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ABOUT MATRIMONY.

"I have a bit of confidence for your private ear," whispered one charming lady to another; "will you advise me?"

"With all my heart, my dear."

Becoming blushed and a little confusion of curls followed this response: there was a near-approach to a downcast eye, a curious expectation, when the first charming lady whispered, "Charles has proposed."

"Indeed!" and a blank look, or rather an expression of disappointment, betrayed the regard of the fair listener; "and have you accepted him?"

"Why no; that is, not exactly; I knew you were acquainted with his family and himself, years ago, and I felt as if I wanted to get your advice about it."

"And you wish me to be candid?"

"Certainly, I do," replied the other, with a little uneasiness of manner, and her look seemed to say, "you don't know anything against him."

"Well, I advise you not to encourage him."

"Not to encourage him!" exclaimed the first speaker blankly.

"I said so."

"O! Mrs. C., why not?"

"Because you cannot be happy with him; he has an outrageous temper, is jealous, and has indulged in bad habits ever since I knew him."

The lips of the quiverer trembled, flushed alternated with pallor upon her cheeks; wounded feeling sent its fire to her eyes; this advice she had not expected.

"You are angry with me, then, for telling the truth?"

"O! Mrs. C., I will never believe it; I never can believe it; dear, good, generous Charles! and she seemed to suffocate in the atmosphere on which the accusation had fallen; "I can never, never, never believe it."

Not long after she was married; festivity and rejoicings colored the first few months with radiant hues of happiness. In two years she was broken hearted and divorced.

Do you see the point? Girls won't believe a word against those to whom they have given their affections. And many a woman unhappily mated, cries out, "oh! if I had only known she might have known—everybody might know; but they blind their eyes and cover their ears till they have taken the irrevocable step. Not know! the man has associates, friends, relatives; somebody will tell the truth. There is no need of getting married to a beer-cask—a tobacco-pipe—a spittoon-slave, an indolent jester, a profane swearer. Straws show which way the wind blows, if one will take the pains to watch them."

Men and women, say some, can conceal their real sentiments, habits and opinions for years; don't believe it. The truth is, many women, before marriage, encourage looseness and familiarity with vice, by their own fickleness, their own inconsistency, and by example. They treat the occasional glass, the occasional cigar with elegant rally; smile as they protest, and end by saying that men are so different from women. How can this be? Has God made any provision, left any margin for delinquency of men? Has he said that (woman) shall not swear—thou (woman) shalt not commit adultery? Is there any more reason why a man should muddle his brains with cigar smoke than that a woman should indulge in the pipe of tobacco? Is it really any worse for a man to get drunk, than for a woman? Away with these excuses for sin! stop that everlasting twaddle that such and such persons are excusable, because they are men. It has ruled the world long enough. It has made wretched households too long; it has trained too many recruits for Satan's army.

But about this matter of finding out who you are going to marry; there seems to be a shrinking from all serious thought upon the subject. "I like him very much and am determined to have him; I have called to see if you know anything against his character, but if you do, you mustn't tell me, for I shan't believe you. I'm going to be married, because—well, because it's customary, and I don't want to be an old maid; besides, I shall have some one to pet me, to wait upon me—to stay at home with me when I am sick, to be devoted to me alone, and—in fact I rather fancy being styled a married woman."

But do you consider what a serious thing it is to unite your destiny with that of a stranger? How do you know what his habits have been, who his associates are—where are his haunts? If they are bad, after the novelty of the marriage life is over, after he has presented you to the world as his prize, after he has seen that your wants are sufficiently attended to, he will return to his old manner of life. No matter how lovely you may be, how accomplished, you are claimed. A helpless babe lies on your bosom; your hands and your head are full, and if you have made a mistake in choice in your husband, if you blindly married him when you knew or had reason to fear on the representations of those who loved you, that his course had been a vicious one, God help you.

"If I had ever dreamed of this."

Stop! wipe the scalding tears from your cheeks; cease the nervous pressure of your foot upon the cradle; think a moment; think a moment. Once, nay, twice, before you were married, you were told that the man you loved had been in the bowling saloon—that ante-chamber of destruction. You questioned lightly, and laughingly he denied it, and you thought no more about it. At a select company cards were introduced. You saw that he was well acquainted with the games; his eye sparkled, his color deepened; he watched the chances like a gambler.

"It wasn't for money, you know—no harm in a quiet game of whist!" and so he silenced you. A slight scent of smoke; his breath was fragrant with aromatic odors.

"One cigarette, you know, smoke a good deal—gets in my clothes;" and he might add, "you simple little fool, what do you suppose I chew cloves for?"

Then did he ever tell you, candidly and truthfully, where he had spent the intervening time?

"Never."

Did he allude to any great and good work, or any great good man in terms of respect or affection?

"Never."

Did the play-bill ever drop out of his hat, or some ticket or paper that he replaced with trepidation?

"Often."

Did he read Dumas' novels, and talk with rapturous admiration of George Sand?

"Often."

Did he ever mention the Bible, or a single truth that it contained?

"Never."

Did he swear?

"I never know."

Were his nights spent at his home, or his boarding house?

"What a question! how could I tell?"

And you married him in this utter ignorance, and yet say you never dreamed of this neglect, this loneliness, this suffering, these tears—his indifference—his brutality.

Were you destitute of common sense that you thus took everything for granted? What! do you say it would not have been modest, or delicate to make such inquiries! Are you too modest—too delicate now, for his reproaches, his taunts, his desertion?

