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ANSWER

TO "THE SONGS UNSUNG," BY INEZ.

BY E. A. MOORE.

Yes, Inez, dear, the songs unsung,
And the strange tales untold,
Are sweeter far than any that rung
From poet's lips of old.

Sweeter and sadder far than e'er
The tip of lyre hath known,
Through the heart's chamber echoes clear
Full many a mournful tone.

The grand and glorious were the lays
That knights and nobles heard,
And the yearning tenderness
Was poured with every word.

Though pulses thrilled, and tears flowed fast,
As sweet the magic strains
Of later years, or ages past,
With their sublime refrain.

Yet sweeter, sadder tones than these
Are murmuring soft and low,
Deep in the heart, where warm and bright,
The passion fountains glow.

Oh, words are weak and faded things,
Well may deep hearts despair,
With them to paint the burning thoughts
That dwell forever there.

The secret tones of the soul
Hath music all its own,
Strange, mysterious, for his ear,
Who gave it life, alone.

Miscellany.

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Dear me, James, I do believe this old house will be tumbling down on all our heads, before the year is out!"

So spoke an anxious-looking woman, the mother of nine children, and mistress of a house an hundred years old, to her sturdy, farmer husband, James Appleton. James Jr., otherwise called "Jemmy," the youngest but one of the nine scampers, had just overturned grandma's work table in his haste to catch the black brush of Puss's tail; and the shock had dislodged a triangle of plastering from the roof of the room, cracked and seamed by time. This had fallen directly upon the breakfast table, to the manifest danger of mamma's cups and saucers, not to speak of the head of the baby, who sat tied into his high chair, finishing his crust, after all others had deserted him.

Mr. Appleton looked up quite coolly, and replied—

"I will save a deal of trouble in pulling it down, then!"

And break all our dishes, meanwhile, besides our necks!" returned his wife, as she swept the fallen fragments from the cloth. "I wish it was safely down on one."

"Oh, papa, do tear it down this spring, won't you, cried Laura and Eben, the oldest girl and boy, springing to his side at the word. "We can live so nicely in the shop, you know, while the other house is building."

"And have a nice new home!" exclaimed Sarah, the second daughter.

"Yes, and this is such an old thing!" added Laura, looking disdainfully around her. The other children had clustered about the group by this time; every eye followed sister Laura's and seven tongues uttered in seven different tones—"Such an old thing!"

"Children!" it was grandma who spoke this from her corner, in a voice a little tremulous. "Children, its many a one hasn't so good a roof to cover 'em."

This was a slight reproach, as kindly taken as it had been given. It silenced the children, however, for the moment, except Eben, who whispered to Laura:

"Grandma is most as old as the house, isn't she?"

"I wonder if she don't feel bad to be reminded of being so old?"

"I don't know," whispered Laura in return, a little thoughtfully. "I dare say so. Here, Jemmy and Sue, come help pick up grandma's spoons."

Just here the father laid down his newspaper with energetic rattling, and folding his hands above his head, spoke in a tone that aroused all ears:

"What a mother!" I've pretty much made up my mind to build this next season, what say?"

"I say, by all means," answered the wife, but her words were hardly distinguishable in the renewed shouts of the young ones—"Good!"

"Hush!" you'll exclaim, the father—

"Well, mother, what's your mind about it?"

Grandma lifted her eyes from the grey stocking she was knitting, and one tear rolled down the furrow of her cheek. She cleared her throat and tried to speak cheerfully. "I s'pose it may as well be done now, as ever—

and maybe its best so!" she said, with a sort of sigh of resignation.

"Why, Grandma, to be sure!" cried Sarah, in a tone of surprise. "To have a new house!"

"And you shall have a dear little new bedroom in it!" added Laura, more gently; "a room on the ground floor, so that you won't have to keep going up and down stairs to your chamber."

"I saw it in papa's plan, and it was marked 'Mother's room!'"

"You're very kind, Jem," said old Mrs. Appleton to her son; and she went knitting on very fast, without, however, seeming much cheered by the assurance Laura had given.

As I have said, the house was a hundred years old. It was built soon after the settlement of the town of R., among the hills of the Granite State. Its frame, the great-grandfather of Laura Appleton, no doubt thought he had accomplished a mighty work when he put in the last cupboard, and took his family from their log hut of one room into the unplastered, unfinished, barn-like 'new house'; for the old house was new then. He was poor, and could not fit up his shingle palace within; and so his family slivered in it winter after winter, until they became accustomed to cold draughts from cracks and crannies, and to coals snapping from the wide gaping fire place, which sent up heat from the center of the chimney, and drew down cold air on either side.

Lemuel Appleton, son of the first builder, had revised and improved the mansion before bringing to its wide hearth-stone his young wife—the "grandmother" of later days. Since then it had undergone many repairs and alterations, being enlarged as children clustered around the young couple. Now those children had grown up, and were scattered far and wide over the country—all but one, the youngest of all, who sheltered his home circle under the decaying roof of the old homestead.

Now, his noisy children had outgrown the low rooms, and narrow stairways, as their mother thought. Certainly, any stranger would have wondered where beneath that roof so many faxen heads found room to be stowed away nightly.

The days of the old house were numbered. On the very morning of which I have spoken, the father commenced the work of destruction by removing an old chest of drawers, little used, that had formerly been his grandmother's, into a niche of the shop, near by. Bureaucratic, chests, and chairs, followed, as day after day went by, with all such lesser articles as could be spared from daily use. The old house was searched from garret to cellar, by at least a dozen pair of prying eyes, as it had never been searched since the day of its "house warming," a hundred years before. So many discoveries

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as were made! So many lost and forgotten treasures and trifles as revealed themselves in nooks and dark corners! So many old letters and lockets, and trumpery of all kinds, as Laura's mamma called it, did Laura board away in her trunk for her own private investigation!

The days of the old-house were finished as well as numbered. The last one came. In the morning, the beds, trundle bed, and cradle were carried into the already crowded lower room of the shop. Grandma's rocking chair followed, and after dinner, the sooty queen of the back kitchen, the cracked cooking stove, disgorge its throat full of ashes, and went mournfully after, borne on the shoulders of one boy and two men.

One tin dipper, one cup and saucer, six blue plates, a knife box, and a broken table, composed the whole stock of furniture left. With the help of these articles, the Appletons succeeded in making a last meal of bread and cheese, in their old homestead, keeping themselves merry by jokes upon the tea-service. After this final supper, James Appleton bundled baby up well in a couple of window-curtains, the last of their kind; mamma put her apron over her head, and took up plates, cup and saucer; grandma brushed the crumbs from the old table into the tin dipper, and put the knife box over it; and all went in procession out of the old house. The limping table was soon helped out by Eben and Joseph, and the 'home' was empty.

It was not long left so, however; for the young Appletons, after establishing baby in his shop quarter, hurried back to carry out a plan which they had proposed to themselves some weeks before; namely, to have a grand carouse by moonlight, in the deserted and doomed old house.

