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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Poetry.

ISOLATION.

"He showed me a desert, full of gulchlands and ports of
every kind; and in the midst of it a small, dark, and
lonely. Such is life, he said."

"All, all alone!" to solve the doubt,
To work one's own salvation out,
Casting our feeble hands about
For human help, for human cheer,
Or only for a human tear,
Forgetting God is always near.

Alone, with thoughts bewildering pressed,
With life a long, weary quest,
And hearts that break not, tho' they bleed.

Alone, alone, in utmost need—
With conscience firing, will dead,
And hearts that break not, tho' they bleed.

The lonely face hath never brought
His best look—the deepest thought
There is no rock of help but God,
And leaves him sobbing at the heart;

And beauty to the highest Art
Slips from the Painter's hand apart,
And leaves him sobbing at the heart;

And music born by echo back
Pines on its solitary track,
Till faint hearts cry, 'Alas! alas!'

And love born in his heart a tone
Known unto God himself alone,
He finds no answer to his own.

The vine press must alone be trod,
The burning plowshare pressed unshod—
There is no rock of help but God,
And leaves him sobbing at the heart.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

Miscellany.

The Theatre in America.

We take the following very just remarks from the Springfield Republican of January, 49.

A short time before Mrs. Mowatt retired from the stage, to take the hand and name of Mr. Ritchie, she issued an autobiography which was received by the public, as it was intended by the author, as an apology for, and a vindication of, her public life as an actress. The book, unquestionably, had the effect to attract to the writer much public interest and sympathy, and to lift her to the proud position of a heroine. It had another effect, and that was to endow the stage with attractions which do not legitimately belong to it—to make it a field where romantic women, with any amount of undeveloped genius and domestic trials, might win fame and money, and in time write books, and marry Richies, or riches, which is only the same word with another spelling. Still another result was effected by the book,—that of awakening a taste for private theatricals. This taste, which is now so prevalent throughout the country, received its grand impetus from this very fascinating book. We are not disposed to quarrel at all with this effect of the book, for, correctly managed, the amusement is as much more refined, and refining, than dancing, as brains are superior to boots. But there is an unfortunate tendency which seems to be almost inseparably connected with this intrinsically harmless amusement. In some minds, it must necessarily develop a desire for public theatrical life—for leaving all its immoralities aside, the stage is not, and is not likely to be, an American institution, in any just sense.

This book of Mrs. Mowatt's has been called to mind by another, from the same pen, just issued by Ticknor & Co., of Boston, entitled "Mimic Life." It is well written and interesting, as a matter of course. It consists of a series of sketches of scenes and characters with which the writer was associated, or became familiar, during her career as an actress. They are written with a tender charity which naturally results from the associations of her life, and are doubtless as closely true as she could make them. But of the book we make no more remark, as we only took it up as a text for a few words upon the American stage.

The stage has never prospered in America, and there is a cheap and convenient way which its friends have in accounting for the fact, that does much injustice to American character. It is the fashion to say that American society is not yet sufficiently refined and polished to support the stage,—that when it shall have arrived at the degree of polite advancement that is exhibited in European nations, it will become a necessity. A sufficient reply to this may be found in the fact that the most refined and the best people in America are the strongest foes to the American stage, while it receives its support mainly from the less intellectual and vulgar classes. Theatre-going, as a habit, among the higher classes of society, has never prevailed in this country, and probably never will. They are above the theatre—the theatre is not above them.

In America, there is no class of society, and no considerable number of individuals, who pursue amusement as one of the ends, or rather, the principal end of life; and the theatre can only prosper where such a class exists. The healthy public sentiment of this working country makes living for simple amusement disreputable—makes it a vice in the individual, and a sin against society. So long as this healthy public sentiment shall exist, that which is the chief prop of the theatre abroad will be wanting in America. Heaven grant that it may be long wanting!

But there is another reason why the theatre does not succeed better in America. The excitement of business, the free and unrestrained pursuit of absorbing schemes of profit; the large realities of American life, involving more of romance and poetry, and stirring incident and plot, than the most exciting and entertaining efforts of the dramatists; and extravagances and wonderful freshness and variety of American character—all tend to make "mimic life," upon the stage, appear so tame and unreal, that an active, healthy, American mind, of the true stamp, receives little pleasure and less instruction from it. There is no excitement in it for him. A steamboat race, with plenty of rosin and hams on board; or a buffalo hunt upon the prairies; or a voyage to Europe; or a trip around the Horn; and a look at California; or a grand excursion by steam from Boston to the Falls of St. Anthony; or a peep at Niagara; or a thousand or two miles upon the Mississippi; or a national horse show—all or any of these will attract his attention and excite him. There is life and largeness about them, by the side of which the painted pretences of the stage—and the ranting and clammy machinery, and the clap-trap—appear simply childish and silly—and well enough to witness once, but altogether too weak for a permanent attraction.

All this is true, and true without any lack of appreciation of high dramatic composition on the part of Americans. We doubt whether in England the works of Shakespeare are nearly so popularly owned, and read as in America, and when an interpreter like Mrs. Butler makes her appearance, crowds flock to the simple readings. They appreciate the poetry, but prize the scenery and action of the drama, and imagine to any representation by men of small calibre and machinery of clumsy contrivance. They prefer to think for themselves, and to have nothing stand between them and their ideas.

But the people must have amusements. Very true, and they have amusements. Many people get their amusement in their business—amusement which they prefer to any other. Work that is not drudgery does not call for amusement as its relief; and a grand trouble is

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. IX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1856.

NO. 36.

From the New York Daily News.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

Give me the hand that is warm and ready,
Give me the hand that is calm, true and steady,
Give me the hand that will never deceive me,
Give me the grasp that I may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman,
Hard is the hand of the rough sturdy man;
Soft palm or hard hand—it matters not to me,
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother,
Give me the hand that has harmed not another,
Give me the hand that has never forsaken me,
Give me the hand that I may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-eyed maiden,
Lovely the hand of the earnest old man;
Lovely or ugly—it matters not to me,
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Give me the breeze and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes me,
Close as the twine of the vine of the Summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother,
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;
Soft palm or hard hand—it matters not to me,
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Agricultural Condition of Maine.

The following interesting statistics exhibiting the agricultural condition of Maine, are gathered from the Report of Hon. Ezekiel Holmes, Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, recently made to the Legislature:

In point of numbers, the farmers of Maine eclipse either of the New England States—numbering 77,016, while New Hampshire has but 47,408; Vermont 48,312; Massachusetts 56,582; Rhode Island 8,398; Connecticut 81,756.