Girls! for the sake of purity be as modest, as sensitive, as delicate as God intended you should be; but be sure that the man to whom you are about committing yourself for life has in full these indispensable qualifications for happy and holy wedlock—a belief in the word of inspiration, and a character that will bear the strictest investigation. [Olive Branch.]

The Vegetable Food of Man.

During the early part of this winter, the Rev. H. Wood, of Lowell, addressed the distinguished Dr. S. L. Dana, requesting information relating to the cheapest and best kinds of food. The answer of Mr. Dana has been published in the Medical World; it is scientific—as might be expected coming from such high chemical and physiological authority—and it also contains much useful information little known to the community in general. We will endeavor to present the substance of its most important points, because we believe such knowledge should be circulated through every corner of the world, concerning, as it does, the welfare of every human being.

It has been laid down as a law of physiological chemistry that all food serves two distinct purposes; one part for building the body forms the blood out of which comes all the animal tissues; the other part forms fat, and furnishes fuel by which the animal heat is kept up through the process of breathing. Food contains flesh, blood, and tissue formers in proportion to their amount of nitrogen. When chemistry, therefore, determines the amount of nitrogen in any kind of food, it expresses the relative value of that food for these purposes. The starch, gum, fat, sugar, and water, and occasionally a portion of woody fiber or grain, rarely ministers to the wants of nutrition. These substances are the fuel formers, out of which fat may be formed, which is, as essential as blood. Ten parts of fat are equal to twenty-four parts of starch, grape, and milk sugar in heating power.

Life cannot long be maintained by any food that fulfills only one part of the process of nutrition. A man fed on that food which forms blood and tissue soon dies of starvation, and so does the man that is only fed on fuel-forming food; and if a man is deprived of certain salts, such as common salt, compounds of sulphur, phosphorus, potash, soda, lime, magnesia and iron, he cannot long survive. Even if fed on all these three classes of substances, he will die of starvation, unless allowed a certain proportion of ready formed fat, in addition to the fat that may be formed out of the other.

Nature has taught us the type of our food, viz, milk. It contains the essentials of four great groups of substances on which nutrition in its widest sense depends. The elements of milk are, 1st. Curd, which is a blood former; it contains all the nitrogen and all the sulphur. 2nd. Butter, which is fat. 3d. Sugar, which is a fuel former or heater. 4th. Salts—soluble and insoluble—the earth of bones, potash, soda, and phosphoric acid.

Such are the substances which nature has prepared for our first food—a mixture of four groups of substances. To suit human wants, according to its age, we should imitate this best natural mixture of those substances designed as the food of man.

In vegetable and animal food there are substances representing those contained in milk. Dr. Dana merely alludes to those of fish and flesh, and states (which is something new to most persons) that the flesh of fish contains the same amount of nutrient matter, as the flesh of oxen. Albumen forms gristle, sinews, membrane, muscle, nails, and is found in the nerve tubes. Fat is a lubricant, assists to form cells, and it forms part and parcel of all the chemical changes which the body undergoes, and is required for more purposes than merely heating the body. Sugar never forms part of the animal tissues, but it performs an important office in the changes of all these tissues. It forms lactic acid and contributes largely to the formation of fat.

The waste of anything essential to life and all its healthy functions must be supplied by a like substance. Food, therefore, is nutritious just in proportion as it contains the elements, properly mixed, which go to sustain the body and supply its waste. What is the best and cheapest food for this purpose? This is a great question, and one respecting which much reliable information has been wanting.

Wheat, Indian corn, rye, rice, and buckwheat are the principal grains used in our country for food. Wheat holds the highest place in the market, and its finest flour—that which is deprived of the most bran—is the dearest and most admired. This cherished flour—the costliest—is actually the least valuable for food. The fat and salts of wheat reside chiefly in the bran, and the flour deprived of these, does not contain well mixed nutrient matter.

Dr. Dana places Indian corn and rye above wheat for our food, and he surprises us by giving oatmeal the highest place of all—it contains the greatest amount of albumen, its starch is equal to that of fine wheat flour, and its fat exceeds that of any other cereal grain. Buckwheat and rice are poor articles for food: one pound of beans is equal to three and a half of rice or potatoes. Cabbage contains a great amount of albumen, but no fat, sugar, or salts, but it is excellent for mixing with other substances, such as potatoes, which contain these. Oatmeal cake, bean and pea soup, baked beans, Indian corn pudding sweetened with molasses are the vegetable food, which he esteems to be the best and cheapest for common and general use.—[Scientific American.]

FREE-SOIL FEELING IN ST. LOUIS.—The St. Louis correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes:

I have been in this city for the past six weeks, and nothing has surprised me so much as the tone of public sentiment in regard to slavery. The city is to-day freesoil in sentiment, and the State is fast becoming so. It is admitted by all parties—even by the St. Louis Republican, a pro-slavery paper—that in a few years there will be no slaves in Missouri. The doctrine of emancipation are earnestly advocated in the Legislature, and by one of the ablest papers in this city, the Democrat. The free white population is increasing with wonderful rapidity, and the slave population fast diminishing.

Two O'clock in the Morning.

Miss Kitty on the sofa sat With Harry Vane, any close at that!

When lo! the clock gave warning! And Kitty said: "Oh, daisy me, It cannot be, it cannot be, Two o'clock in the morning!"

Without the white moon watched the earth; Within, the red fire danced with mirth; The lover's cheeks adorning, With glow made crimson by the press, Their lips had made, in sweet caress, At two o'clock in the morning.

I will not tell what words were said; How Harry's heart held Kitty's head, Parental caution scoring, The cozy chamber walls went round, At two o'clock 'till the morning.