"Come over with us, father, won't you?" asked Joseph very confidently.

"No," answered the father, leaning his head on his hand, as though fatigued. "I don't feel much like it."

The spirits of the children were too high to be lowered by this reply; and over they rushed, headed by Master Eben.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, as he jumped in. A faint echo seemed to come from all sides of the kitchen, such as he had never noticed when it had been filled. It would almost have frightened him had he been alone. But the glad voices and dancing feet of his brothers soon drowned these echoes of desolation.

They played hide and seek, blind man's buff and hunt the slipper, danced, skipped, sang, and screamed, until the far away village bell struck for nine. Involuntarily, all looked up for the clock to strike; but it was gone, and they knew that it was time for them to go too.

"Let's have a grand good bye salute," cried Eben. And away they scampered up into the bare chamber.

"Good-bye! Good-bye, old house!" they all shouted uproariously into every corner. A startled mouse sprang out at the sound, and shot across the loose boards of the floor.

"Ha, Mrs. Mousey! you won't have your house much longer!" Hurrah! And down stairs they went, pell-pell, into the street, and across it.

Ten minutes later, half of them lay in their beds upon the floor, whither the other half seemed preparing to follow—all except Laura, the eldest.

She had danced and laughed with the rest, quite as merrily as any. But the excitement had died away with her, the youngest, and a sober second thought made her feel that she should like to bid the old house a different kind of good-bye. So, putting a handkerchief over her head, she stole across.

She was not a timid girl, nor was she afraid of the dark shadows which the moonbeams threw on the stripped walls. But the echo of her footsteps solemnized her; and, just then, a little noise overhead quite startled her.

"It is the mouse," she thought; "how silly I am!" But she was not quite satisfied, and was standing at the foot of the stairs, questioning whether she dared go up, when the sounds came nearer, and much to her relief, her grandma's snowy cap peered down in the moonlight.

"Is you, is it dear?" she called, kindly. "Come up, Laura."

"Why, grandma, what kept you up so late?" asked the girl in some surprise.

"It's hard getting to 'sleep' under a strange roof," sighed the old lady.

"Laura saw that her lip quivered, and in a moment she thought of all that this old house must have been to grandma; the home of sixty loving years. Her own eyes filled with tears."

"Dear grandma," she cried, putting her arms around the neck of the bent old lady, "indeed, the new house will be a great deal prettier than this, and a great deal better for you!"

"I dare say—I dare say, deary. There's a time to break down, and a time to build up," said the good wordsayer. "But I didn't think to have lived to see it! Well-a-day! I'll soon come for the teneament of clay!"

Laura, who but half understood this last expression, stood trying to cheer the old lady, who soon permitted Laura to lead her to the door of her chamber. She stopped there and turned her head round once.

"Was that always your room, grandma?" asked Laura, as they went out.

"Twas my bride chamber," replied the grandmother. "My good man, your grandfather—that's at rest, was born in it, and every one of his children. They're gone—gone," and she fell into a sort of reverie, as they walked along to the shop, her old new rooming place.

In a little chamber of that shop, five months after, the good lady lay upon her dying bed.

She had faded away, from day to day, so gradually that the younger members of the family knew nothing of her danger, and the older ones did not realize that their dear friend was so near the angels.

"You'll be better to-morrow, grandma, won't you?" asked Laura, coming up to the bedside.

"Father says the plastering is all but dry in the chambers, and we can move into the new house, in a day more. Oh! how glad I shall be! You will be so much more comfortable than you are in this shabby place."

Grandma had not talked much for several days. Still she retained her senses perfectly, and she smiled kindly on her child nurse.

"Deary," she spoke with an effort, in a few moments.

"What, grandma?" exclaimed Laura, startled by the huskiness of her voice.

"Call James," she said. Laura ran to summon her father, who was busy in the arrangements of the new house.

"What, is grandma worse?" asked Mrs. A., turning from a carpet rug, over which she had been puzzling her wits for the last ten minutes. "Dear me, this pattern never will match any way I can fix it! Worse, did you say, Laura?"

"Indeed, I am afraid so, ma. She can hardly speak, and she looks so pale. I wish you'd come!"

"Well, she don't talk much, you know. But I'll come right over. Your father has gone—hasn't he?"

James Appleton was already at his mother's bedside. He saw in a moment that a change had come over her, and called his wife and children immediately.

She was dying—but so gently and sweetly, and there was nothing to terrify. She smiled as kindly as ever—glanced around on the startled little ones, and then put out her withered hand to each; but her speech was almost gone. She pointed through the window, as her son, at her request, lifted her in his arms, to the new house, which stood white and glittering in the sunshine, and said "I shall soon be in another house!" then sunk back, and gently fell into her long sleep.

A burst of grief from little Jemmy broke the silence. He had been grandma's pet, and he could not bear to see her lying so pale and still. Poor little fellow, he never had seen death before. His mother, with tears in her own eyes, carried him out, and the children followed, weeping.

The first evening in the new house was passed very differently from the last evening in the old. That morning the body of grandma had been laid to rest, beside that of the husband she loved, in the churchyard. Sad and tearful, the family returned; and the children silently busied themselves in carrying the remains of the furniture to their new home, with scarcely a thought of joy. Grandma had not been a stern, dreaded tyrant to them. She had been a kind nurse in sickness, and sympathizer in trouble; and for this they loved her yet.

Supper had been eaten without any words. The father sat down by the new stove, in which a fire was smouldering—for it was a cool evening, in autumn. The children came about him, and Sarah laid her curly head on his shoulder.

"If grandma had only lived to come into the new house!" she exclaimed.

Her father put his arms around her.

"Grandma is better off," he said, with a sigh. "Father, what did she mean by 'another house'?" asked Joseph, in a low tone, after a pause.

"That's not so good as our new house," said simple little Phoebe.

"Her house is in heaven, deary," spoke up mamma, who was rocking the baby to sleep in grandma's chair. "Don't you remember where it says, in my father's house are many mansions?"

"Grandma, we believe, was a Christian woman, and she has gone to one of those mansions," said all at once.

"Grandma's earthly house had grown almost as old as our old homestead," added James Appleton. "You were glad enough, all of you children, when the time came for the old time to be torn apart. They had done good service in their day. But you know your grandpa had a better house. So with your grandma, she had lived her day, and done all the good she could do. God has taken down her old house, and we have buried it in the grave. Are you sorry that He has taken her to a better home?"

He brushed away a son's tear as he ended. All the children were silent, except little Phoebe, who looked up as if puzzled.

"Will grandma have room for us in her new house?"

"Yes, deary, I hope so," replied her father, stroking her head. "We must live such lives as grandma lived, and pray as grandma prayed, if we would go to her—she cannot again come to us. But it is time for prayers, I believe. Jemmy must be going to bed. Sit down, all of you, and I will read."