We have in the State 1,039,596 acres of improved land in farms, and 2,515,797 acres of unimproved land in farms. These added together will make 3,555,393 acres in all the farms.

The average of improved acres to each farmer in Maine, amounts to a fraction over 26, which is a less number than can be found to a farmer in any other New England State. We also find that the whole value of these farms amounts to \$55,000,000 or a little more than \$12 per acre;—that in 1850 there were bred in Maine 41,721 horses, 55 mules, 133,556 milch cows, 83,933 working oxen, 125,890 other cattle, 451,577 sheep, 54,598 swine, the whole value of which stock is nearly ten millions of dollars.

There was raised in 1850, 296,255 bushels of wheat, a little more than a quarter of what was raised before the recent attack of the crop; 101,916 bushels of rye, 3,720,056 bushels of Indian corn; 1,181,037 bushels of oats; 1,364,034 pounds of wool; 205,541 bushels of peas and beans; 3,486,000 bushels of potatoes; 151,781 bushels of barley; 107,218 bushels of buckwheat.

Our orchards produced \$342,865 worth; our market gardens \$122,389—there was made 9,243,811 pounds of butter, and 1,434,454 lbs. of cheese.

That there was cut 755,889 tons of hay, and there was raised 9,000 bushels of other grass seeds.

That there was also raised 40,000 pounds of hops, 17,000 pounds of flax, 580 bushels of flax-seed, 550 pounds of silk cocoons.

There was 94,000 pounds of maple sugar, 8000 gallons of molasses, and 19,000 pounds of honey and bees wax collected. Our home-made manufactures being worth over a half million of dollars, and the value of slaughtered animals more than a million and a half of dollars.

In 1850 there were 133,556 milch cows, affording about 9,243,811 pounds of butter, or about 69 pounds to the cow. There are seven States better than this. New York the average to a cow is 85 pounds. The reason of our cows not being equal to those of others must be that they are not so good and so well kept.

"Better cows, and better feed,
And Maine in butter takes the lead."

In 1850 the amount of cheese, according to returns, was 2,434,454 pounds. Seven States also take the lead of us in the amount of cheese yielded per cow. Dr. Holmes says we ought to make more than enough butter to supply our population, and instead of sixty-nine pounds per cow, the average ought to be a hundred.

In regard to the article of wool, we raised 1,364,034 pounds. This gives a fraction over two pounds to every individual in the State. It has been estimated, by those who have had experience in clothing people, that every individual requires, on the average, seven pounds per annum to make him comfortable. We have according to this, a deficiency of 8,835,066 pounds, which must be obtained from other sources.

In order to supply the deficiency we need to keep 945,322 more sheep than we now do. To winter these sheep would require 171,000 tons of hay, and allowing 77,000 farmers in Maine, each farmer to bring this about would have to raise a fraction over two tons more hay than is now produced. Many States are ahead of us in wool raising. Vermont, with 268,000 farmers, has a half million more acres of land under improvement than we have; keeps over a half million more sheep than we do; clips over two millions of pounds of wool more than we do.

Does it need any argument to prove this?

Let us turn our eyes to any part of the world and see for ourselves whether it is exuberance of soil, or mildness and sweetness of climate, that exhibits the most flourishing and most profitable instances of agriculture; or whether it is not where these natural advantages are scarcely found, but where the mind of the operators is highly instructed, and "happily, honorably and industriously employed." It is "where the great purposes of heaven are fully carried out—the great duty of man thoroughly performed—the laws of our nature obeyed—that earth welcomes most cordially man's effort, and pays most bounteously his toil."

The report closes with some further observations on the importance of encouraging the various agricultural societies now in operation, and of looking to substance rather than show in exhibitions, which are merely expensives and not the ends of agricultural pursuits.

This report is but preliminary to another which will follow when the necessary information and returns are made from the various agricultural societies.

Girls should Learn to Keep House.

No young lady can be too well instructed in anything that will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she may occupy, she needs a practical knowledge of the duties of a house-keeper. She may be placed in such circumstances that it will be unnecessary for her to perform much domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she was obliged to preside personally over the cooking stove and pantry. Indeed, I have often thought it was more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the work with our own hands.

Mothers are frequently so nice and particular in their arrangements, that they do not like to give up any part of their care to their children. This is a great mistake, for they are often burdened with labor, and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful—to assist their parents in every way in their power, and consider it a privilege to do so.

Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery like those who have suffered the inconveniences and mortifications of ignorance. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to bake and experiment in cooking in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help they afford, still it is a great advantage to them.

I know a little girl who, at nine years old, made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how much yeast and flour to use, and she became an expert baker. Whenever she is disposed to try her skill in making simple cakes and pies, she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning an important lesson. Her mother calls her "her little housekeeper," and she often permits her to get what is necessary, for the table. She hangs the keys by her side and very musical is their jingling to her ears. I think, before she is out of her teens, upon which she has not yet entered, that she will have some idea how to cook.

Some mothers give their daughters the care of house-keeping, each week by turns. It seems to me a good arrangement, and a most useful part of their education.

Domestic labor is by no means incompatible with the highest degree of refinement and mental culture. Many of the most elegant and accomplished women I have known, have looked well to their household duties, and have honored themselves and their husbands by so doing.—[Anon.]

LEAP YEAR.—On the subject of leap year and the rights and privileges of the ladies, the Philadelphia Ledger says:

"Don't be prudish, ladies, we beseech you, any longer. Matrimony is the best condition for us brutes of men as well as for your charming selves; and you will really be doing a service by seizing all stray bachelors of this leap year and impounding them in matrimony.—Some old rogue once said that marriage was like those very rat-traps, where a hollow cone, the big end out, invites the victim to enter, by the smell and sight of toasted cheese within; but when he attempts to leave, the sharp wires of the little end of the cone hint pointedly at the impossibility. The story is a wicked libel on matrimony, ladies, which is not a rat-trap, any more than you are toasted cheese. The man who don't know that matrimony is good for him is so far forth demented, and the sooner he is put into the husband's straight-jacket the better for him. You have a prescriptive right to civilize our rougher natures. Franklin aptly said that the sexes were halves of a pair of scissors, and neither was good for much without the other. Children don't know what is good for them, neither do we men all at once. So, as leap year is here, make an onslaught, once and all, on the bachelors, and let it be as fierce as a farm-wife makes on her poultry at Christmas. It's the destiny of turkeys to be eaten, and of men to marry the girls. Forward, march!"