And as it thus was, so 'till it was; Such scenes the pensive moon will see, And mantle clocks give warning To lagging youth and loving maid, Who have the parting hour delayed 'Till two o'clock 'till the morning.

Tired of Farming.

One sometimes finds queer things in the newspapers, and nowhere queerer, than in the columns of advertisements.

The Weekly Commercial, published at New Boston, Illinois, contains the following announcement, involving about as grave an error in the philosophy of living as one often encounters. It runs thus:

"MY WIFE AND I HAVE AN ATTACK OF SOMETHING that we fear is old age. It looks like it, and feels like it. It has been coming on for some time, and gets gradually worse every year. We fear we shall not get well while on the farm. Said complaint is doubtless worse in consequence of our always having been hard workers. But we can't stand the hard knock any more. We have no help only as we live, and we are going to sell our home that we may find time to die."

The author goes on to enumerate the good qualities of the old homestead, such as beautiful groves, bearing orchards, running water, excellent buildings, two hundred acres of land, and all only six miles from New Boston. And this kingdom—for kingdom it is—the unhappy owner proposes to abdicate, and what is very probable, move to New Boston, with a neighbor at each elbow, talking over his head, and seventeen strange broods of chickens in his patch of a garden, from the time of pea-planting to potato harvest.

His butter is the color of gold now, and the milk is made of sweet cream; but when he reaches New Boston, he will turn geologist, and buy an article exhibiting strata that would puzzle Dr. Buckland, varying in tint, as they will, from a London brown to an aquish pallor; his cow will be tin, and the cream in the milk will know nothing like a resurrection.

He will set out two walking sticks for a shade each side of his gate, and they will flutter two sickly leaves apiece, as he passes, and the "grove of young timber," that wooed the summer wind and sheltered the summer birds, hard by his door.

Old age has found him in the country, and he has found it in the city. He has found it in the city, which takes immediate cognizance of the deed, which has a right to the full weight of all the testimony, in order that it may give its own independent verdict, and watch over the administration of its own laws, so that justice may not be perverted. The tribunal of public opinion is as important, and needs an understanding of the case quite as much, as the men who sit in the jurors' seats.

For ourselves, we do not believe that these details of crime (provided the language used is properly guarded) have any injurious influence on society at large, and in the general result. They carry their own lesson with them. True, minds already corrupt, and seeking for a cloak to cover their own sins, may use them to hide their nakedness, but, generally, they terrify and alarm from the commission of crimes, those who otherwise might fall. Take the case now on trial at Cambridge, what a terrible lesson; what horror and disgust of crime does it not give to us, which ever way it is decided. If convicted, how humiliating, how degrading to the pride of the human mind, that from the high places of society, from the very altar of God,—learning and eloquence, and genius, and mental power, should be dragged down by an animal passion common to us with the brutes of the field.

On the other hand, if acquitted, how terrible that in any class of the community, there should be found such awful malice and wilful perjury for the destruction of innocence and virtue that has never harmed them. Whichever way we turn, scarcely less horrible and frightful does the picture appear. Surely there is little danger of the influence of example—of imitation—here. A single leaf from one of the popular, sentimental, love-sick romances of the day, which are found in every dwelling, and in which vice is gilded over with all the seductive colors of the apples of Sodom, will destroy more souls than all the rough, vulgar, and revolting exposures of a thousand such trials.

We believe that no individual with good intentions, whose heart is set right, can rise from the perusal of such a melancholy recital of human crime and degradation, resting certainly upon one or the other of the parties, without being made more humble and pure in spirit thereby, and dreading lest he also may fall upon some great evil, left in sincerity and earnestness, the prayer of the publican, as all which he dares at the moment to utter,—Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!—Boston Traveller.

HOGS IN THE RAILROAD CAR.—The day was gusty and gray, and the cars were full. As we wandered down the aisles to find a seat, we came suddenly upon a Hog.

What a family of marked characteristics it is! How impossible it is for a Hog to travel incognito! There he sat, with Mrs. Hog, and the little Pig with its nurse, occupying four seats. They really filled three, and the shawls and bundles were piled up with the rest. Hog was having twelve dollars worth for nine dollars, and looked as important and early as if he owned the railroad, and the rest of us traveled by his gracious sufferance. He was well wrapped in furs and read a book. Mrs. Hog sat next the window and read a newspaper, and surveyed the little Pig asleep in the nurse's arms. Meanwhile honest women and men stood in the aisle, shaking with the movement of the train and longing to sit down. They looked at the seat before Hog, bundled with his family traps, and the more they looked, the sulkier looked Hog and the more steadfastly he read.

Hog travels everywhere, and always occupies one or two more seats than he pays for and looks personally insulted if any one who has paid for them offers to take them. Sometimes the brothers Hog travel together, and put their feet upon the front seat, and when passengers enter, especially poor women with bundles, look absorbingly out of the window, or make their faces as hard as their hearts. Sometimes it is old Mrs. Hog who presumes

upon the privileges of her sex, and aims to spread herself as broadly as possible.

Learn Everything, but Know Nothing.