The children obeyed, and the father read that sublime chapter in Corinthians, commencing, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"I shall not wish grandma in our new house, again," said Sarah, as she laid her head on her pillow that night.

"No, indeed," answered Laura, wiping her eyes, and glancing up to the moonlight that streamed through the uncurtained window.

Laura knelt down after Sarah had gone to sleep, and prayed that her grandma's 'new house,' in heaven might be hers when the 'earthly house' of her spirit should have grown old, like hers, and tottered to decay.

A pleasant, happy life the children have lived since then, in that 'new house.' May they all meet in a better home that never will grow old!

A RETORT.—During the war of 1812, it was the misfortune of many American officers to be prisoners in Canada, and not always to meet with the best of treatment. True, they were physically well attended to, and generally supplied with food and clothing, but they were subjected toibes and mortifying remarks, which not unfrequently called forth a Roland for an Oliver.

On one of these occasions (it was just after the flight of the President from Washington, and before the news of his safety had reached Quebec) an English officer gave the insulting toast under the circumstances, "Mr. Madison, dead or alive!"

Words cannot express the indignation of the American officers, nor their surprise when they saw a prisoner rise from his chair, return thanks for this recollection of his country's chief magistrate, and in the blindest voice call on all to fill, as he was about to make a return.

There was a peculiar something visible, however, which led his companions to think they might follow his example, which they did. In a calm, unmoved voice he gave the toast,—"His royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, drunk or sober!"

Had a shell exploded on the table, the amazement could not have been greater; and the person who had given the first toast, said, "That, sir, is an insult."

"No, said the American, it is a reply to one, that's all." He continued, "It is an insult, repeat it!"

The English are in the main a chivalrous race, and the commencement of the words dispute was indulged to explain, and the party dispersed. This retort is sometimes attributed to the

late Major General Kearney, and at others to the deceased Major Lomax, of the artillery; both one and the other were capable of it, for they were men of quick wit, and nerve and courage to sustain what they thought circumstances demanded on all occasions.

THE WAY THEY MAKE HOT BEDS IN GERMANY.—Take white cotton cloth, of a close texture, stretch and nail it on frames of any size you wish; take two ounces of lime water, four ounces of linseed oil, one ounce of white eggs, two ounces yolk of eggs, mix the lime and oil with very gentle heat, beat the eggs well separately, and mix them with the former; spread the mixture with a paint brush over the surface of the cotton, allowing each coat to dry before applying another, until they become water-proof. The following are the advantages this shade possesses over a glass one: 1. The cost being hardly one-fourth—2. Repairs are easily made. 3. They are light. They do not require watering; no matter how intense the heat of the sun, the plants are never struck down or burnt, faded, or checked in growth—neither do they grow up so long, sick and weakly, as they do under glass, and still there is abundance of light—4. The heat arising entirely from below, is more equable and temperate, which is a great object. The vapor rising from the manure and earth is condensed by the cool air passing over the shade, and stands in drops on the inside, and therefore the plants do not require as frequent watering. If the frames are large, they should be intersected by cross-bars about a foot square, to support the cloth. These articles are just the thing for bringing forward seeds in season for transplanting.

[Plough, Loom and Anvil.]

SENATOR BADGER'S AFFECTION FOR HIS "DEAR OLD MAMMY."—The correspondent of the N. Y. Times says:

Senator Wade made a capital argument against the bill on Friday night, handling the subject with remarkable skill, and by his ready wit, prompt repartees and pointed sarcasms, reminding his auditors of a gifted son of Ohio, not now a member of the Senate. One or two of his points are too good to be lost.

Mr. Badger had drawn a glowing picture of the institution of Slavery, telling in the course of his remarks of his good old 'mammy,' the negro nurse who had nursed him from childhood to manhood, and who, he bitterly complained, he could not take with him into Nebraska, if the opponents of the bill succeeded in securing the prohibition of slavery therein.

Mr. Wade saw but one difficulty in the case. Nobody had any objection to the Senator's taking his dear, affectionate old 'mammy' to Nebraska, with him, and nobody would think of interfering to prevent it. The only difficulty that the senator would meet with, that he could not sell her when he got there! Roars of laughter greeted the peculiarly ridiculous attitude in which this sally placed the Senator from North Carolina. At another time Mr. Wade was arguing to show that slaves were not property in the constitutional meaning of the term. If a man carried his horse out of a slave State into a free State, he did not lose his property interest in him; but if he carried his slave into a free State, the law made him free at once.

Mr. Butler, interposing, said: "Yes, but they won't stay with you; they will come back to us in spite of you."

Mr. Wade responded, amid roars of laughter. "Oh yes, I know they love you so well that they have to make a Fugitive Slave Law to catch 'em."

A little boy had a colt and a dog he called and thought his (though doubtless, the boy's colt, when grown up, was 'father's horse,' and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him—just to see what he would say—"to give them one or both of his pets. One day he told a gentleman present he might have his colt—reserving the dog much to the surprise of his mother, who asked:

"Why, Jacky, why didn't you give him the dog?"

The boy who had planned out a very sage stratagem of his own, slyly replied:

"Say, noddin', say noddin', mother, when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him!"

The American people warmed up into a blaze of indignation when an English lady, Miss Cunningham, was imprisoned at Florence, for endeavoring to convert the subjects of the Grand Duke to Protestantism. But the imprisonment of Mrs. Douglas, at Norfolk, Va., for teaching slaves to read, is taken quite calmly. Like 'Mrs. Jellyby,' our sympathies run warmly for 'Borrioboola Gha' Missions, but oppression and imprisonment nearer home are things 'not in our line.'

ALBANY EVENING JOUR.

DEFINITION OF A WOMAN.—The Strong Minded Woman is a dragon in a nightcap.

The Obstinate Woman goes to sea in a band-box.

The Patient Woman roasts an ox with a sun glass.

The Curious Woman would like to turn the rainbow, to see what there is upon the other side.

The Vulgar Woman is a spider attempting to spin silk.

The Cautious Woman writes her promises on a slate.

The Envious Woman kills herself in endeavoring to lace tighter than her neighbors.

The Extravagant Woman burns a wax candle in looking for a Lucifer match.

The Happy Woman died in a Blind and Deaf Asylum years ago.

SUIT FOR MALPRACTICE.—In the recent case of James McWha vs. Dr. Alexander McCandless, in Maryland, the decision of the Court was rendered against the Doctor, as follows: "that the defendant was bound to bring to his aid the skill necessary for a surgeon to set the leg so as to make it straight and of equal length of the other when treated; and if he did not, he was accountable for damages, just as a stone mason or a bricklayer would be in building a wall of poor materials, and the wall fell down, or if they built a chimney, and it should smoke by reason of a want of skill in its construction." Dr. McCandless appealed to the Superior Court, who decided "that the implied contract of a physician or surgeon is not to cure or restore to natural perfection, but to treat the case with diligence and skill. He does not deal with inanimate matter, but has a suffering human being to treat, a nervous system to tranquillize, and a will to regulate and control." The ruling of the lower Court is therefore set aside.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Cogitations of a Returned Californian.