CONGRATULATION TO THE DOCTORS.—Mrs. Dennison, in the Olive Branch, thus talks to the Doctors:

Doctors, one and all—from the beardless M. D., just out of College, to the gray-headed man whose horse and gig have become fixtures in our good old Boston streets—we congratulate you. Your hands will be full before the first of May—your pills will be called for, your plasters in requisition. Mix your cough syrups by hogheads; you will have plenty of calls for them. The ladies are preparing for you—they will be happy to see you. They are going in scores to the fashionable shoe shops, and buying—oh, such dear, tiny, sweet, exquisite little shoes, with soles as thin as almost as a sixpence—a well worn one—and they are going about these cold, snowy, wet, sloppy streets, with furs that cost thirty and fifty dollars, bundled about neck and shoulders, with thick cloaks and warm dresses and those dear little shoes, peeping in and out like 'little mice.' So, there you see your work is all cut short.

Quintessence is a hard gallop, behind! Death and the pale horse, and when he sees these souls of paper, he cries with a chuckle, 'there's another one'—and forthwith lets an arrow in to the side. Oh, foolish girl, go learn of thy brothers. Look at their shoes and then at thine. Do you dread the sight of a doctor? He will be welcome soon, and when that arrow has riddled long enough to fester in the wound, and the terrible coughing and the wasting flesh, the hollow eyes, the nerveless tread call for his daily care.

Air-tight Stoves.

A recent article in the Farmer reminded me of an idea in relation to air-tight stoves. The true principle of an air-tight has almost been lost sight of within a few years, by making them small, under the mistaken notion that the smaller the stove the greater the saving of fuel. There is no better method yet discovered of securing a soft, balmy air in a room at a cheap rate than from an air-tight of large size. Manufacturers make small stoves to suit customers, but true economy will lead a man to inquire whether a small stove is not really the more expensive. It requires more labor to prepare the fuel. The air-tight principle is almost entirely lost. The high temperature of the stove, speedily burns it out, as well as changes every particle of dust into carbonic acid, which will soon produce headaches, while it requires almost constant attention.

I have an air-tight made to order from the best of Russia iron, which has been in constant use for fourteen winters, and it is not worn out yet. It is two feet six inches in length, and of the same height, and will warm any room, giving out a large volume of heat at a low temperature, which is the true secret of a good air-tight. Among all the comforts of life in my possession, I have never yet found one to equal the somewhat unfashionable looking air-tight.

I believe that a little attention would give us air-tight stoves that would warm our churches, school rooms and private dwellings much cheaper and better than the present clumsy and expensive mode of brick furnaces. Any method by which a large radiating surface is obtained, (and no material yet discovered will do it at a cheaper rate than sheet iron,) and a corresponding volume of heat at a low temperature, and the object will be accomplished.

I have noticed another fact in the school-room. The habit of putting water on a stove is in most cases an injurious one. There is a large amount of evaporation, and the moment a person who has not been exercising, steps out of doors, he feels an unusually chilly sensation, which is anything but agreeable. Then if there is any vegetable matter in the vessel, it will certainly generate carbonic acid, and pupils will complain very soon of headache. Water kept in an open vessel in any other part of the room will supply all the moisture necessary. I have not kept water on a stove for twenty years, and find it much better than formerly for the comfort of pupils. But few persons distinguish between vitiated air, and warm air. A room may be cold but have impure air, or it may be warm and pure. Hence the necessity of some ready means of ventilation.

[Conn. New England Farmer.]

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THE PICTURE.

About the year 1730 Captain Burt, one of the first Englishmen who caught a glimpse of the spots which now allure tourists from every part of the civilized world, wrote an account of his wanderings. He was evidently a man of a quick, an observant, and a cultivated mind, and would doubtless, had he lived in our age, have looked with awe and delight on the mountains of Switzerland. But writing with the feeling which was universal in his age, he pronounced those mountains monstrous excrescences. Their deformity, he said, was such that the most sterile plains seemed lovely by comparison. Fine weather he complained only made bad worse; for the clearer the day the more disagreeable did those misshapen masses of gloomy brown and dirty purple affect the eye. "What a contrast," he exclaimed, "between these horrible prospects and the beauties of Richmond-hill. Some persons may think that Burt was a man of a vulgar and prosaic mind, but they will scarcely venture to pass a similar judgment on Oliver Goldsmith. Goldsmith was one of the very few Saxons who, more than a century ago, ventured to explore the Highlands. He was disgusted by the hideous wilderness, and declared that he greatly preferred the charming country around Leyden, the vast expanse of verdant meadow, and the villas with their statues and groves, trim flower beds and recumbent avenues. Yet it is difficult to believe that the author of the Traveller and of the Deserted Village was naturally inferior in taste and sensibility to the thousands of clerks and milliners who are now thrown into raptures by the sight of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond. His feelings may be easily explained. It was not till roads had been cut out of the rocks, till bridges had been flung over the courses of the rivulets, till inns had succeeded to dens of robbers, till there was as little danger of being slain or plundered in the wildest dille of Badenoch or Lochaber as in Cornhill, that strangers should be enchanted by the blue dimples of the lakes and the rainbows which overhung the waterfalls, and could derive a solemn pleasure even from the clouds, and tempests which lowered on the mountain tops.—[Macaulay's History of England.]

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.—An individual upon being reproached for some dishonorable transaction in business, as inconsistent with religion, replied, "what has religion to do with business?" The answer demonstrated his ignorance, or wickedness, or both. But if we judge from their conduct, this is the sentiment of many professors, although, perhaps, they would not avow it. Are they not acting as if religion had nothing to do either with business, with temper, or with our domestic or social relations?—as if it were a matter of opinion, devotion, or ceremony—a thing of the cloister, or sanctuary, which is to be confined to its own retreat, and never to be allowed to approach the scenes of worldly business and secular pursuits—a rule to direct us how we are to conduct ourselves in the house of God, and to regulate our worship; and which, having done this, has accomplished its object?

Is not this, I say, the view which, if we may judge by their behavior, many take of religion? But can there be anything more inaccurate? Religion is a permanent, all pervading, unchanging principle, possessing a kind of universality of nature. It must go with us, not only into the sanctuary of God, or into the closet of private devotion, but into all places; it must regulate our conduct not only toward the church, but to the world; it must operate upon us, and influence us not only on Sabbath, and fast days, and at all times; and must, dictate not only how we pray, and read the Bible, and keep holy the Lord's day, but how we buy and sell, and get gain. Religion has no exclusive time, or place, or sphere of its own, but is a matter of all times, places, and seasons.

