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BY H. A. MOORE.

Life, lady, is a mingled cup,
An ever-changing song;
And all must feel its weariness,
Who bear its burden long.
It hath no smooth, no even path,
Made easy to the foot—
Sprinkled by cool, refreshing showers,
And lanned by breezes sweet.

The deeply pleasure's witching cup
The favored few may drain,
While thousands drink the bitter up,
All have their share of pain.
There have been those, the poets say,
For light and sunshine born,
To pluck the rose along life's way,
But not to feel its thorn.

I ask for such a lot for thee,
But it is not in vain;
Entrusting for Earth's children now,
Freedom from toil and pain.
And so this is my prayer for thee,
Thou, lady, do pray—
Oh! may thy hands and heart possess
Strength equal to thy day.

Miscellany.

THE ROOSTER-PECKED WIFE.

SCENE FIRST.

Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer scratches for her breakfast. O. C. Esq., from the top rail of the barn fence, becomes cognizant of the fact, and struts with dignity towards his little spouse.

Biddy. "Good morning, my dear."
O. C. Esq. "Morning, madam; quite enjoying yourself, madam; of course you are not aware of the fact that I have been up for more than an hour, and have not yet eaten a mouthful? Is this what I married you for, madam? (Gives her a pointed salute on the ankle.)—Where are your domestic qualities? (Imprints a mark of affection on the top of her head.) Where was your smile of welcome when I saw me getting off the fence? I watched you, madam! Where was your tender female solicitude when you beheld me looking weakly for the want of a little nourishment? Where, I repeat, is my breakfast?—Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Biddy. (meekly). "Have a worm, dear?"
O. C. Esq. (solemnly). "I will."

SCENE SECOND.

Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer lays her first egg, and has invited two or three female friends to help crackle. (O. C. Esq. being absent.)

Biddy. "Cut, cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a-cut, cut, cut-a-a-a-a-cut!"
Mrs. Parlett. "Qua, qua, qua, cut-a-a-cut."
Mrs. Pinfeather. "Cluck, cluck, qua, qua, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a-cut!" (Is interrupted by the sudden appearance of O. C. Esq. who has returned from a stag party.)

O. C. "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Now, may patience be ruckshafed me to ask of you madam, what does all this mean! Here am I returning, careworn and exhausted from the excitement and temptations of a delusive world, expecting to find repose and peace in the quiet of the domestic nest, instead of which, I discover you in the midst of riot and dissipation. Madam, insult not my penetration by denying it. I affirm that you are having a party."

Mrs. Biddy. (apprehensively). "Not at all, my dear; at least, that is my friends were just going by, and stepped in quite accidentally, and so—for you see, my dear, I've laid an egg!"
O. C. Esq. (meekly). "That is, at least—yes, sir, we've laid an egg!"

Three female friends simultaneously. "Cut, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a-cut!"
O. C. Esq. (meekly). "Peace, hens, Madam, what does all this cockling folly mean?"

Mrs. B. C. (it has become necessary, at this stage of our matrimonial career, that I should state, in mild but unmistakable terms, my opinions regarding the appropriate sphere and duties of henhood.)

"First, self-devotion: It has been the decision of all rooster-kind, for ages, and therefore cannot be denied, that the crowning virtue of the hen character is self-devotion. A true hen should be patient, self-forgetful, obedient, tenderly solicitous for her husband's little wants, delighting wholly and solely in the graceful and pleasant duties that cluster round the domestic nest. On the contrary, I find you thinking how to gratify your own selfish tastes and desires, instead of displaying (as might naturally be expected) your little sense of loneliness and melancholy at your husband's absence; I return from a visit of nearly twelve hours and find you literally rejoicing! Madam, I ask of you, is this true henhood!"

Second: A retiring disposition, a delicate shrinking from contact with the coarse and unfeeling world, an exclusive indifference to all without the sacred circle of the domestic nest. On the contrary, I find you gadding among the other hens of the yard, making appointments, sending invitations. Again I ask of you, is this true henhood!"

Third: Freedom from curiosity; a true hen never evinces the slightest interest in the affairs of her neighbors, scarcely in her own; she never inquires concerning the whereabouts or actions of her husband, being perfectly assured that wherever he be, and however apologetic at the time may seem to tell against him, he is ever acting with a view to the welfare of the domestic nest. On the contrary, what do I find to be the truth in regard to yourself? Not a rooster raises his voice within half a mile of the yard, but you are to name him; not a hen lays an egg, but you begin to cackle.

Mrs. Biddy. (meekly). "I've laid an egg, yes, cut, cut, cut-a-a-a-cut. No, I mean—yes, sir, we've laid an egg!"

O. C. Esq. (with solemn animation). "You have laid an egg! And pray where is the thing? (Walks briskly to the nest, and takes a microscopic view of the object.)"

Biddy. "Cut, cut, cut—I mean, will it do air?"

O. C. Esq. "Humph—well, yes; very fair, considering—though now I look more closely, I perceive that it is not precisely shaped; too short, madam, quite too short; not well finished off, by any means. And what do you mean, madam, by having the thing so much larger at one end than the other! Where, I ask, is your idea of symmetry! Zounds! madam, if this is the best you can do in that department, I shall lay the next myself!"

Mrs. Biddy. (with her claw in her eye). "Please, I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to."
O. C. Esq. (mollified). "Well, well, don't fret your gizzard. You're no chicken, madam, to be so sensitive about a trifle; only remember my advice in future, and above all, recollect that the crowning virtue of henhood is disinterestedness!"

Mrs. Biddy. (meekly). "Have a worm, dear?"
O. C. Esq. (solemnly). "I will."

SCENE THIRD.

Mrs. Biddy C. has been sitting for three weeks. O. C. Esq. appears in the distance, parting with one of his numerous female friends, the tones of his voice fall faintly on Mrs. Biddy's ear.

O. C. Esq. "And now, sweetest of hens, farewell! and may all the stars of heaven and all the angels of the banyard meet to register the day when your smile first dawned upon my

dreary life, and made me the happiest of roosters. Farewell!"

O. C. wends his homeward way. "Good evening, Jack; monstrous fine hen that. Just been parting from her. Or, may be you did not notice her points. Quite fond of me, too, I assure you. Still in tears, you will observe—ahem! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

O. C. reaches the domestic nest.
Mrs. Biddy. (meekly). "O, I'm so glad to have somebody to speak to! I haven't stepped off the nest, nor seen a creature, since sunrise. How do you do, my dear? Anything new going on in the yard?"

A long pause. O. C. Esq., appears to be suddenly overwhelmed with depression and silent gloom.

Mrs. Biddy. "What's the matter, sir?"
O. C. Esq. (in a terrible voice, and walking like Othello). "Matter! madam, behold!" (Inserts his bill under his left wing, and produces a rooster's tail feather.) Do you recognize that, madam! Do you acknowledge an acquaintance with the chicken-hearted catfish who dropped it! Are you aware that I found it within three feet of the domestic nest!"

Mrs. Biddy. (languidly). "Did you? I didn't notice it."
O. C. Esq. "Peace, hen, and listen! while in calm but decisive terms I strive to impress upon your mind the enormity of your conduct. Has it not been decided, I ask you calmly, madam, has it not been the opinion of rooster-kind for ages, and is it not therefore undeniable, that (after disinterestedness) the one thing needful to the female character is excessive modesty! A true hen is so aridly and severely virtuous, that the slightest attempt at intimacy from one of an improper sex, though disguised beneath the specious mask of friendship, will excite in her breast the extreme aversion and horror. On the contrary, what do I find to be the case in regard to yourself? Only yesterday, on returning unexpectedly from a little party, I beheld you in animated conversation with my brother! Heavens! madam, am I not the victim of such duplicity? No! sooner would I sacrifice the domestic nest at once, and fling thy lifeless body—oh! oh! misery! violence! revenge!"