It may be said emphatically, that this is an age when children learn everything, but know nothing. This is especially true of young girls. The fashionable seminaries for the education of the future wives and mothers of the republic, usually undertake, with the most self-complacent absurdity, to instruct their pupils in everything, from French to embroidery, from geology to music. A young lady in this age of progress is not considered to be making any advances at all in education, unless she is studying at one and the same time, the harp and piano, German and Italian, crotchet work and fashionable netting, drawing and dancing, the art of composition and the art of making a courtesy, physiology and painting, algebra and astronomy, with natural philosophy in all its branches and artificial manners in all their conversationalities. As a consequence, the rising generation of young females exhibits myriads of smatterers, but very few thoroughly educated women. The fair students most invariably forget to-day what they were taught yesterday. Undertaking to learn too much, they end by learning nothing. Even what is acquired is held only superficially. And what is true of girls is true of boys, though we are glad to say, not in so great a degree.

It is the fault of modern academies generally to attempt to teach too much. The popular notion, that the more studies a pupil has the better must be his education, is radically wrong; and yet instructors, who know better, in order to make their schools flourishing ones, truckle to this idea. But a good education depends, less on the number of branches studied, than on the thoroughness with which a few are mastered. Far be it from the Ledger to say that a child should remain in ignorance of geography, arithmetic, spelling, history, or other necessary branches. This is not what we mean. What we do mean is, that our children should be taught these fundamental studies thoroughly, before they are carried forward to others of less importance, or instructed in what are merely accomplishments. We maintain that the woman who writes and speaks her own language correctly, has a more finished education than she who cannot spell common English words, though she may jabber French. We assert that the boy who has mastered one thing thoroughly, whether it be the mathematics, the histories, or the idioms and structure of his native tongue, stands a better chance to succeed in life, than he who can conjugate in a dozen languages, dead or living, and is therefore more proficient in either, or his own.

We once knew an old lawyer, who, when a young student commenced his law studies, was told by the young man's father, "Read that for a year; he was accustomed to say, 'and then I'll give you something else.' To spend a year over a single treatise, comprised in but four volumes, seemed, at first, a useless waste of time. The student, if a quick reader, had generally finished the book in a month. But the preceptor was invariably inexorable. 'You think you know it—do you?' he would say sarcastically. 'Well, what is the rule in Sheeley's case?' Perhaps the youth had been fortunate enough to notice and remember the abstruse distinction taken on that famous trial. But, even if he had, the old lawyer was sure to trip him up, in five minutes, on something else. Back to Blackstone the student went, at last aware of his deficiencies, and read, and noted, and analyzed, for perhaps a couple of months more. Then he returned to the old story, that there was nothing left to be learned. But the thorough old common-law advocate soon caught him again. When Blackstone was finished at last, it was finished, as it were for life. Every line almost was fixed forever in the student's mind. He could look back mentally over the four volumes, as a spectator gazes from a mountain-top over a wide campaign country spread beneath him, and map out the whole without a single omission or blunder. He had a life long clue to the labyrinth.

The old lawyer's plan of teaching law is the only correct plan of teaching anything. Boys or girls, educated on a similarly thorough system, at least know what they are talking about, when they talk at all. They have acquired discipline of mind, and clear ideas with it. If they undertake to write, they write sensibly and correctly. If they converse, they speak to the point. If they are called in the duties of life, to decide in some novel combination of circumstances, they think accurately, because they know immediately where to look for the keystone of the problem. The vast field of knowledge is no longer a labyrinth to them, for they hold the clue to it in a disciplined mind and a capacity to study properly. It is never difficult to recognize such persons, even in five minutes conversation. They are distinguishable at a glance, from those imperfectly educated individuals of either sex, who to use a simile of Lord Bolingbroke, rattle on as meaninglessly as alarm clocks that have sprung prematurely.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

POSITION IN SLEEPING.—It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a battle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it and arrests the flow of blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us; that sends on the stagnating blood, and we wake in a fright or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the effort made to escape the danger. But when we are not able to escape the danger, when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in their bed in the morning: "They were as well as they were the day before;" and often it is added, and at heartier than common! That this last, is a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed well to wake no more, we give merely

as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and heavy meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safer side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is simply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink.—No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising to a day of comfort.

The Swell-head disease.

This dreadful disease sometimes attacks horses, and probably, other animals, as monkeys and Jackasses; and some, as the parrot and mocking-bird. But men are more subject to it, and with them it is more fatal.

CAUSE.—Vacuity in the cranium. It is often augmented by flattery, especially when the cerebrum is small and ill shaped. Men of large information, however, are sometimes afflicted with it, in which there is found an inordinate swelling in the upper region of the head, just back of the 'apex cranii' (top of the head). The protuberance is called self-esteem.

SYMPTOMS.—The poor creature usually fancies himself the biggest, smartest, best and handsomest man in the crowd—loves the 'uppermost seats in the synagogues'—is given to impudence, impertinence, and unusually bad manners in company—is censorious and fond of finding and exposing the foibles of his associates—has few friends and no lovers, and has generally a bad odor to polite and well bred people—given to swelling and strutting, as if in one moment he fancied himself a toad, and the next a turkey cock. He is egotistic and passionately fond of high-sounding titles, as Squire, Captain, Colonel, General, &c. The miserable patient is sometimes so inflated as to attempt to stride the ocean, or jump over very high mountains. There are only a few of the symptoms of this malady, but enough to identify it.

TREATMENT.—When it is caused by emptiness of the cranium, it is only necessary to fill up the vacuum with good ideas, a solid education or common sense. When induced by diminutiveness, or malformation of brain, the cure is slow and difficult. We have known some cases which defied every remedy and destroyed the patients. A cure must be attempted by exercising and cultivating those faculties which are deficient, such as the judgment and the understanding and depleting self-esteem, &c. The skulls of these patients are usually very thick and hard, so that it is hard pounding anything into them, but they are excessively fond of soft soap—give them a pound or two every day, and it will soften the skull so that you can probably get a little gumption into it, or a modicum of ratiocination, and they will soon be well. When this will not cure, soft soap will palliate.

