



2-9-1860

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 31): February 9, 1860

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 31): February 9, 1860" (1860). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 654.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/654

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

Recreations and Amusements for Farmers and their Families.

No people need more and better recreations than the farming community, and no community should be more careful to have their amusements directed in the proper channel. Recreations and amusements lay the foundation of the character, in too many instances. Amusements often occupy the mind for a considerable time afterward. If our amusements are of a character that may, under extreme circumstances, run into unlawful and unwholesome channels, the mind will also occupy the same ground, and lead us into corrupt and dissipated habits. If our amusements are of that character which would be likely to cultivate our physical and mental powers, they would not lead us into indolence, carelessness, or dissipation. However, recreations and amusements are creatures of circumstances. What would be a recreation at one time, would, at another, and what would be amusements at one time would be annoyances at another. Much depends on the state of the mind and feelings. Still, certain amusements may become habitual by careful training.

Parents, and farmers in particular, should select amusements which will lead the mind into the channel of their pursuits in life; participate freely themselves, and manifest great pleasure in so doing. Amusements that would call the mind from home, or estrange it from its occupation, should not be introduced. Agriculturists should adopt such amusements as would teach lessons of economy, frugality, industry, ambition, fortitude, manliness, truthfulness, humanity, love, etc.; and never indulge or countenance an amusement which betrays weakness or imbecility of mind. Let every recreation contribute to elevate the mind, rather than reduce it below its every day standard. Recreations and amusements are useful if wisely employed. If not, they become traps and snares to the youthful mind.

As agriculture is the highest and most laudable calling to which man can aspire, it is safe to direct the youthful mind into that channel. This has no baneful influence on any other pursuit, and of all men, farmers have the means and opportunities to offer amusements and recreations to their families, of the most ennobling character. Farmers' sons can be indulged in yoking and breaking steer calves, and at the same time cultivate a taste for good work. They can have a piece of ground to cultivate, and make a recreation of the labor it requires. They may be indulged with a sled, cart, etc., and be taught order and system with them. Their daughters may be indulged with dolls, dishes, etc., to teach them order and system. They should be indulged in having their knitting, sewing, washing, ironing, mending, cooking, etc., and be under the superintendence of the mother or elder sister, who should instruct and encourage them. Farmers' families should observe all the holidays, and be particular in making them interesting, by entering into the merits of them with energy and feeling. A suitable daughter should be mistress of the feast, and the family treated as guests. The son should wait on the table with all the politeness he is master of, and the conversation of all should be that of a visiting party. On another day, some others of the family to be actors. Each member of the family should have their trees, flowers, and green-house plants to cultivate. Some inducement should be held out in each department of work, so that those who perform it may feel interested. This takes from labor its sharp, servile edge. A farmer can easily infuse a deep interest into his family in all branches of his business. He can make himself useful and happy in participating in all their amusements. Singing should be practiced at set times by the family. Girls and boys should mingle in skating, ball-playing, kite flying, etc. Make all the leisure time interesting in the family, and few will want to go from home for a recess.

Farmers should make themselves particularly interesting to their family, so that their presence would be agreeable, under all circumstances. Dispense with all austere, harsh and arbitrary language and habits. Teach the family to speak kindly to each other, act gently, and to be courteous to each other in all their intercourse and amusements. Teach them to be above all indolence, base, demoralizing, and silly fashions; and you will shun many extravagant, foolish, and pernicious amusements. Make all the work and duties go off with a zest; keeping up good appearances, preserving a cheerful and tranquil state of mind, and sympathize freely with each member, be their conditions what they may. Keep up this condition of affairs at home, and recreations and amusements will be little called for, and less sought after. You will have no dissipated or abandoned sons, no abandoned daughters, or heart-broken wives.

[Genevieve Farmer.]

Sir Walter Scott's hat was always the smallest in any company he happened to be in—the head was pyramidal. Byron's was the same. Sir Charles Napier, in his 'Diary,' thus mentions meeting him:—Byron is still here—a very good fellow, very pleasant, always laughing and joking. An American gave a very good account of him in the newspapers, but said that his head was too large in proportion, which is not true. He dined with me the day before the paper arrived, and four or five of us tried to put on his hat, but none could; he had the smallest head of all, and one of the smallest I ever saw. He is very compassionate and kind to every one in distress. At the opening of Burns' mausoleum in 1834, for the interment of his widow, the poet's skull was taken up and examined. Nine gentlemen were present, and every one tried his hat on the skull. Only one of the nine could cover it, and that was the hat of Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

THE CONTENTED FARMER.—Once upon a time, Frederick King of Prussia, surnamed 'Old Fritz,' took a ride, and espied an old farmer plowing his acre by the way side, cheerfully singing his melody.

'You must be well off, old man,' said the King. 'Does this acre belong to you, on which you so industriously labor?'

'No, sir,' replied the farmer, who knew not that it was the King. 'I am not so rich as that. I plow for wages.'

'How much do you get a day,' asked the King, further.

'Eight groschen,' (about twenty cents) said the farmer.

'That's not much,' replied the King, 'can you get along with this?'

'Get along, and have something left.'

'How is that?'

'The farmer smiled and said, 'Well, if I must tell you, two groschen are for myself and wife; two I pay my old debts; two I lend away, and two I give away for the Lord's sake.'

'This is a mystery, which I cannot solve,' replied the King.

'Then I will solve it for you,' said the farmer. 'I have two old parents at home, who keep me when I am weak and need help, I keep them. This is my debt towards them. I pay two groschen a day. The third part of groschen, which I lend away, I spend for my children; that they may receive Christian in-

struction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sick sisters, whom I would not be compelled to keep—this I give for the Lord's sake.'

The King, well pleased with his answer, said: 'Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?'

'Never,' said the farmer.

'In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses.'

'That's a riddle that I cannot unravel,' said the farmer.

'Then I will do it for you,' replied the King. Throwing his hand into his pocket and counting out fifty brand-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with the royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming—

'The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his paymaster. I bid you adieu!'—[German Reformed Messenger.]

The Pleasures of Skating.

Right beneath one of our windows, from morn till midnight, we see youngsters and oldsters twisting their legs into all conceivable shapes, skating up and down the river, as merry as lambs. We cannot pick up a paper but an article on 'skating' meets the eye. Everybody says it's fun, and that's all everybody knows about it, for we've tried it. Last night, about gas light time, after reading a glowing description of life on skates, we prepared for our first attempt, and sallied forth to join the merry crowd. We had on a pair of stoga boots, trousers legs tucked inside, a rubber-tailed coat and white hat. We went down on the ice, and gave a boy two shillings in good coin of the realm for the use of his implements. We have confidence, even as great as Peter's faith. We, with the assistance of a friend, fixed on our skates, and stood erect as a barber's pole. Encouraged by the sight of some young ladies on the bridge, who were just then looking at the skaters, we struck out. A slant to the right with the right foot, a slant to the left with the left foot—and just then we saw something on the ice, and stooped over to pick it up! On our feet again—two slants to the right and one to the left, accompanied with a look of confidence. Another stride with the right foot, and we sat down with fearful rapidity, and very little of any elegance! What a set down it was, for we made a dent in the ice not unlike a Connecticut butter bowl!

