treating her with such cruel levity. He rose to prevent her leaving

the room, and begged her to come with him into the garden to see a beautiful rose which he wanted to show her. Kate assented passively, and accompanied him in silence along the winding garden path, till at last when they had almost reached the boundaries of the garden, Kate asked her absent companion in some surprise, "where his rose was?"

Mr. Broadwood paused, and taking her hand looked earnestly in her face—Kate! Kate! Kate turned her head aside one moment, and then calmly asked,

"Well?"

"There is something I wish to talk with you about, Kate."

"I can guess what it is," said Kate, in a low, hurried voice, "about what you have just been saying to Leonora—I overheard a few words."

"Yes, Kate, I was telling her of my love—my hopes; and she has encouraged me to think I have not loved in vain."

"Yes, yes," gasped Kate; "I understand—you need not tell me any more." She made an attempt to fly back to the house, but Broadwood detained her.

"Don't! don't hold me now!" cried the agitated girl; "another time I will congratulate you."

"Congratulations! Kate, darling, what do you mean? You do not, you cannot fancy I love any one but yourself; surely, you have not been seriously deceived by the part I have been acting! surely, you must have felt that I was yours, heart and soul, all the while—Kate, love—speak to me! be continued, for Kate's form hung almost lifeless on his arm, her sweet head sinking on her bosom, as though a sudden, faintness overpowered her, yet a smile of heavenly joy played round her pale lips."

Broadwood drew her tenderly to him, begging her to look up, and give him but one word—but when Kate recovered herself it was to draw back, saying in a faint, faltering voice,

"I thought you loved Leonora."

"By heaven, no, Kate, never," replied Broadwood, energetically; but Kate was not satisfied.

"Surely, she has cause to think so! surely, she loves you. She is my friend—my dear, dear friend," continued Kate, recovering all her spirit, "I will never break her heart; better—yes, better my own," she added, with a dignity which rose above disguise.

"But my own best love, Leonora does not care a pin for me," cried young Broadwood, much touched; "trust me, dear Kate, Leonora will convince you of that. The fact is, I was afraid without some manoeuvre I should never win you; and we two have been in a league against you—I can't exactly explain it—but Miss Leonora will tell you about it, and make it all right."

"Yes, that she will," said a cheerful voice near them, and turning, they saw Leonora approaching, accompanied by a tall, fine-looking man, on whose arm was leaning, and as the first step thereto, she continued, blushing, "let me introduce to you, Kate, my friend Mr. —, who has somewhat unexpectedly favored me with a visit."

While young Broadwood was shaking hands with the new-comer, he overheard Leonora slyly whisper to Kate,

"Shall I be your bride's-maid, Kate dear? or will you be mine? or shall we be married on the same day?"

Kate, blushing, bewildered, and happy, threw her arms around Leonora's neck, and a fervent kiss marked the renewal of their friendship, but not their intimacy.

Female Physicians.

It is not worth while to fight against fate—to struggle against destiny. Men of the world like to see destiny manifest; however, before surrendering to it, and to know that it is the hand of fate which makes such marvellous moves. But good, faithful men, if they see that a principle is right, and that the time for its practice has come, are satisfied of its fatality, and fall in at once with the new order of events.

It will be terrible hard work for the doctors to admit women to the honors of their degree. It will grind some of the old regulars exceedingly to have to surrender a part of their business into the hands of regular M. D.s who are ladies. These heretics in the profession won't mind it so much. They have little to lose, and would be willing to lose that little, if they can spite their more successful and orthodox competitors. But neither regular nor irregular is wise to shut his eyes to the threatened changes, and stand ignorantly obstinate on his dignity. Better meet it manfully. If there is a chance to do so, the consequences, it gives one time to do so. If not, it would be foolish to expose one's self to a kicklaw by kicking against the inevitable.

The proposition to educate women to practice in the medical profession, upon which many very respectable people are seriously meditating, has met little favor in the best quarters, and where it has been accepted it has been principally by a class who so habitually accept a thing because it is new, that their favor has not the project back.

But aside from what is said of the project let us see what is the right and the wrong of it.

It must be confessed that men have monopolized many departments of business to which women's tastes, habits and necessities peculiarly fit them. And, in consequence, males have an unnecessarily large variety of employments, and do not choose as well as if circumscribed to a smaller number; while females are limited to a small number, few of which are adequately remunerative for the toil and care and capital expended in preparation for them.

Again, there is neither justice nor equity in giving a female a dollar for doing a job well, and to a male three dollars for doing the same job, neither better nor more punctually.

The practice of surgery, or at least the performance of the more serious operations of surgery, is essentially a man's work. The steady hand, the cool, calm courage in meeting unexpected difficulties, the firmness in command which is essential towards the patient on the operating table, belong especially to men.

But it is not so with the larger part of the practice of medicine. Nine-tenths of the business of the good physician is only intelligent, educated nursing. But everybody knows that men do not make so good nurses as women. So that nine-tenths of the doctor's duties could be performed by women. As to the remainder, the turning out of bed, cold and snowy nights, to ride a mile or two, to see a suddenly sick lady, the being up at night and the day after that, watching by the very sick

woman's pillow—really, that is hard to impose upon the gentle sex; but it is not else than is imposed about as often as the doctor is called. What man, when his wife is suddenly cramped and tortured with pain, tackles his horse to the buggy, and rides post haste to the doctor, and does not stop on the way, thump on the window of Mrs. —'s house, and insist that she shall accompany him on his return?—she is such an excellent nurse. Does anybody believe, if the woman were the doctor, that the rider would call on Sam Brown or Dick Peters, and turn them out of their snug berths, just because they are known to be handy about sick folks? The man being the doctor, the woman is essential as nurse. The woman being the doctor, the men might go about their fishing or their farming without interruption. The doctors that are, professed to be filled with pity for the sufferers that would be, if ladies were compelled to replace them during some of their tedious sittings. But would they suffer as do our sex on such occasions? We walk up and down the sitting-room, take a turn in the garden, hurry back to our patient; and long for something to do, and—yawn. They would request the man to have their horse well fed, and their socks sheltered from the weather, pull out their knitting-work, and sit down to it in quietness. When the hours drag heavily, our lady-doctor would go to the cupboard and get down the canister, and what a cup she'd make! She would have the best sweetmeats on the table, too, and the right of her pleasant countenance would revive the drooping heart of the sick woman, and make all the children feel that she must be getting well.

