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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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Reader, will you take a peep with me into the interior of a dwelling, in one of our eastern towns? We will look into the parlors. The folding doors are open, and both are furnished so exactly alike, that we feel inclined to rub our eyes and ask ourselves if we really see two rooms—we have a slight fear that we are laboring under an optical illusion. The furniture, though not very expensive, is choice and elegant, but in its arrangement, more attention has been given to order than to taste. The rooms have an orderly, unused look, which destroys every home feeling, renders them chilling and gloomy, and unfit for social enjoyment. The chairs, ranged at equal distances, and so despatchedly fresh and clean, have a repelling appearance; the very ornaments have a sort of touch-me-not look; the richly bound, unsold books seem to shut themselves tight, with a firm determination never to store a brain with their contents.

On a pleasant afternoon, once upon a time, a lady was seated in one of these parlors, with a needlework. A door leading to the hall was open, a window was raised, the shutters thrown back, and the beautifully embroidered white curtains lapped up; but there was dust in the street, and the light was only allowed to steal through the richly painted, semi-transparent blinds. The lady was, as the people would say, well-dressed, that is she was dressed in the reigning mode, but there was something in the methodical arrangement of all she wore, and in the regularity of every movement, that made one long to see straight lines and unbroken angles converted into curves. Her neck was straight and stiff; her head had evidently none of the bad habits of a lolling head; her elbows held themselves a-kimbo, like a pair of well-trained, alert elbows, that never were guilty of friction with anything. Her hair, parted in a straight line precisely on the top of her head, had long been cured of its natural morbid inclination to curl, and all the hairs were now marshalled like so many horizontal soldiers. Her face was a very good one, as far as color and features go, but there was a fixed expression of watchful, fretful anxiety, that darkly veiled all beauty.

A light, firm step sounded in the hall, and a gentleman, with a tall, fine figure, and a good-humored, intellectual countenance, appeared at the door. He spoke in a rich voice, with a gay tone and brilliant smile.

"So, Amelia, you have really opened the parlors for once, and I certainly wish—"

"Why, Charles, in a hurried tone, 'you seem to forget that the foot-mat is designed for use.'"

"There's no mud, Amelia, the walks are perfectly dry."

"But there is dust surely."

He paused, and with a half-impatient, half-amused look, wiped the dust from his feet.

Carelessly throwing his hat upon a sofa, he took a chair and seated himself near her. His wife rose quietly, and deposited the hat in its place in another apartment.

"How happens it that these rooms are opened?" he inquired, as she returned, looking round with a somewhat comical expression.

"Mrs. B— told me the L—s would call here to-day; they leave town to-morrow."

"Where are Amelia and Mary?" he asked.

"In the nursery."

"I wish you would send for them; I've not seen them since morning."

"Surely, Charles, you would not have those children brought into these rooms?"

"Why not?"

"You know very well they would ruin every thing here in a few moments."

"Well, let them be brought into the sitting-room."

"I think the nursery altogether the best place for them; it is sufficient for them to keep one room in constant disorder."

"I wish your bump of order was in Jericho. I should think you would want those children to have the range of the house. Nothing can be more refreshing than they are, with all their music, beauty and grace. I don't care if they do soil things a little, and I am beginning to hate this funeral order. Let us join them in the nursery, if they must be cooped up there."

"You can, if you choose, but I had better remain here."

"If those people call, can't you be summoned?"

"Yes, but I don't like to leave these rooms when they are open."

"With a light laugh, 'Why if some one should come in and move a chair a hundredth part of an inch from its place, you could put it back in a trice.'"

Cold silence fell. He took up a book and looked over it for awhile. He glanced at his wife's face; he was always the first to sue for peace, because he knew that Amelia would never propose terms herself, she was too sure that right and reason were on her side.

He spoke with a conciliating look and tone.

"Those people will hardly call to-night, Amelia."

"I think not—it is getting late."

"I declare," he resumed, throwing his book down upon the nearest chair, "I'm too weary even for light reading; my head is completely startled with this intricate case I'm trying. I believe music would do me good, will you play for me?"

"Yes, presently."

He left the room, expecting her to follow; but she tarried to put the parlors in order and place them safely under lock and key, a work requiring some time.

Impatient at her delay, Charles sauntered to the nursery, and returned with one rosy, dimpled, smiling little girl in his arms; and another little with all the Eden loveliness of childhood dancing by his side, just as Amelia was seating herself at the piano. She cast a look of apprehension and dismay at her offspring; of despairing resignation at her consort; and commenced playing. Charles threw himself upon any chairs as he needed for a convenient couch, and took a large book from a table for a pillow. Amelia climbed up beside him, drew off a coral necklace and wound it about his head. Lillie leaned against an ottoman, and with intent look, pouring rose-bud lips, and slightly contracted brow, wearied her little fingers trying to pull the worsted from the flowers. Amelia did not see all this, her husband and children were behind her, she could not play without the constant use of two eyes, and as happily she was not an Argus, her unconscious back remained in blissful ignorance. Music was to Charles merely an abstract pleasure; he was soothed and gently stimulated by pleasant sounds; had he been a musical critic, he must have decided that if his wife's performance lacked those nice, variable touches indicative of feeling and taste, not an individual on the round earth could excel her in time.

Charles Lorrell was a lawyer; some thirty years of age. He was successful in his profession, and had already realized a considerable income.

Amelia was an orphan; her little fortune had all been expended in her school education; and before her marriage she had been dependent upon her relatives.

The Eastern Mail.

THE MESSALSKEE.

BY REV. H. C. LORREY.

DEAR stream, the child that of those fair lakes Which flow from the western hills, half a score of miles away. A family are they, indissoluble, yet hath each A room apart, snugly by rugged walls. A wanderer thou, ambitious, hopeful, bold, With swift steps, and burning, burning soul, Within the valley of the Kennebec. Thou hast grown weary of the life serene Of sister, mother, father, and sister; The peace of thy sequestered, sheltered home, To this time; and so, nor precipice, Nor lofty ridge, nor frowning cliff, nor wild, Wood-shaded path, doth daunt thy heart, or check Thy feet. Thou roamest forth thyself to find To greater interests, a destiny. To reach, at last, thy goal, magnificent And ocean-wide, all open to the light. And air, the glow and breath of the broad sky.

While I behold thy beauty, attend, With hushed and soft-bound heart, to thy loud lays, I reason that thy lovely looks and wild, Unfading, unguished, do not come, Alone from thy great hopes, but from, as well, The life thou bringest with thee from thy home. Thou dost draw nourishment, vigor, grace, The elements of purity and song, From the mountain lakes which thou hast left, As in this latest century, the child Of genius, wisdom, poetry, sublimity, And three ages ago, the wild, the wild, The tide of life, and health, and harmony, Which flows from generations in the past.