In the case of those gentlemen, from ten to twenty years old, who get putting on boots and pantaloons of their fathers, and to teaching their teachers, reproving, counseling, and some times, insulting old age, chewing tobacco, smoking cigars and drinking whiskey—swearing and cutting the dandy swell-head generally—appetite for late hours, bad company and bar-rooms voracious—a little oil of birch, applied by the paternal hand—is the best remedy. Then keep them out of the night air and bad weather. If this does not cure, give them a little olive oil—blessing—the head grows and grows, till the poor sufferer topples over a few times, and knocks out half his self-esteem.

[Louisiana Baptist.]

PUBLIC OPINION OF CRIME.—The Albany Evening Journal thus tersely describes the popular effect of a great crime:

There are three stages of a popular excitement over a great crime.

First, the bloodthirsty, which is for seizing somebody on the slightest suspicion, and stringing him up on the nearest tree. Or is it for poking him into the fire with pitchforks, because 'hanging is too good for him.' This lasts till the culprit is under sentence, lock, and key.

Then compassionate, when jurors regret the severity of the sentence; when turnkeys praise his gentlemanly manners, and clergymen his repentant spirit; when boys obtain his autograph, and women treasure up locks of his hair. These are the times that try the souls of Governors.

And then the contemptuous, which, if dead, sneers over his coffin; if living, bids him go snare over the way of honest men, and rails at the Executive and Judicial clemency, which it just before sought.

This is the history of every murder from Abel down to Burdell. The public always hate criminals before conviction, pities them when convicted, and adores them when set free. We do not quarrel with human nature for its fickle phases; we must take it as it is. But it should be the watchful care of the ministers of law that they are not hurried by the first, enajoyed by the second or hardened by the third.

A POET CURED.—Squizzins, of the Boston Transcript, relates the manner of his rescue from a poetic career. "He had composed, on a moonlight night, he says, and sent to the village paper a beautiful rhapsody to his sweet-heart Charity, in which the following verse occurred:

All sleep!—sleep sailor, ladie sleep! There's one that slumbers not; 'Tis I, the stars, too, basked the deep;— There's one who sits alone to weep,— To weep and be forgot."

In due time I received the Herald, with my effort in a conspicuous place; the above verses read in print:

All sleep!—sleep sailor, ladie sleep! There's one that slumbers not; 'Tis I, the stars, too, basked the deep;— There's one who sits alone to weep,— To weep and be forgot."

That did the job for me. From that day to this, the muses and myself have not been on speaking terms.

FILMS ON THE EYES OF CATLE.—The Maine Farmer says:

"We are informed by Charles R. Abbott, Esq., of Bangor, that he has always succeeded in removing such obstructions to the sight of the eye, by simply pouring on common molasses. He says he has applied it to oxen, cows, horses, and sheep, and in one instance to the latter when the film had been on the eye certainly two years. Two applications effectually removed it.

The way to apply it, he says, is to open the eye and pour in a teaspoonful of molasses. It is somewhat painful to the animal, but effectual. It may be repeated in inveterate cases. This is a cheap and simple remedy, and should be generally known among farmers.

CRANBERRY BORDER.—I am much pleased with the notion of your correspondent H. L. D., to use cranberry vines instead of box, as a border. It could be perfected in the course of three years, so that each rod in length would yield annually at least a peck of cranberries—worth at least one dollar for family use. The labor of keeping such a border would be incomparably less than is usually required on box—from which proceeds no product of any value.

[Corr. Country Gentleman.]

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. X.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1857.

NO. 40.

TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

Miss Kitty on the sofa sat With Harry Vane, any close at that! When lo! the clock gave warning! And Kitty said: "Oh, daisy me, It cannot be, it cannot be, Two o'clock in the morning!"

Without the white moon watched the earth; Within, the red fire danced with mirth; The lover's cheeks adorning, With glow made crimson by the press, Their lips had made, in sweet caress, At two o'clock in the morning.

I will not tell what words were said; How Harry's heart held Kitty's head, Parental caution scoring, The cozy chamber walls went round, At two o'clock 'till the morning.

And as it thus was, so 'till it was; Such scenes the pensive moon will see, And mantle clocks give warning To lagging youth and loving maid, Who have the parting hour delayed 'Till two o'clock 'till the morning.

Tired of Farming.

One sometimes finds queer things in the newspapers, and nowhere queerer, than in the columns of advertisements.

The Weekly Commercial, published at New Boston, Illinois, contains the following announcement, involving about as grave an error in the philosophy of living as one often encounters. It runs thus:

"MY WIFE AND I HAVE AN ATTACK OF SOMETHING that we fear is old age. It looks like it, and feels like it. It has been coming on for some time, and gets gradually worse every year. We fear we shall not get well while on the farm. Said complaint is doubtless worse in consequence of our always having been hard workers. But we can't stand the hard knock any more. We have no help only as we live, and we are going to sell our home that we may find time to die."

The author goes on to enumerate the good qualities of the old homestead, such as beautiful groves, bearing orchards, running water, excellent buildings, two hundred acres of land, and all only six miles from New Boston. And this kingdom—for kingdom it is—the unhappy owner proposes to abdicate, and what is very probable, move to New Boston, with a neighbor at each elbow, talking over his head, and seventeen strange broods of chickens in his patch of a garden, from the time of pea-planting to potato harvest.