Then, as to any indelicacy of such employment, sure the force is all on the other side of the argument. There are departments of the business which males would still have to attend to, and far more, out of which they would go, never to return. If anybody doubts it, let him cipher out the comparative number of males and females who are sick, or look through the books of any physician, and see how many more calls he makes on sick women than on sick men. And as to the children, a man only comes to appreciate their ailments after long and careful study, while women seem possessed of much of the requisite information on such points from instinct.

But, it is objected that this would be retrograding, sliding back again to the habits of our forefathers. Indeed, it would; and since it was never proved that it was an improvement, driving women out of the practice of their specialty, we shall not grieve to see the old days return again. Only, whereas before, our grandmothers were confined to as much medical knowledge as they could gather from one or two books of practice, from their personal observation, and from the learned conversation of some decaying old doctor, henceforth, they shall be educated thoroughly to the business; shall dissect and attend lectures, walk hospitals, and be present at clinics; shall not play the violin, No. 2 to some filled-bosom, and golden-headed cane-wearer; but be, as Prima Donna, entitled to as good wages as he who sings the bass; and be liable for malpractice, in case of a blunder, just like the best of all the Faculty.

A great deal has been said of the necessity of educating females. We heartily respond to all of it that looks like the more thorough training of their intellectual faculties. But how much encouragement has the father to educate his daughter as he would his son? Teaching is the only profession open to her, whatever her education may be. And in that she is crowded by men; and when she gets a situation, she is aware, from the first to the last day of the engagement, that from the fact of her womanhood, she is considered as worth only some 33 per cent. as much as a man would be who should do the same work only just as well. Open to her the doors of the medical profession, and the reasons for her education have been doubled. The studies, too, of one preparing to enter the medical profession, are of the practical sort. They do not unfit, but rather improve one for engaging in the domestic duties. This is not so evidently the case with the music and French that are deemed essential to the thorough outfitting of a teacher. The teacher generally leaves her professional engagements very soon after entering the matrimonial contract. The lady physician, on the other hand, would find matrimony only an additional chapter in her professional lesson, after reading which she would be better than ever prepared for her professional labors. The urgency of the evil complained of, and the perfect adaptability of females to this new business, are sufficient to impress favorably upon the project all thinking persons who are not disposed to regard every thing new with suspicion, and presume all novelties wrong until they are proved to be right.

So common have frauds in trade, by adulteration of cheap with dear substances become that one scarcely feels safe now-a-days in trusting to anything save his own close examinations and even chemical test of articles of family consumption. It was not so when old-fashioned honesty was not accounted stupidly, when a man was content to earn a respectable living for himself and family, and did not set up his carriage contemporaneously with his grocery shop—when his sons chopped his wood and wore homespun, and his daughters cooked his breakfast before they went to the district school; when swindling was accounted crime, and cheating retained its dictionary definition.

A man must grow rich now with a rush. His sons, as soon as they shed their petticoats, must sport gold watches and diamond rings, and his daughters leave off long panfaletts for long Cashmere shawls and rosewood pianos. He can't find God in the old wooden church or the village school house; and we doubt if God can find him in the dim light of richly stained glass, and velvet curtains, hid beneath the mass of pride and vanity, and avarice that is engendered within the frescoed walls of our modern churches—churches we mean to have said. It takes a power of money for a poor man to ape with a moderate degree of success a millionaire, and honest trade is too slow a process of becoming a nabob.

Last week we gave an article on the adulteration of cream tartar. This article which was an ingredient in food, is used by almost every family in the land, was shown by a test of its lot from different shops, to be composed of forty-three to sixty-two parts in the hundred of foreign and mostly deleterious matter,

among which was fine white sand and pumice. The adulteration of medicines both by the importer and retailer, has become so common that physicians have to use the greatest care in getting pure articles. Many articles are very expensive, and adulteration is both easy and profitable. Quinine, for example, which is worth from three to four dollars an ounce, is sometimes so weakened that a common dose in fever has no more effect upon the patient than would so much flour. It is said that many articles of the materia medica, which were once highly esteemed, have fallen into disrepute, from this species of dishonesty. Not long since, an immense quantity of Peruvian bark was condemned at New York on the attempt of the importer to pass it through the Custom House.

But the cheapest and most common articles of daily food and family economy, are constantly adulterated. Damaged wheat is ground with white corn to make the flour look white. Potash is put into sour molasses to restore its sweetness. Pumice stone or other heavy substance is ground into powdered sugar; if you don't believe it, test your next purchase by noticing how much of a spoonful is left indissoluble in the bottom of a tumbler. Half the candles sold in the market for New Bedford sperm, are mixed with hardened tallow. Nine tenths of all the ground coffee sold never was born of a coffee blossom, and will blossom for the grave, if you drink it. Whittened whale oil is constantly sold for a dollar and a half a gallon, the price of pure sperm. And when cheating in weight is added to cheating in quality, and by adulteration, the poor working man who earns only a dollar a day, has a remarkably slim chance of getting rich. Twenty-five per cent loss on his wood and coal, and half that amount on his groceries, cuts him down to a pretty low figure—especially when his wife and children are so liable to get sick on chalked milk, and bread made with sanded cream tartar—and kept sick on adulterated medicines.

An incident occurred last week, which illustrated this recklessness in trade. A spirited horse ran away with a carriage in which were a lady and two children. In her endeavors to stop the horse, the bit was broken, leaving him completely unmanageable. The occupants were saved, but it was discovered that some cheating tradesman had risked these three lives by selling a cast iron bit, on which he made fifty cents.

How many deaths think you really occur from drinking chemical lemonade, drugged beer, wines and brandies manufactured in Boston lots and cellars? We have been into a manufactory of this kind in South Market-street, where there were rows of 300 gallon casks standing on end on the four sides of a large room, each having a faucet in the center, and another larger one close to its bottom. What do you suppose the larger one was for? Why, to draw off the dregs and dyes, which, when by frequent mixings and settlings, the liquor was getting too thick to pass muster.—[Boston paper.]