Just then one of the ladies remarked, 'Oh, look, Mary, that fellow with a white hat ain't got his skates on in the right place!' Ditto, thought we. Just then a ragged little fellow sang out as he glided past us, 'hallo, old tumble legs!' and we arose suddenly and put after him. Three slides to the right—two to the left—and away went our legs—one to the east, the other west, causing an immense fissure in our pants, and another picture! of butter-tray in the cold, oh, how cold!—ice. Then the lady—we know she was one by the remark she made—again spoke and said, 'Oh, look, Mary, that chap with the white hat has sat down on his handkerchief to keep from taking cold!' We rose about as gracefully as a saw-horse, when Mary said, 'Guess 'tain't a handkerchief, Jane, and Mary was right. Just then a friend came along, and proffered us his coat-tail as a 'steadier.' We accepted the continuation of his garment, and up the river we went about ten rods, when a sly to the right by the leader, caused us, the wheelers, to scoot off on a tangent, heels up! But the ice is very cold this season!

We tried it again. A glide one way—aglide and a half the other, when a whack came with our bump of philoprogenitiveness on the ice, and we saw a million of stars dancing around like ballet girls at the Bowery Theatre. How the shock went through our system, and up and down our spinal column. Lightning couldn't have corkscrewed it down a greased sapling with greater speed or more exhilarating effect. Boarding-house butter not warrantily deed could have struck stronger than we did—and a dozen ladies looking at us—and our fissured pants!

'Hallo, old cock!' sang out that ragged imp again, and we there helpless! Soon we got up and made another trial, with better success. Perhaps we had skated, in our peculiar style, fifteen feet when a blundering chap came up behind, and we sat down with our tired head pillowed in his lap—and he swearing at us, when it was all his fault! How cold the ice was there, too. Every spot where we made our debut on the ice—oh, how cold it was! Our bear-skin drawers were no protection at all. We tried again, for the papers all say it's fun, and down came our Roman-Grecian nose on the cold julep material, and the little drops of crimson ran down our shirt bosom and on the cold ice.

Once more we tried skating—made for the shore—sat down and counted damages. Two shillings in cash thrown away. Seven lateral and one frontal bumps on the ice. One immense fissure in as handsome a pair of ten dollar cassimeres as a man ever put his legs in. One rupture in the knee, extending to the bone. Four buttons from our vest, a 'fragmented' watch crystal, and a backache, big enough to divide among the children of Israel.

If you catch us on the smooth, glassy, chilling, freezing, treacherous, deceitful, slippery and slippery ice again, you'll know it! If any one ever hears of our skating again, they will please draw on us at sight, for the bivalves and accompanying documents. It is a humbug. It's a vexation of spirit, of business, of flesh, and tearer of trousers. It's a head-bumping, back-aching, leg-wearying institution, and we warn people against skating. We tried it, and shan't be able to walk for a month. Skating clubs are humbugs, and all the rascally youngsters wish to get the ladies at it, that they may see—if they don't say, 'the ice is dreadfully cold!' It's nothing to us, but the ladies would do well to let the skates alone, unless they are younger and more elastic than we are. Oh! how cold the ice is—we can feel it yet!—[Milwaukee News.]

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 bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing off 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 heavy meal, the weight of the digestive organs,

VOL. XIII. WATERVILLE, MAINE... THURSDAY, FEB. 9, 1860.

NO. 31.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII. WATERVILLE, MAINE... THURSDAY, FEB. 9, 1860.

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 attack 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 awake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feelings of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length or strength of the effort to escape the danger. Eating what is called 'a hearty meal,' before going to bed, should be avoided; it is the frequent cause of nightmare, and sometimes the cause of sudden death.—[Scientific American.]

'Tenderden Steeple's cause of the Goodwin Sands.'

This proposition is commonly quoted as a flagrant example of bad logic, illustrating the fallacy of the reference *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. A very quaint account of its origin is given in these words in one of Marius Latimer's sermons:—

'Mr. Moore was once sent with commission into Kent, to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of the Goodwin Sands, and the shell which stopped up Sandwich Haven. Thither cometh Mr. Moore and calleth all the country before him; such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best satisfy him of the matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich Haven. Amongst the rest came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Mr. Moore saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter; for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew more in that presence, or company. So Mr. Moore called this old man unto him and said, 'Father, tell me, if you can, what is the cause of the great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, which stop it up so that no ships can arrive here. You are the oldest man I can espy in all the company, so that if any man can tell the cause of it of all likelihood can say most to it, or at leastwise more than any man here assembled.' 'Yea, forsooth, good Mr. Moore, quoth this old man, 'for I am well nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near my age.' 'Well, then, quoth Moore, how say you to this matter? What think you to be the cause of these shells and sands, which stop at Sandwich Haven?'

'Forsooth, sir,' quoth he, 'I am an old man, sir,' quoth he; 'I may remember the building of Tenderden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden steeple was in building there was no manner of talking of any flats of sands that stopped up the haven; and therefore I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of the decay and destroying of Sandwich Haven.'

'After all, this is not so palpable a non sequitur as it appears, for, says Fuller, One story is good till another is told; and, though this is all whereupon this proverb is grounded, I met since with a supplement thereto; it is this. Time out of mind, money was constantly collected out of the country to fence the east banks thereof against the irruption of the sea, and such sums were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of Rochester; but because the sea had been quiet for many years without encroaching, the Bishop commuted this money to the building of a steeple, and endowing a church at Tenderden. By this diversion of the collection for the maintenance of the banks, the sea afterwards broke in upon Goodwin Sands. And now the old man had told a rational tale, had he found but the due favor to finish it; and thus sometimes, that is causelessly accounted ignorance of the speaker, which is nothing but impatience in the auditors, unwilling to attend to the end of the discourse.'—[Proverbs of all Nations, by Robert K. Kelley.]

'Tenderden Steeple's cause of the Goodwin Sands.'

This proposition is commonly quoted as a flagrant example of bad logic, illustrating the fallacy of the reference *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. A very quaint account of its origin is given in these words in one of Marius Latimer's sermons:—

'Mr. Moore was once sent with commission into Kent, to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of the Goodwin Sands, and the shell which stopped up Sandwich Haven. Thither cometh Mr. Moore and calleth all the country before him; such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best satisfy him of the matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich Haven. Amongst the rest came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Mr. Moore saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter; for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew more in that presence, or company. So Mr. Moore called this old man unto him and said, 'Father, tell me, if you can, what is the cause of the great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, which stop it up so that no ships can arrive here. You are the oldest man I can espy in all the company, so that if any man can tell the cause of it of all likelihood can say most to it, or at leastwise more than any man here assembled.' 'Yea, forsooth, good Mr. Moore, quoth this old man, 'for I am well nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near my age.' 'Well, then, quoth Moore, how say you to this matter? What think you to be the cause of these shells and sands, which stop at Sandwich Haven?'

'Forsooth, sir,' quoth he, 'I am an old man, sir,' quoth he; 'I may remember the building of Tenderden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden steeple was in building there was no manner of talking of any flats of sands that stopped up the haven; and therefore I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of the decay and destroying of Sandwich Haven.'