His butter is the color of gold now, and the milk is made of sweet cream; but when he reaches New Boston, he will turn geologist, and buy an article exhibiting strata that would puzzle Dr. Buckland, varying in tint, as they will, from a London brown to an aquish pallor; his cow will be tin, and the cream in the milk will know nothing like a resurrection.

He will set out two walking sticks for a shade each side of his gate, and they will flutter two sickly leaves apiece, as he passes, and the "grove of young timber," that wooed the summer wind and sheltered the summer birds, hard by his door.

Old age has found him in the country, and he has found it in the city. He has found it in the city, which takes immediate cognizance of the deed, which has a right to the full weight of all the testimony, in order that it may give its own independent verdict, and watch over the administration of its own laws, so that justice may not be perverted. The tribunal of public opinion is as important, and needs an understanding of the case quite as much, as the men who sit in the jurors' seats.

For ourselves, we do not believe that these details of crime (provided the language used is properly guarded) have any

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, APR. 16, 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. 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.

THE WEATHER continues rainy and the river high. So very judiciously, however, have the showers been adjourned from day to day, that the snow and ice of the Upper Kennebec are coming down in a very harmless way. The damage done the several bridges, mentioned last week, constitutes the principal catalogue, thus far. To-day, Wednesday, the river is rising slowly, in consequence of a warm and gentle rain for some twenty-four hours past.

There is a break in the East end of Ticonic dam, some 50 to 75 feet in length. There is also a break in the side-dam, below the bridge, which suspends the working of the machinery below.

On the Penobscot and Piscataquis the damage done is considerable. Portland papers have the following details:

The heavy rain storm of Monday last caused the rapid rise of water in our rivers, and created in some places, much damage. The greatest damage we have heard of was on the Piscataquis River, where the water rose to a very high pitch. Among the bridges and buildings swept away, or damaged, were a covered bridge at Abbott's; Low's bridge, Guilford; the milldam at Foxcroft; W. W. Harris's fork factory at Foxcroft, with a loss of about \$5000; all the machinery in Mayo's woolen factory at Foxcroft, washed out leaving the building standing; the bridge and mill-dam at Dover village, also damaging the woolen factory of S. P. Brown to some extent, built during the past winter, dam, saw, and grist mill, &c., at East Dover, and a covered bridge at Atkinson. Undoubtedly more remains to be heard from. The estimate of damages thus far is \$30,000.

On Sandy River the bridge at Keith's Mills and the Whittier bridge were carried away, and the Intervale Roads are badly blocked by the ice.

On the Kennebec River, at Skowhegan the water rose so high on Monday night, that Barney Ronkon, Canadian, and family, were forced to evacuate their shanty, and flee to the hill for a firmer footing.

The Barnes mill at Solon, was swept away on Wednesday.

At Madison Bridge, about thirty feet of the main dam across the Kennebec has gone out, together with the bulkhead of the mills.

On the Androscoggin River, at Lewiston, on Tuesday morning, the river began to rise rapidly. The ice, which had piled up against the heavy granite piers of the railroad bridge, causing the water above to rise rapidly. At one time fears were entertained for the safety of this structure. About noon, Tuesday, this ice jam broke, and let the whole body over the falls.

Large numbers of logs went down river. The river continued to rise till Wednesday morning, when it reached a point 15 feet above high water mark. The river wall on the west side of the river, was covered by the water. The water rose so high that logs pitching over the upper dam, would bounce into the air, and strike the under work of the railroad bridge, tearing off some of the boards. At noon, Wednesday, the river began to fall.

THE HORTICULTURIST.—We have a most agreeable surprise in finding this very valuable monthly again on our table. We missed the February and March numbers, and had been trying to reconcile ourselves to do without it. If this were as difficult for others as for us, the Horticulturist would be read by a thousand Kennebec farmers. It not only improves the orchard and the garden, but the wife and children are cultivated and trained by its influence; the buildings and fences, the trees and shrubs, grow better and more beautiful; and even the sunshine and showers are brighter and sweeter, because better understood and appreciated. We again urge this work upon the fruit-growers of Maine. Its value to them in simple dollars and cents, could not fail to pay twice ten fold; while its contribution to mental culture and social pleasures is beyond estimate. Price \$2 a year; address "Horticulturist, Philadelphia."

"Adams's New England Writing Fluid."—Those who are perplexed with bad ink—such as does not flow freely, or is pale or gummy—are advised to try an article bearing the above label, put up by G. H. Adams & Co. of this place. They will have no further trouble. It flows freely, and its color is precisely right. Try it, and see if you don't thank us for our reference.

THE TRIAL OVER.—Report says there will not be another trial of Mr. Kallach. His society have passed very decided resolutions for sustaining him as their preacher, and appointed a donation party for his benefit, to meet the expenses he has incurred in defending himself. He had an immense audience on Sunday last, hundreds going away without gaining access to the house, although it is capable of holding some three thousand persons.

GOOD.—A letter from John G. Saxe, written at Kalamazoo, gives us the gratifying news that he is restored to perfect health, and has been for several weeks in the lecture field.

SPIRITUALISM.—"Citizen" promises to commence the discussion of this subject in our next, other engagements having prevented this week.

A letter from Portland says that Miss Sprague, a distinguished trance speaker, has been in that place for some two weeks, addressing large audiences. She has appointments there for Tuesday and Friday evenings, and for the Sabbath.

The Republicans of Michigan have elected their State Judicial officers and board of regents by 10,000 majority. It is reported from Washington that the State Department has received information of the settlement of the difficulties between Spain and Mexico.

OUR TABLE.

PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.—Contents of April number.—Apothryphal Gospels, Dr. Kane's Arcotic Explorations, part 10 of The Fortunes of Gilead, Christmas Tale, Maid Barbara, Songs of Summer, Mrs. Westport's, Experiences of Rome, Prescott and Mulley on Philip and William, Chatterton, The Letters of Horace Walpole, Monarchs Retired from Business, Lay Monks, Boswell's Letters about himself, Pompeii, Paintings on the Walls, Southey's Letters, Samuel Wesley, Fiction Crushing, Going to the Play in China, New Editions of Wordsworth's Poems, Gleaned Economy, Samuel Johnson—With much choice poetry and a host of short articles. Published by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—Good! better!! best!!! and still increasing in excellence from month to month. Leland is a trump, and under his editorial care, seconded by the liberal enterprise of the publishers, a new life and vigor have been imparted to the pages of this magazine. The May number is full of good things, as a cursory examination, even, will show; and we are glad to learn that a rapidly increasing circulation is rewarding the proprietors for their large outlay. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for May, is what it is for every month in the year—most excellent. The ladies are always fond in its praise; and they are the most competent judges of what a lady's magazine should be. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for May is prettily embellished and abounds in good stories. This monthly steadily progresses in public favor. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

FORESTER'S PLAYMATE.—This is a delightful little magazine for youth, and every month brings much to amuse and instruct. The April number, just received, will make the eyes of the little ones gladden with its display of picture and story, not to mention the gossip chit-chat and wit-sharpening puzzles. Published by William Gould & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

HYMN FOR SPRING.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Father, teach me how to praise thee
With a high, triumphant song,
Teach me how to join the chorus
Rolling hill and vale along.
Thou art leading over the mountains
Scented footsteps of the spring;
And the earth, with thousand voices,
Sings thy praise aloud thy song.
Wherefore should my soul be silent?
Why should my heart not depart
From the wilderness, spirit region
Of thy servant's fever'd heart?
Oh! my Father, ever faithful,
Love I ought that doth not prove
Ever more eager to depart
Near to the Source of Love?
When thy children rise before me
Clothed in majesty and might,
Their celestial harps waving
Brightly on my spirit's sight,
When I tremble at their greatness,
Daring scarce to lift mine eyes
To the crowned One—Thy Children,
Do not fear my thoughts to rise
Rising exulting to the Father
Clothed with thunder; arise with power
What art, O Lord, O Lord eternal?
These but star-light of an hour?
Oh my God, I long to praise Thee
With a glad, upspringing soul;
Help, beloved Father, help me
From my life each stone to roll.

ETHAN SPIKE.—This distinguished "gentleman from Hornby," it will be remembered, was sent as "plenipotenentiary" to Canada, by his nullifying fellow citizens, who were determined to secede if Fremont was elected. He has recently returned from his mission, and in the last Transcript gives a moving account of his "suffrins" while in "furrin land," and as he finds Fremont is not elected but Buchanan is, he wisely concludes to try the Union a little longer. In the meantime, as one of the victors, he goes in for the "spiles," as follows:—

I found when I got him that Fremont
Wanted elected, after all, an hour people had
Pretty generally concluded to try the union
A little longer. But let mister Buckinridge
Mind wot he is about, for though—
We have lectured long wait,
Yet how lecturing can know.
Let him be keful about the appointments.
Ef a sartin valuable deserving feller citizen,
That I know on, dont get suthin out of
the spiles, then—Jarn him let him take keer
of himself, that's all! I aint agoin to say
that respectable feller citizen ar—but he don't
live a thousand miles from Hornby. An ef
fighten beasts to Edlyus, (that's a figger of
speech, an means lueking federalists at the
pulle), hollerin, swearing an gettin shot up in
furrin jains an other patriotic doins, is goin to
be tack into account, (as it seems, to be in
Cap'n Ryder's case), then he's sure. But ef
he haint agoin I warn the president to take
keer. He's treadin on volcanicks, an subter-
fugean fires ar all ready to bust. Hornby is
the key stone of the dimercatrick arch, an it
only holds by about an inch!
Yours for the Country, according to circum-
stances,
ETHAN SPIKE.

The Boston Traveller, having recently swallowed the Atlas and two or three other papers, comes to us much enlarged and improved. It now consists of eight pages, in the form of the N. Y. Tribune, and is not only the largest but one of the best of the New England dailies.

STEAMER ANOX.—The favorite little steamer Clinton, Capt. Jewell, will commence her regular trips from this place to Hallowell the first of next week. She has been put in neat and complete condition, and with her good standing with the travelling public, a profitable season may be predicted.

SORRY TO HEAR.—That at the Levee given by Gov. Hamlin just prior to his retirement from the gubernatorial Chair, intoxicating liquor was freely circulated.

It was little less than an insult to his numerous and hearty supporters in this State, and a departure from a rule we distinctly understood he had wisely adopted.

We mean to be very chary in our vote hereafter; and if we are again deceived in that way, the fault shall be ours, and we will take all the blame to ourselves.

A MISTAKE.—We are happy to learn on good authority, that the item we copied yesterday from the Temperance Journal, respecting Governor Hamlin's furnishing liquor at his levee, is entirely unfounded.—Advertiser.

It is ascertained that the whole number of persons killed at the late railroad accident in Canada was ninety-three.

STRAW.—The Pope has sent a present to Louis Napoleon's infant son, of an emerald, formed of two parts, Robinson of Summer, Hall of Gotham, and others, participated, the resolve passed to be engrossed by years and Strachan and other persons.