Thy winding course from thundering falls, by farm, And wood, and bluff, and crooked tower, I've traced, As one would journey with a friend. With thee I've heard the hum and clangor of sweet mills; The roar of railway trains; the cello's wail; Of summer winds among the trees; the songs Of robin, thrush, and bobolink; the drone Of bees; and watched with thee the rising sun; The evening gloom; the snowy clouds, up piled Like avalanche, and the wild, wild, bright, The swaying trees, and waving grass and grain, In worship bending to the power of heaven. And from thy hills, adorned with elms and pines, Or fringed with alders, I have drunk the fresh, Rose-tinted atmosphere, and from thy pure breast, The water life, and the life of the air.

Melody, between the roughened shore, or steep, Where thou dost bounding, singing, leave thy home, And the rocks, where calmly thou dost join The Kennebec, and the life of the river; And crown of rocks, or rocks thy flowing tide, And all the fields and woods around; and near The topmost peak, and from the hill, a light, A shadowy cave, with seats of stone, invites The wanderer to repose, or hours to spend In musing on thy loveliness. This book The village people call THE DEVIL'S CHAIR, Because, say they, the Friar, who first took The ancient throne, in his own form, and in his own, Thy charming valley ruled, and sealed all bold Advantages, in his own hand, to his own use. With women, which over the landscape wide, a dark, Grim shadow cast, and with dread tones, which rolled And muttered in the storm, and from the hill, And through the woody vale, his thunder deep And loud, in sultry summer's frightful storms.

Not now John Eaton here, exert his power, Nor on a long, long shore, where green grass And forest covered slopes, troubled and shrunk With terror in the darkness of his wrath, And at the dawn of day, the sun, the sun, A nymph appeared from her clear depths, a form Of grace and beauty, which no hand can paint, And rising in the air, she said, 'I will be free From his great love, with pure, clear, and cold But point out to me the spot where he fell From his high throne, into the earth, to rise No more. Therefore, this spot shall be a place, Where village wiles and nymphs have met unharned; Where lovers of great nature's blessed scenes Have watched the changing hours, and seen bright Oriskany bill, of vale and wood, and sea, Which on thy surface, where the nymph arose, Unfold, and fill the air with their sweet breath.

Waterville, Me.

"GUIDE TO POLITENESS AND FASHION."

—There are many good things in this work, recently published by Derby & Jackson, New York, a copy of which has been sent us by Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston. In illustration of the unobtrusive manner of Yankee "female women," Harry Lunettes relates the following incident:—

"Speaking of not speaking," said I, when the general amusement had abated, "reminds me of an amusing little scene that I once witnessed in the public parlor of a New England tavern, where I was compelled to wait several hours for a stage-coach. Presently there entered a bustling, sprightly-looking little personage, who, after frisking about the room, apparently upon a tour of inspection, finally settled herself very comfortably in the large cushioned rocking-chair—the only one in the room—and was soon, as I had no reason to doubt, sound asleep. It was not long, however, before a noise of some one entering aroused her, and a tall, gaunt old Yankee woman, hung round with countless bags, bonnet-boxes, and nondescript appendages of various sizes and kinds, presented herself to our vision. After slowly relieving herself of the numberless incumbrances that impeded her progress in life, she turned to a young man who accompanied her, and said, in a tone so peculiarly shrill, that it might have been mistaken, at this day, for a railroad whistle:—

"Now, Johnathan, don't let no grass grow under your feet while you go for them tooth-ache drops; I am a-mos' crazy with pain! laying a hand upon the affected spot as she spoke; 'and here,' she called out, as the door was closing upon her messenger, 'just get my box filled at the same time!' diving, with her disengaged hand, into the unknown depths of, seemingly, the most capacious of pockets, and bringing to light a shining black box, of sufficient size to hold all the jewels of a modern belle, 'I thought I brought along my snuff-bladder, but I don't know where I put it, my head is so stirred up.'"

By this time the little woman in the rocking-chair was fairly aroused, and rising, she courteously offered her seat to the stranger, her accent at once betraying her claim to be ranked with the politest of nations. With a prolonged stare, the old woman coolly consoled herself in the vacated seat, making not the slightest acknowledgement of the civility she had received. Presently, she began to groan, rocking herself furiously at the same time. The former occupant of the stuffed chair, who had retired to a window, and perched herself in one of a long row of high wooden seats, hurried to the sufferer. 'I fear, madam,' said she, 'that you suffer ver' much'—'vat can I do for you?' The representative of Yankeeedom might have been a wooden clock-case for all the response she made to this amiable inquiry, unless her rocking more furiously than ever might be construed into a reply.

The little Frenchwoman, apparently wholly unable to class so anomalous a specimen of humanity, cautiously retreated.

Before I was summoned away, the tooth-ache drops and the snuff together (both administered in large doses) seemed to have gradually produced the effect of oil poured upon troubled waters.

The sprightly Frenchwoman again ventured upon the theater of action.

"You find yourself now much improved, madame?" she asked, with considerable vivacity. A very slight nod was the only answer.

"And you feel dis'faint, really ver' com-for'table?" pursued the little woman, with augmented energy of voice. Another nod was just discernible.

No intonation of mine can do justice to the very ecstasy of impatience with which the

pertinacious questioner now actually screamed out:—

"Bien, madame, vil you say so, if you please!"

The following is a very fair burlesque on the slang style of conversation, so much in vogue among the snobocracy:—

What would an educated foreigner—Kossuth, for instance, who learned English by the study of Shakespeare—make of the following specimens of colloquial American language?

"Do tell, Jul," exclaimed a young lady, "where have you been marvellin' to? You look like Time in the primer!"

"No you don't," returned the young lady addressed, "you can't come if over dis chile!"

"No, no," chimed in a youth of the party, "you can't come if quite, Miss Lib! Don't try to poke fun at us!"

"You've all been *sparkin' in the woods*," I guess!"

"Oh, ho," laughed one of the speakers, "I thought you'd get it through your hair, at last—that's rich!"

"Why!" retorted the interlocutor, tartly, "do you think I don't know tither from which?"

"I think you 'know beans' as well as most Hoosiers," replied her particular admirer, in a tone of unmistakable blandishment.

"Come, Jul, rig yourself in a jiffy," said a bonny lassie, who had not yet spoken, "you are in for a spree!"

"What's in the wind—who's to stand the shot?" cautiously inquired the dunsel addressed.

"We're bound on a spree, I tell you! You must be green to think we'll come the corn now! Come, fix up, immediately, if not sooner!" so saying, the energetic speaker seized her friend round the waist and galloped her out of the room.

Presently some one said, "Well, Jul and Lotty have made themselves scarce!"—I—by George, it makes a fellow open his potato-trap to hang round waitin' so," and an expansive yawn attested the sincerity of this declaration.

"I could scare up my traps a heap sight quicker, I reckon, and tote 'em too, from here to the river, nigger fashion," rejoined a Southerner, of the group.

"Some chicken fixins and pie doings wouldn't be so bad—would they, though?" whispered a tall, Western man to his next neighbor.

"And a little suttin to wet your whistle, too," added another, overhauling the remark—"you are a trump, anyhow!"

"Then you do *kill a snake*, sometimes, Mr. Smith," inquired one of his auditors, smiling significantly.

"Do," retorted Mr. Smith, twirling his fingers on his nose.

"Don't be wrathly, Smith—what's your tipple, old fellow?" put in one of the young men, soothingly stroking the broad shoulders of that interesting youth.