'After all, this is not so palpable a non sequitur as it appears, for, says Fuller, One story is good till another is told; and, though this is all whereupon this proverb is grounded, I met since with a supplement thereto; it is this. Time out of mind, money was constantly collected out of the country to fence the east banks thereof against the irruption of the sea, and such sums were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of Rochester; but because the sea had been quiet for many years without encroaching, the Bishop commuted this money to the building of a steeple, and endowing a church at Tenderden. By this diversion of the collection for the maintenance of the banks, the sea afterwards broke in upon Goodwin Sands. And now the old man had told a rational tale, had he found but the due favor to finish it; and thus sometimes, that is causelessly accounted ignorance of the speaker, which is nothing but impatience in the auditors, unwilling to attend to the end of the discourse.'—[Proverbs of all Nations, by Robert K. Kelley.]

ANOTHER TESTIMONY FOR SLAVERY.

O'Connor has spoken, Caleb Cushing has been heard, Jarvis has declared his opinion. Now President, Lord of Dartmouth College comes on the stand:

'Without a miracle I see not but that slaves will yet be called for in New England, and by New England men—slaves having the attributes, if not the name of slaves, and possibly in worse conditions than we now complain of in reference to the South. Why not, if our present Government should last another eighty years? For Yankees will not perform the mental work of life. They are above it now. The imported free servants of Ireland and other countries will soon be infected with Yankee independence, and have the means of living, above servile work, on their own freeholds. Then who will be our servants? Shall we have Coolies or Africans to hew our wood and draw our water? And what form of government shall be over them but that which is adapted to their comparative rudeness and imbecility, and conservative of the general system? The children and grandchildren of our present abolitionists may yet be the first to institute a harder servitude than has yet been known, unless, indeed, they should themselves be compelled to sell themselves for bread, and suffer the proper chastisement of their father's sins for their rebellion against the government of God.'

OLD CHINESE SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

Sixteen hundred years ago, the Chinese exhibited great engineering skill; and had they continued to devote themselves to improvements in the arts and sciences, they would have been the most civilized nation at present in the world. In the second century of the Christian era, according to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Shang-lung, the commander-in-chief of the army, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Szechuan, to the west of the capital. Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 laborers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In other places he conceived and accomplished the

daring project of suspending a bridge by ropes from one mountain to another across a deep chasm. The bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers 'flying bridges,' and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high, that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing stretches 400 feet from mountain to mountain over a chasm of 500 feet deep. Most of these flying bridges are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast; balustrades being placed on each side to protect travelers.

Changing a Five Hundred Dollar Bill.

Almost every one is aware of the fallacy of trusting to outward appearances. Looks are deceitful, as all of us find, sooner or later, by bitter experience.

We recollect an incident which occurred a few years since, which illustrates the folly of trusting to appearances, and which will be remembered by many who are well acquainted with one of the parties, a wealthy cattle broker of Framingham, Mass.

It chanced that the broker—who is universally known by the cognomen of Uncle Vanus—was sitting in the hotel office in Framingham with a friend, playing a game of checkers, when a fashionably dressed young man stepped up to the bar, called for a cigar, and having lighted it, said with an air of arrogance to the bar-keeper—'You will have to trust me for this cigar as I have no change; unless,' he added, somewhat bombastically, 'some of you here can change a five hundred dollar bill.'

'Well,' said Uncle Vanus, slowly looking up from his checker board, 'perhaps I can change a bill for the young man if he wants to pay for his cigar.'

'You!' said the young man somewhat sneeringly, as he glanced at the plainly-dressed old man, and then, with a wink to the bystanders to call attention to the capital joke he was about to perpetrate, he continued, 'You change it! Well, since you are so kind, perhaps you will change me a couple of them,' said he, slapping down two notes of five hundred each upon the table with considerable emphasis.

'Don't joggle the checker-board,' said Uncle Vanus slowly, as he replaced three or four pieces that had been jostled from their squares by the young man's emphatic action; then drawing a huge roll from the pocket of his well-worn pantaloons he carefully counted out, in notes of all sizes, colors and denominations, the required amount, handed them over to the young man and pocketed the two clean Boston bank notes of five hundred dollars each that lay before him, saying, 'Perhaps you would like two more of them changed?'

The young man, with an air of bravado, thinking he had stumbled on some drowsy who happened to have only one thousand dollars in his pocket, crammed the heap of bills the old gentleman passed into one pocket, and drew forth two other five hundred dollar notes from another, with a glance of triumph to the bystanders, who began to gather around, and banging them down upon the table said, 'Perhaps I do; won't you change them, old bus-

'Don't joggle the checkers,' said the old man, as the draughts danced again upon their squares, and plunging his hand into the other pantaloons pocket he fished up another apparently promiscuous heap of bank notes, which he smoothed out, and rapidly counted the required amount which about used up the supply, and then pushed them over to the young man pocketing in return the two large notes.

The tide was evidently against the young braggadochio, and he felt it in the half suppressed laughter that was elicited from the lookers-on. A bold coup was necessary to regain the ground he had lost, and he at once decided upon it. 'Perhaps, my old cock, you think that all the money I've got, and perhaps you may have the rag about you for these two beauties,' said he, as he flung two one thousand dollar notes out upon the table, before the old man.

'Pretty well cowed, my bantam,' said the latter, as he keenly scrutinized the notes. 'You keep on through life as you 'pear to have begun it, perhaps you may have rags about you won't get rid of so easily.' Then plunging his hand into a capacious pocket somewhere under his left arm he drew forth a huge, plethoric calf-skin wallet, in which he deposited the two one thousand dollar notes, and from which he handed the amount in others of smaller denominations, saying, as he did so, 'If you would like a few more of those changed, just hand 'em out, for the game is waiting.'

The young gentleman evidently felt that the game was waiting, and it began to be apparent to him who was the game; so he hastily gathered up the money and prepared to leave, when he was stopped by Uncle Vanus, who said, 'If you have got small bills enough, my friend, perhaps you had better pay for that cigar. Any broker in Boston will give you Boston bills for the pile you have got in your pockets for a fair commission, and he, continued with a grin, 'you had better step into the city and take up the note you were sent to pay instead of swapping your money round here among cattle drovers.'

The young man threw down a dollar on the counter, and vanished amid a shout of laughter from those who had witnessed this scene, while Uncle Vanus quietly settled himself in his seat, and went on with the interrupted game of checkers.—[Commercial Bulletin.]

A worthless, drunken fellow named Dick there used to be, who wandered about the village of Moon, a nuisance to every one, but he was pitied and borne with on account of his good humor and cool impudence. He chanced in at the house of Deacon Derby one cold, wintry morning, just as the family had sat down to breakfast. The Deacon purposely abstained from asking him to the table, and he stood warming himself at the fire-place for some time without any one saying a word to him, looking very longingly at the table, in the mean while. At last the old Deacon looked up and said,

'It's pretty cold out doos, ain't it Dick?'

'Thank you,' briskly replied Dick; 'I don't care if I do!' and drawing a chair to the table, he made a breakfast with a great deal of gusto and a great deal of *disgusto* on the part of the Deacon.

CHASTITY THE LORD.—Tom Hood mentions the case of an old Jew, who had let a large sum of money and charged interest on it at nine per cent, instead of six which the legal rate. The borrower remonstrated; and at last asked the usurer if he did not be-

lieve in a God, and where he expected to go when he died? 'Ah,' said the old Hebrew with a pleased twinkle of the eye and a grin, 'I have thought of that, too—but when God looks down upon it from above, the 9 will appear to Him like a 6.'

HAIR WASHES.—There are only two which are always safe, and always efficient, cold water and soap suds; the cold water once a day, the soap-suds once a week.

