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Billy was coming home, Billy her heart's joy. Mrs. Gray smoothed once more the corners of the already smooth rag-carpet, dusted once more the dustless table, and then with a look of infinite satisfaction, took her seat in the chimney-corner to listen, for Billy was coming home.

Two long minutes she listened, and then it seemed to her the blaring fire would burn another stick, so to the shed went Mrs. Gray—her woodpile was scanty, and earned with those feeble old hands, but—Billy was coming home!

Dear Billy! his mother's home should look clean and bright and cheery to the boy, if he did miss there the polished city furniture.—Then what a smile overran the wrinkles in the good old lady's face, as she thought of the supper in store! served upon porcelain, spiced with city condiments it might not be; but there were the sweet-cakes and the mutton-chop that Billy had relished when a boy, and for the cooking—what man, rich or poor, will not aver that there is but one cook in the world—his mother.

Mrs. Gray shook up the cushion of her chair and was seating herself, when she saw that the table-cloth opposite was just a grain away; she evened this, brushed the clean hearth again, unrolled her knitting, and resumed her seat.

Was that a sound? Though only half way toward the middle of the needle, Mrs. Gray fell full her sock and ran as fast as her old legs could travel to the door. No, only the winter-wind was beating for admission. Might not the clock have stopped? its hands did move so slowly! No, younger ears could have heard its tick outside through the paneled door.

Well, were the sweet-cakes rising? Was the supper really so tempting to look upon? Could she think of no improvement? Mrs. G. opened the cupboard door, and gazed with loving eyes upon the viands which should touch Billy's lips; no connoisseur ever studied his pictured Adonis or Cleopatra half so lovingly as she the rising dough, the uncooked chop, the three pickles, the smooth slice of butter, the scrap of cheese, and in a half-filled powder, her with that delicious dusty-green herb, that makes it known to lovers of genuine tea.

"All that for me, mother?"

"Bless my heart, Billy! how could you have come in, and I have watched and waited this hour past? But, never mind, I'm glad to see you, my son; here, sit in the rocking-chair and rest, and I will take your coat."

"Seeing that you are seventy-one years old and I am twenty-one, we'd better reverse that arrangement. Do you sit down. Why, mother, how handsome you look! A dear old soul, aren't you?"

A happy old soul she was as she watched her boy, and marked how spruce and manly he had grown; and yet how he had all the old familiar ways, and remembered all the old places about the house; hung the new carpet upon his peg, and took his chair for a seat at the corner of the fire—dear Billy!

"I declare, how good it is to be home again; how clean and nice it is here, how the tables shine; how natural that border of tulips looks around the floor; and the rag-carpet—how I remember cutting up the cloth for it—that pink stripe was poor little Annie's baby-cloak; don't sigh, mother, I was a thoughtless boy to tear it away from you."

No, Billy, you wanted to make my carpet handsome; and Annie wears better garments now she has gone to our Father's home. I was only thinking how she would enjoy this night—your first return.

"Maybe she does enjoy it. Who can tell? If I should be called above, do you suppose I'd forget my old mother? But we won't be solemn to-night. Look! this purple stripe was made from the first gray waistcoat I ever had. Didn't I feel proud to wear it when it was new—and shouldn't I be ashamed of such a gaudy thing now? Then the stripes next it looks black, but in the day time it's bottle-green—how well I remember! That's the remainder of pa's old military pants—after I had worn them a year or two, cut down."

So the young man ran on, seizing whatever topics seemed to please the good old lady most. There, Billy, now supper is ready. And this is a chop, Billy. And, Billy, don't you remember how you used to like sweet-cakes? Well, here they are, and these are pickles, Billy.

"I declare, I haven't seen such a bountiful supper since I went away from home; how good the chop smells!"

"Yes, and do taste one of the cakes, Billy, they're light as puff balls."

"All in good time, I can't eat too many things at once. Mother, to change the subject, don't you think that now I'm of age, yes, almost twenty-two—William sounds better than Billy?"

"I've never called you William; your father never did, and little Annie, dear soul! would not know her brother by that name. But William you shall be, if you wish; I promise not to call you any other name; now eat your supper, Billy."

"I've finished. Come, let us clear the table together; and then you shall see how you like the things I've brought from the Federal city."

"What more presents, when you sent the samuel hardly a week ago?"

"You wouldn't call samuel a present! St. Anthony, I've broken a saucer! But never mind, I remembered some of our plates were badly cracked, and so there's a whole new tea-set in my trunk."

The trunk was opened, and Mrs. Gray smiled and sighed by turns, to think Billy had spent a good third of his income in homely but useful gifts for her; patent foot-warmers, patent flat-iron, patent kettles; they were enough to keep the old lady happy and interested until her son should return again.

On the morrow, Master William Gray was gone. At parting he gave, once more, the oft-repeated injunction concerning his name.

"But what difference can it make in my letters, nobody hears me, Billy, and I like the look of the word."

"Doesn't any one hear them? You know how proud I am of your handsome hand, and your good, sensible reflections; suppose there were a friend that read my letters sometimes!"

The old lady looked through her spectacles sharply enough to break them. Billy blushed and bade his mother farewell.

The scene changes now to a city; the interior of a large boarding-house, and the private parlor of its mistress.

Another aged woman sits by her fireside at work; her mind astir with pleasant anticipations, her face different ones from those of Mrs. Gray.

Ah, what strange contrasts, what delicate shades of difference meet down from above!—Takes, for instance, the aged; lift the roofs from a hundred humes, and listen for slow footsteps, look for withered faces; some you shall find in the household chair-of-state cushioned about by luxury, claiming honors, love, obedience; some you shall find contented with crumbs that fall from their children's tables, delighted and

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only tolerated in the home; some sit alone by cheerless firesides, with the Book which hath given comfort to so many cheerless hearts; some seek to forget their age by decking for this world's vanity fair; while for others, the roof need not be lifted, for above their gray heads stretches only the starred roof of heaven, and the book of human love, toward which their hungry eyes turn, is the desolate street.

It was cheerful in Madam Snelling's little room; brightly the fire blazed, and the crimson carpet reflected its warm glow. A door was opened—not by aged hands, and a young girl appeared. "Oh, grandma, you're at work still; what a dear soul! and letting me gad about the streets."

"But, Joey, (Joan was the damsel's name) didn't you think to buy some more spangles! I need a full hundred now."

"And here they are. But isn't it a lovely dress, and shan't I make some hearts ache when it's worn; and shan't I care as much as these steel spangles for their aching, too?"

"That's right, Joey, don't fall in love. I want you to choose a husband with your eyes wide open. Try your skill on these young men, and when Mr. Wright comes, afterward, you'll be bright enough to catch him. I have set my heart upon a first-rate match for you, child."

"Yes, an elegant man, with beautiful black eyes and whiskers, and so well dressed, and so tall!"