"You're E Pluribus—you're a brick," returned Mr. Smith, softening, "but where in thunder are those female women? They've sloped and given us the mitten, I spose."

"You ain't posted up, my boy, if you think they'd given us the slip," answered his friend.

"By jingo! it takes the patience of all the world and the rest of mankind to dance attendance upon them—they ain't as pert as our *gals o' wind*!" cried Mr. Smith in an ecstasy of impatience.

"How's your ma, Mr. John Smith?" inquired the merry voice of 'Jul,' who had entered unperceived, 'you'd better dry up!"

"Here we are, let's be off," shouted a young gentleman.

"All aboard," echoed another.

"Now we'll go with a rush!" burst from a third, and, suiting the action to the word, my *dramatis personae* vanished like the wind.

THE MORMONS.—Letters published in the San Francisco Herald confirm the destruction of the records of the U. S. Courts in Utah, by the Mormons. A letter from Salt Lake City says:—

Early in January, and just in advance of the meeting of the Supreme Court, a party of the Mormons in high standing in the Church, and under the advice of Brigham Young, repaired to the office of the Hon. G. P. Stiles, one of the United States District Judges, the law office of T. S. Williams, Esq., and the office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court, and took therefrom all the papers belonging to the Supreme Court, consisting of records, dockets, opinions, filed away, together with nine hundred volumes of the laws, furnished by the federal government for the use of the Territory of Utah. The reason given for this treasonable act was that Congress would not admit them as a State, and that they would not allow the federal officers to remain in the Territory; and what officers were now in the Territory must leave as soon as grass grows, or he will send them to hell across lots."

A letter from W. W. Drummond of San Francisco, says these records were burned in the city of Great Salt Lake.

It is also asserted that the proceedings of the United States Courts are nullified by Brigham Young, who styles it a 'Gentile Court,' and declares that it shall not inflict punishment on the Mormon saints. Several murderers escaped their deserts in this way after being convicted. The authority of the United States is openly defied, and the Mormons declare that they will not be governed by any one unless he is a Mormon. It is reported that five young men, overland emigrants from Missouri to California, are now lingering out a weary life of misery and wretchedness in the Utah penitentiary for the crime of having spoken against Mormonism.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON ON THE STEAM ENGINE.—It has been frequently asserted that Napoleon I. contemptuously rejected Fulton's proposal to apply steam power to the propulsion of vessels, and even pronounced Fulton a 'charlatan.' This vulgar error has at length been conclusively refuted by the publication by M. Rapetti, in the *Moniteur* of the 17th ult., of the following holograph letter, which forms part of the forthcoming 'Napoleon Correspondence':—

"Monsieur de Champagny.—I have just read the scheme of Citizen Fulton (an engineer), which you have been far too late in submitting to me, inasmuch as it may change the face of the world. Be that as it may, it is my desire that you forthwith intrust the examination of it to a commission composed of members to be chosen by you from the different classes of the institute. It is to that body that sci-

ence Europe should look for judges competent to solve the problem in question. A great truth—a physical, palpable fact—is apparent to me. It is now the business of these scientific men to perceive, and to endeavor to appropriate, that fact. Their report, as soon as made, will be sent to you, and you will transmit it to me. Contrive, if possible, to have all this done within eight days, for I am full of impatience."

Camp of Boulogne, 21st July, 1804."

My Artificial Stone House.

I use the same material, and propose to obviate those objections by a neater and pleasanter mode of use, which shall be easier and stronger work than the usual mode. I make my material into blocks of stone, and build my house of these. Thus, make cheaply some twenty or thirty boxes, of sides only, without top or bottom, of proper size, say two feet long, one foot high, and fourteen to eighteen inches wide. These are the dimensions of the future blocks. Make up, of a morning, sufficient material in a bed, fill up all the boxes, smooth the tops, and go off. Next morning lift off the boxes; let the blocks stand to dry and harden; set the boxes in a new place, and fill up as before. Do this under a shed, or if out-doors, cover over the blocks during the first rains, and they will soon harden enough to use. In this way any Irishman may, in 25 mornings, at 50 cents or less, each, *hew* out stone enough for a large house.

Then build your house as any one would, of stone. The blocks for first story may be 14 or 16 or 18 inches wide, and for second story, 10 or 12, narrowing the mould boxes by nailing a board or two inside, or sawing the ends narrower. Walls so built are dry; but they may be made still more so, and warmer if possible, and still cheaper, if any one could wish it, by putting a wooden cylinder or two into the mould box, and knocking it out after the box is lifted off, thus making dead air in the wall. Besides this, the wall is of course to be furled and lathed and plastered inside. Of course some blocks are to be made solid, for corners and ends of the walls.

Given the dimensions of your house, and one can easily calculate the number of blocks needed, and any farmer's boy may make them.

In laying the wall, if in order to bring a flush wall for door or window, it should be necessary to leave a few inches between some blocks, the space may be easily filled by pieces of brick or regular stones well mortared in.

I commend this as the best plan for building a cheap and durable house—better than brick, as good as stone, and lasts forever. If nice finish is needed, cement and color the outside wall, and lay off by lines, like stone, as indeed it is.

If any one doubts this plan, try it on a smoke-house, or hog-pen, or shed of any kind, or, indeed, a stone wall.

No rafters inside this house, no storm can shake it, no wind whistle through it. Dry, tight, warm in winter and cool in summer, it is the cheapest, strongest, and best.

A good proportion of the ingredients which Fowler and all others recommend, is—say 10 bushels or barrow loads of lime, 20 of sand, and 70 of stones, &c., and any quantity of water. I take it for granted your readers understand something of the gravel wall plan.—I write merely to advocate the block stone plan—the same material, but in different shape.—One can see how cheap must be the walls of a house with only one-tenth lime, and that so cheap, and the other materials nine-tenths, which cost nothing.—[Corr. Country Gentleman.]

THE KINGDOM WITHIN.—The Christian Register says with great truth:—

"If we possessed a sovereign control over the minds of men, we think the first use we should make of it would be to establish in them all an unshaken conviction in an article of faith which is not found in the catechism, and hardly ever preached in the popular churches.—Neither in the three hundred and odd propositions into which the thirty-nine articles of the English church may be resolved, nor in the greater number of the Westminster catechism, and still less probably in the more voluminous catechism of Trent, is it laid down. It would be at variance with the genius of the Romish church to dwell much on such a principle; but unfortunately most other churches partake of the genius of the Romish church in this respect. They all look to outward things.—They seek the kingdom of God without. The principle we would implant in the souls of men, as heaven-high above all other 'inets ever taught in practical value, is the principle declared by Jesus, that the kingdom of God is within you. Goodness is Heaven."

Singular that this short catechism of the Master should be incorporated in none of those long ones by men! It consists of one question and one answer. "Q. When will the kingdom of God come. A. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall they say, lo here! or lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you."

Does not all crime, all vice, all sin, come from the want of this article of faith? Men idolize outward things. Wealth, pleasure, power, fame among men, instigate to all the deeds of blood, and lust, rapine, and fraud.—The outer eclipses the inner kingdom. The latter is forgotten in fact, ignored altogether—men do not know that there is such a kingdom of royal palaces—while the former is thought to be all for which they can be expected to care to live.

