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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 29): February 7, 1850

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. III. WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1850. NO. 29.

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## POETRY.

MYNE HEARTIE.

(ADDRESSING TO YE GENTLE LADY EDDYTHE.)

These lines, by the fainful Quivroy, show that Love in the olden time produced the same disastrous effects that it does now—days—and also that the written English language hath changed somewhat, without the aid of those mischievous Phonetics, which modern innovators are profusely trying to bring into use.

I sommetymes thynke thyne wammes artie  
Hathe fromme mye bosomme whytched mye heartie,  
It dothe soo oftne feeble, I wint,  
Lyke easkette withoute Jewelle in 't;  
Or oceanne shelle wylt breathe thy drestre,  
I woen, fromme verry empnesse;  
And thenne I wishe sic faythelesse heartie  
Of mee hadde never beene a parte.

And sommetymes doe I thynke its tyde  
Is bye thy coldnesse pettry fyde;  
Or thatte thyne eyes scorche uppe ye sayns,  
Fromme healthfulle boundynes through mye frayne,  
It lags soo in its course, lyke staynes  
Wilk blusheynge creepe through covardes veynes;  
And thenne I thynke thatte sic an heartie  
Of manne hadde better notte be parte.

And sommetymes doe I thynke 't were well  
Thys heartie should breake beneath thy spelle,  
Since longe it only thoughtes of payme  
Hathe sent unto mye wearye brainne,  
Soo manye thatte the sabel suite  
Dothe crowde mye reasonne fromme her seatte,  
And mayke me thynke I'd rather parte  
Wythe lye in sic an faythelesse heartie.

## POPULAR READING.

### PEABODY'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Many are the places, scattered over the face of our beautiful country, whose wild and picturesque scenery is worthy of the painter's pencil or the poet's pen. Some of them, which were once celebrated for their rich stores of 'legendary lore,' are now only sought to view their scenery, while the traditions which formerly gave them celebrity, are buried in oblivion. Such is the scene of the following adventure—a romantic glen, bounded on the north side by a high and rocky hill, which stretches itself some distance into the lake, terminating in a precipice, some thirty feet in height, and once known by the name of 'Peabody's Leap.'

At the time of this adventure, Timothy Peabody was the only man that lived within fifty miles of this place, and his was the daring spirit which achieved it. In an attack on one of the frontier settlements, his family had all been massacred by the merciless savages, and he had sworn that their death should be revenged. The better to accomplish this dread purpose, he had removed to this solitary spot, and constructed the rude shelter in which he dwelt, till the blasts of winter drove him to the home of his fellow men; again to renew the contest, when the spring had awakened nature into life and beauty. He was a man who possessed much shrewd cunning, combined with a thorough knowledge of Indian habits, by which he had always been enabled to avoid the snares of his subtle enemies. Often, when they had come with a party to take him, he escaped their lures, and after destroying his hut, on their return homeward, some of their boldest warriors were picked off by his unerring aim, or, on arriving at their town, they learned that one of their swiftest hunters had been ambushed by him, and fallen a victim to his deadly rifle. He had lived in this way for several years, and had so often baffled them, that they at last became weary of the pursuit and for some time had left him unmolested.

About this time, a party of Indians made a descent on one of the small settlements, and had taken three prisoners, whom they were carrying home to sacrifice, for the same number of men that had been shot by Peabody. It was towards the close of the day, and they passed his abode, most of the party in advance of the prisoners, with their hands tied, and escorted by five or six Indians, were almost wearied out by their long march, and just about to crawl along. He had observed this advance guard and suspecting that there were prisoners in the rear, had let them pass unmolested, intending to try some 'ranger's trick,' to effect their rescue. He accordingly followed on in the trail of the party, keeping in the thick trees which on either side skirted the path. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he heard the sharp report of a rifle, apparently very near him, which he knew must be one of the Indians, who had strayed from the main body, to procure some game for their evening meal. From his acquaintance with their habits and language, he only needed a disguise, to enable him to join with the party if necessary, and aided by the darkness which was fast approaching, with but little danger of detection. The resolution was quickly formed, and as quickly put in operation, to kill this Indian and procure his dress.

He had got but a few paces before he discovered his intended victim, who had just finished loading his rifle. To stand forth and boldly confront him, would give the savage an equal chance, and if Tim proved the best shot, the party, on hearing the report of two rifles at once, would be alarmed, and commence a pursuit. The chance was therefore two to one against him, and he was obliged to contrive a way to make the Indian fire first. Planting himself then behind a large tree, he took off his fox skin cap, and placing it on the end of his rifle, began to move it to and fro. The Indian quickly discovered it, and was not at a loss to recollect the owner by the cap. Knowing how often he had eluded them, he resolved to despatch him at once, and without giving him notice of his dangerous proximity, he instantly raised his rifle, and its contents were whizzing through the air. The ball just touched the bark of the tree, and pierced the cap, which rose suddenly, like the death spring of the beaver, and then fell amidst the bushes. The Indian, like a true sportsman, thinking

himself sure of his victim, did not go to pick up his game till he had reloaded his piece, and dropping it to the ground, he was calmly proceeding in the operation, when Timothy as calmly stepped from his hidingplace, exclaiming—'Now you tarnation critter, say yer prayers as fast as ever you can.'

This was a short notice for the poor Indian. Before him, and scarcely ten paces distant, stood the tall form of Peabody, motionless as a statue—his rifle at his shoulder—his finger on the trigger, and his deadly aim firmly fixed upon him. He was about to run, but he had no time to turn round ere the swift winged messenger had taken its flight; his first moment was his last—the ball pierced his side—he sprang six feet in the air, and fell lifeless on the ground.

No time was now to be lost. He immediately proceeded to strip the dead body, and to array himself in the accoutrements, consisting of a hunting shirt, a pair of moccasins or leggings, and the wampum belt and knife. A little of the blood smeared on his sun-burnt countenance, served for the red paint, and it would have taken a keen eye in the grey twilight and thick gloom of the surrounding forest, to have detected the counterfeit Indian. Shouldering his rifle he again started in the pursuit, and followed them till they arrived in the glen, where their canoes were secreted. Here they stopped, and began to make preparations for their expected supper, previous to their embarkation for the opposite shore. The canoes were launched, and their baggage deposited in them. The fire was blazing brightly, and the party walking around, impatiently awaiting the return of the hunter.