"Nonsense, I've seen footmen answering that description. Look out for elegant manners, Joey, not elegant eyes; look out for family, not height of stature alone; look out for money to pay for clothes—his and your'n—not merely to see if his tailor has dressed him well."

"That reminds me, grandma—how ever came you to take a tailor to board? Deb says young Mr. Gray, that has the upper room, is nothing but a tailor. He has very good-looking baggage though; I peeped over the balustrade when the coachman brought it up stairs."

"It's again my rule, to be sure, to take any boarders but the best. To tell the truth, I was so pleased with this young man—he's very pretty spoken—that I promised the room before ever asking what his trade might be. Besides, he isn't one of the common sort; he's what they call a merchant tailor. Hand me more spangles, Jo; all this time the old lady had been sewing busily.

"There, don't too steadily, don't put your eyes out, grandma; I'll be back in half a minute; I heard a carriage stop, and perhaps it's Mr. Gray. I'll run and watch for his entrance—It's so dull, the idea of your boarding a tailor!"

Madam Snelling was a person of more education than polish, more manner than elegance. Possessing a little fortune, she still preferred the cares of her present life, accompanied as they were, she said, by a larger sphere of usefulness; accompanied as they were, she knew, by a larger chance in the matrimonial market for Joey, her adopted child. Her character presenting that frequent combination of shrewdness and simplicity, every one saw through madam and humored her.

But Joey's chance was none the less for the good old lady's absurdities. Joey was fair and sprightly, with the bloom of seventeen on her cheeks, and the mischief of seventeen in her behavior. Witty if not wise, and graceful if not elegant, merry, coquettish, and careless of all the world, Joan was a standing favorite amidst Madam Snelling's respectable boarders.

"Why, grandma, he isn't lame, after all! and such a clean bosom and such a stiff dicky, he must have come fresh from the laundress."

"A very good-looking young man."

"I call him handsome. What eyes he has, and how much dignity, and how well he dresses."

"Joey, Mr. Gray is a tailor."

"I know it, grandma, never fear me! But I thought all tailors were lame. Don't you remember old Solger, down to the Vineyard, how he limped? And don't you remember that Mary walked with a crutch?"

"Yes, you little nonsense; but two club-footed men don't make their whole class lame. And besides, I tell you, Mr. Gray is a merchant tailor."

A week or two passed. Joey went to her party, planted daggers or spangles in her suitors' hearts; and the spangled dress had grown shabby with use, when Joey sat in the upper chamber, one day, conversing—if it must be told—with her grandmother's waiting-maid, Deb.

"I found it, Miss Joey, just where he had hidden it under his pillow. See!"

"You did! now that's a joke, when for all my coaxing he wouldn't let me read a word; but of course I shall not meddle with the letter; lay it in the drawer; and by-the-by, Deb, grandma needs you in her room below."

"Yes, Miss, soon as ever I've picked up these things." Deb departed, muttering, "I wonder if I won't catch her spelling out that letter yet."

Joey sat watching the elm, whose young leaves told that spring had come; yes, even into the paved courts of the city. "I suppose Will Gray sits here," she mused, "and thinks of his mother's cottage; dear old lady, I should like to see her. But what can that letter contain, besides the usual advice? She can't have heard of his fancy for my humble self? Ha, ha, perhaps she objects to me, perhaps I am not worthy of his worship, the merchant tailor. It could be no other cause that made him so shy about the letter; and if his mother has presumed to criticize me, why I have a right to improve by her criticism, sure!"

"Yes, here it is; how well she writes, how neatly the letter is folded—Dear Billy—he never would let me read that first line, yet how sweet it is in the dear old lady! I've half a mind to fall in love with the boy, if only for his mother's sake; or rather, I should have half a mind, if poor Will weren't a tailor."

"What?"

"Joey's face reddened, as her eyes ran over the mother's letter. 'Not be deceived—not let his senses flatter him—not be smitten with a pretty face—grandma, a poor, simple, shallow soul; and after all, it's true, true, every word. What are we, that we should sneer at this good old lady and her son, we are not worthy of them.'"

"Joey!"

Why did the maiden's face grow redder? Those eyes had followed her own across the letter, line by line? Who dared to clasp her trembling hand in both of his? Ah, the new boarder—the tailor, Billy Gray!

"What makes you tremble, Joey?"

"It—it was so dishonorable in me—I didn't dream you were at home, I—"

The tailor laughed. "So the dishonor lay in detection! On my shoulders let it rest then. But why should you care for my good opinion. What can I ever be to you?"

"Their eyes met, Joey's timid and ashamed; his frank but sad; a coquettish answer arose to her lips, but his griefed look checked her. 'What can I ever be?'"

"The eyes were averted now. 'With so much character, so much energy, so much goodness, I think you can attain to almost any lot you choose.'"

"Ah, Joey, I wonder if you believe in such a sentiment as love! You treat our hearts as if they were made for playthings."

He turned away—how stiff his collar looked. "And what we like best, sometimes we pretend to scorn because it is not ours."

"Better strive for it, and make it ours."

"That's not my way. I'm a spoiled child, and expect to be humored by Providence. I don't know how to strive; sometimes I think it is better for a woman to wait in these matters."

"What matters?"

"Love, for instance. If a man loves me, here I stand ready to give frank answers to frank questions. If he connive, and experiment and hint, why he's fair game for coquetry."

"Perhaps he dare not speak. His position may be such that frank questions would appear impertinent."

"Let him dare, who would win?"

"Joey, what's the need of all this circumlocution? You know that I love you, I know that you know it—"

"But, Willie, your mother's letter."

"But Joey, your grandmother's plans."

"Two negatives make an affirmative, grammarians say."

"I cannot endure to be tantalized any longer. Dear Joey, will you be my wife? Say no if you must, but—"

"No, no."

"I am grateful for your frankness, Miss Snelling. Henceforth I will never annoy you."

"There were two negatives."

No one knew it except Debby, who was looking through the keyhole; and Joey's self, who loved her lover better for the meekness, but tears came into the young tailor's eyes—

"I deserve this trifling perhaps."

"This trifle, and she put her little hand in his, why take it; how obtuse you are. Of course, knowing you for a good son, and a true gentleman, and a lover besides, I think myself more blest, than if you lacked these finer traits, and could boast the name of Senator or President. I only feel that such a giddy girl as I can never be worthy of you, Willie."

In this last opinion Joey and Mrs. Snelling always disagreed. The engagement cost the old lady a serious illness; but that over, she pacified herself and her friends with proclaiming that—after all—Joey had married a merchant tailor.

CURE FOR BOTS IN HORSES.—An intelligent gentleman of our acquaintance, who has for years been largely concerned in the management of horses, called at the Rural Office one day last week, to say that he knew, by experience, of a remedy for bots in horses, which is sure to expel them from any one of the race afflicted with those dangerous insects. The medicine is nothing more nor less than common fish-pickle, that from mackerel is perhaps best;—one common junk bottle full will generally dislodge the 'varmints,'—sometimes a second will be necessary. To use his own words, 'this is a perfect cure—no mistake.'