Is not this the predominant impression even among Christians? For the Christian church has too generally joined itself with the world in setting up outward and local things above inward and spiritual. Heaven and hell have been taught as essentially outward, local things, oftener than as being essentially goodness and wickedness. It would not become the columns of a religious newspaper to contain the wish, that men did not believe in heaven and hell,

but we wish they could be differently arranged on the maps of our spiritual geography.

BREAKING A BAULKY HORSE.—If there is any time when a man needs the patience of Job, it is when his horse balks. The horse that cannot be coaxed or tricked into labor, had far better be left alone. Many a noble animal has been ruined by violence, and many a desperate baulker has been made valuable by kind and gentle management. There are many methods by which a horse may be cured of baulking, but the following, narrated by a correspondent of the *Rural American*, published at Utica, possesses some novel features. The writer says he had a valuable horse, who could go fleetly when in the humor, and would not go at all when so disposed. One day, losing his temper, of course he whipped the horse until exhausted, and then hired a neighbor to continue the operation, and after two carriages were broken, the victorious horse was put in the barn. How the gentleman rendered his horse kind and tractable, we will let him narrate in his own language:—

The next day, after my anger had settled, I thought the matter carefully over, and concluded that, as I could not myself be driven where I did not want to go, but could be coaxed, the horse might be influenced by the same feelings. An entire change of tactics was determined upon. For the next three days the animal was well fed, much fondled, and not used except a little under the saddle, where she always did well enough. Then the repaired gig was brought in front of the house, the beast harnessed, led out and hitched to the gig, carefully tied to the post and left there to her own reflections. It was a most sultry day in July, and I concluded a little exposure to the sun would incline her to go rather than stand still. It was a mistaken opinion, for when I got into the gig at the end of an hour, she stood as still as the post she had been tied to.

No efforts were made to urge her forward, but on the contrary she was well patted, the bridle taken off, a couple of sprigs of green lobelia wrapped around the bit, and left to chew upon it at her leisure. At the end of another hour it was evident that the lobelia had begun to make her feel nauseous, and again she was tried, but would not move any more than before. Fresh sprigs of lobelia were then tied upon the bit, a cloth dipped in cold water and placed upon the top of her head and changed every eight or ten minutes for another hour. By this time she began to froth at the mouth and look sleepy out of the eyes, good evidence that the medicine made her decidedly sick. I then got into the gig and chirruped, and away went the animal at starting pace. I drove her four or five hours, she went every way I wanted her and returned home with a good relish for her supper.

In this way I managed the animal every time she got sulky, and always with success. In a few weeks she became so well acquainted with the mode as to give demonstrations of a desire to go, when ever the bridle was being removed with the intention of using the lobelia. In two months she was thoroughly broken in, and never troubled me afterwards.

There is a philosophy in this mode of management. In the first place, the animal was wholly uncomplained by being treated with the utmost kindness and gentleness, for she was not used to such management on such occasions. Then, the relaxing influence of lobelia made her feel nausea, and nausea is a suitable antidote to ugliness, softening down the passions in a most extraordinary manner. Water was a decided 'cooler' upon the temper as well as upon the skin, and was an argument against which stubbornness could not thrive. The treatment was so effective in this case that we are induced to give it a warm recommendation. There are some farmers who do not have baulky horses, that can trill upon themselves and thus test its potency to great advantage.

THE BUSTIN' OF GRENOS KHAN.—The *Pensacola* (West Florida) Times is the greatest periodical about. Punch is a bungler in comparison. *Vide* the introduction to a homespun poem by the editor.

It is related that a box of self-z powder was once taken by the Khan of Tartary, from an English traveller, who was obliged to give directions for the use of his plundered property—which, unfortunately, were obeyed to the letter. One day his Tartar Majesty thought he would test the refreshing qualities of this novel beverage, for his taste had varied of his native sherbets, cooled with snow from the glacier-capped mountain peaks of Central Asia. Accordingly, by special firman, his signified his Imperial desire for the strange drink of the Ghaour, and the box of self-z powder was brought from the treasury, and the preparation of the draught confided to the Grand Mixer of the Royal Sherbets. This functionary, of most skillful accomplishment in the compounding of simples or of chemicals, dissolved the contents of the twelve blue papers in one goblet of jeweled gold, and those of the twelve white papers in another, and, after proclamation to the courtiers to veil their faces, for the Son of the Prophet was about to drink, upon his knees, with averted face, the Grand Mixer presented the two doses to his Majesty, who drank first the one and immediately the other. An effervescence at once ensued in the Imperial stomach, which disseminated his aversion to person throughout the realm in fragments more infinitesimal than the particles of sweet odor from the musk-pouch of the Small Deer of Thibet. This tragic event is supposed to be commemorated in the gorgeous verbiage of an Oriental contemporary of Hafiz, the Persian King of Song, in a poem where fact, non-nomenclature, orthography, topography and chronology yield readily to the exigencies of verse.

GUNPOWDER AND TURPENTINE.—If spirits of turpentine be poured on gunpowder, the latter will not explode. An incendiary was once defeated in his purpose by this very means. Wishing to secure an explosion of gunpowder, he covered it with a quantity of spirits of turpentine, but on igniting it, only the turpentine burnt, while the powder remained as before. The gunpowder acts as quick to the turpentine, and it will not itself ignite so long as any of the turpentine remains to burn.

A SUPERIOR WASHING FLUID.—Dissolve 1 pound of sal soda in 1 quart of hot water, and add to it 4 quarts of lime water; when this settles pour off the clear. Next dissolve 3 ounces of borax in 1 quart of boiling water, and add it to the 4 quarts of clear water. When cold dissolve it in 2 or 3 ounces of pulverized carbonate ammonia. Put it in bottles, and keep it tightly corked.

This fluid makes strong, thick 'suds,' makes washing less injurious to the hands, and it cleans the clothes with less rubbing. Use 1-2 pint, or less, to about 5 gallons of water; put it, with some soap, into the tub of clothes the night before washing-day, or a short time before boiling the clothes.

[Scientific American.]

COLORS CITIZENS IN N. Y.—The New York Assembly, on the 25th inst., by a vote of 75 to 27, adopted resolutions providing for an amendment of the Constitution by abolishing the property qualification in regard to colored voters. The proposition not only abolishes the property qualification, but also the three years residence required, thus placing whites and blacks on a perfect equality at the polls.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, ... APR. 9, 1857.

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 Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York; N. W. corner Third and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia; S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore.

S. M. PETTERILL & 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.

Our "Puritan Fathers."