The body of Timothy was safely deposited behind a fallen tree, where he could see every motion, and hear every word spoken in the circle. Here he had been about half an hour.

'Night had drawn her sable curtain around the scene,' or in other words, it was dark. The moon shone fitfully through the clouds which covered the horizon, only serving occasionally to render the 'darkness visible.'

The Indians now began to evince manifest signs of impatience for the return of their comrade. They feared that a party of the whites had followed them and taken him prisoner; and at last resolved to go in search of him. The plan, which was fortunately overheard by Timothy, was to put the captives into one of canoes, under the care of five of their number, who were to secrete themselves in case of an attack, massacre the prisoners, and then go to the assistance of their brethren.

As soon as the main body had started, Peabody cautiously crept from his hiding place to the water, and sliding in feet foremost, moved along on his back, his face just above the surface, to the canoe which contained the rifles of the guard. The priming was quickly removed from these, and their powder-horns emptied. He then went to the canoe in which the captives were placed, and gave them notice of their intended rescue; at the same time warning them not to show themselves above the gunwale, till they were in safety. He next with his Indian knife separated the thong which held the canoe to the shore, intending to swim off with it till he had got far enough to avoid observation, then get in and paddle for the nearest place where a landing could be effected. All this was the work of a moment, and he was slowly moving off from the shore, as yet unobserved by the guard, who little suspected an attack from this side. But unfortunately, his rifle had been left behind, and he was resolved not to part with 'Old Plumper,' as he called it, without at least one effort to recover it. He immediately gave the captives notice of his intention, and directed them to paddle slowly and silently out, and in going past the headland to approach as near as possible, and there await his coming.

The guard, by this time, had secreted themselves; and one of the number had chosen the place which Timothy himself had previously occupied, near which he had left his old friend. He had almost got to the spot when the Indian discovered the rifle, and grasped it, and springing upon his feet, gave the alarm to his companions. Quick as thought, Tim was upon him, seized the rifle, and wrenched it from him with such violence as to throw him breathless on the ground. The rest of the Indians were alarmed, and sounding the war-whoop, rushed upon him.

It was a standard maxim with Timothy, that 'a good soldier never runs till he is obliged to,' and he now found that he should be under the necessity of suiting his practice to his theory. There was no time for deliberation; he instantly knocked down the foremost with the butt of his rifle, and bounded away through the thicket like a startled deer. The three Indians made for the canoe in which, the rifles were deposited, already made harmless by the precaution of Timothy. This gave him a good advantage, which was not altogether unnecessary, as he was much encumbered with his yet clothes, and before he reached the goal, he could hear them snapping the dry twigs close behind him. The main body had likewise got the alarm, and were but a short distance from him, when he reached the headland. Those who were nearest he did not fear, unless they came to close action, and he resolved to send one of them to his long home, before he leaped from the precipice.

'It's a burning shame to wet so much powder,' said he. 'I'll have one more pop at the tarnation red skins.' Tim's position was quickly arranged to put his threat into execution. His rifle was presented, his eye glanced along its barrel, and the first one that presented his head received its deadly contents.

In an instant Tim was in the water, making for the canoe. The whole party was by this time come up, and commenced a brisk fire upon the fugitives. Tim stood erect in the canoe, shouting in the voice of a stentor, 'Ye'd better take care, ye'll spile the skiff. Old Plumper's safe, and ye'll feel him yet, I tell ye!'

They were quickly lost in darkness, and taking a small circuit, effected a landing in safety. Many a man's life verified his last threat, and Peabody lived to a good old age, having often related to his friends and neighbors the adventure which gave to this place the name of 'Peabody's Leap.'

BEAUTIFUL IGNORANCE.—A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a poor woman was at work, wading her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text

of the last sermon. 'And what good can the preacher do you,' said he, 'if you forget it all?' 'Ah, sir,' replied the poor woman, 'if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as ever I put the water on it the sun dries it all up; and yet, sir, I see it gets whiter and whiter.'

## THE RESCUED DRUNKARD.

A SURGEON'S STORY.

Knock! Knock! Knock!—It was again the familiar nightly warning. A season of disease, especially fatal to the working people of the town, kept me constantly at work; and, well or ill, willing or not, I must be ready at their call. I sprang from my warm bed, and lifting up the window-sash, called out, 'Who's there?' 'You must come directly, sir, to No. 6 Smith's Yard, and see a child that lies very ill; it's a neighbor's bairn, sir.'

A very well; I shall be there presently,' was my reply, and I shut down the window.

Throwing on my clothes hastily, and a cloak over all, I hastened out, and proceeded to the house indicated. It was a cold winter's morning, about five o'clock. The bitter winds, laden with sleet, caught me at the street corner, and made me draw my cloak closer around me. The factory bells were already ringing, and here and there the huge castles of factories were lit up, and poured a thousand streams of light into the darkness. The streets were astir with the factory workers—men, women, and little girls, who clinked along in pattens through the wet snow which sprinkled the ground. Poor children, thus early inured to the hard lot of toil! what a piteous fate was theirs! But, tinkling through the air went the importunate bells of the factories, and away they must go. Were they warmly clad? Were they fed? Were they rested?—thus early astir, and exposed to the elements? But I stifled my thoughts, and hastened on.

I found the house without difficulty. It was situated in a yard where I had often before been, in the course of the last three months, called thither by the duties of my profession. Typus fever in its worst forms had recently been a constant visitor there. It was in the heart of an ill-drained, filthy neighborhood, exclusively inhabited by working people. The gutters lay close by the doors; they did not run, but were stagnant for months together. In such a place the remedies provided by medicine have but little avail. The poison held in solution by the surrounding air baffles the most skillful treatment, and death is almost invariably the victor in the contest. Half the children born in this district, I was assured by men of long experience, perished under four years old; and the lives of those who survived were sickly, joyless, and miserable. Life with them was only a long and painful dying.