About two years ago, it was established in a court of justice in New York city, that one of the best, as well as one of the most popular hair-washes, was simply soap-suds colored and scented; any one ingredient could be left out, except the soap-suds.

The most universally applicable treatment of the hair of boys, girls and men, is as follows:

Make half a pint of soap suds with pure white soap and warm water, on rising any morning; but before applying it, brush the whole scalp well while the hair is perfectly dry, with the very best Russia bristle brush, scrub back and forth with a will, let not any portion of the surface escape. When brushing the top and front, lean forward, that the particles may fall. After this operation is finished, strike the ends of the bristles on the hearth or on a board, next pass the coarse part of the comb through the bristles; next, brush or flay the hair back and forth with the hand, until no dust is seen to fall; then with the balls of the fingers dipped in the soap-suds, rub the fluid into the scalp and about the roots of the hair; do this patiently and thoroughly; finally, rinse with clear water, and absorb as much of the water from the hair as possible with a dry cloth, then, (after allowing the hair to dry a little more by evaporation, but not to dry entirely,) dress it as usual, always, under all circumstances, passing the comb through the hair, slowly and gently, so as not to break any one off, or 'tear any one out by the roots.'

By this operation, the alkali of the soap unites with the natural oil of the hair, and leaves it perfectly clean and beautifully silken, and with cold washings of the whole head, and neck, and ears, every morning, it will soon be found that the hair will 'dress' as handsomely as if 'oiled to perfection;' with the great advantage of conscious cleanliness, giving, too, the general appearance of a greater profusion on the hair than when it is plastered on the scalp, with variously scented 'hog's fat' as the common custom.

There is a general saying, that cold water 'rots the hair.' The statement is of itself absurd. The hair is rotted by the filth which is allowed to cake upon the scalp by the virtue of the grease, natural and artificial, gathering dust of every description, and making a composition, the very thought of which is nauseating.

Every mother who would pride herself in having her daughter possess a beautiful head of hair, luxurious, long and silken, at sweet nineteen, should forbid any application to the hair, except pure water as above, keeping it short, and allowing it to lie 'naturally' on the forehead.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

In olden time, before Maine laws were invented, Wing kept the hotel at Middle Grandville, and from his well stocked bar furnished 'accommodations to man and beast.' He was a good landlord, but terribly deaf. Fish, the village painter, was afflicted in the same way.

One day they were sitting by themselves in the bar-room. Wing was behind the counter, waiting for the next customer, while Fish was lounging before the fire, with a thirsty look, casting sheep's eyes occasionally at Wing's decanters, and wishing most devoutly that some one would come in and treat.

A traveler from the south, on his way to Brandon, stopped in to inquire the distance. Going up to the counter, he said, 'Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to Brandon?'

'Brandy?' says the ready landlord, jumping up; yes, sir, I have some, at the same time handing down a decanter of the precious liquid.

'You misunderstand me,' says the stranger; 'I asked how far it was to Brandon.'

'They call it pretty good brandy,' says Wing. 'Will you take sugar with it?' reaching, as he spoke, for the bowl and the toddy-stick.

The despairing traveler turned to Fish.

'The landlord,' said he, 'seems to be deaf; will you tell me how far it is to Brandon?'

'Thank you,' said Fish; 'I don't care if I do take a drink with you!'

The stranger treated, and fled.

Francis Quarles, an old writer who lived in the days of Charles the First, says to parents: 'Be very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frosts of May nip his blossoms. While he is a tender twig, straighten him; whilst he is a new vessel, season him; such as thou makest him, such commonly shalt thou find him. Let his first lesson be obedience, and his second shall be what thou wilt. Give him education in good letters, to the utmost of thy ability and his capacity. Season his youth with the love of his Creator, and make the fear of his God the beginning of his knowledge. If he have an active spirit, rather rectify than curb it; but reckon idleness among his chiefest faults. As his judgment ripens, observe his inclination, and tender him a calling that shall not cross it. Forced marriages and callings seldom prosper. Show him both the mow and the plow; and prepare him as well for the danger of the skirish, as possess him with the honor of the prime.'

THE TRUE SECRET OF MAKING HOME HAPPY is to have the heart in the right place; to have the charity to overlook foibles; to learn to forgive and forget, and never to be too proud to make concessions—ever, as it were intuitively, with the blind man's instinct, detecting those thousand little things that evince, in silence, a devotion and affection unspeakable. The wife should possess genuine piety; the useful attainments of life should be blended with the lighter accomplishments, and the attractive amenity of her manners should spring less from the polish of intercourse than from the inborn sweetness of her disposition. She must be a woman, true to herself, her nature and her destiny—one daring to break away from the slavery of fashion and the allurements of pleasure, and seek her happiness in the path of duty alone. She must be sensitive in her piety—a woman, self-possessed, having the tranquil air of one conscious of her own moral strength, and of the existence of impulse and feelings too sacred to be lightly displayed to a

world which has nothing in common with them, and which, therefore, in the ark of love at home, gush forth, like a leaping fountain, in all their fullness and glory.—[Country Gentleman.]

POLITICAL.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette thus gives the points which the Republican candidate for President should possess:

First, He must be a Union man—resolved to maintain the Union at all hazards against all assaults, from whatsoever quarter they may come.

He must be opposed to the extension of slavery into Territory now free—at least he must be as explicit on this point as the illustrious Henry Clay, when he declared in the Senate in the great debate in 1850, that coming as I do from a slave State, it is my solemn, deliberate, and well matured determination, that no power—not earthly power shall compel me to vote for the positive introduction of slavery into one foot of Territory that is now free.

He must be opposed to any interference with Slavery in the States where it now exists by positive statute law.

He must be *unalterably* opposed to the Fugitive slave trade, now winked at by the party in power.

He must be for a revenue tariff sufficient for the economical expenses of the Government, so arranged as to afford protection to those branches of our manufactures which may need protection.

He must be honestly in favor of a railroad to the Pacific.

He must be in favor of granting land from the public domain in limited quantities to actual settlers.

He must be in favor of the immediate admission of Kansas as a free and independent State.

Another correspondent of the same paper says:

We need a man having the element of heroism in his character; one who has passed through 'fiery trials,' and become purer and truer by the ordeal.

Have we such a man? Look to Kentucky. On the soil of Slavery is a man who for twenty years, in jeopardy of life and property, calumnyed, standing alone without hope of reward, yet has proved true to principle. That man is Cassius M. Clay. All the signs of the times unerringly point to him as the man for the hour.

I need not amplify to show

The Eastern Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, J. DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... FEB. 9, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 23 Seaview Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper should be directed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or' EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

Waterville Farmers' Club.

The meeting last week, was at the house of Col. Isa. Marston. E. Maxham presided, and the Secretary being absent, Mr. Wm. Dyer was chosen to act in his place for the evening. Corn raising was the subject assigned, and the discussion was opened by the inquiry whether more stirring of the soil, by plowing or otherwise, of corn land would not pay—say double the labor usually expended in this way?

Mr. Josiah Morrill thought it would pay to work over land a great deal, and to pulverize it thoroughly. Mr. Charles Stuart was of the same opinion, but would not go so far in that direction as some—thought there was a limit, varying with the nature and condition of the soil, &c. which every man could best fix for himself.

Mr. Morrill plows in the Fall, for corn; puts on green manure in the Spring, and works it in with an ox cultivator; then puts old manure in the hill, at the rate of about six cords to the acre.