DYED BEARDS IN BROADWAY.—The Home Journal says:

It does not seem to be generally understood, that the black beard is the least creditable, in the story it tells of parentage and nourishment. In the countries, where beards have been enough worn to be philosophically studied, the black beard is known as the coarsest, and indicates a blood impoverished by the hard labor and scanty food of those through whom it descended. "Gentle blood," it is thought, gives an auburn but not black beard to those of dark complexion, and a sunny-tinted or golden, but not dark red or lusterless and sandy beard, to those who are blonde. The Greeks gave a golden beard to their gods. In Italy, at the present day, the blonde beard, yellow or golden, is especially admired, and thought to be the only color of such as are silky and caressable in their texture.

But, artificially considered, the dyed beard is a mistake—not only from its unnaturally inky blackness, out of harmony with the other shades of the complexion, but because the edges are so sudden, so like (as we have said before) the cut edge of a piece of court-plaster. Nature shades off and graduates her colors, one into another. The moustache, naturally the blackest, has a brownish edge, not letting the change of color commence too abruptly on the lip. Broadway, at present, seems to be a procession of patched and mended looking gentlemen—nothing catching the eye but the startling spots of black on the cheeks, chins, and upper lips.

THE WEAKNESS OF SLAVERY AS AN INSTITUTION.—Percy Walker is urging the passage of a law in that State, exempting a certain number of slaves from forced sale under execution. The measure is advocated as a means of strengthening the institution of slavery, by inducing more persons to become slave owners. It having been objected, that to pass such a law for such a purpose, would be an admission of weakness, Mr. Walker replies that there is no disguising that the institution of slavery is weak. "The moral power of the world," he says, "is arrayed against us on this subject. Men of all ranks and classes beyond the ocean unite in protesting against the institution. In this country, parties, sects and states have warred against it in every form, except by a resort to arms. Our very sensitiveness under these assaults argues our fears of the strength of the institution. To think, then, of concealing a weakness which is so patent, is absurd; and to caution us against acknowledging it, is to make cowards of us. Let us not deceive ourselves. We stand alone, with nothing to break or turn aside the force of opinion, which surges and roars around us as an angry flood. Nowhere but in the slave States are the defenders of slavery to be found. There and there only is to be found whatever strength it has. The strength needed depends upon ourselves, and must be supplied at home."

A ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP'S OATH.—Last Sabbath there was a grand parade in N. Y., in connection with the consecration of three Romanist Bishops. The Pope's Nuncio was present in royal state, attended by a body guard of 200 young men; and there were bishops and priests in any number, in gorgeous robes and other paraphernalia; and there were chantings and various prayers in Latin, and, of course, in a language utterly unintelligible to the masses present. Among other things, a long oath in Latin was taken and subscribed by the new bishops. This imposing ceremonial would of course call together a crowd of curious Protestants, and that ubiquitous body, called the "Daily Press." For the accommodation of all parties, a little book, containing what purported to be a translation of the Latin ceremonies of the occasion, and the oath taken by the bishops, was kindly prepared beforehand, sent to the Press, and circulated by hundreds at the door of the Cathedral among the people. Now notice the Jesuitism of this arrangement: We learn from a correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, that the Oath, as it appears in this translation, contains but a little more than half of the original oath as it stands in the Latin, and as it was taken by the newly consecrated bishops; and that among other omissions, is this very important and all-essential one: "Heretics, Schismatics and Rebels to our said Lord [the Pope] or his aforesaid successors, I will to my power persecute and oppose!" This is the oath required of every Bishop of the Romish church. This, doubtless, these three new bishops swore to do, and yet Archbishop Hughes allows this to be suppressed in a translation of the oath said to have been taken on the occasion; and thus Protestants are led to suppose that this important feature of the Romish religion has at length been altered, and her bishops are no longer called to swear to persecute and make war on all heretics and schismatics, and rebels against the bishops, Lord, the Pope!

The late (Belgian) Signal died an unnatural or rather an unusual death, week before last. Mr. Prime was the publisher and Editor at the time of its unheralded though not unexpected demise. The Journal mentions as one of the prominent causes of its discontinuance the present very high price of paper and the enhanced cost of labor required to carry on a printing office. No other causes need be mentioned, for these are enough to kill or seriously embarrass, one half the papers in the country. The cost of labor and material for printing has advanced within a year full 20 per cent; yet we don't know of one paper that has made an advance in its terms of subscription.

Those subscribers to newspapers who are prompt paymasters have reason to congratulate themselves on the privilege of getting their paper so cheap; and those who receive their paper from year to year regularly and keep the publishers out of the small pittance of subscription, ought to be—as ashamed of themselves. Such delinquencies are not only unjust, but cruel to the printer, and ought not to be indulged in for a day.

A SKEETER INCIDENT.—One evening, in passing by a Hotel, I observed a huge Kentucky leaping against the railing, who scratched himself occasionally in a hurry, and muttered as follows:

"Well, if skeeters ain't the all-dreaded insect for nippin', why, call me a kangaroo, and I won't take it personal. Last night, I slept amongst a perfect freshet of 'em as my back will testify, and the way they bit and it fit, was perfectly inspiring for a gentleman of topographical imagination. A fellow told me to get a net—'they ain't with a dime! I bought one—wurst but you don't catch me doing it again, I'll guarantee I say you catch yourself, and I'll tell you all about it."

"It was an awful hot July day, and I was a skunkin' around town, looking after some skunks for Jerry and the lady. Well I come to a sho' where I used one of these nets a hangin' out, so I bundled in and bought one. You see I put up to a tavern close by a pump, and skeeters were powerfully numerous and troublesome, but thinks I, 'I'll give you a splintered listen' with this here masher, sure!' So when night come, I set the net penny night my bed, slucked myself, and got in. By and while, the skeeters commenced to congregate in clouds, and about three quarters crawled in under my shirt and went at it. You blasted reptiles, says I, bite, why don't you bite? I've lost chance, or I'm a liar! and in less than a minute I was clothed! But I didn't care, I stood it mightily I tell you, for I calculated the net would have at least a bushel in if any how. Well sir, when morning come, I went to the masher, mad as thunder, and swelled awful! but, would you believe it—quick as looked in, there wasn't but one skeeter ketcher, and he was a fly."