WATERVILLE, Feb. 14, 1854.

It is refreshing once more to enjoy the pleasures of New England society. So many tender and agreeable recollections cluster around me that I almost imagine myself in "a purer and better world."

The congratulations of choice friends, and among them the well remembered form and features of my confidential family physician, whose presence and counsel has mitigated, on several occasions, the sternest sorrows; the pleasant face and devoted heart of my beloved pastor; the welcome smiles and warm greetings of those revered patriarchs; whose wisdom and counsel in former times have been oases in the desert of strife to guide, protect and bless; the warm and brotherly grasp of those contemporaries with whom I have acted in concert and stood shoulder to shoulder in the various struggles incident to human pursuits; the smiling faces and pulsing hearts of those good "lads and lasses" that must soon take the places we now occupy; all beget within me emotions not easily to be effaced, and make me half forget the many severe afflictions that have befallen me during my residence here and temporary absence.

Thoughts of the various private associations with which I have been identified, and their beneficial effects, crowd upon me as pleasant reminiscences of the past; and even the white mantle that covers the green earth seems an emblem of purity, to remind me of the more pure and elevated condition of New England society as compared with that rude and wild social state that is found on the Pacific side.

Home—that dearest of all words and most loved of all places—never seemed so precious, although bereft of the chief elements that make it dear. There is enough left to make life tolerable, and even happy.

But I perceive the modern El Dorado still has its votaries, who are lured from their peaceful homes to try their luck in that land of gold. At this juncture, when the prospects of realizing a fortune or even a competence, within the space of two or three years, are so much less than an even chance for success, it may be well to reflect for a moment upon other matters of interest in California, which affect our own happiness quite as forcibly as the possession of gold, and in comparison with which all that has ever been dug is of but little value to those who have friends to love and by them to be loved.

'Tis sad enough to be forced to endure the privations incident to a long absence from home, in a country whose social condition presents the very opposite of what we have cherished from childhood as the basis of our purest earthly enjoyment, and stand an equal chance, in the vicissitudes of life, of returning with health and fortune to comfort our declining years.

But when we reflect that there is not more than one chance in four of ever being able to return with the same measure of good health we carried away, and not one chance in ten of being able to return with a fair remuneration for our toil, and that our temporary residence, unstable and migratory habits of employment, have in no way contributed to the permanent welfare of the State in which we have been seeking our fortune; and also that the contagion of immoral habits and character is most likely to attach itself with such tenacity to our moral nature as to throw us far in the rear of our former position, surely the prospects of the future must be dark and cheerless indeed.

The unfavorable influence of the mines upon Character, Society and Agriculture, present serious obstacles to the advancement of the State, in all that constitutes true prosperity and greatness. At present California occupies but an inferior position in the social scale as compared with her sister States. Nor has the progress of society kept pace, in any proportional degree, with the increase of her population. The older States and other parts of the world, have been pouring in their thousands to swell the aggregate of numbers, but they have not carried with them the intellectual and moral elements which mould the floating mass into that social condition called good society.

The wilderness of thought, of passion, and action, have there received but little culture from the magic hand of virtuous intelligence, that transforms the rude temporary cabin and the roving habits of its occupants into a permanent home, whose palisades are the school-house and the church, and within whose walls reign contentment and harmony, and whose minds are invigorated by progress in the arts of industry and mental culture. The larger cities and some of the more favored rural districts present a picture more affected by intelligence and refinement. But even they are found to reflect much of the pernicious influence of the ever changing restless mass.

Individual character first feels the debasing force of such loose habits. The manner of obtaining "claims" produces conflicting interests, which it is for the interest of the parties to settle immediately if possible. Haste begets irritation. Passion almost instantly follows; local animosities, national pride and hatred, add fuel to the fire; the most violent and deplorable consequences often ensue. If nothing of a serious kind occurs, the harmony of agreeable associations is disturbed; each party retires threatening vengeance if the other dares to make any encroachments. But little interest is felt to forget wrongs, and for restored friendship; for neither party can ever cure the disgusting traits of foreign character, and a

week hence, they may be separated forever.

When another altercation takes place the party has grown more astute in its bravado, and firmer in its resolves. Resort is often had to "bluff" to frighten the weak or timid out of their rights. Men talk as if they would take your life with no more compunctions than they would feel by destroying a loathsome reptile.

With this bluster, and gas, they sometimes succeed; but quite often "Greek meets Greek" and the offending party is glad to retire with crest-fallen pride. Of all the means resorted to for the accomplishment of a purpose, the practice of "bluffing" is the most detestable, cowardly and disgusting to men of virtue and sense. It is easy to see what debasing effects are produced upon both parties by such a course.

Men love amusements. They have had them, and will have them while time lasts. But to make them subserve a good purpose they must be chastened by the existence of a sacred regard in each participant for the other's enjoyment. In a community composed of such diverse elements, and where each place of resort is open to all, distrust, jealousy, and hate, if they ever rankled in the heart, are sure to be aroused at the slightest provocation. On this account places of public amusement often become scenes of debauchery and crime. With the less boisterous and more reserved some private recreation, such as card-playing, is the chief means of diversion. But as this is often indulged to excess, and since it has no very elevating effect in its moral bearing, it is not calculated to give that vigorous elasticity which a man's moral and mental nature require to ensure improvement. The changes that are daily taking place by an exchange of a few old residents for the same number of new comers, less affected by a long contact with unsettled habits

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, . . . MARCH 23, 1854.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

The Legislature.

Hon. Steven Stark was elected president of the Senate on the 17th, in place of Mr. Moore, absent, by a vote of 13 to 7.

The bill incorporating the N. Vasilbore Manufacturing Co. was finally passed on Friday.

The bill to incorporate the new county of Androscoggin passed the House same day, 86 to 26.

Incorporating new banks and increasing the capital of old ones constitutes the most important part of the business of the legislature. A correspondent of the Age describes the process of doing this business as extremely careless, and induces the conclusion that much danger is to be apprehended from this source. A vast amount of bank capital has already been created; and there is yet time to double it, if the 'perfect looseness' continues a few weeks more.

Temperate Drinking.

"Well, neighbor Smith," says lazy Tom Guzzle, one morning during the great snow storm, "I thought I'd dig my way out, and come over and drink a little of your good cider this morning. The Ramrods hadn't been pouring out for ye, I hope."