Col. Marston plows in the Spring, for corn—plowing in the manure, and also dresses in the hill; thinks well of thorough plowing.

Mr. H. J. Morrill had formerly plowed a few acres of corn in the Spring, and about six in breaking, and about nine at second plowing.

Mr. Stuart thinks well of sub-soil plowing for clay soil. Mr. Charles Mayo and Mr. Abram Morrill prefer the eight rowed variety of corn. Mr. Morrill thinks the value of the fodder from an acre of good corn, well cured, to be about equal to that of a ton of hay.

Col. Marston favored the Club with some scientific facts—showing the chemical ingredients required for the growth of various plants, &c.—which were new to most of the members and interesting to all.

Mr. Abram Morrill was chosen to preside at the meeting this evening, which will be held at his house. Subject for discussion—The Potato Crop.

A copy of the Report of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture for 1859, having been received from Hon. J. H. Drummond, of the Senate, a vote was passed tending the thanks of the Club therefor, and directing that the volume be passed around among the members and read.

CONGRESS.—Since the election of Speaker, the House has completed its organization and gone to work in the direction of legislation. Col. Forney, of Pennsylvania—once Mr. Buchanan's champion, but now with the republicans—was elected clerk, and Mr. Hoffman, of Maryland, sergeant-at-arms. The following heads of committees have been determined, but not officially announced:

Ways and Means, Mr. Sherman; Territories, Grow; Foreign Affairs, Corwin; Elections, Wilson of Ind.; Post-offices and Post-roads, Haskin of N. Y.; Indian Affairs, Colfax; Commerce, Carter of N. Y. or Washburn of Ill.; Pensions, Fenton; Revolutionary claims, Dawes, of Mass.; Military Affairs, Curtis; Judiciary, Tappan of N. H.; Naval Affairs, Morse of Md.

The N. Y. Herald correspondent says—"No movement has been made by the Administration looking to the acquisition of Cuba; and, except for political effect at Charleston, the scheme may be considered abandoned, it being hopeless. Louis Napoleon informed the President, through a secret agent, that he was willing the Cubans should themselves purchase the independence of the Island, provided the United States will agree with France and England to guarantee its permanent protection. Mr. Buchanan declined entering into partnership.

WHICH WAY?—The Maine Farmer has an article in commendation of the course of the Mayor of Gardiner in ejecting Mr. O'Leary from the City Hall on Sunday evening, to prevent his giving his lecture on "The Religious Nature of Man." This may be proper in some places but we didn't follow the example in Waterville. A large and respectable audience heard the lecture. Some believed and some didn't; some were disgusted and some interested; some were amused and some vexed. Those who wanted to leave, left quietly; those who did not want to leave, staid quietly. When the lecture closed, each went home thinking his own thoughts and believing his own belief. There was no quarrelling, no assault, no revolver, and no lawsuit, as in Gardiner. We think our way the best. It looks a little more like the freedom we talk about here at the North. The Farmer thinks otherwise—very well—let it!

WILL THEY?—The citizens of Bath have held a public meeting to see if they can get a vote to instruct the mayor to petition the legislature for authority to loan the credit of the city for \$100,000 to aid in extending the Androscoggin railroad to Topsham or Brunswick. In our mind it remains to be seen whether any more cities of Maine will lend their credit to railroad projects, till after some of those which have done so are relieved of the incumbrances thus assumed. May-be they will—but! And may-be the legislature will give them leave—but!

Capt. Harrison, of the Great Eastern, was drowned at Southampton, on the 21st ult.

OUR TABLE.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The January number of this able Quarterly has the following table of contents:—Government Contracts; The Realities of Paris; Ceylon; The Social Organization; Sicily as it was and is; Christian Revivals; Italy—the Designs of Louis Napoleon; Contemporary Literature.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

MEAD'S MUSEUM.—With lots of nice little stories, instructive sketches, amusing anecdotes, and choice poetry, handsomely illustrated by numerous spirited and well-executed engravings, this juvenile magazine presents a most attractive entertainment for its young patrons, in the number for February. And for a single dollar your boy or girl may have twelve of these rare treats during the year, which brings them at less than a dime a piece. Buy it for your child, and you will not regret it.

Published by J. N. Stearns & Co., New York, at \$1 a year.

TO ARTISTS.—Those ladies and gentlemen who last Summer enjoyed the instruction of Maj. King, in architectural and landscape drawing, will be glad to learn that he is again in Waterville, and will doubtless be happy to see the members of his former class at his rooms at the Williams House. He makes very inviting propositions for a course of advanced lessons to former pupils, and also a class in the first principles of the art. With the aid of an assistant, he can give more detailed and thorough instruction, and with more ease and profit to the class. Those who would know the advantages he offers are advised to call at his rooms, where he will remain only for a day or two. We most heartily commend his proposition to the acceptance of all interested in this department of art.

THE WEATHER.—February began with hyalutin, but after a "splurge" or two, has subsided into gentle prose. Warm weather, with clear yellow sunshine, changed daily, or nightly, for the best of moonlight, with good sleighing to boot—this is a bill of fare that leaves no room for complaint; and the little month that christens leap-year is sweet and gentle enough to season all the happy matches that will result from inverted courting during 1860. Those lady young ladies of Waterville who celebrated leap year in a month with thirty-one days, with the thermometer thirty-one degrees below zero, to gain thirty-one days of the poor privilege of doing their own courting, may yet wish they had waited for a milder example for their hoped-for wedded life. The 29th day of February promises to smile at their innocent haste to usher in the millennium of "Woman's Right" to rebuke the gallant gentleman who once courted a pretty girl in Eden.

MERRY TIMES.—By a long series of laborious efforts Mr. Thing has provided fine skating on the bay. It has been accomplished by overflowing the ice by turning the water upon it from the sluice-way above; and notwithstanding the counteraction of the extremes of heat and cold, great numbers, both male and female, are from time to time enjoying this pleasant exercise. We commend it to all who have leisure. It was directly against laziness, dyspepsia and crinoline, and suggests active reforms to all three. It will not, of course, be forgotten that the privilege has cost labor; so that, when the "hat comes round" the old saw will be acknowledged, that "those who dance should pay the fiddler."

A NEW MAP OF MAINE.—Should sufficient encouragement be extended in aid of the enterprise, J. Chace, Jr. & Co., of Portland,—the same gentlemen who executed our County map—will soon publish a new topographical township map of Maine, of which we find the following notice in the *Argus*:

"We are gratified to know that an enterprise of this kind is undertaken, and that it has already received the decided approbation of many of our prominent citizens to whom its merits have been explained. Messrs. J. Chace, Jr. & Co. of this city have engaged in it with the same energy heretofore evinced by them in similar enterprises in this and other States. They propose to make a complete detailed topographical township map of our entire State. This idea was suggested to the minds of our business men during the progress of the recent minute surveys in the most important counties. Mr. Chace, under whose direction a large portion of these surveys have been completed, has been repeatedly solicited and urged by prominent citizens in every part of the State, to prepare a plan of the entire State, embracing the geographical information so elaborately shown on the county maps, so far as published, and to make a survey of the remaining portions for that purpose, thus giving a more complete and detailed delineation of our territory than was ever attempted in any other State, to an equal extent. In accordance with this suggestion, a scale has been fixed upon, and a polyconic projection of the State made, based upon the triangulation established by the U. S. Coast Survey between Portsmouth Harbor and Passamaquoddy Bay.—Everything is laid down with great minuteness and distinctness, showing the whole network of roads, railroads, streams, ponds, towns and county lines, lakes, bays, harbors, islands and mountains, with the same particularity of detail, seen on the most accurate town and county maps, all given from new and accurate surveys. In addition to this, the location of houses, stores, mills, manufactories, &c., is shown in their proper position, except perhaps a few close corners or crowded streets. The design also includes plans of all the cities and large villages in the State, exhibiting the streets, residences, stores, wharves, railroads, &c., in each, so that roads can be traced to and past every man's house via any city or town from Kittery Point to Eastport, and the most secluded settlement in the wilds of Aroostook.