Many of the leading men of our country—that is, many of those who lead us backward, and, therefore, claim to be leaders—make it their main labor to keep the public mind tied to the letter of the old puritan records. They conclude that because success crowned the one great enterprise of puritanism, therefore the closer the world adheres to all the characteristics, common as well as peculiar, that marked their struggle, the more sure it will be to go right. They reason like him, who because he commenced clearing his land with an axe, should persist in plowing it with a hatchet.—They forget that the leading elements of the puritan character are those which compel their descendants to be unlike their progenitors; those which forbid them to go in the way marked out for them, and compel them to be content even with another, if they cannot find a better. These were the elements that peopled the colonies and begot the revolution. The men of the Mayflower fled from tyranny only that their sons might meet it at Concord.—Young America, of to-day, land at Plymouth in search of a battle field; and when found, is her victory worthless because bloodless?

"What would our puritan fathers say?" is the question that repels such men from everything new or untried. They do not see that the whole history of the men whose horror they invoke, answers,—fear not, but try it, if good, hold it fast, follow it, defend it against the world in arms! They would sneer if told that the quaint admonition of Davy Crockett, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead," is an embodiment of puritan character. The puritans were moral leaguers—"ahead" of the age they lived in. They were emphatically "fast men," and the true "fast men" of Young America—not the jockies or the rowdies, but the true "fast men"—would at that time, and in those circumstances, have chartered another Mayflower to people another colony.

What would our puritan fathers have said, had they lived at periods to be consulted, of Luther or Wesley, Columbus or Kane, Clarkson or Garrison, Fulton or Morse, Davis or Lincoln? What would they have said to exertion, investigation and progress? What but, "be sure you are right, and then go ahead!" I think of this, ye careful, plodding, cowardly men, who investigate and act only after consulting "our puritan fathers"—ye who feel a great truth without daring to look at it; or see it without courage to own or trust it. Bold men venture to think; and bolder still to act. Those who are bold enough for both, will consult "our puritan fathers" only to hear them respond, Amen!

BRUTAL ASSAULT.—An Irishman named Rhynes made most savage assault upon Mr. G. W. Gardner, dealer in clothing, at No. 1, Ticonic Block, on Friday morning last. Rhynes had worked for Gardner, and in settling their accounts, the day previous, the parties disagreed in regard to the amount due Rhynes. On the following morning, as Mr. Gardner was passing opposite the Williams House, where Rhynes boarded, the latter rushed out and commenced the attack—seizing Mr. G. around the neck with one arm, while with his Irish fist he battered his face in the most brutal manner.—So quick was the work, that some who looked on, and who would not be likely to stand quiet and see a neighbor quite killed by an Irish bully, had not time to interfere before it was over. Before a constable could be called Ryan crossed the river, and taking to the railroad track, had nearly reached Gethcell's Corner before he was overtaken by constable McEaden and brought back. He had guilty before him, and was bound in two hundred dollars to a higher court. For want of bail he was taken to Augusta and committed to jail. He may yet live to regret that some friends who knew what he intended to do, had not advised him that it is even better to go to a lawyer than to go to jail. He has already learned that though "Irish fellow-citizens" may be good voters, Yankee fellow citizens are bad counselors.

Messrs. Editors.—Permit me to inquire whether you will consent to open the columns of your valuable paper to a free and impartial discussion of an important religious subject, which is now agitating all classes of society, throughout our whole country, and which, if it be true, is one of vast importance to every mortal. If on the other hand, it can be explained by any known philosophy, or be made to appear false, or injurious to society, it should be made known;—I mean the subject of *Spiritualism*.

I do not ask this favor for myself alone, but for many subscribers.

Respectfully yours, CITIZEN.

Certainly we are willing and glad, to admit such a discussion, if it can be conducted with candor and an honest aim for truth. We want a champion for each side of the question, who will write briefly, and avoid personalities. If Citizen will undertake the advocacy of Spiritualism, a reverend friend of ours promises to meet him.

PROMPT.—Immediately after the fire at Johnston & Carleton's bookstore, the agent of the Hampden Insurance Company in which they were insured \$1200, came to Waterville to investigate the loss. After a brief examination, the amount of loss was agreed upon, and the money paid three months in advance.

OUR TABLE.

NEW BIOGRAPHIES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.—By Thomas Babington Macaulay, Henry Rogers, Theodore Martin, and others. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

These biographies are taken from the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, now passing through the press, and are written by the foremost men in the field of British literature. Four of them are by Macaulay, the popular historian; five by Henry Rogers, author of 'The Eclipse of Faith'; and the remainder by strong men, though not so well known to us. The biographies are seventeen in number, and give us a condensed yet comprehensive history of the following persons:—Joseph Addison, Francis Atterbury, Francis Bacon, Joseph Butler, John Howard, John Bunyan, Horace, Robert Hall, Sir John Franklin, Homer, Oliver Goldsmith, Edward Gibbon, Gassendi, James Orlison, Samuel Johnson, Sir Humphrey Davy and David Hume. The biography of Johnson, by Macaulay, has attracted a good deal of attention from its severity and elicited a warm reply from an able writer, which appeared in the London Literary Gazette, and may be found in Little's Living Age, No. 669. No scholar, literary or general reader, even, can afford to do without this volume. It is for sale at Matthews's.

VIVIAN, or the Secret of Power. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of 'The Lost Heiress,' 'Deserted Wife,' 'Missing Bride,' 'Vivian's Victory,' 'Curses of Clifton,' 'Discarded Daughter,' etc. etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

All the works of Mrs. Southworth have been received with great favor and are deservedly popular: they are confident, will not prove an exception. In a notice of it, a contemporary says:

Vivian, the heroine, is a beautiful, gifted and inspiring maiden, whose presence is a life-giving power to all within her sphere: whose influence like magic or rather like grace, develops the better nature of all with whom she is brought in contact—so redeeming, elevating and inspiring is her benign influence upon the dreary, gloomy, and darkened, hope to the despairing and inspiring peasant boy Wakefield, her 'Secret of Power' consists in her realizing Faith in the goodness, wisdom and efficiency, latent in every human creature, made in the likeness of the Creator in her sympathetic Charity that leads her to seek and draw forth these hidden treasures in all souls; and in her animating Hope that assures her of victory. With these spiritual agencies of Faith, Charity and Hope, she overcomes in herself, and in others, all the fearful powers of the World, the Flesh and the Devil. Like her Divine Master, she comes to bring light to the darkened, hope to the despairing and strength to the weak. Whenever in the narrative she appears, it is as if a sun-burst lighted up the scene.

It is now ready for delivery, and will be sent, postage free, in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, on receipt of \$1.25, or in two vols., paper cover, for \$1. Address: T. B. Peterson, 102 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE BORDER ROVER.—By Emerson Bennett, author of 'Clara Moreland,' 'Vivian,' etc. etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This work, which a few weeks since, we announced as in press, and of which we gave an extended notice, is now published and ready for delivery. It is confidently pronounced the best work ever written by this popular author, and will no doubt find hosts of delighted readers. It is published in two handsome duodecimo volumes, paper cover, and will be forwarded, free of postage, to any one who sends the publisher a dollar.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. The March number of this able monthly has the following table of contents:—Aesthetics among the Alps—Element of Power; part 10 of 'The Atherlings'; A Crow Plucked with Mr. J. Ball; Picture Books; No. 2 of 'Scenes of Clerical Life'—Mr. Gilfil's Love Story; The Conquest of Bacchus—A Lay of an Old Greek Vase; Hester Benfield; Barry Cornwall; Arctic Adventure—Letters from a Light House, No. 2.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 51 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription:—For any one of the four Reviews \$3.00 per annum; any two Reviews \$5.00; any three Reviews \$7.00; all four Reviews \$8.00; Blackwood's Magazine \$3.00; Blackwood's three Reviews \$9.00; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10.00, with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the United States will be but twenty-four cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but fourteen cents a year for each of the Reviews.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The two engravings in the April number are gems of rare beauty and exquisite finish—'View on the Great Miami,' and a portrait of Emily C. Judson, 'Fanny Forester.' No magazine in the Atlantic States excels this in the excellence of its embellishments, while its literary contents are of the most unexceptionable character. Published by Swornsted & Fox, Cincinnati, for the M. E. Church at \$2 a year.