"Don't talk to me of nets," said Kentucky, in conclusion, "they're more of a humbug than skeeters themselves!" Well, they are.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—Almost everybody has listened with sadness to the plaintive strains and saddening words of the old song, "The Mistle-toe Bough," in which the tale is told of a young bride, who, in playful humor on her wedding day, ran to hide from her spouse; and was found years afterwards, mouldered to ashes in a chest with a splitting lock. It is a sorrowful, romantic tale, and has often brought tears to the eyes of romantic lovers. A sadder tale, however, and one which adds to its own horror by its reality, has been developed in this city. A few days since we called attention to an advertisement of the loss of a little Spanish girl, answering to the name of Ventura, whose agonized mother was searching throughout the city for her. After looking in vain for her for several days, and coming to the conclusion that the child was dead, she went to a large trunk in her house, on Thursday, for the purpose of procuring some morning apparel, when upon opening it, what was the mother's horror to see lying there the decaying remains of her once beautiful little child. The trunk had been left open on the day the child was lost, and it is supposed that the inquisitive little one, having seen the dresses in it, had taken a fancy to them, and upon attempting to procure them, had fallen into the trunk. The lid closed with a spring, and the child died with suffocation. The tales of romance fall far short in depicting the agony which the poor mother felt upon this sad discovery—and the whole story is one, which tends to prove the old repeated saying, that truth is stranger than fiction.

CONCLUSION.—A very nervous old fellow up town, whose ideas of preaching are not of the most exalted character, came into a neighboring store the other Monday morning with a countenance full of meaning, and saluted the occupant with: "Neighbor, what

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 17, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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, Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PATTERSON & 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.

Local Agents.

Persons wishing to subscribe or pay for the Mail, can do so by calling on the following persons:
C. C. WICKMAN, Canaan. J. B. TOZER, W. Waterville.
J. C. DOW, Benton. E. S. PAGE, Kendall's Mills.
D. H. HILLMAN, Clinton. E. FOSTER, N. Vassalboro'.
R. AYER, Winslow.

A. T. BOWMAN—Travelling Agent.

The European War.

News is received from Liverpool to the 2d inst. The war question remains undecided. The period fixed by the Sultan for the evacuation of the provinces by the Russians had expired, and a large Turkish force had crossed the Danube and taken a position at Kalafat. Meantime, the Sultan, at the solicitation of the four powers, had forwarded orders to Omar Pacha to suspend hostilities, if not already commenced, till the 1st of November; though it was more than probable that a conflict had already taken place. A Russian flotilla of 8 gun-boats and two steamers had forced its way up the Danube, in the face of a destructive fire from the Turkish fort, by which some 60 or 70 were killed and wounded. As an indication of what is anticipated at Paris, the French envoy at Constantinople has been recalled, and Gen. D'Hilliers, a distinguished soldier, with a large corps of secretaries of the same stamp, had gone to take his place.

Massachusetts Election.

The proposed new constitution has been rejected by a majority of about 5000 votes.—There is no choice of governor. Returns, nearly full, give Washburn, whig, 57,682; Bishop, dem., 33,626; Wilson, free-soil, 28,880; Wales, national dem., 5,166. The Senate stands 11 whigs to 9 coalitionists; the House 144 whigs, 81 coalitionists, and 6 nat. democrats—190 vacancies. This indicates rather positively a whig majority in the legislature, that will elect Washburn.

POEMS, BY DAVID BATES: Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blackiston.

This is a pretty volume of some two hundred pages, by a new aspirant for poetical fame. The author is fairly on the way; evidently with good hopes of reaching the goal; though till the appearance of this volume he never made a mark upon our memory. As little do we know of 'John Allen,' to whom he humbly dedicates his work. The volume is made up of short poems, on various subjects, and a larger one, 'Lelia,' in three parts.—With no striking marks of boldness or strength the smaller poems present an easy prettiness of versification that renders the volume highly pleasant and interesting, and indicates much of the fire and imagery of true poetry. At another time we can present extracts that will do the author more credit than our praise. To the general lover of poetry the volume will prove a very pleasant one; and it should introduce the author more extensively to the public.

The Monk's Revenge, or the Secret Enemy—A Tale of the Later Crusades. By Samuel Spring, Esq.

This is a novel from the prolific press of De Witt & Davenport, N. York. Those who have read the fine story of 'Giffard Al Barmake,' by the same author, need not be assured that the Monk's Revenge will be read with interest.

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—We have received the 4th Vol. of this interesting and valuable work from the publishers, Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston. This work, being a view of English history from a Catholic standpoint will of course increase in interest the farther the author advances into 'disputed territory.' The volume just issued closes with the death of Henry IV., and exciting scenes are in prospect. This history, which is to be completed in thirteen volumes, should be in every library of any pretension. For sale in Waterville, by Chas. K. Matthews.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—This work closes the year in fine style—the December number being full of good stories and beautifully illustrated. Hear what the publishers 'threaten' for the coming year:

In 1854 'Peterson' will be greatly improved, as it is to have whiter paper, new type, and more reading matter. This is now the only original periodical of its class, and the stories of Mrs. Stephens, its editor, author of 'Mary Derwent,' are alone worth the subscription price. It is the best guide for the fashions also, the plates being superb steel ones, colored in New York and Philadelphia it is the text book. The leading embellishments are magnificent mezzotints. It is emphatically a magazine of pure morals; is national in character, and really the cheapest in the world, as the terms will show: viz. one copy, two dollars; three copies, five dollars; eight copies, ten dollars, with a premium worth from two to three dollars for every person sending 3 subscribers or more. Address the publisher, Chas. J. Peterson, No. 102 Chesnut St. Philadelphia.

THE SCHOOLFELLOW.—One is never more tempted to wish himself a boy again, than when he sees all the nice picture books and juvenile publications prepared for the present generation in short jackets and pantalons; and among them all there are few finer than this little 'Schoolfellow.' We learn from the November just received, that with the January number it will be enlarged and improved, and made still more deserving of public favor.—Published by Evans & Britton, New York City. To be had also of Frederick Parker, 135 Washington St., Boston, and of most periodical dealers. Price, one dollar a year.