"No," says Mr. Smith, "it gets poured out fast enough without their help." And after Tom had shaken off the snow and seated himself by the fire, Mr. Smith went to the cellar and drew a quart mug of the desired beverage. Tom turned down about two-thirds of it and returned the mug to the table to rest; and after a few minutes, swallowed the balance. Two or three pleasing anecdotes put neighbor Smith in a generous mood, and Tom took up the empty mug as though he had forgotten there was nothing there. Farmer Smith took the hint, and the mug was again filled to the brim. Tom poured down the better half, and put on his hat in a way that threatened his immediate departure. But he paused at the threshold—talked of the weather—coughed—pulled up his coat collar—till his hand slipped from the door latch and settled upon the mug handle. One gulp—"ahem,"—the mug was empty.

"Cider goes pretty well, such weather as this," says Smith.

"Yes—pretty well," says Tom, "and I'm pretty fond of a little good cider now and then—but, as for swilling it down as some folks do, I never could!"

"ENCORE!"—The high degree of satisfaction given to a very large audience by Mr. Bullard's class, in the performance of "Daniel," indicates very plainly that the lovers of sacred music would be gratified with another entertainment from the same choir. So full a house is seldom secured in Waterville, and rarely goes away so well pleased. As a whole, the performance was emphatically good, and highly creditable to the class; while some of the solos exhibited voices of superior richness and cultivation, such as are rarely found in the most refined concert.

We believe there is a general wish that the concert should be repeated, with such 'change of programme' as the excellent musical taste of the leader may choose; and we see no reason why a small admission fee should not be exacted to meet expenses. Such performances are creditable to our village, and the more of them the better.

A SHAVING FOR BARBERS.—Moore, of the Belfast Journal, and Emery, of the Eastport Sentinel, are going the 'total shoot' on human bristles. Emery has thrown away his razor, while Moore clings to his with a 'stiff upper lip' and nothing else. Emery charges Moore with being only half a convert to his creed, so long as the article of the lip is not included, and Moore retorts by charging on his opponent too much lip or too little face. So the matter rests, till next week at least; when if Emery gets no 'Moore lip' he will continue to raise the very 'Old Hair' with the barbers.

CRAYON DRAWING.—Mr. Chase is giving lessons in this pretty accomplishment, at his room in Wingate's Building. Specimens of his pictures exhibited at the post office certainly indicate a good degree of skill; and we commend the opportunity to such as have a taste and talent for drawing.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—The Augusta Age has a long and zealous exhortation to the democracy of Maine, against 'disbanding the party' and 'abandoning the democratic organization!' What can it mean? Who talks of any such thing? With a 'dead' whig party, and an 'abandoned' democratic party, what is to become of honest men?

PROGRESS OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Lucy Stone got \$100 for three lectures in Bangor, and the institution hiring her made money out of it. Bartlett, of the Jeffersonian, a man of tender heart and keen observation, seems to have inspected the property closely. Hear him!

She appears upon the platform at the City Hall, in a plain black silk dress, of simple Bloomer pattern, with pantalettes of the same material (as a distant observer would judge) and slippers loose but not flowing on the arm and close on the fore arm, extending to the wrist. A lace vest, disclosed by the dress, regular uniform from the shoulder to the waist, and narrow lace wristbands, are the only ornaments of dress she wears. Her hair, of dark brown, is plainly and neatly dressed. A gold watch

key upon a silken guard-chain is all the jewelry she displays.

CONQUEST OF CANADA.—It is reported in Canada that Uncle Sam has bargained with the Czar to pass a Russian army over the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad into Canada, to conquer that beautiful bit of British territory; and that when the work is done it is to be given to the old gentleman, in payment for the ride. This looks very much like a Yankee trade; and yet we suspect a plot at the bottom. The Yankees have an honest hatred of the old Bear, and a real liking for Queen Victoria; and where they "take a notion," there you find them in the end, whatever false colors they may show on the way. Of course, we shall look for the landing of a Russian army in Portland, and expect to see them march straight to the Atlantic depot. Then what do they know about railroads, or Yankee tricks? They will be put aboard the wrong train, slid off upon the A. & K. road, and at the rate of forty miles an hour dashed ahead to Waterville: where our Yankee *Barrell* will discharge the whole army into the Kennebec! A shout of "Long live the Queen," and another of "Vive Napoleon" will proclaim to the world one of the cutest Yankee jokes ever perpetrated: Let the Canadians rest easy, for our word for it, this is the plan. Everything indicates it; and nothing more surely than the strenuous efforts made during the winter to clear the track, and keep the road in good condition for transporting a large army. The river road is evidently in the secret; and to prevent the escape of so much as a corporal's guard, have kept their track concealed in snow drifts, while the press all along the route has been proclaiming that nothing but a "man with a wheelbarrow" passed over it.

Passing the Crisis.

It is most earnestly to be hoped that the snow-storm of Friday night carried us through the storm crisis for the winter. It proved one of the most serious obstacles to travel, both on Railroads and highways, that has occurred during the winter; though it was less severe elsewhere than in this vicinity. It was but trifling on the river below Waterville, but the drifts on the upper portion of the A. & K. Railroad were so bad that no train succeeded in getting into Waterville till Monday forenoon, although the best efforts were made to effect a passage.

SPEND YOUR MONEY AT HOME.—by buying your harnesses of Smith & Boulter, who will furnish you a warranted article as low as anybody else, and be within your reach if it proves defective—which is very likely to be the case when you buy work for which nobody is responsible. Such a shop is much needed in Waterville, and as Messrs. S. & B. "open well," we commend them to the patronage and good will of the public.

LYCEUM LECTURE.—There will be a lecture before the Waterville Lyceum, on Monday evening, by Rev. Mr. Kellogg, of Portland. Subject, "Democracy." Mr. Kellogg is well spoken of as a lecturer, and his lecture on Democracy is highly complimented by those who have heard it.

RATHER SHORT.—A Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Express says it is confidently declared there that in the event of a collision with Spain, the United States will have Cuba in sixty days. If he had added "and grace," it would seem more reasonable. Spain values Cuba at two hundred millions, and "sixty days and grace" is decidedly "short paper" for so large a sum.

We call the attention of our patrons to the advertisement of Messrs. W. P. Tenney & Co. Their warehouse, over the Boston & Maine Depot, covers an area of nearly one-half acre, and is probably the largest and best of the kind to be found in this country. The most of their samples are exhibited on one floor, thereby rendering it easy to examine their stock and make selections. It is really worth a visit to Boston to see their magnificent display of this desirable comfort of life.

"IN DEMOCRACY EVERY ONE IS AN 'ESQ.' THAT WEARS SHOES AND STOCKINGS."

What of that? In Maine many are "Esq." who wear nothing—of any consequence.

FIRE ALARM.—There was an alarm of fire yesterday morning, which proceeded from the paper-mill of Messrs. Sanger & Appleton, near the iron foundry. The engines were promptly out, but the fire was extinguished by spontaneous combustion in a pile of cotton waste.

FAST DAY.—Thursday, the 18th of April next, has been appointed by Gov. Crosby to be observed as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer.