A map of New England, together with the Eastern Provinces, Canada, Middle and Western States will be added, showing at a glance our railroad and water communication with all these points, and the unrivaled commercial facilities and the advantages enjoyed by the Dirigo State. This is an important feature in addition to the elaborate detail of our own State. It will exhibit the commercial advan-

tages afforded by the Grand Trunk and its tributary connections, as they will stretch their iron arms are long from the coal fields and the gypsum and free stone quarries of our eastern neighbors, to the remotest cotton marts of the sunny south.

No opportunity has ever before presented itself in the history of our State for the completion of a geographical work so valuable to all our citizens, particularly men of family and of business men in every town, and yet afforded at a less price than is demanded for maps much smaller in size, meager, incomplete, and inaccurate in their details shown, and every way greatly inferior to this; being mere compilations from old maps and plans, without new surveys. This work has been undertaken by competent hands. Mr. C. is a practical topographical engineer of long experience in map making, and hundreds in our own city and through the State, who have become personally acquainted with him and his assistants, will cordially unite with us in an endorsement of their ability to produce an invaluable map of our territory, creditable alike to its projectors, and to the entire public spirit of our citizens. With a population of over 600,000—an area equal to that of the rest of New England—important resources yet undeveloped—the eyes of rival communities upon us—rival interests seeking to divert the trade that legitimately belongs to us,—and as a State having a brighter future before us, we confidently hope that such encouragement will be promptly given to this important work, as will secure its speedy completion for use at home, and at the same time to represent us abroad, in a style unsurpassed, not even excepting our old mother Massachusetts, whose map was executed at a cost of more than \$150,000 to that State, and which is less complete than this one of Maine will be.

The plan of the map, its style of execution and beauty of finish, so far as shown, we understand, meet the unqualified approval of the Portland Board of Trade, members of the City Government and of our most intelligent and patriotic citizens here and throughout the State. We heartily wish success to an enterprise so worthy of encouragement, and so desirable to be consummated.

The Richmond *Engineer* announces the election of Mr. Pennington as Speaker in the following extract, while the paper is draped in deep black, in the manner usual upon the death of the President of the United States, or any other high functionary. Such exhibitions of sectional feeling are anything but a favorable commentary upon the nationality so loudly claimed in certain quarters:

The *Latest National Callant*.—It is with the deepest mortification that we are called upon to record an event of national shame and disgrace. A reference to our telegraphic column will show that a leader of a party whose political watchword is 'sectional hatred,' has been chosen to fill the third highest office within the gift of this Confederacy. Now, indeed, active and decided resistance to wrong can furnish the only safeguard against the violence of revolution, the only palladium of the Constitution and the Union.

For more than half a century, the Richmond *Engineer* has continued to maintain the cause of State Equality in the Union, and under the strict guarantees of the Constitution. Whenever these are assailed with a new act of successful invasion, it is especially appropriate that our venerated sheet should record the disastrous deed in tokens of the deepest mourning.

The Richmond *Whig* in a very different and better spirit says:

"Mr. Pennington, we believe, is a conservative old-line Whig, and we have no doubt he will make an excellent and impartial presiding officer. At any rate, we are happy in the thought that a Speaker has been elected, and that Congress will at once proceed to the performance of their public duties."

The Newark *Mercury*, commenting upon the election of Mr. Pennington, says:

"We understand well how this triumph will be welcomed throughout the country, but to his immediate constituents, and neighbors and friends, to his earnest and zealous supporters, to those who know by close association the true manliness, the unswerving fidelity, the genuine worth, the high-toned political principle of Gov. Pennington, his success assumes more of a personal than of a partisan character. We know that one so worthily tried in public service, so kind and genial in social intercourse, so full of all the noble elements of manhood, will honor us in any position, and the great body of our people will regard his success with the pleasure and satisfaction which spring from that knowledge. We all rejoice over it because New Jersey has thus been fully compensated in the person of the representative from that District, and because our own city has received an honor through one of its most worthy residents. That he will discharge the duties of that position, and that he will add to his already national reputation, are certainties which his immediate and personal friends can best appreciate.

THE BETTER SIDE OF TENNESSEE.—A spirited Union meeting has been held at Knoxville, Tenn., at which resolutions like the following were adopted, with but three or four dissenting voices:

Resolved, That we contemplate with emotions of shame and indignation the menace so often repeated in both Houses of Congress by ultra partisans from the South, that in the event of their candidate in the next Presidential election, they will overthrow the Union and expose the country to all the horrors of revolution and civil war; and that we endorse the Union sentiments of the last speech of our Representative.

Resolved, That if the South were to go out of the Union we should not be moved one hair's breadth farther from the North; we should not cease to hear the ravings of madmen or the delusions of fanaticism; and that we, as aliens and foreigners, would have no better claim upon the conservative element existing at the North than we now have as members and brethren of the same Confederacy.

PROSCRIPTION IN BATH.—The President has removed Gen. Berry from the office of Collector of Customs at Bath and appointed James H. Nichols in his place. The offence which caused this removal was not Douglasism according to the Bath Times, Democratic; but, says that paper:

What then is his offense? We will tell. He refused to do a dishonorable act demanded of him by the 'Board of Trade.' He offered an administration pet! stepped on the tail of a government puppy! or, to drop the appropriate figure, he argued John Babson & Co., by refusal to discharge the most experienced officer under him to make room for a man of their selection!

Maine Legislature.

A bill repealing the law allowing defendants in certain criminal cases to testify in their own behalf, which had passed to be engrossed in the Senate, was refused a passage in the House. On Wednesday, it was called up by Mr. Drummond, and after a long debate, the Senate insisted and appointed conferees.

Mr. Hanson, of China, introduced an order directing the Secretary of State to provide six copies of the Ancient Harmony Revived, for the use of the House, which was laid over under the rule.

The bill authorizing the extension of the Androscoggin Railroad was amended so as to authorize a connection with the Ken. and Port. road at Topsham or Brunswick, and then passed to be engrossed in the Senate and House.

Bill exempting horses from attachment passed to be engrossed in the House.

A petition praying that women may be allowed to plead their own cause in court, was presented and referred in the House.

A bill authorizing minor children to deposit money in Saving Banks, and exempting the same from attachment passed to be engrossed in the House and was twice read and assigned in the Senate.

Petitions for and against the new county of Knox, numerously signed, have been presented.

A bill, exempting parsonages from taxation, has been reported in the Senate.