Some persons mistake the belly ache, for bots. The latter may be known by the horse drawing down his tail, and giving it a peculiar motion. There is no such appearance in cases of mere belly ache.—[Rural Intelligence.]

VERY GRATIFYING.—It does a body good to have his pride flattered once in a while. We realize the benefit of it once a year.—Every April the assessors come round and ask how much money we have got at interest; how much stock we have in the public funds or in banks; and various other questions which are supposed to be put only to the 'solid men.' If there is anybody round, we straighten up slightly, expand our corporeity, and in as heavy a chest tone as we can command, we answer, 'about the same as last year.' They know well enough what that is. So do we. [Nashua Telegraph.]

ANASTATIC PRINTING.—This process is now performed as follows:—The printed paper, whether letter press or engraving, is first moistened with diluted nitric acid, and then pressed, with considerable force, by a roller on a perfectly clean surface of zinc. By this means every part of the sheet of paper is brought in contact with the plates of zinc. The acid with which the imprinted part of the paper is saturated, etches the metal, and the printed portion sets off on it, so that the zinc surface presents a complete reverse copy of the work. The zinc plate, thus prepared, is washed with a solution of gum, in weak phosphoric acid. The liquid is attracted by the etched surface, which it fully wets, while it is repelled by the oil of the ink in which the writing or drawing on the plate is traced. A leather roller, covered with ink, is then passed over the plate, when a converse effect ensues. The repulsion between the oil, ink and the watery surface, over which the roller passes, prevents any soiling of the unfigured parts of the zinc plate; while the attraction between oil and oil causes the ink to be distributed over the printed portions. [Selected.]

HAPPY RETORT.—A story is current that a distinguished actress happened the other day to meet Mr. W. at the extensive warehouses of the Messrs. noted for their mechanical skill and success in a department in which they have become eminent. Mr. W., who is as high-toned and perfect a gentleman as Europe or America could produce, entered into familiar conversation with Col. W., one of the members of the House, and himself a gentleman of similar stamp. As Mr. W. and the lady turned to go, the lady expressed her surprise that a person engaged in mechanical pursuits should be treated by Mr. W. as an equal and a gentleman. "He is a Colonel too,"—is he?" added the lady. "In our country none but gentlemen are Colonels." "In our country, on the contrary, madam," said Mr. W., "not only may a mechanic be a Colonel and a gentleman, but even an actress may be a lady. Good morning, madame." [Boston Transcript.]

SWAIN'S POEMS.

POEMS BY CHARLES SWAIN. Boston: Whittemore, Niles & Hall.

Charles Swain, though no mean poet, is not of the intensified school; he is no Bailey, Browning or Tennyson; but to the common heart, the masses in the broad highway of every-day life, he is doubtless dearer than either of these wonderful poet-prophets. His heart is full of love for his kind; his song is ever cheerful, and he is willing to take the world as he finds it—exhorting all to 'Keep the Heart Light.' 'Be kind to Each Other,' and 'Do a Good Turn while You Can.' Many of his poems are already familiar to American readers, having had a wide circulation in the newspapers, often, however, without proper mark or credit.

The present edition is in 'blue and gold,' similar to the beautiful little volume of Longfellow's works, recently issued by Ticknor & Fields, and is every way nicely adapted for a gift book. It is published under an arrangement by which the author is to receive a portion of the profits; and the selections have been partly made by him. It contains all the best of his poems that have ever appeared in England, with some that are now published for the first time, and cannot fail, we think, to be a popular book. It is for sale at Matthews's.

We subjoin a few 'samples,' taken almost at random:

THE OLD EVENINGS.

I wandered by the old house,
But others now live there,
I thought about the old times,
We still should be old cheer;
How happy 'twas our wont to meet,
When friends came frank and free;
Ah, when shall we such faces greet
As once we used to see?

Those pleasant friendly evenings,
Beneath the old roof-tree!
But what though we'd the old house,
Every solitary 'solitary';
The old friends in the old house
Were all that made it dear!
And these are fled, or changed, or dead,
And nevermore to meet we here.
Revive the music of their tread—
The joys that used to be
In those sweet friendly evenings,
Those long-departed evenings,
Beneath the old roof-tree!

THE WIFE'S RICHES.

And what have ye for wife to share,
And how should she be dressed—
A silken gown for sabbath wear,
And bonnet of the best?
Nor silken gown, nor glove she'll get—
Nor lace, nor ribbon drest,
So if on these your mind be set,
I need not tarry here.

And where might the poor maiden dwell
When ye to church had shown?
I never yet of roof heard tell,
That ye could call your own.
Oh! little can my love impart,
For small indeed is my cot;
My wife must dwell in my heart,
Till we find richer lot.

No richer lot would I possess—
No better home obtain;
The wife the little would not bless,
With riches would complain:
So—if ye love me, as you say—
Why then your love should earn
A grateful wife—whichever way
The tide of fortune turn.

THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.
The Peasantry of England,
The merry hearts and free;
The sword may boast a braver band—
But give the scythe to me!
Give me the fame of industry,
Worth all your classic tones!
Gild the English Peasantry,
And grant them happy homes!

The swards of Old England!
The bulwarks of the soil!
How much we owe to manly hand,
The fearless of its toil!
Oh, who loves the harvest free,
Will sing where'er he roams.
God bless the English Peasantry,
And give them happy homes!

God speed the plough of England!
We hail thy three cheers:
And here to those whose labor planned
The which we live and eat;
May still the wealth of Industry
Be seen where'er man roams;
A cheer for England's Peasantry!
God send them happy homes!

HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.
Home is not merely four square walls,
With pictures hung and gilded,
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with smiles the heart hath builded:
Home is where the faithful dove,
Sings the love that heaven above;
Home is where there's one to love us!

Home is not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart is home,
Where there's some kind life to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet?
Home is where there's one to love us!

Where there's one we love to meet us!
THE SHIP—EXTRAVAGANCE.
Oh! Extravagance saileth in climes bright and warm,
She is built for the sunlight, and not for the storm!
Her anchor is gold, and her mainmast is pride;
Every sheet in the wind doth she dashingly ride!
But content is a small sail for display,
Though life's ready and steady channel we steer,
So give us Content as life's channel we steer,
If our pilot be Content, we'll little to fear!

Oh! Extravagance saileth with glitter and show,
As if fortune's rich tide never ebbed down to flow;
If fortune's rich tide never ebbed down to flow;
Higher yet she sails for me!
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and conquer
True nobility in man.