Mrs. Biddy gets fidgety on her nest. "Oh, dear me, I'm so tired."

Mrs. B. (in gentle desperation). "My dear, do you think your world mind looking to the nest a minute, while I run and pick up a little bit of something? I haven't taken a mouthful to-day?"

O. C. Esq. (starting up in doubt). "Madam, have I heard aright! Do I understand that you have distinctly offered to shift upon your husband the little duties of the domestic nest! Are you going to step from your sphere, madam? Have I not again and again impressed upon your mind, that female selfishness alone is at the bottom of these impious doctrines? And what, on the contrary, according to the decision of all rooster-kind, should be the real pride and ambition of henhood! Disinterestedness; a true hen glories in little crosses and trials; for without temptation she perceives that there can be no virtue; without trials, no patience; without affliction, resignation; which is always so lovely in the female character. A true hen, situated as you are, would not only rejoice that Providence had seen fit to perfect her with trials, but with that beautiful self-abnegation which can never be so strenuously inculcated but by rooster-kind, would set herself to planning new sacrifices! I say a true hen, in your situation, instead of sneaking from her little duties, would contrive some plan, if only by reaching out her head and picking the earth around her, for supplying her husband's little wants."

Mrs. B. (meekly). "Have a worm, dear?"
O. C. Esq. (solemnly). "I will."

Questions for Farmers.

Have you taught your boys how to graft and bud, so as to have all the variety of plums and cherries, and pears and apples at a trifling expense? Have you set out some shade trees to protect your house from the rays of the scorching summer sun? Have you provided water for that other part of yourself without her being exposed to wet, and cold, and wind? Have you a good compost heap preparing this fall? Do you, as did your fathers, throw away your waste brine, and soap suds, and refuse bones, as all useless? Do you still keep that miserable, lank looking cow, or, have you crossed your breed and improved it? Do you make any extra provision for feed for your milch cows during the drought of summer? Are you willing to trust to a kind Providence a cask of lime or plaster; or are you still determined to shut your eyes to all progress and be content to plod your way through life regardless of the thrift of your nearest neighbor? Are you striving to make home cheerful, and your family happy? Are those boys learning anything in the science of farming, or are you endeavoring to make a gentleman, of that oldest one, because he is an uncommonly bright boy? Reverse your ideas on this point, gentlemen. If you have a downright blockhead for a boy, don't try to make a farmer of him. He may stay and live, and even acquire property, till his threescore years and ten, but he can never make a skillful farmer. Make a doctor or a schoolmaster of him, if you please, but not a farmer. No business requires more shrewdness, or more knowledge, than that of a really successful farmer. He must possess mechanical skill. He must be shrewd in business. The vast domain of chemistry lies before him. In fact, he is a practical, experimental chemist in almost every operation pertaining to his calling. He must be able to exercise the coolest judgment, and forethought; or he will find his plans constantly interfering and frustrating each other. On the other hand, do not mistake the character of that awkwardly looking and acting boy of yours. Beneath all this may be slowly, but surely ripening, a noble mind and heart, which, at full manhood, will throw entirely into the shade an army of precocious, but short lived geniuses. Many a genius has returned to his father's house at the age of thirty, a prodigal, to find a shelter, and beg a dollar, while that apparently less promising boy now possesses a farm, an independent man.

But I am not yet done with the catechism. Have you a good kitchen garden with all its varieties, so as to have your table loaded with its comforts and luxuries throughout the year, or are you willing to live half starved one half of the year for the want of these things? But to be more particular. Have you a good

asparagus bed, so as to have something as good and fresh for your table as green peas by the first of May? Have you some good roots of Rhubarb for pies and sauce? Do you take any pains to cultivate the strawberry? Do you prepare a cheap hot bed, so as to have some cucumbers and potatoes and tomatoes three weeks earlier, or do you prefer to go without such things, live on salt pork, and sow the seeds of scrofula in your children? Do you patronize a good agricultural paper, or are you still determined to believe that you know more than all the world beside? And have you written to the editor of the paper and informed him of a successful experiment you made in raising wheat or beans or squashes, or anything else better than your neighbors; or have you pleaded the foolish excuse that you are not accustomed to writing, and that your fingers are stiff, and you fear to expose your ignorance? Have you said anything to your neighbors about forming a Farmer's Club in your school district, or town, during the long winter evenings? Do you make any inquiry to ascertain whether any new productions can be cultivated in our climate? Have you planted the peach and the pear where they may be sheltered from the storms of winter? Have you procured an Isabella grape vine and let it run against the sunny part of your building, so as to have a bushel of grapes every autumn without costing you a cent? Are you making any addition to your permanent fences? Have you removed that ricketty fence which you and your neighbor have been so unhappy about, and put up a permanent one? Have you been engaged a whole day in seed time on some trifling object, when you ought to have been employed on your most important duties? On the other hand, have you been engaged largely in business, and entirely neglected the ten thousand little things that make up a farmer's life? I once heard it said some twenty-five years ago, that the Society of Shakers, who are always successful farmers, are not propagators of the human family, never allow a single thing to go to waste. A useless rag, however small, was sure to find its way to the compost heap. It is economy in little things, combined with the most enlarged views in great things, that makes up the farmer's catalogue of duties. But, have you set out a row of shade or fruit trees on your line fences, especially on the highway? Why should not this society offer a premium to the man who shall transplant to the roadside the greatest number of trees, or the association of men who shall exhibit a continuous row a mile in length? What could you do so cheap a rate to render the appearance of your whole county most lovely? What could be more beautiful than to ascend one of the little mountains that overlook your county, and see it all chequered over with a live hedge? Have you built a high fence to protect your garden from the cold northerly winds, and thus remove it several degrees to the south? Have you reserved a flower plot for that other part of your existence, when she sighs to breathe the pure air of heaven; or do you still half sold at her for wasting your land for such things, and still persist that she shall always be a miserable slave to the over-heated and debilitating air of the kitchen? You never knew, did you, that there is always something charming in the woman who loves a flower garden? And, last but not least in our interrogatories; have you done your best to live at peace with your neighbor, so as emphatically to be void of offence toward God and man?

I am aware that some may exclaim, that these things will do for the man who may possess capital. Capital! Gentlemen, industry is capital. Not a question has been proposed, which is not within the means of the poorest man who owns an acre of land. No class of men existing have the means of furnishing so much happiness to themselves at so trifling an expense as the farmer. During the long winter evenings, while the merchant is growing pale over his ledger, while the shoemaker must be putting together a pair of shoes at a late hour to meet an engagement, the wheelwright at his bench, the blacksmith at his forge, the man of letters at his books, the farmer closes his day's work with the setting sun, and has three or four hours of the evening for meditation, or intellectual improvement. While the merchant or the physician is sighing for a time, when he may be released from the cares of his present occupation, and have the means to possess a small farm on which to spend the remainder of his days in peaceful retirement, the farmer at the very outset of his career, possesses, and can, if he will, enjoy all these things. (Dr. True's Address before the Cumberland Agricultural Society, in Portland.)

A DECIDED HIT.—A good humored correspondent of the Albany Register, writing from New York City, describes the misfortunes that sometimes befall guests of fashionable hotels, arising from the silly custom of printing 'bills of fare' in a foreign language, instead of plain English. The reader is imagined to be seated at the dinner table.