BABY TALK. Two little boys, whose parents were spending a few weeks at Fort Hamilton, last summer, were boasting, as children will, of their 'papas,' and one of them with a good deal of pride said to the other:

"My father owns a sail boat."

"That's nothing," said the other; "my father has got a fast horse, and he won a race."

"Well," replied the first one, "what of that? Didn't my father's boat win two races last week?"

This staggered the young gentleman's faith in horse flesh for a moment; but recovering himself, he retorted with the following *non sequitur*:

"Well, I know what I've got that you haven't: I've got a dead grandfather in a tomb in Greenwood, and my father's got the key in his pocket."

The aquatic young gent retired into his shell. He couldn't boast of having a dead grandfather!

Some people wonder how the New York press are supported, and think their publishers are doing the people a great service in publishing so cheap. The price of advertising in the Weekly Tribune is fifty cents a line. It all goes to show that the public derive the most direct benefit from their local papers, and that the local papers deserve their best support.

FUGITIVE SLAVE EXCITEMENT IN MILWAUKEE.—The Hartford Courant has a letter dated Milwaukee, March 11, giving an account of a riot &c. in that place, occasioned by the arrest of a fugitive slave. The story, as told by the writer, is substantially as follows: A colored man named Joshua Glover, living in the neighborhood of Racine, had his house broken into, a pistol presented at his head, was knocked down and badly cut and bruised by Deputy Marshal Charles C. Cotton, and B. S. Garlem, his pretended owner; before any legal process was served upon him, was fettered and brought by night to Milwaukee, and confined in jail.

A writ of habeas corpus was not obeyed. A public meeting was called in Courthouse square by the ringing of the bells; spirited resolutions passed; a Vigilance Committee was appointed and other arrangements made for the protection of the fugitive. While these things were in progress, a boat arrived, bringing a large number of citizens of Racine, with the High Sheriff of that county, with papers for the arrest of the party who captured the negro. This seemed to increase the excitement; the fire bells were again rung, and then a rush was made for the jail. The front door was broken open by the crowd, but the inner door refused to yield to their pressure. A stick of timber was immediately obtained and this door was beaten in, notwithstanding the threat of the jailor that he would fire on the mob. The negro was rescued and borne off in triumph.

The Daily Wisconsin, printed in Milwaukee, contains substantially the same story as that told above, and adds:

"The persons who were engaged in these proceedings were sober, and were composed of Americans, Germans, and Irishmen. It is stated that the military refused to arm, and Jennings, O'Brien, McManman, and others, (officers in these companies) refused to call out the military companies unless every form and requirement of law were strictly complied with, and we learn that six captains of vessels were on the ground armed with revolvers and prepared to use them."

There will be a question elsewhere, why there was so intense an excitement? There cannot be a doubt that the attempted repeal of the Missouri Compromise has so far exasperated many that they consider themselves absolved from the obligation to enforce the fugitive slave law, which was a compromise measure yielded to the South for the sake of a permanent settlement of the slavery question.

We mention this circumstance as one of the reasons which incited some of the first men in the city for character, honesty, and integrity to give all the countenance they could to this rescue. Still, even they will, in their cooler moments, feel that a respect for law and order under our form of government is the only way to accomplish any permanent good.

LOTTERY SCHEMES.—The editor of the N. Haven Register begs the managers of the Maryland lotteries to cease their efforts to seduce him into imposing upon his readers by recommending their lottery schemes. He says:

In the first place, the laws of Connecticut, (very wisely in our judgment) prohibit the traffic in lotteries. In the second place, we should not buy a ticket, even if it was legal. In the third place, we never knew anybody to be the winner, in the long run, by the drawing of a prize. Fourthly, we have known men ruined by the purchase of lottery tickets, and wives and children led to suffer in poverty, when the wages of fathers expended in this miserable and delusive business, would have made them comfortable. Fifthly, the chance of getting a prize is about equal to that of being struck by lightning, and about as desirable. Sixthly, we have no confidence in the honesty of those who invest their money in them. We did once buy a lottery ticket—but it was a great many years ago—when we were young and green, and had a better opinion of mankind than we now have; but we can't positively say, can't be caught now that our eye teeth are out. Therefore, dear friend, whoever you are, be kind enough to stop that knocking at the door. Nothing can be further from our purpose than the design to pocket any of your 'magnificent prizes.'

THE RAILROAD DISTURBANCES AT ERIE. as our readers have been informed, have been renewed. The people, upheld as it appears by the public authorities, have again resorted to violence. Under the advice of a Judge (Sterrett) the truck which has been laid down since the last cessation of arms, and by which trains were enabled to pass Erie without break, was again torn up. A letter from Erie, in the Buffalo Courier, dated the 14th, says:

"There stands at this present time, a locomotive designed for the Illinois Central Railroad on the eastern track, but which is unable to cross the break thus made—and this, too, though the governor left directions that the Western track should not be hindered on this road. Judging from the past, it will be a long time ere the public can hope to have their wishes regarded by the people here, since that which involves no injury to any one, but rather a benefit, is regarded as trampling upon the vested rights of Erie."

A DARK DEED.—The Madison (Ind.) Banner of the 2d inst., says that on the Sunday previous a barrel branded 'alcohol,' was landed at that place from a steamer. Some things occurring to excite the suspicions of the bystanders that all was not right, the barrel which was directed to no one was opened, when it was found to contain the body of a man, who had evidently come to his death by a wound in the neck, with a sharp instrument. He had then been forced into the barrel, which was filled up with liquor. The appearance of the body was that of a man who had lived in genteel society. The impression prevailed at Madison that it was the body of Mr. Edward Slevin of Louisville, who mysteriously disappeared about a month since.

There are certain loads that we can carry, and there are other loads that we cannot carry if we would; and this Nebraska bill is one of them. The sentiments of the people are fixed and immovable on this question, beyond the power of the press—which is omnipotent when right, but impotent when wrong—to change or repress it. Resolved, as we are, to uphold the banner of the democracy, State and National, now and hereafter, and on all occasions, we are persuaded that we could do no service to either, by advocating a measure which is as thoroughly opposed to the convictions of the people, as to our own.

In view, therefore, of all the serious consequences threatened by this measure, we trust the House will give it its quietus, and thereby restore harmony to the democratic party, and peace to the country. [Age.]

FIRE IN FARMINGTON.—A fire occurred at Farmington Center, last Wednesday morning, by which some damage was done to the store and stock of Messrs. Keith & Field, dry goods merchants, &c. The fire originated in the office of Dr. Moses, burning through into the store beneath. During the fire, Mr. J. S.

Swift, (former editor of the Chronicle) who was carrying a pail of water in each hand, fell from a snow drift on to the sidewalk, breaking one of his legs in two places.

Message on the Black Warrior Affair.

To the House of Representatives: In compliance with the resolution of the House of Representatives, of the 10th inst., I herewith transmit a report of the Secretary of State, in relation to the seizure of the Black Warrior at Havana, on the 28th ult.