What is noble?—to inherit
Wealth, estate, and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me!
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Diseases of the Skin in that city, had communicated to the Medical Times a very important plan, which he had adopted for the last four years, for preventing pitting in smallpox, and which, he states, has always proved successful. The plan consists in applying the *acutum cantharidis* or any blistering fluid, by means of a camel-hair brush, to the apex of each spot or pustule of the disease, on all the exposed surface of the body, until blistering is evidenced by the whiteness of the skin in the parts subjected to the application, when the fluid producing it is to be washed off with water or thin arrowroot gruel.

Synonyms.

A contemporary publishes the following flight of synonyms, of which it says that so far as its knowledge extends, no work on the subject has ever given so full a list of substitute words for money as is embodied in it. Aside from the interesting moral which it conveys, it possesses a high degree of etymological excellence, and we commend it to the serious attention of all who have any doubt of the richness of the English language, or any fancy for depositing their money in that 'bank entitled—the Pharo Bank.'

Fighting the Tiger.—Somebody who went to fight the tiger, and didn't win, thus describes his encounter with the 'animal.' How many Young Americans recognize the picture?

"Went to fight the furious tiger,
Went to fight the beast at faro,
And was cleaned out so completely,
That he lost his every 'impot';
Every solitary 'solitary';
Every 'brad' and every 'dollar';
All the 'spoons' in his possession,
All the 'dough' his labor earned him,
All the 'bright' and lovely 'trandy';
All the 'rowdy,' all the 'stumpy';
All the 'cash' and all the 'rhino';
All the 'kin' he did inherit;
All the 'dibs' he could discover,
All the 'browns' his uncle lent him,
All the 'chips' and 'dust' and 'chickens';
All the 'times' and all the 'home-nails';
All the 'brass' and all the 'needful';
All the 'spoodulix' and 'buttons';
All the 'locks' and all the 'mint-drops';
All the 'lump' and 'filly' 'lure';
All the 'get' and all the 'heavy';
All the 'sweet' pecuniary;
All the 'hard' and all his 'funds'; too,
All the 'root' of every evil,
All the 'circulating' mediums;
All the 'mamon' he had gathered,
All his 'money' in one short word."

The horse-caster is a wart, or excrescence, which grows on every horse's fore legs, and generally on the hind legs. It has a peculiar rank, musty smell and easily pulled off. The amoniacal effluvia of the horse seems peculiarly to concentrate in this part, and its very strong odor has a great attraction for all animals, especially canine, and the horse himself.

For the oil of cumin, the horse has an instinctive passion—both are original natives of Arabia, and when the horse scents the odor, he is instinctively drawn toward it.

The oil of Rhodium possesses peculiar properties. All animals seem to cherish a fondness for it, and it exercises a kind of subduing influence over them.

The directions given for taming horses are as follows:

Procure some horse-caster, and grate it fine. Also get some oil of Rhodium and oil of cumin, and keep the three separate in air-tight bottles.

Rub a little oil of cumin upon your hand; and approach the horse in the field, on the windward side, so that he can smell the cumin.

The horse will let you come up to him then without any trouble.

Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it.

You can then lead him anywhere.

Give him a little of the castor on a piece of loaf sugar, apple or potato.

Put 8 drops of oil of Rhodium into a lady's silver tumbler. Take the tumbler between the thumb and middle finger of your right hand, with the fore-finger stopping the mouth of the tumbler, to prevent the oil from running out, whilst you are opening the mouth of the horse.

As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the tumbler over upon his tongue and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog.

Ride fearlessly and promptly, with your knees pressed to the side of the horse, and your toes turned in and heels out, then you will always be on the alert for a shy or sheer from the horse, and he can never throw you.

Then if you want to teach him to lie down, stand on his high or left side; have a couple of leather straps about six feet long; string up his left leg with one of them round his neck; strap the other end of it over his shoulder; hold it in your hand, and when you are ready, tell him to lie down, at the same time, gently, firmly and steadily pulling on the strap, touching him lightly on the knee with a switch. The horse will immediately lie down. Do this a few times, and you can make him lie down without the straps.

He is now your pup and your friend. You can teach him anything, only be kind to him, be gentle. Love him and he will love you. Feed him before him to yourself. Shelter him well, groom

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WATERVILLE, ... APR. 30, 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 No. 10 State street, Boston, and he is authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payment.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Snow-o-o-on!—It would seem that the "shivery, shivery" class of our Down-east boys, who have been rushing south and west for a few years past, under the flimsy excuse of escaping our cold winters, have actually carried the weather with them; so that while they find themselves delving in snow banks and shivering in sleet at their "sunny homes in the South," we who stay behind are bathing in sunshine and reveling in "tall grass." A letter received in this place from Peoria, Illinois, dated the 19th inst. says that a good thickness of ice formed in the wash-bowl of the writer's chamber the night previous. A letter from a sister residing near the Hudson river, informs us that the snow is four feet deep among the hills there, and that last week brought a severe and driving snow storm. Even in Boston, whose sweating denizens have been accustomed to take cold by trusting their mere imaginations to stand at the foot of Katakumbin, the snow fell several inches deep one day last week; and a Boston paper told us, about that time, that in the western part of the State the stages were running on good sleighing, over drifts six feet deep. Compare this with the genial and sunny climate of the Kennebec; where from our office window we saw the plow and harrow in motion and the farmer sowing his seed, two weeks ago. The grass is getting green, and the buds of the trees are at the point of bursting into leaf; while the robins have not only built their nests, but made their annual deposits of blue eggs—for little Mary tells us she can see them from her window. How we pity our absent friends, as we look upon these pleasant sights!—while they are wandering over the bleak snows of Minnesota and Wisconsin, or shivering in the raw blasts of New Jersey or Virginia! O, come home, boys; come home and warm you! Come home and warm your hearts as well as your noses and fingers; and if you ever leave the green banks of the Kennebec again it will be your own fault. Come boys! come home and warm you!

TO THE POINT.—A Vermont paper gives a very strong commendation of the improved Melodeons manufactured by Esty & Greene, of Douthboro'; which it represents as having abundant power for an ordinary church, and possessing many advantages over any other kind. We find on inquiry that this is the Melodeon for which Mr. Lyford, of this place has the agency, and are glad to hear it so highly commended, as an instrument of at least as many good qualities as any other in the market.

ANOTHER SHEEP STORY.—Our neighbor, Mr. A. B. Branch, who commenced the winter with a little flock of four sheep, now reports a flock of twelve; each sheep having had twins. Mr. John Hunnewell, of China,—who has one of the best flocks in Kennebec—reports us that one hundred and twenty of his ewes which have already brought lambs, have one hundred and twenty living lambs. A few have died, but twins from other ewes have been divided among the destitute, so that each has her nursing. "This is a better rate of increase, for so large a flock, than we ever knew. Seventy-five per cent. is a good increase in the large flock, of Vermont; sixty-seven being more generally the basis of estimate. We once knew the "ten sheep" allowed a poor man by law, to count thirty the following spring, each having brought twins; but they had been selected from a large flock, with reference to their productiveness in previous years.