My friend, religion has to do with business, whether you admit it or not, and if your religion does not go with your business or daily labors, you may conclude that it is not a proper kind of religion. Your religion may have nothing to do with business; be assured God's religion has, and it is only that religion that sees you do justly now, that will see you presented before the throne of God at last, with out spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

THE SAME EVERYWHERE.—A correspondent of the Christian Observer, writing from Indianapolis, Ind., says: "The tide of Intemperance has been pouring over the State like an angry flood, since the prohibitory law was annulled by the Supreme Court. The State is in a far worse condition now than it ever was, in respect to the sale of spirituous liquors. We have in effect no law whatever to restrain or regulate the traffic. Tipping, shops everywhere abound; and drunkenness is everywhere apparent."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MARCH 20, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. 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 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, N. Y. corner Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. A. W. corner South and Fayette streets, Baltimore.

S. M. PATTERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

LECTURES ON SPIRITUALISM.—Thus far the topic of the week in Waterville has been Prof. Brittan's course of lectures on modern spiritual manifestations. "Several gentlemen of Waterville," so says the handbill, invited Prof. S. B. Brittan, editor of the N.Y. Spiritual Telegraph, to give two lectures on this subject, which they arranged to have "free for all." The result was crowded houses on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and an appointment for two more lectures, on Thursday and Friday evenings. The lecturer is an eloquent and agreeable speaker, and the close attention of his large and intelligent audience gave conclusive evidence that the subject of his discourses is one from which the public will not be shut out. The liberality of the gentlemen who have thus favored their fellow citizens with an opportunity to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, is at least deserving the kind reception it has met; and when the lecturer closes his course, we doubt not his hearers will heed the scriptural admonition to try all things, and hold fast that which is good.

Thursday and Friday evenings, this week, Prof. B. lectures at the Congregational church, with a general invitation to the public to attend.

A LOAD OF WOOD MARKETED.—On Tuesday, Mr. Zubede Wyman attempted to cross the track of the S. & K. Railroad, with a load of wood, a short distance this side of Kendall's Mills, when his sled stuck fast upon the iron rails. Unluckily the downward train was approaching, and the danger to both parties was concealed by a curve in the road. When it was discovered it was too late to save a collision, though Mr. Wyman had barely time to unhitch his oxen, and get them beyond the reach of the flying sticks of wood. No damage was done, except to the sled and its leading, the latter being sadly scattered.

MUSIC.—See the advertisement of the Alexander Family, as Swiss Bell Ringers. The reputation of the family is sufficient guarantee of an agreeable concert, and one worthy the patronage of the lovers of this kind of music. There is no danger of hoax or humbug in this case.

THE WEATHER.—Clear, sunny days, and sharp, cold nights—thawing and freezing, but a little more of the former than the latter—this is March exactly, as we have it now—a days. Sleighing continues, but is badly distributed, as the boy said of his bread and butter when each hand held them separately.—Bare ground is spread too close to the foot of the deep drifts. Those who have property exposed to spring freshets should secure it as far as possible. The Kennebec sleeps so quietly that she must wake suddenly by-and-by. Look out for her, ye who have mills and lumber—we have none.

WOOD.—Ye who have small wood-piles, buy while you can. Wood will be wood next winter—and three dollars will not buy a cord of it. Just think of the railroads, and you will be convinced of this. Those who have young wood-lots will get their eyes open in less than a thousand years. Strange they have not done so before this time—but no less true than strange. Such lots are better than money in the bank; and some will learn it after they have cut and sold it for a song. Don't say we didn't warn you.

ANCIENT AND MODERN POETRY.—Who does not admire the clear sense and easy flow of Pope, the majestic imagination of Milton, the fire and passion of Byron, and the universal excellencies of Shakespeare? But with these, as with most other classic English poets, the poetic element co-existed with such a clearness and directness of expression, that the dulled mind readily perceived the meaning, though they might not appreciate the beauty. The same simplicity appears to have been considered a merit in the great poets of antiquity.—But when I am called upon to admire the poets of the present age—Tennyson, Browning and others—I find the difficulty of understanding their meaning destroys the pleasure I might otherwise derive from their beauties. Why are not poets now required to observe what has always heretofore been considered necessary to excellence—clearness and simplicity?

[Transcript and Elegiac.]

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.—The following passage was from one of Prof. Upham's letters to the Congregationalist. He is speaking of the captain of the steamer in which he sailed from New York:

"As we were about to start, I saw him move to an elevated position above the wheel, and it was interesting to see how quickly and completely the inward thought or purpose alters the outward man. He gave a quick glance to every part of the ship. He cast his eye over the multitude coming on board the ship, among whom was the American Ambassador to England, who may be said to embody in his official capacity, a nation's rights and honors. He saw the husbands and wives, the mothers and children, entrusted to his care, and his slender form, as he gave the orders for our departure, seemed at once to grow erect and firm, and the muscles of his face swelled; his dark eyes glowed with a new fire; and his whole person expanded and beautified itself by the power of inward emotion."

"I have often noticed this interesting phenomenon, and have come to the conclusion, if man and woman or either wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes—by having something to do and something to live for, which is worthy of humanity, and which, by extending the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it."

OUR TABLE.

THE LOST HUNTER.—A Tale of Early Times. New York: Derby & Jackson.

This is a novel on the good old-fashioned model—teaching no particular lesson either in politics or morals—the author comes before us simply to tell a good story. It is well written, and abounds in romantic scenes and wonderful incidents, with an occasional streak of the humorous. If there is a failure anywhere, it is that the denouement is not managed in the most effective manner. For sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

WOMAN'S FAITH.—A Tale of Southern Life. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Though a tale of southern life, this book deals with slavery only incidentally, and with no design of making out a case one way or the other. It contains some fine descriptive writing, and the story, though by no means entitled to the prefix of 'thrilling,' will be found quite interesting. It is full of lofty and noble sentiments, enforces lessons of pure morality, and indicates much refinement and culture in the writer. As a tale of the heart and a life record of one who, loving wisely and well, proves faithful to the end, amid doubt and discouragement, it will no doubt find abundant favor with all true lovers. For sale by C. K. Mathews.

COURTESY AND MARRIAGE; or, the Joys and Sorrows of American Life.

T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, has a novel in press, with the above title, written by the well-known American author, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, recently deceased. It is said to be one of the best things she ever wrote. The work will be issued March 22d, in a large duodecimo volume of over 500 pages, bound in cloth, for \$1.25; and in two volumes with paper cover, for \$1, and sent free of postage to any part of the United States. Address T. B. Peterson, 192 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

FIVE HUNDRED MISTAKES CORRECTED.—of daily occurrence in Writing, Speaking and Pronouncing the English Language.