There have been in the course of a few years past, many other instances of aggression upon our commerce, violation of the rights of American citizens, and insults to the national flag by the Spanish authorities in Cuba; and all attempts to obtain redress have led to protracted, and, as yet, fruitless negotiations. The documents in these cases are voluminous, and, when prepared, will be sent to Congress. Those now transmitted, relate exclusively to the seizure of the Black Warrior, and present so clear a case of wrong, that it would be reasonable to expect full indemnity therefor as soon as this unjustifiable and offensive conduct shall be made known to her Catholic Majesty's Government; but similar expectations in other cases have not been realized.

The offending party is at our doors, with large powers of aggression, but none, it is alleged, for reparation. The source of redress is in another hemisphere, and the answers to our just complaints, made to the Home Government, are but the repetition of excuses rendered by officials to their superiors, in reply to representations of misconduct. The peculiar situation of the parties has undoubtedly much aggravated the injuries which our citizens have suffered from the Cuban authorities; and Spain does not seem to appreciate to its full extent her responsibility for the conduct of these authorities. In giving very extraordinary powers to them she owes it to justice and to her friendly relations with this Government, to guard with vigilance the exercise of these powers, and in case of injuries to provide for prompt redress.

I have already taken measures to present to the Government of Spain the wanton injury of the Cuban authorities in the detention and seizure of the Black Warrior, and to demand indemnity for the injury which has thereby resulted to our citizens.

In view of the position of the island of Cuba, in proximity to our coast, the relations which it must ever bear to our commercial and other interests, it is vain to expect that a series of unfriendly acts, infringing on our commercial rights, and the adoption of a policy threatening the honor and security of these States, can long exist with peaceful relations.

In case the measures taken for an amicable adjustment of our difficulties should unfortunately fail, I shall not hesitate to use the authority and means which Congress may grant, to ensure the due observance of our just rights, to obtain redress for injuries received, and to vindicate the honor of our flag.

In anticipation of that contingency, which I hope may not arise, I suggest to Congress the propriety of adopting such provisional measures as the exigency may seem to demand.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

The Washington Evening Star, a Democratic paper, thus handsomely repels the daily personal slanders upon Gov. Seward:

PERSONALITIES IN CONGRESS.—On the whole far too many personalities were indulged in on all sides; and we regret more than we can express, to find men of the press disposed, in their comments on such matters, to encourage the idea that it is the duty of Senators to come to Washington, prepared to fight duels, if their views are opposed in language as emphatic as that in which they feel called on to use in discussing questions before them. Even Northern papers take views of the duties of Senators under such circumstances, which lead us to the impression that they regard the position of these gentlemen in public life, as that of Irish lawyers and judges, as they were regarded seventy-five years ago. That is, as being obliged to fight at ten paces, if an opponent winked or stared at them. Mr. Wm. H. Seward, of New York, is the great bugbear of the press who do not coincide in his view of the fitness of things. There is hardly a conductor of a press in the Union, who differs from him in politics more widely than himself; yet we are ready to bear testimony to the slanderous character of all publications which represent him as aught but a scrupulous gentleman in all his private relations. He is a well abused man beyond all question. We have never yet exchanged a word with him, though we know from his long residence here, that as a man, he wins personal friends among those coming from all sections, in contact with whom he is thrown.

ARREST OF A HORSE THIEF.—Charles Weeks alias Horace Hodgson, passed through this city week before last, leaving a horse, sleigh and harness at Lewiston, supposed to be stolen from Messrs. Hill & Cheney of New Hampshire. Knowledge of the facts being made known to Nehemiah Ellis, one of the energetic Police Officers of our city, he, with the proprietor of the Kennebec House and another assistant, started on his track. Weeks was found in Bangor, and immediately brought back to this place and delivered to Marshal Hill of Manchester, who was in wait for him, and by whom he was taken back to N. Hampshire. [Kennebec Journal.]

QUESTIONS FOR PLAIN MEN.—1. Do you happen to know one earnest, hearty opponent of slavery—of any party, or of none—who does not depreciate the passage of Douglas's Nebraska bill?

2. Do you know one champion of slavery and its extension—one denier that negroes are human beings—one who asserts that slavery is better for the blacks than freedom—one who argues that the extension of slaveholding territory does not tend to perpetual slavery nor to increase the number of its victims—who doesn't either support this bill or very faintly oppose it?

3. Suppose you owned a farm remote from your residence and had hired a man to keep and till it—and suppose you should find after a month's absence, that your overseer had torn down and thrown away the strong, high fence wherever you had laboriously surrounded your premises—and suppose, on your inquiring what he could mean, he should answer you, 'O, I don't believe any strange cattle will come upon the farm, even though there is no fence around it'—what would you think of his sanity his honesty?

4. Is the cup of Northern forbearance under flagrant, wanton, burning wrong, about full? If not, do you suppose it ever can be?

HAIR BRICKS. We believe that a benefit would be conferred upon masons, if brick-makers would mold half-sized as well as whole bricks. Half bricks are often wanted for beginning and finishing rows, so as to have every alternate row break joint. To obtain these, the masons have to break whole or trim broken bricks. This occupies considerable time which would all be saved by half mold bricks, of which a certain number might be made for

every thousand of whole bricks of the common kind.—Sci. Am.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

A gentleman sent a friend, in somewhat a knowing manner, 'Pray, did you ever see a cat-fish?' 'No' was the response, 'but I have seen a cow-walk.'

A SETTLEMENT.—Did you mean to settle this bill at all, sir, when you made it? said the creditor in a passionate manner.

"I don't know, my friend," said the debtor, puffing a cigar with most admirable sang froid. "I want a settlement?"

"To be sure, I do, sir."

"Well, my dear sir, I assure you I meant to settle, and when I meant to settle, that was clearly a settlement! Ha, ha, ha! Good morning, my friend, I'll see you the fall!"

THE VOICE OF THE RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY.—More than three thousand Clergymen of all denominations, resident in Massachusetts and other New England States, have signed and forwarded a remonstrance to Congress against the violation of the Missouri Compromise.

THE TEACHER STUMPED.—It happened in a school room one day, while a class of very small boys and girls were reciting a lesson in arithmetic. It was about the first lesson.

"Five from five leaves how many?" asked a teacher, of a little girl of some six years of age.

"From a moment's reflection she answered—'five.' 'How do you make that out?' said the teacher.

Holding her little hands out towards him, she said, 'I put five fingers on my right hand, and then I took five fingers on my other. Now if I take the fingers on my left hand away from the fingers on my right hand, won't five remain?'

The teacher was 'stumped' and obliged to 'knock-out'.

The Cincinnati Commercial says that, on a trial before the Police Court, in that city, recently, it was stated that many hundreds of barrels of blood are annually used in that city for making sweet wine.