Tobacco did it!—A Virginia Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. John Howard, lately died insane. The Christian Advocate says tobacco did it; whereupon the Banner queries, "May it not have been his falsehood of religious belief?" Now, good friend Banner, don't stoop to that! Ever since Festus accused Paul of being crazy, this dirty sectarian weapon has been in constant use. We remember when insane hospitals were filled with Methodists—because every victim of insanity was charged with being a Methodist. The Banner can best tell how many Universalists have been accused of cutting their throats for want of a hell to believe in. Just now the fashion is to charge the insane with Spiritualism—because some other men are thought a little too rational to drive their advocates mad. Perhaps when this ism becomes a popular one it will turn round and charge all the crazy heads to "the church." Does God in vengeance drive men mad because they fall into errors of opinion? Then indeed there are few that be saved; and a tobacco-chewer, in sinning against strong convictions than other men—literally "rolling sin as a sweet morsel" all around among his dingy grinders—may as well confess himself already half crazy, and in imminent danger of the other half. Lay it to the tobacco, neighbor Banner, and leave the other horn for somebody to thrust at you whenever you argue for your creed with so much skill that they can't reach you with any other. Guess 'twas tobacco—eh?

RESTORED.—G. W. Preasey, Esq. whose case we have before mentioned, has so far recovered as to be able to walk out doors, and will soon be attending to his usual business.

We are under great obligations to Prof. A. D. Bach, Sept. of U. S. Coast Survey, for a copy of the second volume of the Progress of the Survey during the year 1855—a valuable book.

OUR TABLE.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The May number of this excellent monthly abounds in good things. Another chapter of the "Lakes and Legends of Central New York," with beautiful illustrations, commences the number; then follow the Rock City and its Explorers, Southey's beautiful poem of "Rudiger," an interesting biographical sketch of Jean Paul, "The Church Capuchins," and "Spring Flowers"—all handsomely illustrated. Of the other articles, which are all of interest, we will only enumerate—Fashion and the Church, A Dark Day at the Carriage, Institutions for the Blind, British India, Microscopic Marvels, A Chapter on Wolves, Aluminum, Uncle George, York's Chamber. The closing departments—Pulp and Essence, Editorial Notes, Small Change, The Farm and Flower Garden, &c., are as usual and readable. A miracle of excellence and cheeriness is The National. Published by Carlton & Porter, New York, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

THE SCALPEL.—This able work reappears in its original form—a handsome octavo, and will hereafter be published quarterly as of old. "The contents will chiefly, as heretofore, be on the laws of health, of disease, and the abuses of domestic life; but it will never be made the vehicle of scholastic absurdities, or medical and collegiate trickery." Dr. Dixon wields a sharp pen, and while a warm friend of progress and reform, is the uncompromising enemy of all humbug and quackery. The Scalpel is designed for general reading, and is as vast an interesting half the so-called literary magazines, while it is a thousand times more useful. Published by Dewitt & Davenport, for the editor, Edward H. Dixon, M. D., New York, at \$1 a year, or 25 cents a number.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. devoted to Literature and Religion.—The May number has two handsome engravings—Lake Como and Soldiers' Monument—and is filled with the very best reading. Some of its "small change" is well appropriate for the benefit of our congregation. The Repository is published by Swormstedt & Poo, Cincinnati, under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Civil Government.

Civil government, in its grand features, is not an arbitrary institution. It does not depend for its authority, upon the will of the legislature, or its position upon the statute book. Conventions and paper constitutions do not make civil government; it requires something more than legislatures and executives or even judiciary to make law. If the will of legislature and judges is to be received as sufficient reason for implicit obedience, then indeed civil liberty is at an end. Then our duties and obligations are placed at the mercy of a fickle, changing multitude, upon whom all officials depend for their election to office. Obligations arise to-day, in certain directions, as one political party obtains power, and then when this ruling dynasty wanes, and another arises upon the tide of public opinion, these very obligations that were resting upon us with such power, entirely cease, and those of an antagonistic character assume to control our consciences.

If the legislative declarations of this ever-changing public impose upon us civil duties, then what may be just and obligatory to-day, may be unjust and void of obligations on the morrow. Such a position strikes a death blow at the very existence of all just government, and makes it the merest whim of capricious politicians who may, for the time, control the public mind. If we are ready to recognize all existing power whether just or unjust, all legislative enactments, whether the voice of party or obligations, as equally binding upon us, then our last weapon against the most tyrannical misgovernment of the old world is broken, and all rebellion is treason to God and man. And this is precisely the position assumed by all tyrants, whether in Europe or America. The enactment must be obeyed until repealed; "there must be no resistance to the laws of the land." The autocrat of all the Russias could ask for nothing more.

Again it is said that in entering into human society, in taking upon us the forms of government, we are called upon to "relinquish some of our natural rights for the good of the whole." As though man was made for a state of isolation and not for society, for anarchy and not for government; and that social comforts and civil government, were foreign and unnatural to him. And thus the enslavers of man, hold that the ignorant and weak are to surrender their liberties for the ennoblement of the wise and strong. But where in the volume of nature or revelation, the only authority we have on this subject, is such a sentiment to be found. Social society and civil government are the natural relations into which man is held, and not unnatural and artificial into which he is thrust by some fatal necessity. Why not talk about children, "surrendering some natural rights" in coming into the family relation and under its government. Before human beings were created, no civil government existed, for human wants and relations were unknown; but when human beings came into existence human ties and dependencies bound them together and out of these grew obligation, which is the soul of all law. Natural rights are given to be enjoyed, not to be surrendered.

We are speaking of just civil government as we find its great truths and principles lying all quarried in human nature and relations, patiently waiting for the wise statesmen to bring them forth and place them in the majestic temple of civil jurisprudence, where they will all nicely fit without that hammering and mishaping that attends the efforts of so many modern builders, in their vain attempts to lay up a strong wall from truth and error. We mean the embodiment of those first great laws of nature, upon which rests every man's right to life, liberty and happiness.

For manifestly civil government was designed for higher purposes than the support of hungry office holders and place seekers, to subserve higher ends than party purposes, and sectional schemes; not as a great machine by which one class may grow rich and strong upon the sweat and toil of another; but is designed to secure to all, of all nations, protection in the unrestrained exercise of their natural rights, and the benefits accruing therefrom. All the great principles of civil law are based upon the second command, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Justitia tells us, "That we should live honestly, hurt nobody and should render to every one his due," to these three principles is reduced the whole doctrines of

law. And Blackstone says, "The law of nature, being coeval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, is of course superior to any other. It is binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at all times; no human laws are of validity if contrary to this, and such of them as are valid, derive all their force and all their authority, mediately and immediately from this original."

TIMOTHY.

[For The Eastern Mail.]