I found my little patient in the death-throes. It was a case of croup of the worst kind. The house was comfortless in the extreme. A few red cinders in the grate struggled for life—a cold fire, more cheerless even than none at all. The furniture of the room into which I was ushered consisted of a chest of drawers sadly out of repair, a deal safe, three or four rickety chairs, and the miserable trundle on which the dying child lay. A wooden grid of stairs led to a sleeping apartment above—the furnishing of which one might form an idea from that of this, the 'best' apartment. The mother of the child held an infant of a few weeks old at her breast; she was crying bitterly, for the sad truth was not to be concealed from her. She was dressed in a poor garment, patched in many places, and yet she was clean; the few articles in the apartment, however miserable in other respects, being as clean as water and scouring could make them. The floor too was clean and fresh scanked. By whatever means, then, misery had fallen upon this humble household, it did not, at first sight, seem to be the woman's fault; the evidences of her domestic industry were obvious. But there was dismal poverty; that was only too apparent.

My interest in the poor woman's fortunes was excited by what I saw, and, after administering some medicine, from a packet which I carried with me for immediate use on such occasions, I inquired how she lived.

'We live but poorly, sir,' she said; 'no wages have come into the house this week; and you see, glancing at the infant in her arms, that we have just had another little mouth to fill.'

'Then your husband—' I hesitated, and seeing my doubt—

'Alas! she said, 'I have a husband; and yet he is not a husband,' and she hung down her head and wept.

'Is he in work?' I inquired. 'Work enough, and well paid, for that part of it; but, sir, you see, he has fallen off in his way since we were married. He has become unsteady—careless of his home and family—in short, sir, a drunkard!'

The confession cost her a painful effort, and I was almost sorry for having extracted it, but she proceeded with her story:

'When we were first married, I thought myself the happiest of women. He was kind, affectionate, and steady. I did my best to make things comfortable, and I think I succeeded. We were not always in the poor house you see now, sir; we had a snug and tidy little home as is to be found in all—but every bit of furnishing is gone now, except what you see. He has taken away one thing after another, and sold them for drink; and I—' I could not help it—had to pawn my clothes for bread for my children! Mine has become a hard and bitter lot; and what can a poor woman do, when tied to a man who has ceased to love her, ceased to think of her, and cares only for gratifying his craving for drink. Formerly, when he came home from his work, the house was made comfortable for him; and oh! how I rejoiced at the sound of his coming step: there was very music in it. But now, the sound of his tread makes me shudder; I listen for it as before, but it is in dread. I hear the unsteady step, and my soul sinks within me. That dear little boy, how he loved his father! He clambered about him, and romped and played with him, and the father felt a proud joy in his young son. But that joy, too, was poisoned by the growth of the new craving for drink which set in upon him, and I even feared that the father began to grudge the food that was needed to nourish the little things, as it limited his means of self-indulgence. All is a dreary blank now!'

I found that the poor child had been called upon, one cold raw night, to let the father in, while the mother, unable to rise, was confined to bed by her new-born infant. A severe cold was caught, which soon assumed the form of

croup, and death fixed his relentless talons on the doomed child. That father—how much had he to answer for! and, did one spark of fatherly feeling yet remain in him, how horror-stricken must he be when finding the result of his own sinful conduct!

I left the house, giving the poor woman such comfort as the circumstances would admit; and, truth to say, these were extremely slender. But I resolved in my own mind to have an interview with the man himself, and to point out to him the consequences of his conduct.

A few hours after, when the morning light had dawned, I returned to the house: the child had breathed its last a few minutes before I entered. The mother, almost heart-broken, was stunned with grief, and tears were all her utterance. A man, bowed down and haggard, sat by the fire, the picture of wretchedness. He started up when I entered, and made to the door, but I stood before him and said, 'I should like to have a word with you before you go. You are, I presume, the father of that child?'

'I am, sir,' he replied.

'He was aware of the cause of its death?'

He hung down his head, and sobbed. 'I do not wish to speak severely to you, my friend, at such a time; but you must take this as a solemn warning to yourself—one sent, I hope, by Providence, to withdraw you from the guilty course you are now pursuing, and must inevitably end in utter ruin and misery to yourself, your wife, and children.'

'I know it, sir,' he gasped, 'I know it!—But I have been infatuated, mad, and cruel to my family in the extreme. I feel it all, now; I see the horrid guiltiness of my course; and I have vowed never to drink again. I have sworn I over the body of my poor child, whose love I had begun to forget, whose comfort I had lately altogether neglected; and you will see, sir, I shall persevere in my determination.'

'I am glad to hear it,' I said; 'abandon wholly this practice you have given yourself up to; do not even taste—for the first drop will be the mischief; and I shall be most glad to learn that you have become restored to usefulness as a member of society, and to the renewed love and respect of your wife and children.'

'I faithfully promise,' he said, and seized my hand and pressed it; 'I shall swear to you if that be necessary.'

'Quite unnecessary,' I replied; 'the resolution that cannot be kept without an oath will not be kept with one,' and then I left.

Several months passed, and, being much occupied, the circumstances had almost passed from my mind, until one morning a visitor called to inquire for his account, and gave his name, which I at once remembered as the occupant of the cottage of Smith's Yard. I had some difficulty in recognising him again: he was clean, healthy-looking, and well-dressed; a change seemed to have come over the entire man.

'I have kept my promise, sir,' were his first words; 'I have not tasted one drop of intoxicating drink since that sad morning, and, with God's help, shall never taste another drop while I live. I have found the good consequences in restored self-respect, in my restored health and strength, in the restored love of my wife, and in the restored enjoyment of my home and family. I have taken a cottage in a clean and healthy part of the town; for, do you know, my craving for stimulus stuck by me so long as I breathed the air of that filthy court. Who knows how many drunkards these unwholesome courts and yards of our town annually make! I am now a teetotaler, and already a member of an association just formed for improving the health of our towns. None can join so zealously in such good causes as those who have suffered from the evils they are intended to cure; and I trust that I am not the least zealous among the members of these movements.'