"Sammy, my son, how many weeks belong to the year?" "Fifty-six," said Sammy. "Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?" The other answered, "Mother put this boy to bed. He's getting too fat for bed."

We deeply regret to perceive by a late publication from the Washington Monument Association, that the contributions towards this noble work have gradually declined until its progress is threatened with suspension, unless active and available means are adopted to avert such a calamity.

In a list of premiums awarded a country fair, a reporter gave under the head of Domestic Articles—Best Bed Comforter, Mrs. Lewis and husband, Bangor.

The Westminster Review, in noticing Dr. Edward Beecher's 'Conflict of Ages,' says the remarkable solution of the eternal problem of 'which he speaks,' is but a revival, in another shape, of the ancient theory of metempsychosis.

The silver quarter dollar now issued from the United States Mint, is unlike the emission of 1853, being without the rays around the eagle; but the arrow head on each side of the date is retained, which was adopted at the same time with rays, and the design is altogether different from the present and the previous legal standard of purity.

"In short—ladies and gentlemen," said an over-powered orator, "I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you—that I wish I had a window in my bosom that you might see the emotion of my heart."

"(After a pause of some minutes) 'Wait! at a pane in your stomach do this time.'"

Washermen are said to be the most inconsistent people in the world, because they always look for soft water when they have been raining hard.

STRONG MINDED WOMAN.—On the banks at Willard's Hotel, Washington, is the following recent entry:—Mrs. Lewis and husband, Bangor.

THE FEMALE DOCTORS.—The names of the four ladies who received the degree of M. D., at the New England Female Medical College, on Friday last, are:—Sophronia Fletcher, Lowell; Lucy A. Harris, Waterville; Mary R. Jewell, Springfield; Martha N. Thurston, Lowell. It is stated that these ladies intend to locate in Boston.

If all the ejected tobacco quids were from this time to be dropped on the dome of the Capitol at Washington, the dome would be so completely covered with them, that the edifice would be buried deeper than Nineveh, before the next meeting of Congress.

Mr. Brownson has been invited to become a professor in the new Irish university, under the presidency of Rev. Dr. Newman, of Ireland.

The Belfast Journal says the spring thaw has taken place from that harbor, and nearly destroyed the sleighing.

PRIDE IN PATRONS. A little fellow from four to five years old having performed the knee of his trousers was intensely delighted with a patch his grand-mamma had applied. He would sit and gaze upon it in a state of remarkable admiration; and in one of these moods he exclaimed:

"Grand ma must put one on 't other knee, and two behind, like Edmy Smith's."

If he lives, he will beat Gov. Marcy, two to one. [Knickerbocker.]

A NEW WAY OF RECEIVING CALLERS. A letter writer from Paris says that one of the most beautiful women of Paris has taken a fancy to lie abed three days every week at five o'clock in the afternoon, in order to receive visits in her bed room. Often she goes out in the morning to make purchases, is visible to the naked eye here and there on the boulevards, and in the fashionable shops—then returning home, she addresses, makes a toilet in which she plays a grand game of hide and seek, and receives her callers. The letter writer who relates this incident, adds: "I bet if the fashion of receiving while in bed becomes common, she will receive while in the bath!"

LOOKING OUT. A young lady in this city, who lives near a railway crossing, appears to have no earthly concern except that of occasionally looking out of her window, and hanging her head out of the window. A rough way, the other morning, hailed her from the street.

"Hello, Miss!"

"What do you want?" said she, after the first flash of indignation at being thus accosted.

"The bell ain't rung yet," was the answer.

"What do you mean?" asked Miss.

"It was the reply to that sign says you're to 'look out' when the bells ring, but you are looking out all the time."

The young lady's head disappeared with a jerk, and the window was shut down with a slam.

FIAT. The house of Mr. Fairbairn, in the Waterville neighborhood, was entirely consumed this forenoon. Damage about \$500. We learn that there was no insurance.—[Bangor Mercury.]

THE DOOR CLOSED AGAINST HIM. The Congregationalist says: "We understand that Matthew Hale Smith, Esq., lately editor, and also lecturer against the Liquor Law, has applied to the Suffolk North Association for re-admission into their body, with a view of resuming his erstwhile editorial character, and that his request was denied by a unanimous and very heavy vote."

There is something very ethereal in the passion of young 'lawyers.' How strikingly is this evinced in the case of young Abner, who begged his mistress not to send her letters, as it took away the ecstasy of enjoyment in kissing them. Poor fellow, he got the sand in his teeth.

THE TRUTH AND FROM THE RIGHT QUARTER.—The New Orleans Crescent denounces in strong terms the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise. It pithily yet pungently remarks:

The great argument which the friends of fresh disturbance and renewed agitation on the slave question are now employing in behalf of their pestilent Nebraska bill, is, that they disturb matters to prevent disturbance, and agitate us for quietude sake. We humbly thank you, Mr. Pierce, illustrious promoter of Free Soilers! We are infinitely beholden to you, Mr. Douglas, most diminutive of giants! But really, gentlemen, we do not enjoy the plan of letting you break our head in order to have you plaster it. We hate your cudgel; we abominate your salve. You shan't make for yourself, as you hope to do, either your Presidential scepter of that, or your royal unction of this. Your salve shall neither anoint our head nor yours. We'll run no such risk to oblige you. We are very well as we are, and choose to stay so.

In conclusion, addressing its Southern readers in plain language, it says:

Hark ye gentlemen of the South! When you were stronger, you got the old Compromise stick to it. Now, stick to all the Compromises; for be assured that the next agitation will, in all human probability, be the last. There'll never be another Compromise; rely on that easy prophecy.

MURDER OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.—Last Sunday evening an Italian by the name of Giovanni Ferdinandi, who had served at Rome

in the Garibaldi Legion was willfully murdered in Williamsburg, between 7 and 8 o'clock. From the first examination made at the coroner's inquest, it appears that some Irishmen acknowledged that the victim was known to them as a bitter enemy of Bedini and his Church; and it seems, also, that he had become obnoxious to the Hibernians by paying addresses to a certain lady. While investigations are going on, we shall refrain from making further comments; but we hope that this horrible crime, committed against a peaceful and honest citizen, will be duly developed, and punished to the full extent of the law.—[Crusader.]

THE DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT.—The Supreme Court have decided that the 14th section of the Liquor Law is unconstitutional. This section relates to the seizure, forfeiture and destruction of the liquor. But it is merely the details of this section that are decided to be unconstitutional, and not the principle. The principle is admitted to be sound, on the ground taken by the Court, that when property is so used and disposed of as to be a violation of law, it may be seized, forfeited and destroyed; and the case of smuggled goods is given by them as an illustration. The principle then being admitted, the manner in which it is to be carried out by this provision of the law is decided to be unconstitutional, because it is a violation of that article in the Bill of Rights which declares that the people shall be secure in their dwellings from all unreasonable search and seizure of their property.