Young People's Amusement.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—From the earliest times of which the world has had a record, we learn that the young have had amusements. It seems to have been a duty of the parent to provide proper sport for the child. Whether there was any particular kind of recreation for those older than the child, and still retaining their youth, we do not know. Still, as all had labor according to their age, we presume all had pleasures also. And it is of this last class and their amusements that we would speak—not referring to antiquity, but to the time in which we all are living. This more immediately interests us. And, indeed, if there is an interesting sight, it is to see the young people from fifteen to twenty years of age enjoying themselves in a social capacity.

But how are our social parties conducted? If we do not greatly err they hardly deserve so creditable a name. True, there is sociability enough—all are talking or laughing and seem to be very happy; but after it is over, how few but what murmur at its dullness or complain that they had to labor to make it in any way interesting. The fact is there is nothing new. To be continually "paying pawns" or playing "proverbs," and a half dozen other plays older than those of Sophocles, does not satisfy a mind, even if it has no higher aim than enjoyment and pleasure. But there are other things than playing, to be sure; there is the conversation—the conversation of gentleman to lady and of lady to gentleman in that low, pleasing voice—there is the suppressed laugh and eloquent eye,—the meaning countenance and pretended confidence; and what does it all spring from or what does it amount to? If we knew and should tell the truth, we should find the eye more fastidious than the ear. It was nothing more than a rehearsal of the love of Mr. M—— and Miss C——, every circumstance of which both of them were familiar with long ago. Or it might be perhaps an inquiry as to how much Cyrus thought of Ellen and of the probability of their marriage; these subjects and their likes will be found almost universal in our parties, unless, perchance, some with less experience are compelled to talk of the weather. It is this that makes up the conduct of our parties, and it is this that causes the murmuring of participants when they are at home.

The ball-room is also a place of amusement; and their taste is unlike ours, who say that there is not more sensible amusement here than in the kitchen party as above alluded to. To gracefully move the body to the music of the violin is so far from being injurious that the reverse is nearer the truth. There is less of sin in this than in the conduct of those who so zealously condemn dancers and so carefully avoid their society. But the associations of the ball-room do not correspond to the innocence of the act of dancing. There is a kind of excitement in it that keeps leading on. It is an avaricious amusement, and those that dance can judge how many leave off at a reasonable hour of the night. Unless we call midnight and thence the hours till daylight reasonable, few, we know by own experience, will be found. Therefore we do not consider this a commendable place of amusement. Its benefits are converted to injuries from the manner in which they are conducted. And the same is true of many other amusements. It is not but what parties are commendable in themselves, but their abuse in the most fashionable assemblies is most certain. What the remedy may be we hope the young will observe.—There must be a mode of conducting them, not formal and disgusting, that will afford the best of amusement—that heightened by intellectual gain. We shall further and again review, and we hope, be able to speak more truth.

SOLON.

A MISERABLE JOKE.—Rev. J. S. Kallach recently received a letter purporting to be from Dr. Jayne, the wealthy "pill man," of Philadelphia, enclosing a draft on the Girard Bank for two thousand dollars, which he was requested to accept as a present and apply to the liquidation of debts incurred in his late trial. Calling a few friends together to sympathize in his good fortune, Mr. K. addressed a letter to Dr. Jayne, full of the glowing gratitude of a warm heart, and accepted the kindness of a friend present to cash his draft. Forthwith the money was applied to the object intended by the donor, and Mr. K. found himself out of debt. His friend negotiated the check at a Boston Bank, and all seemed right. In due time the Girard Bank gives notice that the draft is a forgery! The whole matter, embracing a long and very kind letter from Dr. Jayne, was a hoax. The object would seem to have been to draw Mr. Kallach into an endorsement of the draft, and involve him in the charge of forgery. We have no hesitation in saying that this infamous hoax looks as though Mr. Kallach was beset by a gang of scoundrels, who are willing to involve him in trouble, whether innocent or guilty. The affair is too foolish to have been designed as a mere joke, and seems intended for a fatal stab in the dark.

The steamer Clinton, Capt. Jewell, is now making her regular daily trips to Augusta and Hallowell, connecting at the latter place, with the steamers to and from Boston.

CORPORATION MEETING—on Monday next!

DISCUSSION.—We get no reply from our "clerical friend" to the article of "Citizen." Doubtless he takes the glove where the latter throws it down, and "Citizen" may as well proceed with his discussion. If his opponent

finds occasion to dissent, we pledge his best efforts in the negative.

INDIAN WAR IN MINNESOTA.—New York, April 25.—The Dubuque Tribune has details of the Indian war in Minnesota. A band of Sioux Indians attacked Springfield April 12, and killed 7, wounded 3 and carried four women into captivity. Among the killed are Wm. Wood, Geo. M. Wood, Mr. Church and Josiah Stewart. Two Indians were killed during the attack, one by Mrs. Church. Two of the women carried off were Mrs. Marvel and Miss Gardner. Thirty volunteers under Dr. W. F. Lewis started in pursuit of the Indians, and coming up with one of their encampments charged upon it killing 4. Fifty men under Capt. Dodd had gone from St. Peters, and another party from Traverse de Sioux. A later account says the party under Capt. Dodd had a fight with the Indians near Mankato, killing 12 and losing none. A party of 100 Winnebago warriors had gone out against the Sioux. General Shields, with a company of volunteers had also started for the seat of war. One account states that 53 persons are missing, not including the 4 women, who were made captives.

SOUTHERN EMIGRATION.—The Baltimore American speaks of the large emigration going on from the older Southern States, as an event which bodes no good to the present or future prospects of these members of the confederacy,—meaning Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Alabama. It is regarded as 'the sign of a process of depopulation, which cannot be viewed without the gravest concern,' because it does not emanate from an overflowing population; but, rather, it 'marks an abandonment' of a soil which, exhausted by an injudicious culture, will no longer repay the cost of tillage—the result of a system of self-consuming living, which has eaten upon itself until there no longer remains the means of sustenance."

MILLS AT ORONO CARRIED AWAY.—Yesterday the block of mills at Orono called the Six Saw Block, owned principally by John B. Hill, Esq., was carried away, a portion of it in the morning and the remainder in the afternoon. Much of the gearing had been previously taken out and saved. The dam was also carried away.

Below the Six Saw Block is a more extensive block of mills whose motive power was supplied from the dam which is carried away, and which will be obliged to hang up until the re-building of the dam, which cannot be commenced until a drouth occurs.—[Journal, 20th.]

THREE SUICIDES.—Samuel Wainwright, of Hope, committed suicide on the 19th inst. by hanging. No cause assigned. Week before last Joseph Burgess, a Frenchman, of Augusta, aged 50 years took his own life in a fit of delirium tremens.

The Ellsworth American relates the following:

SUICIDE.—Mr. Charles Jordan, of this town, committed suicide by taking Strychnia, on Friday last week. The deceased from the evidence given at the coroner's inquest, proceeded to the commission of the fatal act with a great deal of deliberation. He procured a bottle of Strychnia about 11 o'clock, A. M., deposited a letter in the post office for his father, went directly home, and within an hour's time, swallowed more than a third of the contents of the fatal bottle. He lived but a few minutes. He leaves a wife and four children.