I expressed my cordial delight at learning the radical cure that had been made in his case, encouraged him to proceed, and settled the business about which he had called.

I afterwards watched his progress, and had frequent occasions to meet him as a fellow-laborer in the excellent movements in which he had so heartily joined; and to this day, I believe, he is at work—a useful, industrious, and generally respected member of the society amidst which he lives.

Thus Providence sent its warning in time; would that all the dispensations of God were thus turned to profit, and made as fruitful in good consequences!—[Hogg's Weekly Instructor.]

Wake up! Wake up! Some people waste half their lives, in determining how to spend the other half, and many die before they decide for what end they live.

The wise man has said, 'He that observeth the wind, shall not sow, and he that observeth the clouds, shall not reap.' And he means by this, that if the farmer occupies his time and thoughts in watching the weather, instead of improving it to put in his seed, he will not sow, and of course if he does not sow, he will have nothing to reap. This was the case with Dick Stanton, and people say that he took it from his father. Dick could do as great a day's work as any man in Buckland, when he took hold; but he was no easy matter to get him stripped to it. He loved to stand and talk, and whistle and whittle. His sight was wonderful to see difficulties and obstacles. Two or three farmers wanted to hire him through harvest, and offered him full wages and something extra, but he could not decide of which offer to take, and all the places were filled without him. A piece of woods near by took fire from the sparks of a locomotive, and when he first saw it, he could have smothered it with his old hat; but while he was deciding whether to call for help or try to put it out himself, the fire got such headway, that neither he nor any help that he could obtain, were able to extinguish it.

My young friend, boy or girl, have a mind of your own. Be decided and act.

The following capital take-off on quack medicines is worthy the attention of the afflicted:

'A quack advertises to cure, among other incurable diseases, Marcorabozzi, Abdel-kader, Hoppopotamus, Potato Rot, Hydrostatics, Johnsonon, Amadillo, Inflammation of the Abdominal Regions, also the Arctic Regions, Ager Fils, Shaking Quaker Fits, and all kinds of Anniversaries.'

Three students at college, met an aged countryman, and wishing to have a little sport with him, thus accosted him. The first said, 'good morning, father Abraham,' the second, 'good morning, father Isaac,' and the third, 'good

morning, father Jacob.' The old gentleman replied, 'I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob; but I am Saul, the son of Kiah, who went to seek his father's asses, and lo! I have found three of them.'

## LYNES TO A POLLIWOG.

Dwellers in the watery bog:  
Embryo—prototype frog,  
Waggle waggle! Polliwog,  
Waggle waggle! waggle waggle!

Like a cow when flies are eating  
Her, or females' fans at meeting;  
Ceaseless, ceaseless, is the beating:  
Waggle waggle! waggle waggle!

Lives of great men all remind us,  
That's the way to leave behind us  
Wakes by which the world will find us,  
Waggle waggle! waggle waggle!

I have seen the world, and round it  
Journeyed much, and still have found it  
All the same where'er I sound it:  
Waggle waggle! waggle waggle!

He who waggles most will surely  
Skull his boat the most securely  
To the port, and all by purely  
Waggle waggle! waggle waggle!

Once thou wast a spawning egg;  
Waggle brought thee tail and head,  
Waggle soon will start a leg:  
Waggle waggle! waggle waggle!

The College Mail, Vt.-University.

## A Wedding Exhortation.

The evening ceremony was performed which made Tim and Rachel a unit, and the company having 'liquored' all round, Tim, having previously 'talked it up' with Rachel, boldly announced the desperate resolution of starting the next morning on a grand tour of observation.

'He had always bin to him,' he said, 'and never seen nuthin, and now he was going straight to G—, and afore he come back he would see a steamboat, if there was any such a thing any how.'

The village of G— was about fifty miles distant, lying on the Ohio river, and a journey there from Tim's residence in those days, was deemed a great undertaking. Some of them thought Tim had taken leave of his senses, or certainly he was not in earnest, but he assured them he was, and the next morning, looking up 'old grey,' and putting in a supply of pork and beans for the journey, Tim and the now Mrs. Huggings started on their bridal tour.

The second day the hopeful pair, without accident arrived at G—. Just as they were entering the town it so happened that the steamboat 'Pennsylvania' was rounding in, to make landing. Tim caught sight of her smoke pipes, and in an ecstasy of wonder and delight cried out:

'There she comes now, by hokey! Look at her, Rach! Je-rus-a-lem! Just as Squire Stokely said—smokes like a burning feller.—She's coming in to shore, tu! Jemina, what a creek! fuder creek than from our house to Shadow's mill! aint it Rach? See, they are tying up the varmint with a halter. Wonder if it's skeery and pulls. Here's a post, let's tie old grey, and go down to the critter.'

'Thunder! what's that? how it snorts! You'd better keep away from it Tim,' said Rachel, 'it might swallow you down like winkin.'

'I aint afeared,' said Tim, 'folks are coming off'n it now. She's good natured I reckon, only spirited.'

By this time the 'grey' was made fast, and Tim and Rachel were moving cautiously in the direction of the boat.

'No talking, Rachel, I'm going on to her.' The plank was out, and Tim, followed closely by Rachel, boldly walked up, and soon stood alongside the engine.

'See how she sweats, they must have put her through,' said Tim. 'I say old hoss,' said Tim, addressing the engineer, 'move her jints a little. I want to see how she travels.'

'She'll move directly,' replied the man of steam, 'better keep out of the way.'

Tim and Rachel now wended their way to the main deck, and so completely were they absorbed with what they saw, they did not observe the preparations made for her departure. At the last tap of the bell, Tim thought there must be a meeting somewhere, for he had no idea that it was anything which concerned him. At length, as Tim afterwards expressed it, 'she began to breathe hard, and the water began to smash,' and Tim for the first time observed that they were in the midst of the river.

'Hello here, old hoss!' screamed Tim; 'I say cap'n, what you 'bout? where you going to?'

They were now under full headway, and Tim saw the town and old grey disappearing like magic.

'Thunder, why don't you hold her in,' roared Tim, 'she's running away. What'll I do. Oh Lord, cuss the critter—can't she be bro't to?'