"A card is placed in your hand, all printed over. It is called a bill of fare. Read it and be wise. Call for the good things it tells of, and be happy in the joys of gastronomy. Pahaw! It is French, and we understand only the mother tongue. Much edification is there to us in this printed sheet. Much wisdom can we draw from its admonitions. Were it Latin, we could call up our ancient learning and spell out an inkling of its meaning. Even were it Greek, we might, by drawing upon our schoolboy studies, make a faint guess as to what it refers. But French! Away with it! It is all Dutch to us. But, our dear sir, we must eat. Aye, we must dine. Call up the Irish waiter standing a little way down, and point to the largest word on the bill, and ask him what dish that is. Pat scratches his pate in bewilderment, and seizing the bill and your plate, trots off to the cook room, and returns with what you called for, and here is a boiled potato with the skin on! Wonderful transformation in the name of a simple potato. Try again. Pick out another dish with a high-sounding, long-waisted name, and send for it. What on earth is this? A beef steak smothered in onions, steaming up under your nose! Be calm, our friend. The servant is not to blame. He brought you what you called for. Throw away the bill. Discard French names, and French cookery. Go back to the first principles, and cry out for roast beef, pork and beans, or some other primitive dish, whereon our simple-minded ancestors fed and grew fat."

In this bill of fare printed in French, is not only bad faith but great folly. What Frenchman, we should like to know, in his own frog-eating country, ever saw a hotel like the St. Nicholas? Why, then, this miserable affectation, this libel upon our country and our language, by adopting a French jargon in our bills of fare? Is not plain, simple, English, the language of our people, our institutions, our courts, our Statutes, and our history, good enough for our public houses? Disgraceful, belittling affectation it is all, and if we had our way, we should leave those hotels that adopt French as the language of their bills of fare to the patronage of Frenchmen alone. We would make it a losing game to call a potato either more or less than simply a potato. We would make the mother tongue respected at table as well as everywhere else, so that a gentleman who is learned only in good English, could call understandingly for what was palatable to him. We would save him from the hazards of having a dish of frogs set before him, when his heart was set on spring chickens or the side bone of a turkey. We are against the hard alternative of studying French or losing a good dinner. It does not accord with the freedom of the citizen, or square with the national pride of an 'independent American.'

Where is the Shovel?

Nathan, where is the shovel? Here I've been hunting long enough to do my work twice over, and can't find the shovel.

The farmer was wroth. "I don't know where it is, father; summers about, I suppose."

The two joined in the search. "Nathan, you have left the shovel where you have worked. I know. Why don't you always put the tools in their places?"

Where is the place for the shovel, I should like to know, father?

He couldn't tell. It had no place. Sometimes it was laid in the wagon, and occasionally accompanied that vehicle when harnessed in a hurry. Sometimes it was hung up with the harness, to fall down when not wanted, or get covered up when it was. A great deal of shoe leather had come to nought by that shovel. It had at times more than the obnoxiousness of Sir John Franklin, and defied discovery. So it was with all the other tools. They would seem to vanish at times, and then come to light, rusty as old anchors.

The farmer's barn was crowded. He had no spare room there. There were several in his dwelling. But the barn was always crammed; it was a kind of mammoth sausage; stuffed every year. So there was no room for special apartment for the tools. In his imagination he never saw his hooves lying on a long clear, his chains in a row, his rakes and his long forks overhead; certainly he was never anxious for such a convenient room.

Why? His father never had a tool house, and his father was called a good farmer!

So he was then, in his day, but there are better husbandmen now, let me say, and I desire to shock no one's veneration.

Did they find the shovel? No! They might as well have searched for the philosopher's stone, seemingly. Nathan started for Mr. Goodman's, to borrow one. Their work must be done, and borrow he must.

"I don't know us you can find one in my tool house," replied Mr. Goodman.

Nathan noticed that he bore down on some of his words like a man on a plowbeam. Did not he mean something? Nathan went to the tool-room thoughtfully. A door on wheels opened with a slight push, and there were Goodman's tools—enough, Nathan thought, to equip a company of sappers and miners!

Hatchets, axes, saws, tree scrapers, grafting tools, hoes, diggers, shovels, spades, pick-axes, crow-bars, plows, harrows, cultivators, seed-sowers, sieves, trowels, rakes, pitch-forks, nails, chains, yokes, muzzles, ropes, crow-tines, baskets, measures—all were there, neatly and compactly arranged. It was Goodman's ark to save him from the deluge of untrifled! Here every night the tools were brought in and wiped clean, and hung up in their places. The next morning a job could be commenced at once. Goodman knew. He partitioned off a large room in his new barn for tools. It was central and easy of access. It was a place for a visitor; the tools were the best of their kind. Every new shovel or rake, or fork, before used was well oiled with linseed oil, which left the wood smooth and impervious to water. Goodman frequently says, "I had rather have the few hundred dollars I have spent for tools so invested than the same in railroad stock. It pays better."

Now there is no patent on Goodman's plan, and I hope many will go into it—the more successful imitations! the better.

[West Jersey Pioneer.]

Keep Quiet.—Last night only I was about to make a little difficulty—and as Fred says, difficulties are the worst things people can make, they so improve with practice—I was about to object to something when Fred suddenly desired me to watch and learn of Prince the landlady's dog that had come into the room. The evening sky had been overcast; the dog lay on my feet; suddenly the sun shone, and a little patch of sunlight brightened the corner of the carpet. Immediately Prince got up, and with a wise look trotted to the bright place and laid himself in it. "There's philosophy," said Fred, "only one patch of sunlight in the place, and the wise, sagacious dog walks out of the shadow, and rolls himself round in the brightness." My dear Lot, said Fred, "there is a lesson for folks who love to make difficulties. Don't be proud in your humanity—take no arrogance to yourself because of woman's wisdom—but be instructed even by a lap-dog. Let the teaching of Prince, my beloved one, be cast away upon you, so that wherever there shall shine one patch of sunlight, there make it out, and with all your best enjoy it! The easiest of all trades is to make difficulties."

[Our Honeycomb.]—Punch.

WHAT IS AN ARISTOCRAT?—Chasmer Perrier, on being called an aristocrat, replied, "My only aristocracy is the aristocracy which industry, frugality, perseverance and intelligence will always insure to every man in a free state of society; and I belong to those privileged classes, to which all may belong in your turn. They are not privileges created for us, but by us. Our wealth is our own—we have made it; our ease is our own—we have gained it by the sweat of our brow, or by the labor of our

minds. Our position in society is not conferred upon us, but purchased by ourselves, with our own intellect, application, zeal, patience and industry. If you remain inferior to us, it is because you have not the talent, the industry, the zeal or the sobriety, the patience or the application necessary to your advancement. You wish to become rich as some do to become wise. But there is no royal road to wealth any more than there is to knowledge. A husbandman who will not till his ground, shall reap nothing but thistles and briars. What right have you who do nothing for yourselves, your families, or your country, or mankind, to imagine that you will be selected by your fellow-countrymen for their favor, their confidence, their rewards? If, by aristocratic means, one man has earned his promotion by his industry, then, indeed, I am an aristocrat; and, please God, I may always remain so. You are too idle to labor, and too proud to beg. I throw back with indignation and resentment the charge which is made."

A Word to Mechanics.