LEGISLATIVE PAPERS.—The Age and Journal, of Augusta, will issue three-weekly journals, during the coming session of the Legislature, and as this will probably be an exciting one, they will doubtless be well sustained.—Send in your subscriptions, everybody. Price for the session, \$1.

THE FARMER'S ALMANAC.—From Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, we have received a copy of this useful annual for 1854, prepared by A. Maynard. We suppose it can be found at all bookstores.

The Fall Freshet.

Is rushing down upon the lumbermen most lavishly, and the river makes a fine display of logs. The great want of lumbermen, now, is saw-mills. The destruction of those at Augusta and Kendall's Mills is seriously felt, not only by the manufacturers of lumber, but by the buyers. The demand is much greater than the supply, and prices give no room for complaint on the part of the seller.

Winter is close upon us; though Autumn introduces him as blandly as a coquette turns to a new lover. The fields are still green, and offer good feed for sheep and young cattle; and the weather has a smiling, Indian summerish mildness, extremely pleasant to the owners of scanty hay-mows. The swamps are filled with water, and springs and small streams very high. The Fall has been favorable for farm work, and the farmers are generally prepared to sit by their winter fires with full cellars and well lined pockets.

The Halifax Chronicle says:

'It is understood that the Cunard line of Ocean steamers, fearing competition from the line established by the Canadian government between England and the St. Lawrence in summer, and Portland in winter, have decided upon running a branch from Liverpool to Portland all the year round.'

Waterville College.

A very neat Annual Catalogue, from the press of Hewes & Co., Boston, presents the following Faculty of Instruction:

Rev. Robert E. Pattison, D. D., President, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

Rev. James T. Champlin, A. M., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages and Literature.

Samuel K. Smith, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric and Librarian.

Rev. Kendall Brooks, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

Charles E. Hamlen, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History.

Theophilus C. Abbot, A. M., Instructor in Greek and Latin.

The officers of the Board of Trustees are: R. E. Pattison, president; John Hubbard, vice-president; E. L. Getchell, treasurer; N. M. Wood, secretary.

The summary of the students gives 6 Seniors, 30 Juniors, 21 Sophomores, 29 Freshmen, 5 in partial course—total 91.

The Fall term ends Dec. 21; Spring term begins Feb. 15; Senior exhibition Oct. 4; Commencement Aug. 9.

NEW YORK STATE ELECTION.—The Tribune figures the result of the recent election as follows:

Total vote estimated—Whig, 158,000; Hard, 95,000; Soft, 97,000.

In round numbers, the Senate stands—Whigs, 22; Hard, 5; Soft, 2; Not decided, 3.

The Assembly—Whigs, 80; Hard, 28; Soft, 20; Free Democrats, 2.

The Tribune believes that not less than 20 of the 32 Senators, and 80 of the 128 Assemblymen, are in favor of the speedy enactment of the Maine Law.

A CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—A little girl, daughter of Wm. R. Hills, of East Hartford, some six miles from this city, was bitten by a dog of that neighborhood in August last, in four or five places in the arms, though the wounds were slight. No one supposed the dog to be rabid, before this occurrence; but fearing he might be he was at once killed. The little girl showed no symptoms of hydrophobia until the 9th inst., when that most horrible disease made its appearance. She lived about forty-eight hours after the attack, and died on the 11th. She was attended by Dr. Burce, of Glastenbury, and Dr. Cray, of this city, but no medicine could arrest the disease.

[Courant.]

PROBABLE SUICIDE OF A WELL KNOWN CITIZEN.—Mr. Samuel Hunt, for the past 20 years Secretary of the Manufacturers' Insurance Company, left his house, in Hancock-st., early yesterday morning, under circumstances which leave no doubt that he has committed suicide. He left a note at his house directed to Mr. Cartwright, President of the Company, stating that he should drown himself near Braman's Bath-house, where his body might be found. His papers were all arranged with great care. His coat and hat have been found on the Mill Dam. There can be no doubt but that he has made way with himself. He was 57 years old, leaves a widow and three children, and has long enjoyed the esteem of our citizens.

A touching incident came to our ears last evening. On Tuesday night, just before retiring to rest, he embraced and imprinted a kiss on the lips of each member of his family; a circumstance almost without precedent. It was the last act of affection towards them, previous to his melancholy self-murder.

It is understood that the immediate cause of the rash act was an involvement in pecuniary affairs, consequent upon paper in New York, which threatened to sweep away his entire property. His body has not yet been recovered.—[See.]

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Danville, Nov. 15.—About three o'clock this afternoon, some platform cars were attached to the passenger train, leaving for Waterville, to be hauled about one mile above this place, on the Androscoggin and Kennebec road, to be loaded with wood. They were unhooked without stopping the train, and as one of the workmen, Mr. Seth Nason, was stopping over to draw the pin, he pitched forward in front of the cars following, and three of them ran over him, mangled him in a horrid manner. He will live but a few hours.—[Port. Adv.]

CRUELTY TO A HORSE.—A wager of \$3000 to \$10,000 having been laid by some 'sporting men,' that no horse in the Northern part of the United States could be produced within one year, that could trot one hundred miles in nine hours, it was decided on the Centerville (E. T.)

course, on Saturday, when the wager was won by a horse driven by George Spicer. The first mile was made in 4m. 36s., and the last in 5m. 31s.—the whole time being 5h. 55m. and 53s. The Times says:

'At the conclusion of the hundred miles the horse was very feeble, and was led off the track by the hostlers, who took him into a stable in the immediate vicinity, where everything was done to relieve his prostrate condition. Such an exhibition of brutality toward a dumb animal has seldom been witnessed, and we hope never to be called upon to record the like again.'