A wag who comprehended Tim's predicament, observed,

'You're in for it now, my friend, we don't stop again till we get to Orleans.'

'I told you to keep away from the blasted varmint,' screamed Rachel; 'now what will become of us?'

Tim was in despair. At this moment the steamer's whistle uttered one of its sharpest notes, and Tim's hair stood on end.

'She's loose and squealin' and kickin'!' shrieked Tim. 'Oh Lord, Rachel, we are lost, and in absence of the knowledge of any prayer, he tried to repeat a part of the blessing he had heard Deacon Snively ask at the table.'

By this time the captain had learned poor Tim's misfortune, and kindly ordered the boat to land, and Tim and Rachel once more stood on terra firma. Footing it back with all despatch, they found old grey still fast to the post, and not many minutes elapsed before his head was turned homeward, with Tim and Rachel, who were perfectly satisfied with what they had seen of the world in general, and their experience in steamboating in particular.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—'An anxious father,' writes this:—'What am I to do with my boy? he is one of the d—s!—I's unaccountables.—Steals his mother's sweetmeats; worries cats, dogs and girls; fights all the small boys; plays truant four days out of five; and threatens to set the house on fire, if I do not quit thrashing him.'

My very dear and afflicted Sir, the only remedy we wot of, in such a distressing case, is to have him run over by an omnibus, or blown up with gun powder. He will immediately become a fine, intelligent, interesting, and

amiable boy; and should he not survive the operation, you will have the satisfaction of learning from all the papers that condole with you, that his loss was deeply lamented by a large circle of loving and mourning friends and acquaintances.—[Knickerbocker.]

## The Blues.

They are oftentimes the creatures of habit, and live only by toleration. Bad digestion, a cloudy day, a fit of sentimentality, begests them, and then, like spirits of ill omen, they weave around us an invisible web to check our progress. But a magic word dispels them as the crowing of the cock does the spectres of the night. An old gentleman once told me, that he had made a discovery, which had been for many years of infinite value to him, and that was, that Blue Devils never ride on horseback. So you will find, my friend, that they never go on a brisk walk—they never visit a gymnasium—they play no wicket or foot-ball—they never read Charles Lamb, or Theodore Hook or Tom Hood. They saunter along with you beneath the solemn elms, or through the quiet walks of a cemetery—they will bend with you over the pages of Byron, or Bulwer—they may inspire your solitary musings anywhere. But action—resolve—society—anger pursue!—health, vigorous thought—all these are their enemies, and from these they will always fly.

## Desultory Thoughts.

One man marries a woman because she looks well when she dances—she never dances afterwards. Another man marries because the lady has a handsome foot and ankle, which after marriage, he never takes the trouble to admire. A third marries for love, which wanes with the honeymoon. A fourth marries for money, and finds that his wife does not choose to die, to complete his satisfaction. And a fifth being old in wisdom as in years, marries a young woman, who soon becomes a suitable match for him, by growing old with grief. Thousands do wrong because others have done the same before them, upon the grand principle that many blacks make a white. Many embrace opinions different from those commonly received, to show that they have a mind able to think for itself, and superior to what they call vulgar prejudices, without considering whether erroneous prejudices are better than those they have abandoned. All grumble at the unsubstantial nature of worldly enjoyments, and yet many purchase them at the expense of their souls. Hypocrites have a strange taste, neither to enjoy this life nor the next.

Many write for religion, speak for it, quarrel for it, fight for it, die for it, but few live for it. It is not uncommonly remarked that such a one is 'religious,' by way of reproach, and that too by a Christian, at a tea party of Christians. Millions of people are most anxious for what they least require, and after tending themselves and others for many a weary day, they die—leave their cash to those who have no need of it—and are, for the time being, eulogized, when the praise of man can avail them nothing.

## SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

Where spades grow bright and idle swords grow dull;  
Where jails are empty and where barns are full;  
Where church yards with frequent feet out-worn;  
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;  
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;  
Where age abounds and youth is multiplied;  
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
A happy people and well-governed state.

SHORT SERMON FOR PARENTS.—Is it said that when the mother of Washington was asked how she had formed the character of her son, she replied that she had early endeavored to teach him three things; obedience, diligence, and truth. No better advice can be given by any parent.

Teach your children to obey. Let it be the first lesson. You can hardly begin too soon. It requires constant care to keep up the habit of obedience, and especially to do it in such a way as not to break down the strength of the child's character.

Teach your child to be diligent. The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of almost every virtue. Nothing can be more foolish than an idleness which parents have, that it is not respectable to set their children to work. Play is a good thing; innocent recreation is an employment, and a child may learn to be diligent in that as in other things. But let them learn early to be useful.

As to truth, it is the one essential thing.—Let every one else be sacrificed rather than that. Without it what dependence can you place in your child? And be sure to do nothing yourself which may countenance any species of perjury or falsehood. Yet how many parents do teach their children the first lesson of deception!

Mrs. Osgood's new volume of poems contains the following exquisite gem, on the subject of 'Contentment.'

'I wish I had my golden state,  
I'd wrenthe it in my hair;  
Look, sister, how it shines afar!  
'Tis like a jewel rare!'  
'Yes, love; but see! you might have had  
A treasure far more sweet;  
In