A good story is told of Fanny Kemble just now.—Prescott, the historian, out of compliment to her genius sent her a complete set of his works; they were sent of course through Phillips, Sampson & Co., his publishers. The next morning after receiving the volumes her ladyship drove up to the door of Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s store, and entering, the books were brought in after her and deposited on the counter, and calling the attention of the gentlemen to them she remarked in the most dignified manner, that she wished them to understand that 'she did not receive presents from tradesmen!' and with the air of a tragedy queen she swept out of the establishment.

COLORADO CITIZENS.—The Chicago Ledger says there is a colored merchant, on Clark st., in that city, by the name of Gray, formerly from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who holds a passport under the hand of the Secretary of State with the great seal of the nation attached which declares that he is a Citizen of the United States, and guarantees his protection whenever the flag of our Union may float. Mr. Gray also holds a certificate of commendation made in 1835, which is signed by James Buchanan, who therein states that Mr. Gray is a citizen of the United States.

Brownson, in his Quarterly Review, denounces the opinion of the majority of the Supreme Court in relation to the rights of the negro race. He says:

"We have no more disposition to interfere with slavery where it legally exists than have our Southern friends, but we do protest against an opinion which places negroes as such not only out of the pale of our Republic, but out of the pale of humanity. If opinion once went that length, it was the business of the Court to brand it with its disapprobation, and not to recognize it as law. The Court should lean to the side of the weak, and set its face against oppression. The negro race is, no doubt, inferior to the white race, but is that a reason why they should be enslaved, or why the Court should join the stronger against the weaker?"

Consuery as this does from a periodical which is professing, even to ultraism, it shows that the monstrous opinion of the Supreme Court is not likely to be unhesitatingly acquiesced in, even by those who have heretofore upheld every aggression upon freedom. The opinion of Mr. Brownson is the more remarkable when it is remembered that Chief Justice Taney is a Catholic.—[Boston Journal.]

KANSAS.—A gentleman in Bangor furnishes the Whig with the following extract from a letter from his son in Kansas, relative to the manner in which the census has been taken: "The present [census] law requires the sheriff of each county to enumerate all the actual residents of his county, and from that list to draw off another of such as are qualified voters. Now the case is as follows: In the county where Leavenworth city is located the whole list of residents up to the 1st of March, 1857, appears but little over 6000, and in the city 2800. Now any one knows that there are more people in the city than that. Even the pro-slavery people themselves admit that there must have been a mistake somewhere. Well, the 'mistake' is just here. All the pro-slavery residents have been hunted out by the sheriff, and scarcely any of the free State men! To substantiate this, I have only to state that more than a dozen of the leading merchants in the city have been passed over by the sheriff, and their names do not appear on the list besides a very much larger number of citizens and laborers—at least 800 or 400 within the city limits. They do not propose to revise the list by having their names enrolled, knowing full well that it will be of no

effect so long as persons of no honor at all have the official control."

The Kansas correspondent of the Boston Traveller having given a lively picture of the business activity which now prevails in the principal towns, says:

"Amid the prosperity, speculation and enterprise, the critical position of Kansas is not lost sight of at all. The policy of Buchanan, as shown in his late appointments, has at least answered a good purpose, by uniting the Free State men more firmly, and showing some of our good, easy friends how little dependence is to be placed upon the forbearance of the slave power. Let them come—Governor, marshals, judges and all the official array we have so long contended with, backed by all the Federal authority—and Kansas cannot and will not be enslaved. We are better prepared, understand our position better, and are more determined to defend it, than we have ever been before."

Divorce Trial.—Publication of Testimony.

A precious piece of scandal is coming to light in the Sup. Court, Boston, on the trial of a libel for divorce of B. F. Dalton vs. Helen Dalton. This couple and Coburn and his wife, (sister of Mrs. Dalton) were the parties to the Shawmut Avenue affair, which resulted in the death of young Sumner, a paragon of Mrs. Dalton. The libel asserts the crime of adultery on divers occasions with Wm. Sumner, of Milton. The respondent avers in defence that she is immaculate, and charges the libellant with wholesale infidelity to his nuptial vows, by habitual association with lewd women.

The published testimony in the case creates a large sale of the Boston Daily papers, and renders more insatiable the morbid appetites of a certain class of people. Many right thinking people will soon begin to query whether or not the publication of the testimony, in the newspapers, in such cases,—testimony reeking with the most disgusting details of sexual depravity—subserve any good purpose in society. The heads of very many respectable, well-ordered families, very properly forbid the reception of any and all papers which report the testimony in such suits. If such things must be published—and probably they always will be, for gain—let them not sow their foul seeds within the sacred precincts of respectable families. The reading of such demoralizes the minds of the young.

Pertinent to this subject are the following remarks in an article in the Newburyport Herald upon the Kallach trial:

"In another way are the consequences of the affair lamentable. In their disgusting details the facts have been given through the public journals to feed the morbid taste that 'yellow-covered literature' has begotten. The whole matter has been borne to the doors and carried into the parlors of those who otherwise might never have dreamed of such crimes, and to the young and thoughtless, whom St. Paul wished to protect, when he said 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' We are told by those who have done it, that the community will turn with disgust, and be saved by a recital of the facts. This might be so if human nature was immaculate; but the trial will prove how much of original depravity is left in us. Who was ever saved by such means? Does association with tapers give us temperance?—with the profane do away with blasphemy?—with robbers begot honesty? No; the argument is false. Better by far is Pope's reasoning:

"Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"God save us from such measures of reform as the publication of such scandalous and demoralizing court proceedings. Bad enough must they be upon those who are forced from their positions to witness them; let our houses be free therefrom."

SLAVERY TO BE BOUGHT OUT IN KENTUCKY.—The Newport, Ky. News states that a proposition is in contemplation to buy the land and negroes owned by slaveholders in Kentucky, at their present valuation; and if three-fourths of the slaveholders in the State will agree to sell, the proposed company will advance a sum of money equal to one-half of the estimated value of both, and in one year after pay the whole balance. The slaves will be set free, and the land sold at an advanced price, in view of the State becoming settled with industrious free people.

A PICTURE OF SUNDAY LIFE IN CHICAGO.—Here is a picture of Sunday life in Chicago, furnished by the Times:

"Here in Chicago, on Sunday, we have 56 churches open during the forenoon and evening; but at the same time there are no less than 80 ball rooms, in each of which the ball plays from morning till midnight, the waltzing goes on without intermission. In addition to these 'festivities,' we have two theatres, each with its performers in tight and very short garments, rivaling Elmer in their graceful evolutions. Saloons have their front doors closed by proclamation, but do a thriving business through side entrances.