Permit me, gentlemen mechanics, to invite your attention a moment to the importance of securing an acre of land for yourselves at home. I know the prejudices too generally prevailing among your ranks, but they are wrong, all wrong, gentlemen. I am addressing, not the city mechanic, to whom these remarks may not so generally apply, but that numerous class who inhabit our small villages throughout the country. Many a young mechanic, when advised to buy a house-lot, has spurned the thought. It was so nice a thing to get married, and so much easier to rent a room or two, and then, there was no time to take care of a garden. But the happy couple after a time conclude to take boarders, and the business is so interesting, that before they think of it, they have a half dozen permanent boarders, which they cannot get rid of. Then the good man begins to inquire for a house-lot. But, alas for him! Instead of a hundred dollars—with which to make out a payment for a home of his own, he must pay it over for rent, and other expenses, and in this way he drags out his life. He never sees the time again when he can collect the first one hundred dollars to buy a house-lot. "Buy all, and spend all," is as true of the village mechanic as of the farmer. One acre of good land is just as good to you with a family of six persons as one thousand dollars in the bank. Away with the foolish idea that you have no time to cultivate a garden. You find time to go all over the village to buy a half bushel of potatoes, but no time to go into your own garden and dig them.

If I perchance, may be addressing a young mechanic, let me give you a word of honest advice. Go and sell that horse that cost you a hundred dollars in his purchase, and a hundred dollars in his out-fit, and, at least, fifty dollars worth of your time a year, to take care of him. Put your money into one acre of land somewhere, and if you do not want it, let it remain till you do want it. It will not run away, and will be a resource to you when most you may need it. Go and sell that watch which has cost you enough to purchase one hundred fruit trees, and which you have kept the jeweller tinkering every year enough to purchase many for them all. He who possesses one acre of land can raise his own fruit and have a surplus for sale, fill his cellar with garden vegetables, raise his potatoes, cut his hay for a cow, and raise his own pork. Such has been done repeatedly in Maine. Such a man is a rich man; rich in the enjoyment of all the senses within his own acre of land. No man in Maine yet knows how much an acre of land is capable of producing, and he is the truly happy man who best succeeds in developing the treasures hid in his little, though really great farm of one acre of land.

The difference between buying and raising a bushel of vegetables, is just two bushels, and the difference between buying a bushel and selling a bushel from your own garden is three bushels, while in your feelings the difference will be five bushels. But there is another reason why you should cultivate a garden. A dinner of vegetables from your own garden will taste far better than if bought in the market.

It will also give you a feeling of thrift and independence just in proportion to the command you have over these things.

Then, 1st, secure a good trade, 2dly, an acre of land, 3dly, a house, large enough to accommodate a family of thirteen, and lastly, a wife possessing a solid English education and good common sense. (This country is full of them, and if she be a tailress, and have a little sprinkling of the school-marm in her composition, so much the better.)—[Dr. True's Address before the Cumberland Agricultural Society, at Portland.]

The Sabbath.

Among the dangers to young men, most to be dreaded, both as a cause and a sign of departure from a correct life, is that of disregarding the Sabbath, abetting themselves from the public worship of Jehovah, and breaking loose from the influences and associations of the Sabbath School.

The history of nearly every young man in crime, is very apt to begin with his disregard of the Sabbath; thus showing how much we are indebted to the Sabbath, the Sanctuary, and the Sabbath School, for those unseen and unappreciated influences which mould and guide the life. The mere habit of attending regularly upon public worship has much in it of a compensating character. The associations of the public assembly devoted to religion, are favorable to the mental organism of man.

And then, too, there is a silent but impressive influence in the united sphere of a worshiping assembly—a descending, as from heaven, of truth into the mind, and love into the heart, most favorable for guiding the life, through the temptations of the week, and all this aside from the regenerating power of truth and good on the heart.

There is danger to the young man in disregarding the Sabbath and the sanctuary, not merely to his religion, but even to his prospects for good citizenship, and business character, and worldly success; since in such disregard, he enters upon the path, to follow which, may beguile him along his course, promising him freedom, and recreation, repose and pleasure, tainting his mind, corrupting his heart, and blunting his conscience, until at length he becomes entangled in the snares of sin, and perhaps hardened in crime.

Let the young man beware of the seductions which lead him to absent himself from the

house of worship on the Sabbath. There is a silken thread of influence there, keeping his heart from evil, and giving him good thoughts and affections, which go to make up his moral life; while there is a perpetual net work of evil attending a disregard of the Sabbath, which cramps and cripples the mind and the heart, and which grow into chains and manacles that stifle and stint the moral life.—[Bangor Whig.]

Humbags.

SILVERING POWDERS.—We deem it no less a duty than a benefit to our readers, to occasionally notice some of the worthless articles that are daily palmed off upon the unsuspecting. Were these articles simply worthless, we should think it less important to notice them; for purchased experience is often the most useful kind, but many of these spurious articles are worse than useless; they are of positive and lasting injury.

We have recently seen several peddlers retailing a silvery powder, which is warranted to brighten up all sorts of metal and give them a lasting silver polish. The article, under whatever name sold, is essentially made up of mercury (quicksilver) and fine clay, chalk, emery, &c. A silvery fluid, so called, is also sold, which is simply a little mercury dissolved in nitric acid (aqua fortis). When rubbed upon any metal the quicksilver is deposited upon the surface, and gives a bright silver luster; but this is not permanent. Heat will readily evaporate or drive off the coating also quickly tarnishes, and what is far worse, quicksilver has the power of penetrating most metals and rendering them brittle. A piece of silver immersed in quicksilver will soon become brittle, and entirely lose the valuable properties of silver. The same effect is produced upon other metals. Any of these silver polishing powders or liquids will act in the same way upon the surface.

We believe there is no compound which will give a good and lasting coating of silver, without the aid of the galvanic battery or of skillful heating. We are quite certain that none of the common dry powders or the liquids will do it, but that on the contrary, they are positively injurious.

DUPLICATE WRITING PAPERS.—Ingenious peddlers are hawking about the country a kind of colored paper, which answers well to take impressions of plants, leaves, &c., but every specimen we have examined is entirely deficient in one leading recommendation claimed for it, viz, that linen or any kind of cloth can be permanently marked by it. We believe that indelible inks cannot be kept in papers in any form. If you want these papers to take impressions of leaves or plants, then buy them for a quarter; but our word for it, they are useless for marking linen to be washed, or for writing double letters. Skillful and practised peddlers make them appear very fine, but nine out of ten quarters paid for them, is so much money thrown away, as few put them to the only use they are good for—that of copying leaves.—[Scientific American.]

PANTALOONS.—The male part of creation are continually accusing the female portion of a desire to usurp the peculiar dress of the former. There does seem to be some ground for this charge, as every one who reads the papers knows. All the ladies, however, do not seem penetrated with a desire to assume the masculine apparel. Mrs. Swisshelm, for instance, gives her opinion upon the subject in language by no means flattering to the stronger sex.—

She says: "Our long, wide skirts are, indeed, a great impediment in rural exercise. We have often felt this in walking through wet grass, getting over fences and clambering round rocks. A short dress and some substitute for pantaloons, would be a great convenience on such excursions, provided the costume were sufficiently marked and distinguished from men's apparel. It could be too humiliating to be met and mistaken for a man. We should a great deal rather be arrested as a sheep thief. We shall use all our influence to preserve man's right to his pantaloons inviolate."

"They ought to be his and his only, for they are too ugly for any one else to wear. Let men look like men, and women like women. Let men keep their distinct apparel, their strength and their ugliness in welcome. Nobody wants either, unless, indeed, Mrs. Butler has taken a fancy to their clothes, and if she has, she should be court-martialed and deprived of her woman's commission!"