A valuable little manual, with the above title, has just been published by Daniel Burgess & Co., New York, which will be found of great service to all classes, and particularly by those whose early education has been neglected. We commend it to the attention of our readers, who can obtain a copy by enclosing 13 three-cent postage stamps to the publishers, at No. 60 John street, New York. It will also be found at the book-stores.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—"The April number of the National Magazine is beautifully embellished with twenty-seven illustrations, and contains several articles from the pens of the most eminent writers of the day. Although preserving a strictly moral tone, it abounds in high flights of humor, and the publishers are endeavoring, by every available means, to suit the tastes of all classes of readers, by giving them not only a moral, but a highly amusing and instructive periodical. The following are the titles of some of the leading articles in this number: Scandinavian Sketches—No. III, Birds—No. I; Jerry's Ghost, The Question of All Hearts Answered, Elements of a Good Sermon, Scenes from Cowper's 'Task,' Methodist Church Architecture.

Orders for this Magazine may be directed to Carleton & Phillips, 200 Mulberry-street, New York; and J. P. Magee, Boston.

Subscriptions may commence with the January or July numbers. Terms, \$2 a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cts.; or, ten copies to one address \$15.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 617, a capital number, has the following things:—Life of Henry F. Fildes, Expedition against Rums in Siberia, Sir John Franklin, Our First Loggers, Song of the Vermonters, Part 2 of Kate Coventry, Life Peasants, Parliament, People, Peace, Remonstrances against Peace, Congress of Paris, The Promised Peace, Progress of Peace, Negotiations, Perfect Sincerity, Central American Question—with short articles, and poetry, as usual. Published by Littell, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage.

THE HORTICULTURIST for March has an interesting paper upon The Great West, some valuable directions for Planting Trees, and much other good reading. The usual number and variety of embellishments are also given. Published by Robert Pease & Smith, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year; colored edition, \$5.

THE WIDOW'S GIFT.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"Take it, my child, and with it take my blessing. A mother's blessing on her only son; There's naught on earth so truly worth possessing As is the Word of God, my child, and I. Look thou within it, day by day. By its commands, direct thy way."

"When thou art tossing on the mighty ocean, Think on thy mother's parting words, my child; Forget not God, but in unfeigned devotion Beg him to keep thee ever undefiled. Thou art thy mother's treasure, boy, See, thou dost not her hopes destroy."

They stood together one calm, summer even, That widowed mother and her fair-haired son, Beneath the blue and cloudless arch of heaven, When all that she could do for him was done; The parting hour was soon to come, When he must leave his childhood's home.

He bowed his head and wept in bitter sorrow, While the pale mother's tears fell thick and fast; And sick at heart he thought upon the morrow, And wished, but vainly wished, that it were passed. His voice was choked with agony As he attempted to reply.

"May God protect me in thy hour of danger, As I remember all thy words to me, And when in distant lands, a lonely stranger, I see thy gift, then I will think of thee. That gift, oh, mother, true friend, Shall guide me to my journey's end."

They parted—"twas a bitter thing to sever; She feared she never more his face might see; Or hear the voice whose tones to her were ever Sweeter than nature's sweetest melody; But cloudless faith to her was given, She felt that they should meet in heaven."

CAUSE OF THE COLD.—In a communication in the Scientific American. Mr. T. Barrows, of Dedham, Mass., alluding to the intense cold of this winter, states that he never saw the sky so brilliant and clear by day and night before. He attributes the cause of the cold to the hundreds of tons of powder which have been burned at Sebastopol, and other places, having passed into circulation large quantities of nitrous gas. "If saltpetre and salamoniac," he says, "be put into a given quantity of water at 50 degrees, it will reduce its temperature 50 degrees." He therefore concludes that the gases of the exploded gunpowder named have exerted a great cooling influence upon the atmosphere, both in Europe and America. On account of the pure cold air this winter he is of opinion that cholera, yellow fever, and the potato rot will not be so prevalent during the present, as in former years.

[But the winter in Europe has been a remarkably mild one; how is that accounted for?]

FIRE AT TURNER—\$30,000 WORTH OF PROPERTY DESTROYED.—We understand that a fire broke out at Turner Village, yesterday forenoon, about 11 o'clock, in the building occupied as a box factory; thence connecting with the grist mill, saw mill, and woolen factory, destroying all the buildings. By intense heat, the stock in the woolen factory was saved, but none of the machinery. Nothing was saved from the other building. The saw-mill was owned by Messrs. French and Chino of Turner; the grist-mill by Gen. Philo Clark, and the woolen mill by C. J. Faulkner of Boston. We do not know the name of the owner of the box-factory. We are not informed as to the amount of insurance, if there is any, on the buildings. This was a most disastrous calamity for our neighbors, destroying as it did a very important portion of the village; but we trust the buildings will soon be rebuilt, for our Turner people are not the ones to be easily cast down.—[Dem. Advocate.]

Sequel to the Cincinnati Slave Case.

In another column are the detailed accounts of the sinking of the steamer Henry Lewis. Among those who were on her were the slave woman "Peggy," (so well known in this city from the fact that she killed one of her children) with her babe, and at least four other slaves of Mr. Gaines. It was understood, it will be remembered, that Peggy was held subject to requisition, in Frankfort. The Kentucky papers gave us this information—Mr. Gaines gave them their cue. But on Friday, Peggy was sent to Louisville, and shipped aboard the Henry Lewis, which left that port at four o'clock in the evening.

When the accident occurred to the Henry Lewis, the negroes were in the nursery (as a place between the cabin and steerage in the stern of the boat is called) ironed by couples. After the disaster, they were heard calling for help, and to be relieved of their hand-cuffs.—Some one happened to be on hand to save them. Margaret had her child—the infant that she hit on the head with the shovel when arrested here—in her arms, but by the shock of the boat that came to the assistance of the Lewis, (as one story goes) she was thrown into the river with her child, and a white woman who was one of the steerage passengers, and was standing by her at the moment. This woman and the child were drowned, but a black man, the cook on the Lewis, sprang into the river and saved Margaret, who, it is said, displayed frantic joy when told that her child was drowned, and said she would never reach alive Gaines's Landing in Arkansas, the point far which she was shipped, thus intimating a desire to drown herself. Another report is that as soon as she had an opportunity she threw her child into the river and jumped after it. Still another story has it that she tried to jump upon the boat along side, but fell short. It is only certain that she was in the river with her child, and that it was drowned while she was saved by the prompt energy of the cook.