The New York Mirror intimates that 'the first class hotels in that city, with a laudable disposition' to keep pace with the times, propose to raise the price of board to \$3 a day. We wonder if it ever occurs to anybody except to the unfortunate men, engaged in publishing them, that while everything else is rising, it costs more to publish a newspaper than it did five years ago. We have a strong conviction on the subject.—[Providence Journal.]

HOW THE GREAT DIFFICULTIES MAY BE SETTLED.—There is one way in which the troubles of Utah may be settled without violently disturbing the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, and in exact accordance with the wishes of the sectional interests into whose hands the government has wholly fallen. Let a dozen slaves, a few of them pretty mulatto girls, run away and take refuge among the Mormons. Mr. Buchanan would send the whole army after them, with Gen. Scott at its head. Brigham Young would naturally refuse to surrender the fugitives, especially the female part of them. He would have a 'special revelation' upon the matter in less than fifteen minutes. A conflict would ensue, and while the army was employed in the great constitutional duty of getting back the negroes it would by overturning the power of Brigham Young, incidentally establish peace and law and order in the territory.

[Providence Journal.]

THE KNIGHT CASE.—The hearing on exceptions in this case, took place in the Grand Jury Room, at Auburn, on Monday, before Judge Rice. A voluminous bill of exceptions was presented, and on examination being found truthful, were signed by the judge, and copies ordered to be prepared for the use of the Law Court. The case will be argued at the May term, in Portland. The advertiser states that Knight made his will while the exceptions were being considered.

DISCLOSURE OF A LIQUOR DEALER.—Mr. Delavan, President of the New York State Temperance Society, in his recent ad-

dress at the Capitol in Albany, dwelt mainly on the prevalent adulteration of liquors.

"Within a few weeks," he said, "it has come to my knowledge, that a person, whose conscience revolted at his employment, in a large liquor establishment, left it for a more innocent and creditable business. He stated that it now only took ten, some say four gallons of pure whiskey to make a barrel of whiskey of commerce. To these are added rain water, camphene and arsenic; the latter to restore the head destroyed by the water. He stated also that brandy made to imitate the real French brandy, and of the most poisonous character, was sold at \$4 a gallon costing 22 cents. That all kinds of wine were imitated so closely, that the best judges could not discriminate, costing but a trifle, and sold at prices to suit customers. The higher the standing of the customer, and the more particular as to his wines, the higher the price to satisfy him as to quality. The most celebrated brands were made use of and names of the most celebrated European dealers given as the source of supply; and European dealers, be it known, are not much behind the American traders in their adulterations."

He quotes an advertisement from a chemist in New York, who is now 'prepared to furnish flavoring of every kind of liquors,' and the best cogniac brandy, &c., is produced by the same method.

From the Chicago Tribune of the 17th ult. we learn that 'four descendants of Africans,' who were indicted in the Recorder's Court for stealing poultry, filed a plea in abatement—that they were 'negroes of African descent,' and not being known or recognized by the Constitution of the United States, they were not amenable to the laws of the land. After argument, the Court decided against the negroes, saying:

"If Chief Justice Taney ever intended by that decision to make 'Africans or the descendants of Africans' so far chattels that they may appropriate other people's chattels, by larceny without being answerable to the laws of this State, or to the local police regulation, this Court does not recognize the validity of such decision."

Exception was taken to the ruling of the Court and the 'merchandise chattels' were placed upon trial. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

The Sultan, who had already made a present to the Emperor Louis Napoleon of the Church of the Nativity at Jerusalem, has in order to render the gift complete, also given him the old palace of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which is annexed to St. Peter's Prison. The Greeks had long solicited the same building. These ruins have been surrendered to France, on the ground of her considering herself as the representative of Catholic interests in the East.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—A cotemporary says 'in order to secure the regular receipt of a paper, is to enclose the subscription money in a letter to the office of publication.' The same will hold good in relation to Dr. Hutchins' Headache Pills, which everybody is praising for their efficacy in cases of Headache and Neuralgia. Just send 25 cents to any druggist, and a box of the genuine article will be forthcoming.

Permanent Cures in all affections of the throat and lungs are constantly being made by Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Great is its reputation, its works are greater. Many physicians speak of it in the highest terms.

CASE OF MRS. SWEETSER.—The coroner's examination in the Sweetser case, at Lowell, was closed on the 21st, and the verdict rendered was that Mr. Sweetser was killed by corrosive sublimate, administered by unknown person or persons. Not enough evidence was produced against Mrs. Sweetser to warrant her arrest on the charge of murder.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We learn from the Edgworth American that as Capt. Jacob Butler, with two others were passing in a sail boat on Sunday, week, from Bartlett's Island to Ellsworth, to attend the funeral of a deceased brother, the boat was upset by a squall, and Capt. B. drowned. The other two persons very narrowly escaped drowning. They clung to the boat until assistance arrived, but Capt. Butler in attempting to swim to the shore, was drowned. The deceased was 50 years of age, and a highly respected citizen.

A CREDULOUS WITNESS.—Corwin was once trying a case in which he was opposed to William Wirt, when Wirt tried a somewhat novel mode of discrediting the evidence of Mr. Corwin's chief witness, on whose accuracy and discrimination everything (turned, by showing that he was a person of astonishing credulity.

Wirt—Have you read Robinson Crusoe?
Witness—Yes.
Wirt—Do you believe it all?
Witness—Well yes, quite, I don't know but that I do.

The same answer was returned as to Gulliver's travels, and several other works of fiction, Corwin all the time flinching and getting hot. Presently Mr. Wirt, considering the man entirely flattered out, resigned him with a bland smile.

Mr. Corwin said he had only one question, and put it.
Corwin—Have you read Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry?
Witness—Yes.
Corwin—Do you believe it all?
Witness—Why, no, quite, I can't go that far.

John B. Gould lectured in Cincinnati, one night a short time since. Here is one of his anecdotes:

"A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug store and asked—
'Be you the druggist?'
'Well, I suppose so.' 'I sell drugs.'
'Well, here you got any of this 'ere scintin' stuff as the gals put on the 'banke-chers'?"

"Oh, yes."
'Well, our Sals' gwine to be married, and she gin me the scintin, and told me to invest the 'balt' mount in scintin' stuff, so to make her smell sweet, if I could find some to suit; so, if you've a mind, I'll buy some round."

The Yankee 'smell' round without being suited, until the 'druggist' got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of 'banke-chers,' said—
'I've got a scintin' stuff here that'll suit you! A single drop on a handkerchief will stay for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it you must take a good 'big smell'—"

"Is that so, mister? Well, jest hold on a minute, till I git my breath, and when I say now, put it to my snuff-box, and when I say now, put it to my snuff-box."

The harshness, of course, knocked the Yankee down, as liquor has done many a man. Do you suppose he got up and snuff-box, as the druggist does? No, he—just rolling up his shirt sleeves, and doubling his fists, he said—
'You made me smell that at a snuff-box, and now I'll make you smell my snuff-box and brimstone.'