SENATE.—Monday, April 13.—Resolve providing for the distribution of the Report of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture for 1856, came from the House amended, and was passed to be engrossed by years and Strachan and other persons.

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

SENATE.—Tuesday, April 7.—On motion of Mr. Hoyt, the Senate proceeded to consider bill "an act to incorporate the Literary Fraternity," and the same having been read twice, and the motion prevailed, the bill was passed to be engrossed.—An act to incorporate the Literary Fraternity, in relation to property of deceased married women, which, after being discussed, was laid on the table.

HOUSE.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the bill for the relief of insolvent debtors on motion of Mr. Burdett Mercer; and Mr. Burdett Mercer moved the House to lay the bill in favor of the bill.

After some remarks from Mr. Johnson of Augusta and Mr. Fox of Bangor, the bill was referred to the next Legislature, 49 to 19.

On motion of Mr. Brown of Kennebecport, the House proceeded to the special assignment of the day, viz:—An act for the establishment of a State Normal School. The question being on its passage, to be engrossed, Mr. Brown of Kennebecport, addressed the House in favor of the passage of the bill.

Resolved, That the Senate do, on or before the 1st of May, insert eight months for the time that pupils to the school shall obligate themselves to teach, on motion of Mr. Hichborn of Stockton, and the same was then passed to be engrossed.

Passed to be engrossed.—An act to establish a standard weight for the sale of grain and carrots.

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law, made an elaborate report concerning the subject of temperance, but concluding with no recommendation for definite present action, which was accepted.

On motion of Mr. Woodbury the Senate proceeded to consider the bill for the establishment of a State Normal School, which was referred to the next Legislature, and the motion prevailed.

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was travelling some years ago in Greece, and stopped in Athens. To while away an evening he visited the theatre. While musing upon the topics which every scene around him suggested to his mind, and deeply buried in classic associations, he heard a voice behind him remark, "Pooh! this ain't nothing. You ought to see the Tremont Theatre, Boston."

Turning round in amazement, he exclaimed to a gaunt Yankee on the next bench—"where on earth did you come from?" Without moving a muscle of his face, the person rejoined—"Got a little vessel down here in the Peloponnesus. Just com from Thomaston, Maine!" The effect can be imagined.—[Boston Courier.]

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.—In the face of Col. Benton's letter, and of the clamor and delamination of the entire Democratic press of Missouri. The city of St. Louis has elected an avowed Emancipator, Mayor, by a majority of Fifteen Hundred! The issue was distinctly understood. Mr. Wimer in a forcible speech, delivered three days before the election, denominated himself "A Free Soiler," and asked no man to support him, who was not in favor of emancipation.

A REMINISCENCE.—The able New York correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel, whose mark can hardly be mistaken, in a strong letter upon the late Dred Scott decision, recalls the following interesting incident touching that class of inhabitants who, according to Chief Justice Taney, have no rights which a white man is bound to respect:—

During the revolutionary war there were whole regiments of colored troops. Rhode Island had a colored brigade, in which, if I am not mistaken, the illustrious Greene served in his early career. In the second war with England companies of colored men were mustered into the service of the U. S. in this city; and I well remember that on the return of the U. S. frigate United States with the prize, the British frigate Macedonian, when the Corporation gave a feast to the whole ship's crew, as the gallant fellows marched up Broadway, a band of some eight or ten stalwart black men, marching in a body, struck my eye. There were other blacks in the procession, scattered here and there, but these were all together. Having an opportunity to ask Commodore Decatur the reason of this, he said "this group was the complement of a particular gun—that certain men were assigned to each gun—that they became proud of their gun—gave names to them, and that great emulation among the companies thereon ensued. As to these black men, their gun was called 'Black Bess' and a more quickly handled, truly served and efficient gun he had not in his whole broadside."

AN INTELLIGENT VOTER.—An amusing incident occurred in the town of Oxford, Ct., on election day. A voter whose literary qualifications were called in question by the Board of Selectmen, under the "reading" law lately passed in this State, undertook to enlighten their minds by complying with its provision. He could spell tolerably, but found it difficult to read. An easier place was found, and by spelling slowly the sense was determined until the last word was reached, which was "governer." The voter here came to a full stop—a dead halt! That word was a poser! He was requested to spell it. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it again. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a third time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fourth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a seventh time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it an eighth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a ninth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a tenth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it an eleventh time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twelfth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirteenth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fourteenth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifteenth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixteenth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a seventeenth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it an eighteenth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a nineteenth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twentieth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twenty-first time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twenty-second time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twenty-third time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twenty-fourth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twenty-fifth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twenty-sixth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twenty-seventh time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twenty-eighth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a twenty-ninth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirtieth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirty-first time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirty-second time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirty-third time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirty-fourth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirty-fifth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirty-sixth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirty-seventh time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirty-eighth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a thirty-ninth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fortieth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a forty-first time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a forty-second time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a forty-third time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a forty-fourth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a forty-fifth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a forty-sixth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a forty-seventh time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a forty-eighth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a forty-ninth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fiftieth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifty-first time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifty-second time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifty-third time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifty-fourth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifty-fifth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifty-sixth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifty-seventh time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifty-eighth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a fifty-ninth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixtieth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixty-first time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixty-second time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixty-third time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixty-fourth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixty-fifth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixty-sixth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixty-seventh time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixty-eighth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a sixty-ninth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a seventieth time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a seventy-first time. He did so, but he spelled it wrong. He was then told to try it a seventy-second