We are told by one of the officers of the boat that Peggy was the only female among the slaves. It is probable, therefore, that the story about the good looking mulatto girl, who was being sent South, and attracted attention and sympathy, is a romance. The last that was seen of Peggy, she was on the Hungarian, crouching like a wild animal, near the stove, with a blanket wrapped around her. Our readers will, we presume, be struck with the dramatic features of the Fugitive Slave Case, and that it progresses, like a plot wrought by some master of tragedy. First, there was the flight—the crossing of the frozen river in the twilight of morning, the place of fancied security, the surprise by the officers,—the flight with them—the murder of the child—the arrest—the scenes about the court room and in the jail—the long suspense—the return to Kentucky—the removal to Frankfort—the separation there—the approach of the messenger with the requisition for Peggy—her removal to Louisville—the pursuit of the messenger—the boat on which she was to have been taken South leaving two hours ahead of Cooper with the writ from Governor Morehead—then the speedy catastrophe to the steamer—the drowning of the babe of the heroine, and her own rescue, as if yet saved for some more fearful and startling act of the tragedy; and lastly, the curtain falls, leaving her wet and dismal, on a boat bound South, perfectly careless as to her own fate, only determined never to set her foot on the soil of Arkansas. There is something fearfully tragic about this. This must occur to every mind, and we shall look with much interest for information of the catastrophe which will complete the dramatic unity of the affair.

[Cincinnati Daily Com.]

How to raise Grapes in Maine. We take pleasure in publishing the following from Orrin Fuller, Esq. of La Grange.—That town is north of Bangor, some twenty-five or thirty miles, we believe, and if Isabella grapes can be grown there, we know of no reason why some of the earlier sorts,—such as the Northern Muscadine, the Concord, the Diana, the Clinton, &c.,—may not be raised with success in any part of Maine, and even in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. But to do this, favored spots must be selected, and especial care taken, as by our friend Fuller. He has hit upon the right plan. Any thing upon a terrace, sheltered well on the north and exposed to a southern aspect, will be earlier in spring and better escape the frosts of autumn than if grown elsewhere.

LA GRANGE, Penobscot Co.,

February 28th, 1856.

Friend Drew.—Having been successful in the cultivation of the Isabella grape for the past three years in this northern region, I thought it might not be uninteresting to the readers of the Rural to be made acquainted with the modus operandi. My buildings are on a gentle swell of land facing west and south; the vines were planted on the south side of the house on dirt thrown out of the cellar, with good surface soil intermixed, and raised three or four feet above the natural surface, which is kept in place by a rough stone wall pointed with lime mortar. The raising of the ground I consider of importance, as it serves to keep the ground dry and warm. Jack Frost will creep around the door yard for several weeks before he ventures to step up three or four feet to pinch the vines. I picked the grapes off of my vines the last season late in October, nice and ripe, before the frost had killed the leaves. I carried a few pounds to Oldtown, for which I obtained twenty cents a pound. The fruit dealer to whom I sold them said they were larger and better than the grapes he obtained from Mass.

Before the ground freezes I take the vines from the trellis, prune out the old and superfluous wood, and cut back, leaving from two to four buds or eyes on the wood of the present year's growth to raise the succeeding crop. I then place small sticks or pieces of boards on the ground, carefully lay the vines on them, and cover with straw, coarse litter, or evergreen boughs. In the spring, soon as the frost is out of the ground, I take up the vines and tie them to the trellis. I now stick some stakes around each vine, in a circle three feet in diameter and fifteen inches above the surface of the ground, fill the space between the stakes and around the vines two-thirds full of coarse straw manure from the horse stable; on this we put the suds on washing days. I occasionally throw on a handful of lime or ashes. By this means my vines are vigorous and productive.—[Rural Intelligence.]

FILLING AROUND CELLAR WALLS.

A correspondent (N. Y. Wellon, of Waterville, Conn.) in a note at the end of a letter to us, says, "this cold winter brings to mind a matter connected with the building of houses which I do not remember ever to have seen in print, and which, if generally known, is seldom practiced. It is this, in any cold climate cellar walls of houses should never be filled in around with loam or clay, or earth that retains much moisture, because the frost expands it, and it exerts a great pressure against the walls, leading to their ruin out of position. The effects of this are seen in many cracked walls, the breaking of window and door sills and sills; unjoined verandahs; and windows and doors rendered incapable of opening and closing, &c. In our New England States, this is done in many thousands of dollars yearly, all of which may be saved by filling in a few inches of sand or clean gravel next the walls."

[Scientific American.]

A HORROR IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The appearance of a crow was once considered ominous. In the House of Lords, at the opening of Parliament, occurred a remarkable apparition of a bird of that feather. According to an eye witness of the pageant:

"The diplomatic corps had already mustered in considerable strength, and in every variety of official costume, when the American Minister 'sloped' in in plain evening dress."

A gentleman in a plain black coat amid that variegated assembly, must have exhibited very much the appearance of the bird above mentioned among a multitude of peacocks, pheasants, parrots, birds of paradise, and flamingoes. No doubt the individual in question excited feelings of disgust and contempt, if not horror, in the mind of many of those about him, and of his other beholders, by not appearing in embroidered, illuminated, laced, and gilt habiliments, and the report of the contempt which he thus manifested for our more intelligent taste will be perused with heartfelt indignation, not only by many gentlemen, but also by many a gentleman's gentleman, who prides himself upon his epaulettes, and exults in his cockade, and rejoices in his plush.

Under existing circumstances the American Minister must have looked particularly like a crow, and an unlucky bird. Was not the Earl of Derby especially struck with the coincidence between the spectacle of that horrid man and the case of Lord Wensleydale? Did not the unadorned, uncolored, unblazing, lack-lustre American before him, overshadow to him a shocking notion of the future House of Lords—the idea of what vulgar intellect regards as a rational peerage?

The resemblance of the American Minister among the diplomatic personages to a crow surrounded by splendid fowls, is perceived by looking at him in a sensible point of view and the higher light. Too probably, however, some low minds may exist, disposed rather to compare him as he appeared in the House of Lords to a well-dressed gentleman who had chanced to look in at a masquerade.—[Punch.]

ROGER'S TABLE TALK.—We take the following extracts from a notice of this entertaining work:

"Of the Duke of Wellington's most perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Col. Gurwood gave me this instance: He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him and said, 'it will soon be all over with us.' 'Very well,' answered the duke, 'then I shall not have to take off my boots.'"