HOW TO MAKE CRAYONS.—Every school-room has, or should have blackboards. On these chalk is almost universally employed. There are many objections to the use of chalk, not the least of which is, that after a problem is performed, the fingers and clothing present a dirty white appearance. Crayons are far preferable. Could they be generally employed it would be a favor done to some delicate hands, to say nothing of a large amount of wearing apparel.

White Crayons may be made of Paris white, or Spanish white, which are nearly the same, and wheat flour and water. The correct proportions are: five pounds of Paris white, one pound of flour, and sufficient water to make dough of these materials; hard enough not to crumble, and soft enough to roll. Little balls of this are then rolled out into little cylinders about the size of a pipe-stem, and laid away in a warm place, to dry; the drying will generally require from 12 to 24 hours.

The process of rolling may be performed upon a table, or any flat board. This article is far superior to chalk.

THE SECRET OF WHAT IS CALLED GOOD AND BAD LUCK.—I may here, as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called good and bad luck. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan, in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Let a forever run against them, and for others. One with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, who he idled away his time a fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual mis-judgments, he heeded discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indulging, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man under ten good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and actively honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of the tavern late in the forenoon, with his hat turned up and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, DEC. 1, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
 V. D. 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 office is at Seely's Building, Court St., Boston. Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

Local Agents.
 Persons wishing to subscribe or pay for the Mail, can do so by calling on the following persons:
 C. C. WHEELER, Chatham; L. B. TOZER, W. Waterville; J. D. DOWMAN, Waterville; E. S. PAGE, K. Smith Mills; D. H. BILLINGS, Clinton; E. FORTEN, N. Vassalboro'; R. AYER, Winslow.

A. T. DOWMAN—Travelling Agent.

Man Shot in Fairfield.

An Irishman, employed in the construction of the S. & K. Railroad, in Fairfield, was shot on Friday evening last, under circumstances that have produced much excitement in the vicinity. While returning from his work, he stopped and took a rail from the roadside, belonging to Mr. Samuel H. Jacobs, with the design of using it for a fuel. Just as he had shouldered the rail, a man started from concealment, within two rods of him, and levelled a double-barrelled gun at him. He had barely time to beg the man "for God's sake not to kill him," when a charge of shot was lodged in his legs. With loud outcries for help, he continued an alarm, while the contents of the other barrel were lodged in his breast and arms. The author of the deed then fled, and the wife of the Irishman, with others who heard the alarm, arriving at the spot, the wounded man was taken to his house. A physician was called, who extracted a large number of musket shot from his breast, arms and legs, and gave opinion that his wounds were not mortal.

The wounded man immediately committed his family, consisting of a wife and six or seven children, to the maintenance of the town of Fairfield; whereupon suit was commenced by the town against Mr. Samuel H. Jacobs, who was charged with the deed. His property was attached, and he was bound over to a higher court in the sum of one thousand dollars, before Joshua Nye, Esq. He procured the necessary bail, and was set at liberty.

Mr. Jacobs owned the house in which the Irishman lived, and the rails from which he had feloniously taken one for fuel. Two brothers of Jacobs testified that he was at home at the time of the alleged shooting; though others testified to having seen him near the spot, with the two-barrelled gun, of which he was known to be the owner. The Irishman also testified that he recognized Jacobs and called him by name at the time he was shot.

The parties reside near Nye's Corner. Mr. Jacobs is a young man, with a wife and children, and possesses a snug property. A few months since, he returned from a successful trip to California.

To the Ladies—Piano Fortes.

It is not as well known as it should be, or as it will be in due time, that one of the very best piano forte manufacturers in New England is that of Andrews & Robinson, Portland. Their not one of the most extensive, it is still the more choice in quality; and from greater facilities, and convenience in transportation, prices to buyers on the Kennebec are from 25 to 50 less than for a less perfect instrument in Boston. With all the experience to be obtained at Gilbert's, one, at least, of this firm, possesses a nice musical taste and education, combined with great mechanical invention and skill, which promise, when the instruments become known to the public, to give them precedence over any now made in New England. So say some of the most eminent musical artists. Some striking improvements are now in progress, that when known will be esteemed of great value by players; and as soon as patent can be obtained they will be given to the public. We can do no less than advise those who wish to purchase choice instruments, to call on Messrs. Andrews & Robinson, at their beautiful Music Hall, on Federal St., near the U. S. Hotel, where they can see for themselves.

Mrs. MERRITT HASTY, widow of the late James Hasty, senior, died suddenly on Thursday last, at her residence on Main street, at the age of 76 years. While walking across the room, in feeble health, she suddenly dropped her head upon the shoulder of her daughter-in-law, upon whose arm she was leaning, and almost immediately expired. During a long residence in Waterville, she has been highly esteemed for the many virtues that constitute the good wife, mother and neighbor.

Brother Littlefield, of the Clarion, never does things by halves; he scotched not killed; would never be the verdict in the case of any "varmint" that had passed through his hands. In the following notice of a recent event, we hardly know which most to admire—the Titanic power with which he at one sweep smites a miserable thief to the earth, crushing the breath from his miserable body—or the admirable grace and wonderful tact displayed in binding up the bleeding hearts of the afflicted and pouring balm into their wounds. Both are inimitable, and strongly characteristic.

A FISHING ACT. A few days since, some lawless and unprincipled scamps in human shape went to the house of Mr. Alvin Weston, in Bloomfield, (and at a time when the family were bowed down with grief at the death of a dearly beloved son and brother, whose corpse was then lying in the house), and stole and carried away from the premises a live of honey, and at the same time left the gate to the garden open, through which a herd of cattle entered and destroyed a large lot of garden vegetables. None but a fiend would be guilty of so mean and dastardly an act as such a time, and the most charitable wish that we can bestow upon such pests to Society is, that they cease compelled to sleep on an iron tooth harrow, with the points ground as sharp as can-

be needles, with ten thousand mad horns for bed-fellows, until they made restitution to the utmost farthing, and reformed from their evil ways.

The War in Europe.

Till, within a week past, we have felt confident that the talk of war in Europe would disappear in a fog of diplomacy. We had forgotten that "whom the gods destroy they first make mad." We had supposed that such a war threatened the permanency of too many tottering thrones. But late news seems to settle the question. There is war between Russia and Turkey; and whether England, France and Austria become directly involved in it, remains to be decided by Turkish valor. So long as Turkey continues to defend herself as she has done thus far, there will be no occasion for interference. When Constantinople is in danger France and England must fly to the rescue—not that they hate Turkey less, but fear Russia more.

Intelligence that several minor battles had been fought, in all which the Turks were victorious, was received near a week since. Latest news is as follows:

Nothing really later has occurred to notice in Turkish matters; but we have rumors of a decisive battle being fought near Bucharest, though it is not known who had the victory.

We have, however, the details of the recent affair at Oltenitza, which was a brilliant Turkish victory, and in which 1200 Russians were killed or wounded.

More or less fighting goes on daily.

The Turks have now nearly 100,000 men across the Danube.

The Russian Commander, Gortchakoff, has received orders to act on the offensive.

It is said that the Turks captured eight guns at Oltenitza, on the 4th.

The Poles in the Russian service are disaffected. They favored the passage of the Danube, and gave no alarm when they saw the Turks were crossing.

The Anglo-French fleet is in the sea of Marmora.

Russia lays an embargo on Turkish shipping from the 22d inst. Neutral flags will be respected.

Count Nesselrode's diplomatic circular is published. It has excited strong remarks from the French and British press.

Turkey will have nothing to do with any amendment of the Vienna Note.