LECTURE BY DR. R. RICHARD CLAY.—Notwithstanding the stormy weather last evening, City Hall was well filled with ladies and gentlemen, whose attendance and interest manifested in the lecture were highly complimentary to the lecturer. Dr. Clay, after a lucid description of the anatomy of the heart and lungs, and the circulation of the blood, proceeded to the consideration of pulmonary consumption, its causes, and whether curable. Upon this latter head he shewed from the most eminent authorities, in opposition to the prevailing opinion, that, except in its more advanced stages it is curable; cases being on record where cures have been performed, and years after, the subject having died of other disease, a post mortem examination revealed cavities in the lungs which had healed. He gave instances of great ignorance of physicians in the diagnosis of the disease, citing a case where a patient had been treated for a consumptive cough which was caused by an elongated palate, irritating the root of the tongue, which being removed by him the cough ceased. He advised all to give patent medicines a wide berth, and early consult the best physicians. Among the causes of consumption he mentioned impure air, compression of the chest, alcoholic drinks, and especially mercury, in the various forms in which it is administered, denouncing the latter as an enemy to human life.

The lecture evinced a thorough understanding of the important subject which he treated, and popularization of the subject for his audience. The lecture was illustrated by his splendid set of diagrams and anatomical preparations, which were inspected by the audience at the close of the lecture.

[Bangor Evening Times.

Dr. Clay will arrive in Waterville, Monday, the 13th inst., and can be consulted at the Elmwood House the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th; Stage House, Skowhegan, 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d. Dr. Clay will give a course of lectures in this place and at Skowhegan, on the causes, preventives and curability of pulmonary consumption, illustrated by expensive diagrams and various anatomical preparations, including a dissection of the human body, showing all of the arteries, veins, nerves, muscles, &c.

Mr. Edmund Pearson, formerly of Waterville, son of the late Capt. William Pearson, but for some years a resident of Bangor, died in that city, last week, of lung fever. He was the senior member of the firm of Pearson & Crosby, and had won the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens in the city of his adoption, where his death is regarded as a public loss.

BEWARE.—Ira Lovejoy and Geo. Ingraham, robbed the store of T. S. Bartlett, of Augusta, of three cases of wine. Proceeding to Bangor, they got drunk upon the property taken, were locked up, confessed their folly, and were both taken to Augusta, to be made an example of the truth of the old saying, that "those who steal the devil should be careful and not eat him."

CAUTION.—We commend the editor of the Banner for his attack upon "Tobacco as a Nuisance," but we tremble for his security when we hear him say he don't care much about the little snuff he probably eats with his victuals in the course of a year. This will never do, friend Banner; total abstinence is the only safe ground with tobacco as well as rum. Habits are easily acquired, and the constant use of snuff in seasoning your victuals will soon render you uneasy without it. Better use a little pepper or salt, or even both, than run the danger of getting into a habit you cannot control. Tell your cook to omit it now and then, and see if you don't like your victuals just as well.

Rev. N. M. Wood, late pastor of the Baptist church in this place, has accepted a call of the Baptist church in Lewiston, to become their pastor.

WICKED.—The fellow who "came the grab" over the superintendent of the A. & K. railroad must have been an oily rascal. The papers are saying that he palmed himself off for a relative of Judge Russell, of Boston, and got the favor of a free pass and three dollars to pay his board at the Williams House. He forgot to use the money, and perhaps the pass, for we next find him in Bloomfield, where he passed himself as a man of capital, and finally walked off with a valuable watch under pretence of showing it to a jeweller. Our query against the truth of the story is based upon the doubt that the square-edged superintendent should give money to a scoundrel because he said his uncle was a judge! We don't believe that—do you?

Popular Education Illustrated.

A Scotch paper has the following: "One little incident we must mention, as illustrating education by rote. Walking to church one Sunday in Skye, we were followed by a slip of a lad some ten or eleven years of age, who, on putting some questions to him, volunteered to name all the capitals of Europe, which he did with marvelous dexterity. From Europe he crossed to South America and rattled out the names of the capitals with the accuracy of a calculating machine. From South America he started off to Asia; and finally brought up at Jeddo, in Japan. We were rather skeptical as to the value of such acquirements, and indeed as to the reality of any information having been conveyed to the lad's mind by the formidable muster-roll of words that had been stuffed into his mouth. We therefore asked him, 'Can you tell us the name of the island you live in?' But notwithstanding his lore, he had not learned that he lived in the Isle of Skye. To make sure of the fact we requested the captain of the steamer to repeat the question in Gaelic; but there was no Skye forthcoming. He knew the name of the parish, and of all the capitals in the world, but not of the island he lived in. There being a schoolmaster present (accidentally we thought the occasion too good to be lost to show the worthlessness of word-stuffing and ventured another question—'Now my lad, you have told us the names of nearly all the capitals in the world; is a capital a man or a beast?' 'It's a beast,' said the boy quite decisively. So much for words without understanding. In the next school inspections that boy will probably pass for a prodigy, and will figure in statistical reports as an example for what 'good education can do.'

FARMERS AND THEIR WIVES.—Said a young person to a lady who sat holding her child, 'now what good will all your education do you? You have spent so much time in study, graduated with high honors, learned music and painting, and now only married a farmer. Why do you not teach school or do something to benefit the world with your talents, or if you choose to marry, why not take a preacher, a clergyman, or some professional man? But as it is you do not need so much learning for a rural life.'

The lady replied, 'You do not look very far into the future. Do you see this boy on my lap? I need all the study, all the discipline, both of mind and body, that I could get, in order that I may train him aright. You see I have the first impressions to make on the fair blank of his pure heart, and unless my mind was first purified, how could I well perform the task now placed before me? And besides, do you not suppose that farmers have hearts like other men, tastes just as pure, because they guide the plow and till the soil for their support? Do you not suppose their minds are just as capable of cultivation and expansion as other men? Have they no love of the beautiful in their nature, or art? Cannot good paintings be just as much admired on their walls as others, or does the evening hour never pass as pleasantly with them when they gather around the piano after a day's labor is finished? Ah, my young friend, you have made a sad mistake in your reckoning.'

Of all the occupations give me that of a farmer. It is the most beautiful; his life is free from care, his sleep sweeter, his treasures safer. A farmer need not be a slave to any, for he has none to please but himself. Not so with almost any tradesman, mechanic or professional man. They have more to do with the world at large, and have all manner of persons to deal with, so they have need of the patience of Job to live. They are well aware that they must not freely speak their minds at all times; that if they do they will lose their custom; for they depend upon people for a living, therefore, they are the servants of all. Then what can be desired more—what is more peaceful, prosperous, honest, healthful, than a farmer's life?—Rural New Yorker.

GRANDILOQUENT.—The Americans of Baltimore have addressed, through their Superior Council, the party throughout the State, and after deprecating the action of the legislature, and inciting in high hope for the future, thus invite to another struggle:

"And now, Americans of the everlasting Alleghanian mountains, dash down from your fastnesses with irresistible force, and gathering new strength from the rich valleys of the county honored by the name of the Father of his Country, descend to Monocacy's fertile plains and the grass clad hills of Linganoes, there to marshal your majorities by hundreds. Then sweep through Montgomery's fair fields, and the lands of Carroll, endeavor to us by revolutionary memories, until you reach the district of our own Howard, and Arundel's iron banks. Risen from hundreds now to thousands, your majorities will meet with American voices from the land of the pilgrims of St. Mary's, Prince George's dark forests, Charles's Potomac shores, and Calvert's broad fields, enabled by the memories of Baltimore's first proprietary. Meantime, let the tide of American majorities from Worcester's island coast roll up along the plains of the eastern shore, swelled by the voices of Somerset, unconquerable Dorchester, Caroline, Queen Anne's pocket-piece, Kent, Cecil and Talbot, and wheeling around the head of our noble bay, be ready to join old Hartford and nicely balanced Baltimore county, and send in a wave of friendly greeting to meet a similar one from the South, to swell our own Baltimore majority, until it shall rise mountain high, obliterating every trace of the party now seeking to fasten us to the car of disunionism."