To the recollection of Wellington let us add one of Nelson. 'I have seen him,' said Mr. Rogers, 'spin a tetotum with his one hand a whole evening, for the amusement of some children.'

A friend of mine in Portland place has a wife who inflicts upon him every season two or three immense evening parties. At one of those parties he was standing in a very forcible position, leaning against the chimney-piece, when a gentleman coming up to him, said: 'Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home.'

We close the miscellany of brief extracts with some sayings of Sydney Smith, not to be found recorded, we think, in his memoirs. He said that — was so fond of contradiction, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

"When his physician advised him to take a walk upon an empty stomach Smith asked, 'Upon whose?'

"Lady Cork," said Smith, "was once so moved by a charity sermon, that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself."

PITCH IN.—This is a Young American motto:—"Pitch in!" The hopeful juvenile can never see anything which promises to be good, whether it is devoted to the gratification of the palate, or to some other pleasure, without obeying his natural instinct and pitching in. At home, as soon as he has escaped from his mother's arms, he pitches into all kinds of amusement and mischief. At school he pitches into everything except his studies. At college he pitches into cards, yellow covered literature, cigars and fast horses, and, although when he graduates he may pretend to study a profession, the first thing he does, he pitches into politics or matrimony, or both. If the latter is his proclivity, he does not wait to inquire whether the maiden of his choice is a suitable companion for him, nor even whether he can maintain her in decency and comfort. He only knows that he is in love, and because he is so afflicted, he pitches into wedlock without much regard to consequences. Though generally making a shift to get along in the world, and to spend a happy life, he seldom wholly recovers from the bad effects of being a little too fast in the beginning. If a fine speculation, offering to pay one, two, or three hundred per cent., is proposed, our national juvenile is sure to neglect his ciphering and pitch into it blindly. He scorns to feel his way anywhere, and right or wrong, must needs follow his instincts. This dashy, devil-may-care disposition is shown often in the young man's political movements and aberrations than elsewhere. He chooses his party sometimes after due deliberation, and sometimes from the example of his parents, but more often from mere caprice. He will generally be found on the side of the party which makes the most uproar, and is loudest in its pretensions to superior patriotism. His own stupidity often leads him to suppose that all men whose heads are grey, and who are on the wintry side of fifty, are necessarily old fogies, and neglect with the progress of modern affairs. Hence, he seizes with avidity upon any new political dogmas, and incontinently pitches into the ranks of any new party which may arise.

[New Orleans Courier.]

QUEST.—who furnishes Waifs from Washington, for the Boston Journal, in speaking of the 'Virginia State,' and the fact that the Virginians are really becoming jealous of the sons of the Puritans, and quotes the following passage from a late number of the Richmond Dispatch, in evidence of the fact:

"From the Kanawha to Hampton Roads their nasal melodies will fill the air, and the whole heaven be performed with the incense of their savory cod. They will build double track railroads to the Ohio, and to the Tennessee line, and a ship canal from James to the Ohio, in less time than it takes a contemplative native to turn over such a idea in his mind. Instead of our large estates, we shall have a multitude of small farms, cultivated by emigrants from the banks of the Connecticut, while Yankee school-masters, preachers, lawyers, doctors, and

and will overrun the land. The remaining Virginia families will be elbow and hustled about by the Puritan God-fearing generation, all their shall with themselves dead or in Texas. From these Obadiah and Jehosephah will make Virginia the greatest State in the Union; but is it by these instrumentalities you wish to be redeemed? either by Virginians or by Yankees? It is for you, sons of the Cavaliers, to decide by whom it shall be done, and whether Virginia shall continue a Southern, or become a Yankee State!"

LIEBIG AGAINST MATERIALISM.—At a time when there are so many half-way men of science, such as Atkinson, Eliasson, and a number of the French school, who profess to find in their researches that there is no such thing as an immortal soul it is pleasant to see a man of Professor Liebig's superior attainments arrive at very opposite conclusions. A letter from Munich appears in the Allgemeine Zeitung, from which we make the following extract:

"Professor Liebig delivered yesterday his first public lecture on animal chemistry to a very numerous and select audience. He avoided himself, on this occasion to declare, from his position of chemist and naturalist, his opposition to the widely spread views of Molesechott, Vogt, Buchner, and others of the most rugged materialism. He pronounced himself with dignity and energy against the 'deniers of mind and vital power,' and illustrated and combated, from his profound conviction, their erroneous theories on pure scientific grounds."

He showed how impossible it is to explain on chemical principles the existence of even the lowest connecting parts of an organism, of a cell or muscular fibre—and how much more so to account for the mysterious process of life and thinking!—by a change of matter. He demonstrated how unable those materialists of the latest school were to distinguish organic combinations from those (combinations) purely chemical. Nothing, he said, was more absurd than to derive the process of thinking and willing from a phosphorescence of the brain, as Molesechott had done. How much more of thinking stuff, then, (material of thinking) would there be contained in bones, which have four hundred times more phosphorus than the brain?

As we have learnt that Baron Liebig intends to publish this discourse in a combination of his 'Chemical Letters,' we decline to give here the course of ideas of the celebrated inquirer, and will merely remark that the effect of his discourse, supported by the peculiar clearness, calmness and gracefulness of his delivery, was most powerful. We hope, for its speedy and full publication for the benefit of the whole enlightened world. The decision of a high scientific authority produces generally deeper and more lasting conviction on the public than the wavering judgment of the individual mind on a question so difficult and intricate, and on which so much has been written in favor of it and against it. We know, next to Alexander Humboldt, no German savant whose name on the two hemispheres sounds better, and whose decision is more imposing, than that of the great chemist whom we pride ourselves in calling our own."

THE FILLIBUSTERING BAR AMELIA.—We find in the New York Herald the following extract from a letter giving an account of the hard-hips experienced by the officers and crew on board the bark Amelia, supposed to have been lost at sea, which arrived at St. Thomas in distress on the 1st of February in command of Lieut. Reed Weiden, U. S. N. Lieut. Henry Erben, who was also on board the Amelia, arrived in the Amazon, at Baltimore, a few days since, in charge of the crew.

The bark Amelia left Port au Prince on the 1st of December, and had not been at sea many days before the vessel commenced leaking, and sailing badly made very slow progress. On the twenty-fourth day out they experienced a very severe gale, which nearly destroyed the vessel, tearing the sails to ribbons. They attempted to make the port of Charleston or Savannah, but failed in doing that, and were carried to the eastward. The gale lasted for ten days, raging with the greatest violence, the vessel continuing to leak very badly, and it was with the greatest difficulty she could be kept afloat by constant pumping. They then attempted to make the port of New York before another storm should overtake them, but were not so lucky.