Klapka has received a command on the Danube, in the Turkish service.

The Circassians continue their successes in Asia.

The Emperor Napoleon expresses himself strongly in favor of active operations to aid the Turks.

The British Government evidently vacillates.

Russia notifies the world that it reserves to itself liberty of action in Eastern affairs.

Austria professes neutrality.

Latest by Submarine Telegraph.—VIENNA, (Monday).—On the 8th the Russian commandant moved forward to Oltenitza, to chastise the Turks, with 24,000 men, mostly infantry. On the 11th they met. A pitched battle ensued. The Russians were compelled to retreat the second time, in disorder, on Bucharest, having lost in four attacks on Oltenitza 3000 men.—This is reliable.

On the 9th the Turks were driven from the island opposite Giurgio. Reinforcements afterwards came up, when they retook the island and held it.

The Czar has summarily discharged all English operatives from the navy yards.

A letter in the Herald, from Consul Saunders, says that the Porte has notified Austria that unless she withdraws her forces from the frontier, or her neutrality is guaranteed by England and France, he will declare war against her; and that Kossuth's agent was openly received at Constantinople; and Kossuth will be invited to march on Hungary unless the above is complied with.

Our paper-maker is not beyond the reach of the elements, and the Fall freshets have driven him into riley water; the consequences of which are that we have to use a dingy sheet.—We can't help it.

The Weather (Wednesday, P. M.) is as mild as May. No snow, but mud in abundance. The river threatened to close on Saturday, but has hardly completed the work.

THE TELEGRAPH is now in operation between Waterville and the rest of the world, bringing news from everywhere in less than 240'. Office at Moody & Fellows's bookstore. Orders may be sent to Boston, and barrels and boxes returned the same day. Up to three minutes and thirteen seconds past 5 o'clock this morning there was no later news from the seat of war in Europe.

John Mitchell arrived at New York on Tuesday last, in the Prometheus, and met with a very enthusiastic reception.

TAKEN AND SHAKEN.—The following from the New York Spiritual Telegraph, is related by Mr. Tappan Townsend, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who, in company with several persons of respectability whom he named, (says the Telegraph) was eye-witness to the fact. The grandmother was quite spunky, and shook up the unbeliever in great style.

Mrs. of Williamsburg, who had long resisted being developed as a medium, was one night seated in a circle, when after waiting for a long time for the manifestations, without receiving them, her husband turned to her and said,

"Sarah, I believe you are resisting the spirits." She answered, "No I am not; but at the same instant the Spirit responded, 'Yes you are.' Her husband then said to the Spirit, 'Grandmother, I wish you would give her a shaking for that.' No sooner was this said than the lady was raised bodily six or eight inches from the chair, and shaken violently, and then let down again. Her husband said, "Grandmother, I don't think that's enough; give her another shake;" and instantly she was lifted up and shaken again in the same way. Then said the husband, "Grandmother, to complete her chastisement, I wish you would throw her right into my lap." No sooner was this said, than the lady was lifted bodily over the corner of the table, and over my informant's lap, and placed upon the lap of her husband who sat on the opposite side of him; and this was done so orderly that her skirts, during her passage through the air, seemed to be kept to the curve of her limbs, and were thus prevented from catching in the corner of the table.

The dwelling house of Elder G. F. Searns at North District was consumed by fire on Wednesday evening of last week.

TEST OF SOUNDNESS.—M. C. Lewis, the editor of the (Eastport) North Mississippi Union, being a candidate for the Legislature in Tishomingo County, Miss., some one has circulated the charge of abolitionism against him. Lewis noticed the charge in a card in his paper, in which he offers the following eminently practical test of his soundness upon the question:

"If any one doubts my soundness upon the Southern question, suppose he present me with a single specimen, or a half dozen of 'em, of slaves for experiment sake, and see what I'll do with 'em. Or, if he wishes to combine profit with experiment, let him present them to his unmarried daughter, and I'll take her with them. I am willing to make an investment of the kind. Let him who doubts my soundness try the test."

PRIORITY OF MANHOOD TO PARTY RELATIONS.—John P. Hale, in his speech to the Independent Democracy at the New York Tabernacle, said:

"You forget your own manhood. You do not forget that you are Whigs or Democrats. You remember that. But you forget that you are men, and that men are far higher, and far nobler than Whigs and Democrats. The good book tells us that God made man, but it is not recorded who made Whigs and Democrats!"

OLE BULL'S COLONY.—L. F. Bulkely, Mr. Bull's legal adviser, has written a letter to the N. Y. Herald, in which he details at some length the connection which his principal had with the colony which bears his name.

It appears that in the summer of 1852, John P. Cowan, of Williamsport, Joseph T. Bailey, of Philadelphia, and others, procured an introduction to Ole Bull, succeeded in persuading him to abandon a project which he had nearly decided upon, of purchasing lands in Virginia, and furthermore induced him to enter in an association with them to found a colony on lands in Potter county, of which they were the owners.

Fifty hundred dollars were exacted from Mr. Bull to defray the expense of a trip for the whole party up to view the lands. Mr. Cowan falsely represented to him that certain lands, comprising the best portion of the whole tract of 20,000 acres, belonged to him and his associates, and thus induced him to consent to found the colony there.

Mr. Bull immediately expended a large sum of money in procuring and forwarding emigrants. Ten thousand dollars were obtained from him by Cowan, without any equivalent; and twenty-five thousand dollars were in like manner obtained by Bailey, in return for which they were to give Mr. Bull deeds to certain portions of the land.

It turned out that neither Bailey nor Cowan had the slightest title to the tract of land upon which Ole Bull had been induced to settle.

Under these circumstances he was advised by his attorney to abandon the whole concern, and demand a return of his money.

A compromise was at length effected, by which he received from Cowan his \$10,000, in the shape of a bond payable in six, twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four months; and he retired from the association with a loss of nearly \$40,000. By this settlement Ole Bull was to be responsible for a portion of the debts of the Association, the balance to be paid by his associates. His part of the contract had been fulfilled, but they have failed to do their part; to which circumstance must be attributed all the sufferings of the colony. It may be added that Mr. Bull was induced to pay for the lands purchased more than double their actual value.

If the above statement is to be credited, it would seem that Ole Bull, who is far from being a business man, has throughout the transaction, been the dupe of designing men, whose sole aim was to advance their own interests.

[Boston Advertiser.]

SERIOUS ROW AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—The Richmond Evening Bulletin states that on the 17th inst. several of the students of the University at Charlottesville, Va., attended an exhibition given there by Mr. Wyman, and made so much noise and disturbance as to induce the police to interfere, when a conflict ensued, and several on each side were injured.

Two of the students, however, were secured and taken to jail, and one of them so severely beaten as to be rendered senseless. This aroused the indignation of all his school-mates, who, it is alleged, assembled to the number of nearly 300, and threatened to tear down the jail. Prof. Harrison, after considerable difficulty, (says the Bulletin) succeeded in appeasing them long enough to listen to a proposition from him to the effect that the students should appoint himself, with five or six students, as a committee to meet the town authorities.

On his return he informed them that the jail was guarded by one hundred and sixty riflemen.—At the mention of this, their indignation was aroused anew, and they clamored out, "to Charlottesville!—march upon them!" and their shouts, as it is stated, by an eye-witness, might have been heard a mile. The committee, however, reasoned them into desisting from any attempt to rescue their mates until they were better prepared, and on the morning of the 19th, they met at the rotunda of the law in great numbers. There they resolved, instead of going down in a body, to appoint a committee to see that justice was done their companions—yet their feelings are, it is said, not of the most pacific character.