A WEIGHTY DELEGATION.—The State of Maine can, undoubtedly, boast of having in this city at this time more men of weight than any other State in the Union. The following is the true weight of the following named gentlemen from the Pine Tree State, now here. Let no one accuse them of being a set of lean, lank, office seekers!

Major N. Bodfish, 250; Col. F. T. Lally, 245; L. Jones, 250; Albert Smith, 250; Ex-Gov. Hubbard, 240; Hon. N. Littlefield, 235; Mr. Patten, 230; Mr. Davis, 230; Hon. S. Jordan, 220; E. Rose, 220; Wm. Bennett, 215; Hon. V. D. Farris, 215; Robert Burns, 210; Hon. G. P. Sewall, 210; Hon. J. D. McCrate, 210; Mr. Young, 212; Hon. J. B. Babson, 200; Hon. W. B. S. Moore, 200; Hon. Benj. Wiggin, 200; Hon. N. Clifford, 255—aggregate weight, 4,494 lbs. Average weight of twenty persons 224 1/2 lbs.

Who supposed our honest and industrious State was represented at the capital by such a mass of "sleek and greasy beggary!" The proportion of men weighing 224 1/2 lbs. is not one to 50 who weigh less. This would give us one thousand men, of all sizes, now hanging about the various departments at Washington, begging for the miserable chance of getting bread without honorable labor. A thousand from one State!—what a horde from all! If we ever had a pulse of sympathy for James Buchanan, it would throbb to find him enveloped in such a cloud of political locusts. A few weeks ago, two of these men, one holding an office and the other seeking one, met at the president's levee. The holder addressed the seeker of picking his pocket; and on being held to account for the charge under the strokes of a cane, he shot the accused dead on the spot. Gamblers, robbers and assassins—they best know how to accuse each other. We verily believe that the vilest conclave of men the sun looks upon, assemble once in four years at Washington, to strive and beg and threaten and gamble for the public offices. Come home, ye men of the Dirigo State!—fat and lean, come home, and let your chances fall to meander men. Come where the forests and the fields need your labors, and promise to free you from your present beggary. Come where your country was once accustomed to look for honest men; and if in God's mercy she ever has further use for them, she may know where to look. Come home!—cease to be beggars and learn to be men.

FIREMEN'S LEVEE AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—Mr. Moses, of the Newhall House, bears off the palm, if report tells the truth, in the matter of arranging a good time. Such a table, so tastefully arranged and so bountifully laden, has not before been seen at a levee on the Kennebec—aye, the Kennebec, on whose

banks stand the Elmwood, the Stanley House, and the Sagadahoc. How heartily do we "blow" the three miles of mud that lay between us and the Newhall House that night! "Victor No. 1," like "Waterville No. 3," is composed of men mutually associated to insure each other. They are the business men and tax payers of the place, and own the property they labor to protect. Such fire companies always confer honor beyond their own numbers, and stimulate a commendable pride in their fellow citizens. We wish them a dozen festivals to one fire—and think them equally good at either.

THE RIVER.—The rain Monday night has given the Kennebec full banks—water, ice and lumber, all hastening to the ocean together. A gentleman from Kendall's Mills informs us that five to six thousand dollars worth of lumber, owned at that place, and lying in the river above, has gone down, and probably beyond recovery. A part of the first pier of Ticonic Bridge, on the Winslow side, has been torn away; the bridge at Kendall's Mills being in the same condition, and the railroad bridge at Skowhegan having lost a pier. The water is now subsiding, and no further damage is looked for.

SLIDE.—Another slide of clay, at the deep cut near the Winslow end of the railroad bridge, has made it necessary to meet the up-train with one from this side, for a day or two past. Its removal was completed on Wednesday.

THE KALLOCH TRIAL.—A telegraphic report received here Wednesday noon, states that the jury in the trial of this case had been unable to agree; and stand eight for acquittal to four for conviction. A new trial will probably be had.

DOING WELL.—We learn that G. W. Pressey, Esq., whose case we mentioned last week, is getting along well, with the most hopeful prospect of speedy and complete recovery. We are heartily glad to hear it—not only for his sake, but because it will commend the operator to the confidence of others who are suffering in the same way. We are told he has also performed several very nice operations upon the eye, and with no less marked success; this having been a subject to which he devoted particular attention and study at several European hospitals, and one to which he devotes his special efforts.

ELOCUTION.—It gives us pleasure to learn that Professor Bronson, whose reputation as a dramatic reader and teacher of elocution is so widely known, proposes to give an entertainment at Appleton Hall this evening. This exhibition is designed to open the way for the formation of classes for instruction; and though we warrant an occasion of great interest, and amusement of the choicest kind, the tickets are put at only a dime, to secure a large audience with reference to the object mentioned. Those who know anything of Professor Bronson's distinguished success and popularity, throughout the country, need not be advised to go and hear him to-night. We guarantee them full satisfaction.

"MESSALONSKEE."—From the improvement it works in euphony, a typographical error bids fair to perpetuate itself. Messalonskee is the true Indian name of the beautiful stream whose praises are so elegantly set forth in the poem on our outside, this week. The terminating sound we take to be identical with that which, falling from ruder lips or on less discriminating ears, was sometimes written *key* as in Kenduskeag, Mattawamkeag, and many other Indian names. It's of no great consequence, perhaps, but we mention it to set his story right.

NOTICE.—Read the advertisement of E. C. Stevens, which may be found in another column, and if you are in want of anything in his line, give him a call.

The Republicans have elected their candidate for Mayor in Portland by 442 majority, and carried six out of seven wards.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—Returns from all but 27 towns in the State foot up 55,000. The Union ticket is 1000 ahead, and the majority will be increased. The Union State ticket is elected. The Union party have elected 120, and the Democrats 78 Representatives, with 27 towns to hear from. The Senate will stand as at present advised, 113 Union to 8 Democrats. The Congressional will stand as before reported.

CAUSE OF THE DEATH OF MR. BROOKS.—We find the following under the signature of "Medicus," in the New York Courier and Enquirer of Saturday:

"It is said Col. Brooks died of croup, within ten minutes of his attack. It would be a stigma on medical science to allow this report to be believed. It was only a spasm of the epiglottis, which is simply a valve that closes the passage to the lungs, when we swallow food or fluids. Slight congestions of this little valve often take place in colds, and produce cough, with altered voice, and if the congestion extend to the muscles of this valve, it may fall upon its orifice, and suffocation ensue.