## ORIGINAL POEM.

## THE WIDOW'S SON.

## A THANKSGIVING TALE.

'T was on Thanksgiving Day,  
Her darling ran away;  
But little joyance in her house he left;  
It was a fruitful year,  
Health had abided here,  
But what were these, when of her George he left?  
Why was the widow's son,  
Her fair, her only one,  
With every blessing in his youthful heart,  
Gone, on this icy morn,  
Lonely and forlorn,  
Nor kiss nor tear to witness his depart?  
Why was his Caroline,  
The noblest of her vine,  
One strong in shape and noble in her mind,  
With passion fixed on him,  
Why must her eye be dim,  
A sister's fondness be with grief combined?  
Why must fair Ellen weep,  
And Wilhelmine, from sleep,  
To tears and cries, unknown till then give way?  
And why the widow on  
The playthings of her son,  
Bend, and lament they are not his to-day?  
Oh! none can ever say  
Why one has run away,  
To whom the rising wave held up a snare,  
When, shining on its side,  
It shrunk with ebbing tide,  
Or broke and spent its foam-crest in the air.  
When in the snowy sail,  
White in the summer gale,  
And changing with its shadow on its face,  
His eye a dream beheld,  
Of fame by toll compelled,  
A hope to be the boldest of his race.  
Unreasoning he's gone,  
George, the widow's son,  
They could not spare him but he needs must go;  
And hard sea-faring men  
Could not return him, when  
He stood on deck, and said 't was so.  
The captain loved a boy  
Whose spirit was a joy—  
Not his such soul, but one such soul to prize;  
The ship was under way,  
It was Thanksgiving Day,  
He'd left a sunny home for cloudy skies.  
No favor need he ask;  
The sea-boy's rugged task  
Will send him down the sides or up the mast;  
But where was most to do,  
The master's favor flew,  
And there the sea-boy's pleasure caught it fast.  
But not in tempest's hour,  
For justice ruled with power—  
Leave those whose hands are hard to take such risk!  
The kindly master said—  
You never are afraid,  
But loosen'd spurs would from your grapple whisk.  
Years circled on,  
Though George was gone,  
Another and another bright Thanksgiving Day,  
The waves with snowy crest  
Played gaily to the west,  
And sparkling merriness deck'd with winsome ray.  
He's on the foamy sea,  
But yet he thinks of me,  
His mother's, 't is pale, again she smiled;  
He's in the Savior's care,  
And wandering everywhere,  
He'll be his father's and his mother's child!  
A sister came to her,  
He thought he could not err—  
A family tender as your own is, ma'am!  
She smiled, with little fear,  
'T was the minister must hear—  
We have one boy and wait for him to come!  
The older sister grew  
More gentle nor less true,  
But sought no gift from fickle gallantry:  
His was my early love,  
And his and mine shall prove  
A sister's heart was meant for constancy.  
And Ellen fairer grew,  
Her playmate was he, too;  
And would come back if never lost at sea!  
And little Wilhelmine,  
Sweet child as e'er was seen,  
Said—Nelly; George will sure come back to me!  
Another bolder tongue,  
More glib but less young,  
The widow's favor flatter'd through her pride;  
But vainly err'd in that,  
While in her home she sat,  
A mother to those here and one beside.  
In years circles flew  
The faster till four were through,  
Nor yet, with all restored, returned Thanksgiving Day:  
Ellen still fairer grew,  
Willy was taller too,  
Carol—Oh! sweeter still, and one away!  
There was one gallant man,  
And an old story ran,  
He once had loved and erst had been denied;  
'T was when he spoke too late,  
'T is then we call on Fate,  
For fortune runs before, and wins the bride.  
Many a sea he'd seen,  
Of these told Wilhelmine,  
Many a land of people dark or fair;  
Of royal robes would prate,  
Of nobles in their state,  
And Ellen heard, a child as good as fair.  
He was a wisser man  
Than he the widow can  
Remember: less as wise than bold and fond and true;  
But not his aim was seen,  
As Nell or Wilhelmine,  
Or Caroline, or all together, ma'am, in you!  
This day we'll surely keep,  
Said Caroline, from sleep  
Awaking, yet awake with monster'd eyes;  
'T is five years pass'd to-day,  
Since brother went away,  
Perhaps he'll come to-day for our surprise.  
The day the State has made  
For Heaven, who gives it aid,  
And made our country more than any free,  
Its people consecrate—  
They are the living State,  
And God for them gives all this liberty.  
They, in their thousand homes,  
As from the sea it comes,  
Pile high the fire, and fill the luscious board:  
They call their children round—  
God's mercies must be crown'd  
With thankfulness, or woes will be restored.  
The woes of poison'd feast,  
Of sacrifice and priest,  
Of chain, and crozier, and a fetter'd tongue;  
Of rights that come by blood,  
Of wrongs a crimson flood,  
Nor Ark nor Arah for old or young.  
We forget Thee, Lord!  
Thy goodness is thy word,  
Then may thy daughters cease thy love to crave;  
If, as our father said,  
No song from us be said,  
Then are we wanderers without souls to save.  
So bowed they with their kin,  
So called they strangers in,  
So washed the board with smiles was spread with  
With welcome, for a part  
With such they had, in one they loved, not near,  
Not near?—A knock is so—  
Mild, for the melting snow

Don't urge the wayfarer to impatient speed;  
A form—too tall to know,  
A face—too deep to glow,  
A cry!—Oh! all cried out, for all did bleed.

I was wrong, mother!  
I was wrong, brother!  
I was ashamed to have been such a fool;  
Sweet chubby Wilhelmine,  
George did no evil-mean;  
Ellen, the ship for me has been a school.

There was the mother's kiss,  
More passion-struck than this;  
A sister hanging on his bending neck;  
The murmur of her love—  
The prayer that flow above,  
A mother's care to guide, but not to check.

There was the fondled hair,  
Sweet eyes of Ellen fair,  
The hair of Wilhelmine with head once bowed;  
There was the guest's salute,  
One in her blushes mute,  
There was a gallant son, a mother proud.

And every ancient ray  
That brings Thanksgiving Day,  
It is a monument of love to them;  
Rejoice! for what we could,  
Though tried, we wrought for good—  
And our God suffers us with thanks his care to claim.

And on the seasons flew:  
Even as they sprang they grew,  
Dare more intense the glow of Carol's hair;  
More fair the brother's brow,  
In frame more graceful now,  
But even he could but her light thoughts share.

Ellen in music charm'd;  
Thrice is the maiden arm'd  
For conquest thus, more feebly for defence,  
To art, or if inclined  
To music's sound, her ear be deaf to sense.

Young Wilhelmine behind,  
Never for beauty blind,  
For music deaf, but gayest of the line,  
The charms that each let fall  
She gathers of them all,  
But by her mother's model will combine.