AMALGAMATION.—One of the New Orleans papers asserts that the amalgamation of the black and the white race is a consequence and result of the Black Republican scheme and idea. "We do not wish to appropriate an honor which does not belong to us. We respectfully submit that it is only in the South that the process of amalgamation is going on to any great extent. Some of the best Anglo-Saxon blood in that part of the country is now flowing in the veins of slaves. One of the chief perils to the 'peculiar institution' arises from the haughty and ungovernable spirit which many a slave has inherited from his free and chivalric sire.—[Providence Journal.]

MEASLES.—This disease prevails extensively in cities during the winter season, and will usually cure itself, if only protected against adverse influences. The older persons are the less likely they are to recover perfectly from this ailment, for it very often leaves some life long malady behind it. The most hopeless forms of consumptive diseases are often the result of ill-conducted or badly-managed measles. In nine cases out of ten, not a particle of medicine is needed.

Our first advice is, and under all circumstances, send at once for an experienced physician. Meanwhile, keep the patient in a cool, dry, and well-aired room, with moderate covering, in a position where there will be no exposure to drafts of air. The thermometer should range at about sixty-five degrees, where the bed stands, which should be moderately hard, of shucks, straw, or curled hair. Gratify

the instinct for cold water and lemonade. It is safest to keep the bed for several days after the rash has begun to die away. The diet should be light, and of an opening, cooling, character.

The main object of this article is to warn persons that the greatest danger is after the disappearance of the measles. We would advise that for three weeks after the patient is well enough to leave his bed, he should not go out of the house, nor stand or sit for a single minute near an open window or door, nor wash any part of the person in cold water or warm, but to wipe the face and hands with a warm, damp cloth. For a good part of this time, the appetite should not be fully gratified, the patient should eat slowly of light nutritious food. In one case, a little child, almost entirely well of the measles, got to playing with its hands in cold water; it gradually dwindled away and died. All exercise should be moderate in order to prevent cooling off too quickly afterward, and to save the danger of exposure to drafts of air, which, by chilling the surface causes chronic diarrhoea if it falls on the bowels, *deafness for life* if it falls on the ear; or *incurable consumption* if it falls on the lungs.—[Hall's Journal of Health.]

CHRISTIANITY. It arose in an enlightened and sceptical age, but amongst a despised and narrow-minded people. It earned hatred and persecution at home by its liberal genius and opposition to the national prejudices; it earned contempt abroad by its connection with the country where it was born, but which sought to strangle it in its birth. Emerging from Judea, it made its way outward through the most polished regions of the world—Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and in all it attracted notice and provoked hostility. Successive massacres and attempts at extermination, persecuted for ages by the whole force of the Roman empire, it bore without resistance, and seemed to draw fresh vigor from the axe; but assaults in the form of argument from whatever quarter, it was never ashamed or unable to repel, and whether attacked or not, it was resolutely aggressive. In four centuries it had pervaded the civilized world. It had mounted the throne of the Caesars, it had spread beyond the limits of their sway, and had made inroads upon barbarian nations whom their eagles had never visited; it had gathered all genius and all learning into itself, and made the literature of the world its own; it survived the inundation of the barbarian tribes, and conquered the world once more, by converting its conquerors to the faith; it survived an age of barbarism; it survived the restoration of letters; it survived an age of free inquiry and scepticism, and has long stood its ground in the field of argument, and commanded the intelligent assent of the greatest minds that ever were; it has been the parent of civilization and the nurse of learning; and if light, and humanity, and freedom be the boast of modern Europe, it is to Christianity that she owes them. Exhibiting in the life of Jesus a picture, varied and minute, of the perfect human united with the Divine, in which the mind of man has not been able to find a deficiency or detect a blemish—a picture copied from no model and rivaled by no copy—it has satisfied the moral wants of mankind, it has accommodated itself to every clime; and it has retained, through every change, a salient spring of life, which enables it to throw off corruption and repair decay, and renew its youth, amidst outward hostility and inward divisions. [London Quarterly Review.]

HOW THE RICH AND THE SNOBS RIDE AT NEW YORK.—A New York correspondent says: "Walking is considered decidedly vulgar among the would be aristocracy. Liveryies in this city do not indicate the possession of wealth, but rather the reverse; for I do not know of a single millionaire who indulges in them."

Peter Cooper, Stephen Whitney, and William B. Astor, drive very plain carriages when they do not walk. Mr. Cooper's is known all over town by its old-fashioned and clumsy shape, and a slow going horse. Three-fourths of the liveries in New York are furnished by stable keepers, who place the 'badge of surffiance' on their coachman whenever requested by parties hiring their vehicles, charging the same in their bill. Many families hire a carriage with liveries once or twice, cut a tremendous dash on Broadway, call upon their friends, and make the world believe that they own the superb establishment in which they roll laughably about the town.

Some of the liveried drivers own the carriages which they adorn, and are actually richer than the vulgar snob who sits with his wife and family and plays at false pretence inside.

THE HARPER'S FERRY TRIALS.—Conclusion of the Trial of Andrew Stephens.—The trial of Stephens was concluded on Saturday at Charleston, Va. No new evidence was adduced. The speeches of counsel were mostly of a political character, discussing the present position of the questions between the North and South. The Commonwealth made a proposition to submit the case without argument, but the counsel for the defence wished to be heard for his client. Mr. Harding made the opening argument. He denounced as a falsehood and libel that assertion of John Brown that he was to receive aid from the laboring classes at Harper's Ferry. He claimed that they were true to the Constitution and the State, and referred to their action in putting down the invasion. He concluded with an earnest appeal to the jury to vindicate the law, and charged that the prisoner was a blood-thirsty villain and wretch, and worse than Brown.

Mr. Sennott, for the defence, made an able and eloquent speech, going into the history of the rise and progress of the Republican Party, closing with an earnest appeal to the jury to spare the life of the prisoner.

Mr. Hunter closed on the part of the Commonwealth. He replied to the arguments of the defence with telling effect. He had no confidence in the Union meetings held in the North. The invasion had been a benefit to the South, as it had shown them the position in which they were placed. He referred to Mr. Hickman's boasting of the eighteen millions of Northern men, and declared the South were prepared for any emergency.

The case was submitted to the jury at 4 o'clock. They then retired, and after fifteen minutes absence, returned with a verdict of guilty on all the counts.

The prisoner received the verdict with most perfect indifference, and smiled at the announcement.

ENCOURAGING.—A lady having asked a poor woman living in the West-port, Edinburg, if she ever went to church in that neighborhood—Dr. Chalmers—the woman replied, "Oh, yes, there's a man called Chalmers preaches there, and whiles I gang in and hear him, just to encourage him, put body."

The Leomon slave case has recently been argued before the Court of Appeals of New York, by Mr. O'Connor, and decision is shortly expected. It involves the right of transit.