AN INTERESTING FACT.—One of the missionaries of the New York City Tract Society having supplied the crew of the vessel going to Haiti not only with tracts, but also with some religious papers and books, the men, upon their arrival there, made them up into a parcel, and were taking them on shore, when they were stopped by a Custom House officer. This being observed by a superior officer, he directed that no duty should be charged upon the parcel, and promised the Captain that whatever he might bring of the same kind should be passed duty free. Just at that time the Emperor Faustin passed that way, and hearing of what had taken place, he immediately gave command that henceforward no duty should be charged upon Bibles, Testaments or Protestant religious books or tracts, or other publications; and then, turning to the Captain, he said,

"I shall be happy to have on the Island as much reading matter as you can bring, and if any person interferes with you, let me know it."

[N. Y. Tribune.]

LOTTERIES.—The papers are showing up Perkins's great lottery, which has recently been drawn and much confusion at Metropolitan Hall, New York. Like all lotteries, it is a humbug, and the sum received on all the tickets amounts to about ten times what the property is worth. The very principle of lotteries is a humbug. Suppose all the property put up to be as valuable as all the tickets sold—then does not the purchaser know that the person who is at the bottom of the affair must lose all the money for clerks, selling tickets &c. it is all nonsense, and any one who thinks of making anything by buying lottery tickets would do better to go into the street and catch

coppers for so much a throw. We think there must be sadly more of this lottery-dealing business carried on than most are aware. Our post-office is periodically flooded with circulars of the Maryland State lotteries, neatly done up, and letter postage paid. Every one whose name becomes known publicly, gets a circular. We have seen these missives that have been mailed to the address of some of our most sober and staid business men and lawyers,—to ministers of the gospel. We even receive one of these flaming circulars so, should be warned.

[Republican Journal.]

ACCIDENT.—Yesterday afternoon as Mr. Samuel Wells, Freight conductor, on the A. & St. L. Railroad, was disconnecting the locomotive Waterville from a disabled engine, brot from Paris, he was caught by the switch rope and thrown down, and as the Waterville moved forward it carried him with it, taking the flesh from the bone of his left leg, from below the knee nearly to the thigh, making a shocking flesh wound. He was taken into the Atlantic House, and Drs. Ludwig and Osgood were called, who rendered him assistance. No bones were broken, but the accident was of so serious a nature as to require a consultation. It was feared that the leg would have to be amputated, it was so badly hurt.

P. S. A consultation was held by Drs. Gilman, Ludwig, Tewksbury, Robinson, Osgood and Perry, and it was decided that the leg must be taken off to save his life; the amputation was performed by Dr. Gilman, assisted by the others. The patient was under the influence of chloric ether. [Argus.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.

THE FISHERY NEGOTIATIONS.—It is understood that the British North American Colonies, acting in concert, insist that in exchange for the right of American fishing in their waters, the United States shall not only grant reciprocity in trade, but shall also grant the registry of Colonial vessels, and a full participation in the coasting trade. The high ground assumed by Mr. Crampton leads to the general belief that no arrangement for the present can be arrived at.

THE THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.—The new Congress will assemble at Washington on Monday next, the 5th of December. The Senate will consist of 62, and the House of 234 members and five territorial delegates. As far as ascertained, the Senate will stand: Democrats 35, Whigs 19, Free Soilers 8; vacancies four, viz., one each in Maine, Vermont, North Carolina and Mississippi.

The House will stand: Democrats 159, Whigs 71, Abolition 4. Thus the Democratic party will have a large majority in both branches. It is quite possible, however, that a division will take place before the close of the session, similar to that which took place in the Jackson administration, when the Calhoun party split off from the Democrats and set up for themselves. [Courier.]

Jabez Upham, of Liberty, was arrested and carried to Belfast last week, where he was examined by Judge Williamson on a charge of being engaged in the counterfeiting business, having been implicated by the confession of one of a gang arrested in Bath. Upham recognized in \$500 until the Bath state's evidence could be brought on a habeas ad testificandum. The gang is supposed to be a large one. Several persons connected with it have been arrested in Massachusetts. [Bangor Mercury.]

AMERICAN AFFAIRS WITH MEXICO.—We have seen signs of late that lately we that not only our own Government, but all foreign Ministers in Washington who have correspondence in Mexico, are persuaded that our relations with that power are now of the most amicable and promising kind. No fear appears to be entertained lest all questions in issue between the two Governments may not be speedily adjusted to the satisfaction of both, with such results, too, as can hardly fail to tend greatly to the progress and improvement of Mexico in many years. [Washington Star.]

U. S. SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Washington correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer says:

"It has been settled at Washington that John S. Wells, Esq., shall be Mr. Atherton's successor as Senator from N. H. Mr. Wells will accordingly be appointed by the Governor and Council, and will serve until the Legislature meets in June next, when his continuance in office will depend of course, upon the decision of the Legislature. Mr. Hubbard, now and for six years past a member of the House, will probably be chosen in place of Mr. Norris, who approaches the beginning of the end of his distinguished Legislative career."

REMITTING MONEY BY MAIL.—A very important case has recently come before the United States District Court at Richmond, Va., Chief Justice Taney presiding, in which the question arose whether money remitted by mail from a debtor to a creditor, such money being lost before it reached its destination, was a release of the debtor from obligations of the debt. The Chief Justice decided that the plaintiff having requested his debtor to remit the money, without specifying or directing how it was to be sent, and the defendant having complied with the request by remitting through the mail as was the custom with others to do, the debtor would not be held obliged to make good the loss. The decision is in conflict with the case, involving the same principles, the Chief Justice holding that the former decisions were not correct.

THE VANDERBILT STEAMBOAT CASE.—It will be remembered by our readers, that an action was some time since brought against the Vanderbilt line of steamers, by a passenger, to recover damages sustained by him in consequence of detention on the Isthmus of Nicaragua, and loss of health, while on his journey to San Francisco. The plaintiff stated that he embarked in the Prometheus from New York, in March, 1852, and on arriving at San Juan del Sud, waited fifty-four days for a steamer to convey him to San Francisco; and was finally obliged to return to New York. The chief point in the defence was that the steamer North America, for which the plaintiff held tickets, had been wrecked and lost—an occurrence beyond the control of the company. The Court held that the plaintiff was entitled to recover the price of his ticket, the expenses of his journey, and a reasonable compensation for the loss of his health; and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff of \$1250.

However much we may reprehend Mr. Seward's abolition course, we cannot speak in too high terms of his ability. Eliminate his free soil notions, and we have less men in the country that could make a larger mark or exercise a greater influence. [N. Y. Mirror.]

Suppose we eliminate them in this way. You shall select the most violent free soil notions of Mr. Seward, and place them all out in fair view, and we will cover them line for line, paragraph by paragraph, with just the same sort of notions by Daniel Webster, and then on the top of both we will place those of Thos. Jefferson, and the one whose stock gives out first shall admit defeat.—[Providence Journal.]

PROPOSED DISCUSSION OF A PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.—The Corresponding Secretary of the Mass. Temperance Committee, Dr. Jewett, proposes to discuss with the Boston Union Association, (the Liquor Dealers) through any agent they may choose to employ the following questions:

"Is it right and just to prohibit by law the traffic in intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal purposes and the useful arts?"

Have we good reason to expect the general enforcement of the law, now on the statute book of Massachusetts, generally denominated the anti-liquor law, if it should be perpetuated? What influence may we expect from the law if enforced, on the social, moral and pecuniary interests of the citizens of this State?"