She has no cause to fear  
The school, that cost so dear;  
Its pupil all its costly prizes won!  
Vigor, and zest, and skill,  
Subdued but fearless will,  
A man in spirit and in heart a son.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, FEB. 7, 1850.

## An Opinion Worth Having.

Our Boston correspondent, we assure our readers, is one whose opinion of matters and things is not to be cast among the rubbish. What 'Docky Watty' says of commercial, railroad or monetary affairs, is worth reading, especially to those who know him as the regular commercial correspondent of one of the most prominent of the Boston papers. He made a flying visit to Waterville last Summer, and it was our misfortune that a brief sketch of what he saw here, which appeared in a Boston paper, has but recently come under our eye. One of the beautiful things, in which our west village neighbors have an advantage over us, is thus noticed—and Docky Watty is a judge of the beautiful as well as the substantial:

'A few days since I visited at West Waterville a place which deserves greater notice than has yet been given to it, and which inspired me with feelings of wonder and admiration. I refer to a beautiful natural waterfall, in the river called 'Emerson's' or 'Crommet's Stream,' which is very appropriately named 'The Cascade.' The river here dashes impetuously down a steep slope of rock some sixty or seventy feet, in a most beautiful and fearful manner, hurling itself into torrents of foam, and forming thousands of fantastical and lovely jets of spray, by the abruptness and velocity of its descent. The river is perhaps not over forty feet in width at this place, but the water is deep, and although very low when I saw it, compared to its usual supply, poured over the rugged and precipitous rocks a large volume of water. I descended to a platform of rock at the very foot of the Cascade, and obtained a fine view of this great natural curiosity. I take this occasion to recommend to travellers a visit to that which contributed so much to my enjoyment. I was the more astonished because I had never heard these falls mentioned before, and also because my expectations were not raised by the description given of them when I started to visit them. But when I assure you that no part of the famed Trenton Falls at all equals the Cascade, either in beauty or grandeur, you will realize my sensations during my brief visit.'

There!—we have tried before to open the eyes of our neighbors to the treasure they possess in their charming Cascade, beyond its power to turn a water-wheel or nourish eels; and we thank the polished and observing writer of the above for lending his aid. It has positive dollars and cents in its beautiful 'fountain of foam,' and the people of that village will ultimately be caught slipping them into their pockets. But hear what the same writer says of something else he saw:

'The main street presents quite a business appearance, having several substantial brick blocks of stores, but is, I regret to say, exceedingly dirty, and very discreditable in that respect, to the town authorities. We hear frequent comment made upon the filthy condition of some of our Boston streets, but I do not know of one so worthy of complaint, as the business part of Main street, Waterville; I noticed frequently in passing, an offensive odor which would be considered in Boston an intolerable nuisance, provocative of disease and death. If I lived in Waterville I would stir up the selectmen with a long pole, on this subject, and I hope this slight allusion to the most disagreeable part of the town, will come under the observation of some of those worthies, whose optics shall be turned to the abundance of filth to the advantage of the town and its inhabitants.'

Aye, indeed!—and could we have known how close an observer was looking about our streets, the dirt-carts would have been put in motion. We are all proud of our village, and dislike especially to have its dirty side shown up to the people of the neat and tidy city of Boston. And we must be permitted to say in excuse, that the 'filth' to which he alludes is now thoroughly frozen up; and the same might be said of the 'offensive odor,' only that it is one of those smells that don't freeze.

But here comes a 'kiss to make up': The other streets are clean, and the dwellings there are neat and pretty, and before many of them pleasant gardens greet the view. There are three Churches, and an Academy,

besides the College; the grounds before this last are tastefully laid out and ornamented, forming delightful spots for the recreations of the students. One newspaper is published here, a weekly, and called the Eastern Mail. A penchant towards the fraternity led me to scrape acquaintance with its editor, Mr. Maxham, with whom I enjoyed several pleasant interviews.

The 'idol' of this paragraph was located in its tail, which our modesty compels us to cut off. But—we have great faith that 'Docky Watty' will come over our Railroad about the time trout and pickerel season commences, on which occasion he will double see more of the beautiful and interesting, than he supposes to exist among the half dozen pretty villages all around us.

But here is another paragraph for some of our folks—

Waterville is famous for the production of good horses and cattle, and I have feasted my eyes with the sight of many good specimens of both descriptions, whose fine proportions would make an amateur's mouth water, (if such an expression is not out of place) to look at. It would seem as if horse trading required a more careful 'peeling of optics' than any other business; for wherever there is much of this traffic carried on, you may be sure to find a sharp set of fellows, who are ready at a moment's warning, to extract those little but important teeth, which are supposed to have some relation to the eye, with as little pain to the patient during the operation, as if he had inhaled the patent chloroform. Of this genus here there are a goodly number to be found in Waterville, who, at training and breaking horses, will give up to no jockeys north of the equator.

The following comes to us from a most substantial source—from one who sees much, and therefore feels much, upon the subject to which he alludes. He is welcome to the use of our columns in calling the attention of our citizens to a rapidly growing evil.

Friend Mail: I would give all the world if I had it, if I could know when the people of Waterville were to be aroused, and do something on the subject of Temperance. Have they forgotten all their obligations to each other, to humanity, and to God? If not, why is this indifference? why is there nothing said or done on this momentous subject? Can any body look on unmoved and see the dreadful ravages rum is making in this town? Can any body reject the fact that many of our young men are already within the circle of the devouring Maelstrom, and will ere long, unless something be done to avert their progress, arrive at its center, to be swallowed up forever—and not feel on the subject.

Does it need an earthquake to arouse them on this subject?—or must some dear friend, some valued citizen, or some important personage, fall a victim to the devourer, before something will be done?—Mr. Editor, you hold a responsible place, and I think the public have a right to look to you to give some start—some word of alarm—say something that shall make the people think, and act. I am assured that no one can tell the extent of drinking here, unless they are up and visit some of the popular places at 12 o'clock at night. Oh that the mothers and fathers of the young men could be aroused to the fact, that their sons were out! and that they could be made to feel, and ascertain the whereabouts of their missing ones. Could they be seen at some times and at some places which could be revealed, it would harrow up the deepest feelings of despair.—Let something be done, I entreat you. I appeal to you Mr. Editor, to sound the alarm! I appeal to the ministers of the Gospel! I appeal to the Fathers of the town! I appeal to all influential men and women, to do something to arrest the progress of this fell destroyer—this enemy of all our social joys, and of all our domestic happiness. I close by asking, shall we have a meeting? shall we do something for the rising generation? or shall we hold still and let the devouring plague triumph over us, and blast all our fondest hopes of happiness?