The remedy is always at hand. The patient may place his thumb on one side of the trachea, or windpipe and his finger on the other side, a small inch below the angle of the jaw, squeeze it tightly, and push directly upward toward the tongue, and the motion, with the pressure on the muscles, will immediately raise the valve to its perpendicular position, and breathing is restored!—hold it a few minutes till the valve recovers its tone, and the patient will be out of danger.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL DISEASE.—A despatch from Washington to the Baltimore Sun states that a post mortem examination of the remains of a gentleman who died in Pennsylvania from disease contracted at the National Hotel, shows a deposit of arsenic in the stomach. A patient, now in Washington, shows marked symptoms of being poisoned.

A French drawing-room game, which places in relief the spirit of egotism, is to receive an instant answer to any question proposed off-hand. In one of the parties at the Louvre, this question was put to the Emperor Louis Napoleon: 'How can you distinguish truth from falsehood?' 'Open the door to both of them,' answered the Emperor, 'and falsehood will come out first.'

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

SENATE, Tuesday, March 31.—Bill to restrain the sale and use of strichnine, and other deadly poison, came to the Senate, and was read twice, and passed. The Senate concurred, and joined Messrs. Oak, Twitchell, and Berry.

Mr. Davis, from the Committee on the Library, reported legislation respecting one of the bills relating to the State; also on order relative to furnishing members with the published proceedings of the Constitutional Convention, and these reports were accepted.

Order from the House in regard to the removal of the seat of government, was passed in concurrence, and Messrs. Maynor, Winslow, Jones, Chandler and Davis were joined on the part of the Senate to the Special Committee.

On motion of Mr. Webb, the Senate proceeded to consider bill 'an act additional to Establish a Board of Agriculture.' Mr. Woodbury explained the provisions of the bill at some length, urging the policy of justice and industry, and the benefits to be derived from the interest of Agriculture. After some further discussion by Messrs. Webb and Lottrop, the bill with a slight amendment was passed to be engrossed.

HOUSE, Wednesday, April 1.—The bill to incorporate the Dunn Edge Tool Company, was read twice, and passed. Mr. Moore of Ellsworth, presented the following order: The Senate is requested to order the bill to be taken up on the part of the House, with such as the Senate may join, be appointed to inquire into the expediency of removing the seat of Government of the State to Portland, and to report thereon on the next day of April next.

Mr. Webb of Oldtown, moved to amend the order by inserting, or Bangor.

Mr. Moore then passed 62 to 26.

Read and assigned.—An act additional chapter 82, Revised Statutes, forbidding Agricultural Societies from paying premiums on money paid by the State for trials of skill in horsemanship.

Passed to be enacted.—An act to incorporate the Dunn Edge Tool Company.

SENATE, Wednesday, April 1.—Mr. Hoyt, from the Committee on Education, reported a resolve for increasing the permanent school fund of the State, and the same was read twice, and passed.

Read and assigned.—A resolve for increasing the permanent school fund of this State; bill additional relating to Banks and Banking (re-chartering the several banks of this State).

HOUSE.—An act to amend an act entitled 'an act to establish a Board of Agriculture' came from the Senate amended, and the House concurred in the amendments, and passed the bill to be engrossed in concurrence.

Passed to be enacted.—An act to repeal chapter 53 and 57 of the Revised Statutes, relating to the inspection and exportation of flax seed; an act to prevent the destruction of pickers in North Pond in Mercer.

Mr. Strickland, of Lincoln, laid on the table bill to amend the Manufactures, which was referred to the Committee on Manufactures.

Mr. Strickland, of Bangor, presented bill an act to authorize the formation of corporations for manufacturing purposes. In presenting the bill, Mr. Strickland said, I hold in my hand a bill to authorize the formation of corporations for manufacturing purposes, and I trust it will be approved by this Legislature. The bill provides that any three or more persons may form a Company for the purpose of carrying on any kind of manufacturing business, and the name of the Company shall be the name of the State, and the name of the Company shall be the name of the State, and the name of the Company shall be the name of the State.

SENATE, Thursday, April 2.—The President laid before the Senate a communication from the Hon. Daniel Goodenow, one of the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, answering in the affirmative the question proposed by the Senate on the 27th ult., in relation to the suffrage of the colored citizens of Maine.

A message was received from the House through Mr. G. W. Wilcox, the Clerk, transmitting bill 'an act to amend the Manufactures' which was referred to the Committee on Manufactures.

Mr. Maynor, from the Joint Special Committee on the amendment of the Constitution, reported that the Legislature could be transacted so as to permit an adjournment, without day, on or before the 15th inst; and that the House should hold two daily sessions on and after Monday next.

Mr. Twitchell moved to amend by inserting '13th,' instead of '14th.'

After some further remarks by Messrs. Woodbury and Jones, the amendment was adopted, and as amended was accepted.

Resolve for increasing the permanent school fund, was read a second time, and on motion of Mr. Jones, laid on the table.

Mr. Berry, by leave, laid on the table 'an act to prevent the exhibition of circuses,' and the same was on his motion referred to the Judiciary Committee.

HOUSE.—An act to establish the standard weight for carrots and grain, came from the Senate, and was read twice, and passed.

The House insisted on its vote, and ordered a message to be sent to the Senate notifying that branch of their vote.

The Committee on the Judiciary, on the part of the House, to which was referred the act to provide for the trial of capital cases, returned by the Governor with his objections, reported that the bill, on the 10th inst., and the House accepted the report and the question being 'Shall the bill become a law notwithstanding the objections of the Governor?' the bill was passed by a vote of 100 yeas to 10 nays.

Mr. Danforth, from Judiciary Committee, reported an act to secure a uniform registration of births, marriages, deaths and divorces, and to amend the laws in relation to the same in a new draft. The report was accepted, the bill read twice, and then laid on the table, on motion of Mr. Gurneal.

SENATE, Friday April 3.—Mr. West, from the Committee on Manufactures, reported a bill to incorporate the Messalonskee Manufacturing Company Read, and tomorrow assigned.

Mr. Brown called up the bill for the re-charter of certain Banks (general act)—and the question was on its passage to be engrossed. Mr. Dane, (Chairman of the Committee on Banks and Banking), explained the bill at considerable length in explanation of the course which governed the committee in their report, detailed the facts developed before the committee in reference to the general management of the banks; explained the several unfavorable circumstances which appeared against the provisions of the bill; and elucidated and explained the provisions of the bill, section by section.

Mr. Webb questioned the propriety of compelling banks to make monthly returns, and favored quarterly returns. He offered an amendment to that effect.

After some further discussion, Mr. Webb withdrew his amendment, and the bill passed to be engrossed.

Mr. Maynor, from the amendment, and contended that the requirement was a good one.

After some further discussion, Mr. Webb withdrew his amendment, and the bill passed to be engrossed.

SENATE, Saturday, April 4.—Mr. Connor, by leave, laid on the table 'an act to change the location of the Skowhegan Bank.' Read once and Monday assigned.