THE CIRCASSIAN WAR.—Much ignorance prevails with regard to the Circassian, or rather Daghestan war. Even its locality is commonly disregarded, and Circassia, bordering on the Black Sea, is represented as the theater of war. In truth, few or no outbreaks, or rather incursions, occur in that district. But the mountainous and inaccessible portions remain unsubdued, and Russia for some years past, has virtually contented herself with confining their inhabitants within a strict cordon. The line of coast is in Russian possession, as also a belt of territory separating it from Turkey, while on the east it is separated from the actual seat of war, Daghestan, by 150 miles of a difficult country, in absolute occupation by the Russians, and, moreover, absolutely subjected to that power. Daghestan is similarly encircled by Russian territory, and is even separated in a similar manner from the Caspian Sea. Nevertheless, it has hitherto striven earnestly, and vainly, to emancipate itself from this state of isolated bondage. Its efforts have been chiefly directed to the surprise of outlying posts and forts, varied by sudden forays and incursions upon adjacent Russian territory. These forays are often successful, as far as booty is concerned, but can never affect or disturb the virtual possession of their present position by the Russians; although, on the other hand, they necessitate an immense force, distributed over the whole line of frontier, to repress them.—With a portion of this force the Russians annually attack Schamyl and other Beys in their strongholds, and invariably with the same apparent success. Protected by the impetuous nature of the country, the mountaineers permit the Russian troops to penetrate into defiles where they are compelled to retreat with loss and discomfiture. Incapable as the Daghestans are of resisting the Russian troops on an ordinary field of battle, once in their own defiles they assert an evident superiority. Hence Russia gains apparently nothing by these attacks, though perhaps her end is served by the efficiency acquired in actual warfare by her troops. These troops, and those in the adjoining country under the same command, were stated by Prince Woronzow, in conversation with an English officer who lately visited his camp and Tiflis, as numbering 300,000 men. Allowing for the exaggeration natural to a loose conventional estimate, we may probably safely conjecture them to number 250,000.

The Belfast Signal, whose demise was announced with the least possible shade of exaltation by its more lusty contemporaries 'through the State,' will resume publication on the 27th inst. The Signal has stopped but to start younger. It has sought in the interval the Fountain of Youth, whence it

Starts up in renovated truth, And freed from Time's (Primes) defining spells, Resumes its proper youth.

The publishers are Messrs. J. R. Stephens & Co., who announce that they have made large additions to their jobbing establishment, and are ready to execute any work in that line [Port. Adv.]

BURNING OF THE STRONG STARCH MILL.—By the private letter of a friend in Strong we regret to learn that the Starch Mill in that town, owned by B. F. Eastman, of Phillips, Winthrop Norton and E. H. Porter, of Strong, was destroyed by fire on Monday evening last, together with 8000 bushels of potatoes, and 5 or 6 tons of starch. It is a dead loss (there being no insurance) of five or six thousand dollars. The fire originated in the drying room, and spread among the starch as though it had been powder.

ARREST OF AN ALLEGED ACCOMPLICE IN THE SHERBORN MURDER.—A man by the name of Noyes Mann, formerly a near neighbor of Mr. Reuben Cozzens, of Sherborn, (whose brutal murder in September last will be remembered) was arrested last evening at the Long Pond Hotel, in Natick, by Deputy Sheriff Bannister, on suspicion of being an accomplice in the murder, for which Chapman is now in custody.

Some three or four days ago, Noyes put up at the Mansion House in South Framingham, and when leaving the next morning, accidentally left behind a vest, on which were several spots of blood. This Mr. Chapman's attorney examined, then called upon Chapman, and said to him, 'Why didn't you tell me that Mann was connected with you in the murder of Mr. Cozzens?' He answered without hesitation, 'Because we took an oath, each to the other, that we would not develop our doings.' Chapman now says that the murder was planned on the Sunday before, (the murder was committed on Wednesday night) in a barn at South Framingham; that he called Mr. Cozzens out of the house, and Mann struck him with the axe, and that he (Chapman) then ran away, and knows nothing more of what happened.

It was well known to citizens of Framingham that they were together on the Sunday, and that on Wednesday, the day of the murder, Mann hired a horse and went over to Sherborn to see Chapman, and spent some time with him. He will be examined on Tuesday next, at Framingham Centre.

SUICIDE IN PORTLAND.—We learn that Mr. Arnold Wentworth, of Green, Me., was brought to Portland on Tuesday, charged with forging several Pension certificates, and was taken before the United States Commissioner on Wednesday. He waived an examination, and was bound over in the sum of \$5000 to appear at court yesterday. In default of bail, he was committed to jail. Yesterday morning he ate his breakfast as usual, and about nine o'clock asked for a razor to shave himself, previous to appearing before the Commissioner. An officer entering the cell a short time after, found him lying upon his face, dead, having cut his throat from ear to ear, severing the right jugular artery. Mr. Wentworth was about 45 years of age, and leaves a family.

A NEW RELIGIOUS PAPER.—An Anti-Jesuitical weekly paper, has made its appearance in this city under the title of 'The Crucader.' Its editor is Mr. Scobbi di Casali, who is assisted by Father Gavazzi and Dr. V. Gajani as regular contributors. Its object is to withstand the influence of the Jesuits. In its first number it gives a biographical account of Monsignor Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes, and Papal Nuncio to the United States, and enters the lists with zeal against the Freeman's Journal.—N. Y. R. Post.

SUPPOSED DEATH FROM VIOLENCE.—Mr. N. M. Bradbury, a resident of the State of Maine, died yesterday morning, at the New York Hospital, from, as is supposed, wounds inflicted by the hands of rowdies. It appears that on last Saturday night, a policeman found him lying insensible in one of the streets of the 2d ward, and took him to the Hospital, where it was discovered that he had received several contused wounds about the head, particularly one of a very dangerous nature over the left eye. Coroner Gamble was called to hold an inquest upon the body, but in consequence of not being able to secure the attendance of the necessary witnesses, he postponed the examination until to-day. The deceased was about 40 years of age, and a native of Maine.

[N. Y. Mirror.]