He proposes to discuss these questions in a series of articles to be published simultaneously in the columns of the 'Chronicle,' the organ of the Union Association, and the Massachusetts 'Life Boat,' the organ of the Temperance Committee.

Here is a fair opportunity for the Union to discuss the great question of the day; and to bring forward their strong arguments in favor of the free traffic in ardent spirits, and we hope the opportunity will be improved by them.

[Boston Traveller.]

The cost of moving flour from Cleveland to the respective ports of New York and Portland, is now in favor of the latter port by many cents per barrel, though the arrangements for transportation above Montreal are far from being satisfactory.

There is an average receipt of 2000 barrels of flour daily by the Montreal road. Much the larger part, so far, is destined to the Lower Provinces and Boston.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—There is to be a Woman's Rights Convention at Rochester, N. York, on the 30th inst., to discuss the following questions, several of which deserve a more serious attention from the community than they have yet had:

1. Why should not woman's work be paid for according to the quality of the work done, and not the sex of the worker?
2. How shall we open for woman's energies new spheres of well remunerated industry?
3. Why should not wives equally with husbands, be entitled to their own earnings?
4. Why should not widows, equally with widowers, become by law the legal guardians, as they certainly are by nature the natural guardians, of their own children?
5. On what just ground do the laws make a distinction between men and women, in regard to the ownership of property, inheritance, and the administration of estates?
6. Why should women, any more than men, be taxed without representation?
7. Why may not women claim to be tried by a jury of their peers, with exactly the same right as men claim to be, and actually are?
8. If women need the protection of the laws, and are subject to the penalties of the laws equally with men, why should they not have an equal influence in making the laws, and appointing legislatures, the judiciary, and executive?

And finally, if governments—according to our National Declaration of Independence—"derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," why should women, any more than men, be governed without their own consent; and why, therefore, is not woman's right to suffrage precisely equal to man's?

TRAGEDY.—A sad tragedy, nearly resulting in the death of one of the parties concerned, occurred at South-Boston a few days since.—A man residing on Second street, belonging to the Catholic Church, had a wife who was a zealous Protestant. Both were very firm in their peculiar beliefs, and each endeavored to persuade the other to change. At last the wife became so wrought upon by her husband that she promised to join the Catholic Church, and agreed to be baptised. The day and the hour for the ceremony were fixed, but at the time appointed, the woman in a frenzy, took a knife and cut her own throat from ear to ear. The knife passed within a sixteenth of an inch of the carotid artery on each side, and little hopes were entertained of her recovery. Her wounds were dressed by Dr. J. H. York, who has rapidly improved, and is now so comfortable as to be able to be removed out of town.

KNUD IVERSON.—The martyrdom of a little Norwegian boy named Iverson, at Chicago; for refusing to steal, turned out to be a hoax, and akin to the "Pious Frauds" chronicled among the superstitious of old. A boy of this name, however, was drowned, and a jury of his own countrymen mostly decided that his death was purely accidental. We derive these facts from the Chicago Tribune. Quite a sum of money has been collected from church members, Sunday School children, and others, for the erection of a monument to little Knud's memory in different parts of the country; but the whole thing is viewed as a humbug at Chicago. They have \$1,200 at Chicago for the Iverson Monument. [N. Y. Tribune.]

What absurd ideas sometimes get into the heads 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 epsom salts. Another gentleman, in an adjoining room, proposes to put pulpit springs under Niagara, to ease the water when it jumps, while a third is busily engaged in getting out the timber for a six-bladed horse, and a leather frying pan.

The philosopher who said that the only reason lunatics differ from other people was because they are more largely imaginative than other folks, was not as far out in his reasoning as some folks imagine.

OWNERSHIP OF CATHOLIC CHURCH PROPERTY.—The question of the ownership of church property has arisen, and caused a good deal of difficulty in a number of Catholic Churches, in different States, the Bishop claiming full control, a claim which the members of the congregations refuse to admit. One of these cases, that of the Church of St. Louis, at Buffalo, was laid before Archbishop Bedini, the Pope's Nuncio, on the 22d ult., who, after three days consideration, returned a reply utterly denying the right of the Board of Trustees of the Society, chosen under an act of incorporation granted by the Legislature to the control of the Church property, and sustaining the Bishop in asserting his claim to exclusive jurisdiction in the premises.

The Trustees replied the same day in a short communication, from which we quote the following:

"We see nothing in your Excellency's answer but a repetition of the demand made by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Timon, that is, entire submission, and that our Act of Incorporation should be annulled, and that the appointment of a Board of Trustees should be made by him, which has been the cause of our difficulties. Up to the time of the beginning of these difficulties we never meddled with the spiritual, leaving it entirely to the Pastor and Bishop, but as to the temporalities, we had always the control, subject, nevertheless, to the yearly inspection of the Rt. Rev. Bishop and Pastor, (at any time within the fiscal year,) over the amount expended and received, and which the Pastor always found correct. As to the annulling of our Act of Incorporation, there is not the least shadow of thought, as we believe that temporalities have nothing to do with spiritualities."

Bedini writes a few lines as a final answer, closing thus:

"Now, then, it becomes my duty to say that your answer is truly painful, especially to an Envoy of the Holy Father, to whom you referred in your case. The said conviction forces itself on me, that you disregard altogether Catholic principles—consequently, that if you persist, it only remains for me to deplore the sad position in which you place yourselves in the face of the Church; but the responsibility of this rests entirely on yourselves."

That this question of the ownership of Church property will end here, we do not believe. The republican feeling will and must have its influence in all relations.

[New York Tribune.]

The Catholic property in this country is already amounting to an immense sum, and those who are far-seeing, who know the wide and almost unlimited influence and power which the control of it will ensure, lose no effort or opportunity to obtain their wishes. Hence, we find that the Priesthood are grasping that which they know the value of, which by systematic teaching they have almost persuaded their people they should have control of, and which the all-powerful name of Pius IX. has been invoked to wrest from the masses and give to his sworn enemy. In reply to the charge of the Trustees in the instance cited above, that Bishop Timon required "entire submission" in temporal, as well as spiritual matters, Archbishop Bedini says, "the said conviction forces itself on me that you disregard altogether Catholic principles," in other words, the Trustees appointed by the congregation, the owners of the property, by declining to yield entire submission in temporalities and spiritualities, altogether Catholic principles, as understood by the Priesthood, which are to yield all power, all authority, all knowledge, and all government to the Pope and his Cardinals, Bishops and Priests. "If such faith and doctrines are not swept away through the influence of education and republicanism, we confess to great ignorance of the tendency of progress and the spirit of the age. Liberty and freedom in religious faith, in religious profession and worship are the great evidences of present progress. Blind submission to temporal power is the offspring of ignorance. Liberty is the child of knowledge, and in a State, the natural production of universal education."

[Chicago Journal.]

DEATH FROM EXPOSURE.—On Thursday last, a man by the name of Asa Hoxie, of Sidney, came into this city with a son of his, and while here, we learn, procured some liquor, with which he started to return home. On the way, as he seemed inclined to be quarrelsome, the son got out of the wagon and walked on ahead, leaving his father to follow. After proceeding a short distance, the old man got out and hitched the horse to a fence, and kept on afoot, but when near Brackett's Corner, he seated himself by the side of the road, where he was seen and urged to ride home but refused, alleging that he was waiting for his team to come along. In the morning he was found dead from the exposure. The horse remained hitched to the fence until morning, when he was taken to a stable by a person who lived near the place where he was hitched. Mr. H. leaves a family. [Maine Farmer.]

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