On the night of January 5th, when near N. York, expecting the next morning to be inside of Sandy Hook, the wind, which had been westerly and northwesterly for a few days previous, shifted to the north, and from that point all terror of the compass. It continued blowing a terrific hurricane for thirty-six hours. During the whole of that time the officers and men relieved each other at the pumps, every moment expecting the vessel to sink, the water gaining all the time to sink. Finally, and by degrees, the gale subsided, and they saw there was some chance of escape. Both officers and men suffered severely.

Finding the vessel a complete wreck, and getting out of provisions and water, all hopes of making a port in the United States were given up, and they attempted to go into Bermuda, but that was not accomplished. The greatest anxiety at that time was to meet a vessel which would relieve them of their hunger and thirst; but every vessel they met avoided them, giving them as wide a berth as possible, the Amelia being rather a suspicious looking craft. Supposing there might be some provisions in the hold of the vessel, an examination took place, when a barrel of rice and bread was found, but in a damaged condition. They then discovered the hold was swarming with rats, which, with the rice, kept them from starving. They were in this condition for 22 days.

At daylight on the morning of January 28th, a vessel was discovered, which proved to be the English brig, Ada, Capt. Williams, three days from St. Johns Island of Antigua, bound to London. Lieut. Weiden, limited him, telling him they were six days out and in want of bread and water or something to eat, and that they would be very thankful for anything, as they were starving. He replied he had no bread to spare, but would give them some flour. A boat was sent on board, and returned with only a part of a barrel of flour. This, however, they were thankful for, and with the rats and the rice they fared quite well. They then continued their course, and on the morning of the 31st January came in sight of the island of Sombro, and passing it, made, for the port of St. Thomas, where they arrived on the 1st of February, having been 62 days at sea and most of the time experiencing the fiercest sufferings.

Lieut. Weiden landed the vessel over to Major, Helm, United States Consul, who discharged her cargo and is now shipping it to N. York. The whole town was alarmed for fear an explosion would take place, as there were arms and ammunition on board sufficient for an army of five thousand men. The vessel, however, proved the most unwarlike that was ever seen in that harbor, and great credit is due to

the officers who, after 60 days' hardships, succeeded in getting her into port.

Thirty-fourth Congress.

SENATE.—Mr. Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill authorizing the people of Kansas to form a Constitution and State government preparatory to her admission into the Union, when she shall have a requisite population.

Mr. Clayton spoke in relation to the construction of the Clayton and Butler treaty and Central American affairs generally. He was gratified at the extraordinary degree of unanimity shown during the discussions in the Senate with regard to the construction of that treaty. All gentlemen had agreed in repudiating as utterly unworthy their regard, the new construction given by the British Government, namely, that it was only to have prospective operation; thus leaving Great Britain in undisputed possession of that country and all the rights she had prior to 1850, while it barred them from any right in possession whatsoever. Such a construction was an after thought and an attempt to evade treaty obligations.

Mr. Clayton alluded to the great importance of an interoceanic Canal. He had looked at the reports of explorations of the Pacific E. R., and while he was sorry to dispel an illusion so pleasant, he believed no railroad to the Pacific would be built for many years to come. If such a road should be made, it would not give the facilities which he desired, and which we should obtain by a passage through the Isthmus. Unless this country be blessed more than any other, we shall, before this road be built, be involved in a war with some of the greatest powers of the earth.

Approved of the whole conduct of the administration relative to the difficulties with England and highly eulogized the State papers of Messrs. Murray and Buchanan. He was also gratified at the energy with which the administration had put down filibustering schemes, he denounced Mr. Walker as a ruffian buccannier and pirate.

Mr. Clayton was no partisan of the President, but when our foreign relations are conducted with signal ability, he was willing to give the administration credit.

Mr. Clayton having alluded to Walker's seizure of the vessels of the transit Co., Mr. Seward inquired whether that company had not conspired at Walker's proceedings in Central America.

Mr. Clayton had seen no such statement, but did not know whether it was true or not. If it was true, though even handed justice was able, restore the poisoned chalice to their own lips.

Mr. Wheeler gave notice that he should have something to say, for he differed very widely from the Senator from Delaware, relative to the character of Mr. Walker.

HOUSE.—Mr. Gallaway advocated the resolution to allow the Committee on Elections to send for persons and papers in the Kansas contested election case. He said the country demands a full investigation in order to expose the rapacity by which the will of the people of the Territory was threatened.

While defending Gov. Reeder, Mr. G. said that Gov. Stanton had been buried above ground by the people of Ohio, but that the President had put out his aniling root and golden ball in Belmont County, and fixed him out, breathed into him new life and sent him out to govern the people of Kansas. Mr. Gallaway contended that the organic law of the territory had been violated and its legislature throughout tainted and fraud.

Mr. Valk said that the Committee on Elections asked for the extraordinary power of sending for persons and papers on no other testimony than the memorial of Reeder, there being no evidence in any manner sanctioning his position. It is Mr. Reeder pleading to his own behalf feeling the doubtfulness of Mr. Whitefield's offices and his own justification. Mr. Whitefield was elected at the time appointed by law, but Mr. Reeder, in violation of all law was chosen at a pretended election, and now claimed his seat.

RESTORATION OF THE KINGDOM OF POLAND.—The New York Evening Post contains a letter from St. Petersburg, which states that the Emperor of Russia has positively declared his intention of being crowned King of Poland at Warsaw, in May next, and that a government is to be established for Poland, and the constitution substantially revised. The Post's correspondent says:

"It is said, too, that Alexander will add to the title of King of Poland, that of Grand Duke Lithuania, and that the nobility of the duchy will take part in the coronation. This was the usual custom under the former dynasty of the Polish kings."

A brief outline in well-informed circles that the Emperor, immediately after the ceremony, will pardon a large number of political offenders, recall many exiles from Siberia, grant a political amnesty, with some few exceptions, to political refugees, and restore their confiscated property.

"The majority," it is said, "are the King of Poland, is desirous of endowing the country with an organic constitution, and of re-establishing the Polish language in the public schools and in the various departments of government, the heads of which department will be men devoted to his interests. In such an event, the Emperor would indeed become the true King of Poland, and the real father of the country."

Lastly, a Polish Secretary of State is to be