DOINGS IN RICHMOND.—It having been discovered that the numerous fires in Richmond during the last few months, were caused by rum, the people had their eyes opened to the importance of enforcing the law. They have accordingly made a clean sweep of the business. Their rum-sellers among whom were the keeper of the Richmond Hotel, and a regular wholesale dealer, have been tried and fined. We understand they have generally paid their fines, and surrendered—giving bonds to sell no more. About eight barrels of 'spirits,' red, white and grey—good, bad and indifferent—have been seized, condemned and destroyed. The barrels, kegs, &c., were drawn up in line on the street, a few feet apart, and executed in prompt military style, something like this—'Ready, aim, strike!' The Richmond people have done well. They have not only secured the incendiary, who did his work when crazed by rum, but they have put the axe to the root of the evil—the rum shop, and the rum cask.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT FOR BEARDS.—The guards, drivers, stokers and others employed on the Scottish Central Railway, have addressed the following letter to their superintendent: 'Sir: We, the servants of the Scottish Central Railway, beg to inform you that, having last summer seen a circular recommending the men upon railways to cultivate the growth of their beards as the best protection against the inclemency of the weather, we have been induced to follow this advice, and the benefit we have derived from it induces us to recommend it to the general adoption of our brothers in similar service throughout the kingdom. We can assure them, from our own experience, that they will, by this means, be saved from the bad colds and sore throats, of such frequent occurrence without this natural protection.'

EDITORIAL CONVENTION.—There was a meeting of Connecticut editors at Hartford yesterday. The object was to cultivate an acquaintance with each other, and to agree on certain rules and regulations for their mutual advantage. In the course of their meeting they agreed to charge for obituary notices, resolutions of public meetings, &c.—not to adopt any newspaper agency exclusively—to notify each other when an advertiser failed to fulfill his contract; to take pay for notices for 'industrial benefit' (which we suppose means all puffs of articles of use and sale)—that a reduction from regular published rates for advertising should not be made—that, as everything else has advanced, the price of papers and advertisements should also be advanced—that no apprentice should be hired who could not bring satisfactory evidence that he left his previous employer honorably. Such were some of the more important resolutions adopted by the Convention.

A RESIGNATION.—We learn with a regret common to all who know him, that Mr. J. H. Whittington, formerly Principal of the Waterville Liberal Institute, but, for the last eight years the worthy and successful Preceptor of Hallowell Academy, has resigned his charge of the latter institution. He has become connected with the Germantown (Pa.) Academy, under circumstances of much advantage to himself [Banner.]

VIOLATORS OF THE LAW FINING THEMSELVES.—It has been the habit of the violators of Sunday Law in the district of Kensington, Philadelphia, to resort to the offices of the Aldermen in that District long before daylight on Monday mornings, and inform against themselves, and receive one-half the fines themselves, amounting to \$2. Mr. James Altemus, Constable of the second Ward, Kensington, states that he went to an Alderman's office before daylight on Monday morning last, to fine several persons who had sold liquor on the preceding Sunday, but found that he was too late, as the Magistrate had opened his office at about 3 o'clock, and had received information from the parties themselves, and had inflicted the penalty of \$4, giving to the informers one-half.

SUNDAY RIOTING IN NEW YORK.—The New York Evening Post gives an account of no less than five different riots and fights, between different engine and hose companies and outsiders, in that city, on Sabbath afternoon. Stones and brick-bats were freely used, and the city was kept in an uproar between the Park and Division street the whole afternoon. There is nothing more threatening to the continuance of law and order among us, than the growing disregard of the Sabbath, which is apparent in our large cities.—No matter what a man's religious creed may be, if he desires the continuance of the general morality and outward propriety of the community, he should insist, and by his example enforce, such an observance of the Sabbath, at least, as shall distinguish it from all the other days of the week, and shall protect those disposed to devote the day to religious duties from all interruption. For, let men start at the Puritanic austerity of Sabbath keeping, it was yet that same Puritan Sabbath, with its attending institutions and influences, which has made New England what she is; and in just that proportion as reverence for the Sabbath declines among us, will general morality and the spirit of law and order also decline.

[Boston Traveller.]

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The news is highly interesting and important. Dr. Judd has been removed from the office of minister of Finance, and Elisha H. Allen appointed in his place. A decided step had been taken towards annexation to the United States. The French and British consuls had protested to the King against such an act, and the American commissioners had replied in a firm but dignified manner. This movement had caused the greatest excitement in the Island.

'THE ANGLO SAXON RACE,' says a writer in 'Putnam,' 'has accepted the primal curse as a blessing, has defiled work, and would not have thanked Adam for abstaining from the apple. It would have damned up the four rivers of Paradise, substituted cotton for fig leaves among the antediluvian population, and commended man's first disobedience as a wise measure of political economy.'

Maryland has elected a Maine Law Legislature. The planters who own the laborers, voted for Maine Law men. Regions where the laborers own themselves should endeavor to ascertain the moral of this story.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

LAMENT OF THE MAN WITH NO UMBRELL.

'I was ever thus from childhood's hour,
That chilling fate has done me ill,
There always comes a southerly shower,
When I am out with no umbrella!

There is a skipper in New York who has been so often across the Atlantic that he knows every wave by sight.

A young man having preached for Dr. Emmons one day, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labor of love. Such sort of calls has been the everlasting ruin of many a man.

'I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon, to-day, did I not?'
'No, not at all; nor by the depth either.'

There is an Alderman in New York who is so large that neither the stard nor Soft politicians can get round him. He remains, therefore, hard on one side and soft on the other, and so both parties have nominated him for re-election.

When you see a girl so weak that she can't sweep her own seven by nine chamber, and then goes to a staidly and dances all night with the power of a locomotive, make up your mind that she is 'got up' on bad principles. The sooner you take your hat and departure the better. Such sort of calls has been the everlasting ruin of many a man.

THE CROWN OF ST. STEPHEN.—The new-found crown of Hungary has been brought in great state to Vienna, and with like state returned again to Hungary. The reason for this was as is supposed, confidentially that Baron Rothschild having examined the diadem, refused to lend a single penny on it. The original stones have been taken out, but the Pope, it is said, has in the hands of the Emperor a crown of diamonds, of far surpassing value, namely, no other than half a dozen of the pebbles that stoned St. Stephen himself.—[London Punchy Oct. 1.]

There are three dangerous institutions in the world, viz., kicking coals, pretty calls, and gunpowder.

There are very little contents a Frenchman. A Parisian will extract more comfort from two onions and a gentle salt of garlic, than John Bull will find in the contents of a boiled ham and four quarts of turpentine. We know of no Frenchman who makes a tolerable breakfast out of cigars and a tooth-pick.

A PUFF.—The Rockland Gazette says: 'We have received a book entitled 'Arabella, a Tale of Tenderness.' The author is a fool.'

EPIGRAMS.

Sextus six pockets wears, two for his uses,
The other four to pocket up abuses.