Mr. Oak, from the Joint Select Committee on so much of the Governor's message as relates to intemperance, reported that the committee had been directed to inquire into the expediency of amending the present License Law in certain particulars, reported that legislation thereon, at the present time, is inexpedient. Report accepted.

Passed to be engrossed.—An act to incorporate the Messalonskee Manufacturing Company.

HOUSE.—A resolve for an appropriation for the West-brook Seminary, was refused a passage. Yeas 42 yeas 51.

On motion of Mr. Woodman of Bucksport, bill to secure a uniform registration of births, deaths, and marriages, was taken up, and on motion of Mr. Johnson of Augusta, the bill was ordered to be printed.

HOUSE, Monday, April 6.—Mr. Vinton, from the Joint Select Committee on the subject of the removal of the seat of government, reported as follows:—In committee a question was submitted, viz.: that it is expedient and advisable that the capital be removed from Augusta to Portland. On the question, the yeas and nays were ordered, and it was settled in the affirmative—yeas 7, nays 6. A motion was then made that the further consideration of the subject be referred to the next Legislature, which passed unanimously. Report accepted.

On motion of Mr. Morrison, of Farmington, the House proceeded to the consideration of the 'Bill to extend the charter of the Sandy River Bank, and the yeas and nays having been ordered, the Bill passed, yeas 84, nays 13.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

CONSCIENTIOUS DISCHARGE OF DUTY.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof. And blanch thy cheek, thy chosen lot; The timid glow may stand aloof, The sage may frown—yet faint thou not, Nor heed the snail too surely cut; The foot and hissing tail of Ares, and For by thy side shall dwell at last The victory of endurance born. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again; The eternal years of God are hers; But Error, wounded, writhes with pain, And dies among her worshippers. [Bryant.]

'Brown,' of the Boston Post, commenting on the fact that Robert Hall considered the work of a truly beautiful, says 'the beauty of the thing depends a little, we should suppose, on the location—that is, whether it is a feat in your eye, or in the knee of your breeches,' Brown is imprudent.

Wm. A. Harris, of Missouri, has completed arrangements for becoming editor and proprietor of the Washington Union, to take effect on the 15th inst. He was formerly Representative to Congress from Virginia, and afterwards Missouri, to resign to become editor and proprietor of the Constitution and Spectator, formerly published at Washington.

THE MCGEE CASE.—The Jury in the case of James McGee, charged with the murder of Deputy Warden Walker at the State Prison, have failed to agree, one member standing out against a conviction. Eleven of the Jury made a statement to the Court in regard to the cause of disagreement. Attorney General Clifford, also, made a statement to the Court in regard to the extraordinary course of Mr. Wheeler, Junior Counsel for defense, in his conversations with one of the Jury. McGee is to be tried again next Tuesday.

Nothing is more lovely than the innocent simplicity of children, as manifested before they have learned of their parents and school teachers to lie and dissimulate. Take the following specimen:—

'The question at a tea party turning upon the propriety of one's mixing up cakes with a pinch of snuff, a young lady, hearing some might be scattered in the dough, a lad remarked that he had seen his mother mix cakes with a pinch of snuff in her fingers and not eat a bit.' 'Why, Billy,' replied the offended lady, 'how do you do it?' 'Well, mother, I don't know but I do; innocently replied the urchin; 'I don't know but you do scatter it a very little.'

In Salem, a few nights ago, a gentleman was aroused from sleep by a strange sense of suffocation and difficulty breathing. He had unconsciously swallowed his set of false teeth, which became fixed in his throat and nearly choked him. A surgeon was called, who, after laboring some hours, succeeded in removing the teeth, without injury to the patient, although it was a narrow escape from death.

THE RAT FEVER.—The Rat Fever at the National Hotel in Washington continues undiminished—at the last accounts. Hon. Wm. B. S. Moore is the most recent victim we have heard of.

A NEW CONSUMBER.—Why is an elephant like a lady's veil? Because there's a B in both.

Sophistry is like a window curtain—it pleases as an ornament, but its use is to keep out the light.

The Cologne Gazette states that Bayard Taylor returned to Stockholm from his winter tour in Lapland about the middle of February. The most northern point reached by him and his companions was the town of Umanak, 69 degrees, 10 minutes latitude. They travelled in Lapland, on sleds drawn by reindeer, and were objects of great interest with the natives, as they were the first Americans seen in these parts.

REWARDED AT LAST.—Rev. J. C. Lovejoy has been appointed 'Private Secretary' to Arthur W. Austin Esq., Collector of the port of Boston.

A SON OF THE OLD DAKOTA BECKETT.—F. A. Woodworth, who has been elected State Senator from San Francisco, California, is a son of the poet Woodworth.

Eleven women who destroyed the bottles, casks and liquor of a retailer in Belleville, Ohio, whose shop was frequented by their fathers, brothers and husbands, have been tried for riot in the common pleas of Richland county, and acquitted by the jury, to the apparent satisfaction of everybody except the plaintiff.

REVEREND TELEGRAPH.—We understand that this paper has been read by Mrs. J. A. C. Fenwick, the wife of the Bath Tribune, who has purchased the printing office, and will conduct the paper.

Rev. Mr. Gardiner commences his labors as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Bath, next Sunday.

THE DEATH OF LEXINGTON.—The Leavenworth Herald of March 21, says that within a week near one thousand emigrants have landed at that place, bringing with them their families and implements of industry. A letter from Quindaro, March 13, says that nearly every steamer arriving there comes loaded down with people intending to settle in the Territory.

The New York papers flatly contradict the report that the late Mrs. Charles Merriam and Eckel were discovered the murder of Bartell, and 'name him at the trial,' establishing beyond controversy, the innocence of their clients. How such a rumor originated they cannot imagine.

Later from Europe.

STEAMSHIP ASIA, from Liverpool March 21st, has arrived.

The Queen's speech was delivered on Friday, 20th, dissolving Parliament.

Austria threatens to suspend diplomatic relations with Sardinia. The latter power is busily strengthening her fortifications.

A difficulty has occurred between England and Japan. Two English ships of war now occupy Nagasaki.

The Russian Minister at Constantinople demands an explanation concerning the filibuster force of 300 Poles sent by English sympathizers to aid Circassia.

A dispatch from Paris says the King of Prussia has finally agreed to settle the Neuchâtel difficulty, renouncing his rights, on condition that the title of Prince Neuchâtel be reserved to the Prussian crown; that he be allowed for four years the revenues of his ancient domains in the Canton, and that an amnesty be granted to his partisans there.

The final sittings of the Paris Conference on Turkish affairs, chiefly concerning the Principality, will be held in June.

Full instructions were sent from Cadix on the 12th of March to the Governor General of Havana, respecting difficulties with Mexico.

The text of the Sound Dues Treaty is published. Denmark engages not to levy any dues whatever on vessels passing the Belts or Sound, and also to maintain lights, buoys, etc., at the approaches of its ports, and along the coasts, etc.

Private letters from Paris state that the baker and three accomplices had been convicted of an attempt to poison the British Charge and family at Hong Kong, and shot.

It is said that a great portion of Canton both within and without the walls,