Pot and Pot differ but in a letter,
Which makes the Pot love the Pot the better.

RAILROAD TURN.—Bob, by sitting on that side, you are missing all the fun of the show.

'Never mind, Tim, I am sighting all the misses on this side.'

Relationships are rather far-fetched sometimes both in Ireland and Scotland. 'Do you know Tom Duffy, a young man that is just married?' 'Yes, sure he's a relation of mine.' 'He wanted to marry my sister, but I wouldn't let him.'

Don't attempt too much. Knives that contain 90 blades, 4 cork saws, and a boot jack, are a great deal more into account; and for this reason, in attempting too much they have become so clumsy and ponderous that men of small patience can't get the hang of them.

Why is a carpenter who is putting a roof over a schooler, and sits on his own hook, like a gal weeping in solitude for her lover?

Do you give it up?
Because he is 'shedding a private tear.'

The young man that is just married, and whose wife was given up by his physician yesterday. His wife gave him up two weeks ago.

What absurd ideas sometimes get into the head of crazy people. There is a patient in the asylum at Utica who has been at work for the last two years, in getting up a steamboat whose engine shall be worked with eggs. Another gentleman, in an adjoining room, proposes to put electric springs under Niagara, to cause the water to jump over the falls, while a third is busily engaged in getting out the timber for a six bladed yellow fever leather trying-iron. The philosopher who said that the only reason lunatics differ from other people was because they were more largely imaginative than other folks, was not so far out in his reasoning as some folks imagine.

Mr. Job Sues, of Walpole, Norfolk County, State of Mass., has been arrested at his residence at the petition of DeWitt, in a letter to the Boston Herald, says that he has 'Doburn's grandfather, was the last man to leave the battle field on Bunker's heels.'

Erastus Brooks, Esq., one of the editors of the New York Herald, has been elected a member of the New York State Senate. The district he represents extends over nine wards.

Yankee Sullivan was examined at Lenox Mass., on Monday last, on charge of prize-fighting at Boston Corner, and in default of bail in \$1000 was committed to jail. It is supposed that he will pay the bail and decamp.

Gen Cass has met with another painful affliction in the death of his favorite grandchild, Lizzy Canfield, daughter of Capt. Canfield, and granddaughter of General Cass. Gen. Cass was awakened with the terrible intelligence that his wife was dying, and before day-break she had breathed her last.

Northside, the painter, said the devil tempted everybody but the idle—the devil tempted the idle.

Mr. Shafer, of Wilmington, Vt., has presented to the House of Representatives, of that State, the petition of Henry Rogers of Brattleboro', pray for the passage of an act authorizing them to vote in certain specified cases.

A New Wheelbarrow has been invented. Do not laugh, for it is a good invention. It is very wonderful it has not been thought of before. The wheel is placed under the seat, so that none of the weight of the load rests upon the hands. A man can wheel twice the usual weight.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

Tracy, of the Boston Herald, says that since the publication of the Cushing letter, the Custom House officials that city have been 'talking hard.' Their faces have become so adamant that they can stand the heat of a dinner on Thursday came in collision with an iron lamp post, and the sparks flew in such profusion as to set on fire a load of passing Free Solidification.

YELLOW FEVER IN PHILADELPHIA.—It appears by a statement of the Medical Director of that city, that there have been 170 cases, and 123 deaths of yellow fever in Philadelphia this season. This is a larger number than was reported or generally supposed.

The Clinton Courier says that the worst wind that blew from the West, resembling a small griddle struck by lightning.

The Genies who went fishing with the north pole, used Mason & Dixon's line. Finding the pole too long, he cut it off with one of the axes of the earth.

We understand that a company of cannibals are about emigrating from the Congo Islands, for the purpose of locating along the line of the different railroads. At present they are waiting for the wheels of the passenger cars to get so hot that they can eat them. When they arrive at their new homes, however, they have them all cut up into steaks and flung into the great cars, three or four times a day, without any exertion whatever. The engineers are to receive so much a head.

I am rich enough, says Pope to Swift, and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of giving what I give, by giving it alive, and setting another enjoy it. When I die, I shall be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there was a waiting friend above ground.

During the progress of the fair at Augusta, Ga., the chairman of the executive committee authorized the auctioneer to offer a silver watch as a prize to the winner of a looking baby, of native growth, 14 months old, which should be exhibited. A little daughter of Robert Glover was the only competitor, and, of course, took the prize.

The State Reform School buildings at Cape Elizabeth are now ready for occupancy.

I have seen, says Lord Thurlow, the most eloquent speaker, in the House of Commons struck dumb by a 'fact.'

MOCK TURTLE.—Calling a husband 'my dear' in public, and 'you brute' in private.

There is no place like home, unless 'tis the home of the young lady that you're after.

Cincinnati is said to be one of the greatest rum-making, rum-drinking, rum-killing cities in the world. With a population of a hundred thousand, there are five thousand saloons. Here is a great field indeed for temperance men.

WHAT A SMILE! In a lecture before the Manchester (N. H.) Lyceum, Theodore Parker said:

Slavery bears about the same relation to free labor that a clam-shell does to a seeping machine.

THE SABBATH LAWS AND THE GRAND JURY SYSTEM IN ST. LOUIS.—The foreigners in St. Louis have recently been agitating the question of abolishing the Grand Jury and the Sabbath Laws. They wished to remove all restraints in favor of a religious observance of the Sabbath, regarding them, as the wine dealers in New York do, as restraints on personal liberty—liberty to get drunk and raise as many rows as they choose on the Sabbath. At a late election of judges the question was brought to an issue, and the result of this election, the St. Louis Republican says: 'It is a signal, and we trust, a final rebuke to all those who wish to introduce foreign and infidel changes into our moral, social and political system. Certainly the rebuke which has been given in this election should silence forever all further efforts.'

The Republican adds: 'The masses of the American people are contented with their institutions as they are. They do not desire the infusion of Red Republicanism, Jacobinism, Infidelity, or any of the crude notions of those who have fled from despotism, yet have been nurtured under their influences, to be engrafted upon our institutions. If our American institutions are not free enough to suit those who have fled from bondage and sought here an asylum, then let them seek some other more congenial clime.'