VRGILLIUS.

We most heartily respond to our correspondent's call for a public meeting of the friends of temperance in Waterville. It is time public sentiment 'had a jog' on this subject. The position of many of our young men is becoming truly one of danger. Parental example has had its influence, till it has lost the reins. Our leading young men in particular—and under this head we should count about a baker's dozen—have special need that their attention should be called to certain responsibilities towards the public. We verily believe that the good principle of honoring age, has taken so deep root in them, that with it they honor almost all the broad catalogue of vices. They need to be set right on this point, as well as others. They need to be assured that though frosty heads are honorable, they are not so when steeped to whiteness in vice and dissipation. A public meeting, in which the sentiments of these young men might possibly be corrected, would do much for the reputation of Waterville abroad. We know several quiet and unsuspicious fathers and mothers, who would start with alarm if they could see where their sons stand in these matters—as indeed would the sons themselves, if they could 'see themselves as others see them.' If they could be induced to pause long enough to weigh the value of reputation and health against the very equivocal enjoyment that comes to them thro' a loose morality, good results would be sure to follow.

Neither our correspondent or the public need appeal to us to do our part in sounding the alarm against the inroads of intemperance.—We have done this more or less, through the Mail since its commencement—while hardly a single public movement, so far as we recollect, has been made in the matter. Even the pulpit—but we forbear allusion to this source of public morality, except to commend. This we do in one direction. The pastor of the Congregational church has spoken boldly and powerfully; and if the cause of temperance is not utterly forgotten, as an item of public morals

in Waterville, he has done his part towards keeping it in remembrance. He has his reward in the verification of the divine promise, that even the most 'crooked and perverse generation' will in its heart commend the faithful pastor. Our correspondent appeals to the pulpit—and so do we. If there is any of the old Washingtonian fire there, we hope to see it kindled. If the drunkard cannot be moved to repentance, the young man may be taught to reflect. Candid reflection is all he needs now; while a few months may place him where even his own best resolves cannot hold him. Let the public mind be instructed and convinced; and efficient action will as naturally follow as the shadow follows the substance. Shall this be done?

## Life in California.

The following extract of a letter from one of our enterprising young men, now in California, to his mother in this place, will no doubt be interesting to the most of our readers, and particularly so to those who have friends in that country. Its statements may be implicitly relied upon, and it is no doubt a faithful picture of life in the land of gold.

'I have quit mining for the present, and descended the mountains. Myself and three others have a vessel, which we intend to run on the Sacramento; we man her ourselves and this is our first trip to San Francisco Bay, and the first time I have been here since last July. It is a glorious evening, (Wednesday, Nov. 21) the moon is shining unusually bright; the city is all life and animation. I have just come down below from the deck; music resounds from every part of the Crescent City; on the southern part fireworks are in operation; but all of this is not for any extraordinary occasion—it is the same every night in the week, with this difference only—on Sabbath evening there is treble the noise, confusion and vice. Our winter, the rainy season, has fairly set in. I consider myself fortunate in having a comfortable home—the cabin of the vessel. We hope to keep her (the Gazelle) moving until Spring, and expect to make something out of her.

You ask me to give you a description of this country. I fear you have called on one not very well fitted for the task; however, I will try to give a brief one.

As you approach the coast of California, nothing presents itself but one long, unbroken range of mountains, from Cape St. Lucas to the Bay of San Francisco, except minor bays and inlets. This chain of mountains continues all the way north, and the first impression is, that this great Basin was sunk and the sea rushed in to fill the gap—thus forming one of the most magnificent bays in the world, and large enough to give good anchorage for the shipping of the whole globe. It is completely land-locked and safe—the high hills on either side of the narrow pass which leads to it forming a natural fortress—built by mightier hands than man's—which might set at defiance all the naval force of Great Britain. The city of San Francisco is situated at the head or western part of the Bay; it forms a complete half circle, embracing about a mile on the water, and runs back irregularly on the hills, which are not very high. The canvas houses of last Spring have disappeared; and in their place has sprung up, as if by magic, a wooden city, and by no means so contemptible as you might imagine; indeed, some of the buildings would do honor to Waterville. While this has been going on, the Spaniards, Chilians, Mexicans, and Californians have looked on astonished to see what these 'Yankee devils' will do, with nothing, comparatively, to do with. In one year a town has been built up, and has increased in wealth and population with such astonishing rapidity that history cannot find its parallel. We will now proceed through the Narrows into Sooson Bay, passing by the little town of Soolito, situated five miles north of San Francisco, and entering the bay, the town of Benicia appears at once to your view, situated on a gentle rise of land, from the water back as far as the eye can reach. This town bids fair to become a large and handsome city. The country surrounding it, from June to November, is lovely beyond description. The hills and vales are covered with wild oats, furnishing food for herds of wild cattle, horses, goats, deer, &c., a great many of which are of necessity killed annually to preserve vegetation.—This land is called a waving prairie, rising higher and higher until it meets the hills which form the base of the first range of coast mountains. The second range show their snow-capped tops high up in the clouds, which, to a person unused to the sight of perpetual snow, is indeed a grand spectacle, especially when it is surrounded with vegetation in all its loveliness and beauty. We will now proceed up the noble Sacramento river, passing by the town with the somewhat high-sounding name, 'New York of the Pacific,' situated at the mouth of the Sacramento, and at the head of Sooson Bay, twenty-five miles above Benicia, and arrive at Sacramento city, situated at the head of ship navigation, one hundred and fifty miles above San Francisco. This river is navigable at all seasons of the year, for large class vessels. The city is built on a plain, or more correctly, a vast prairie, interspersed with large groves of heavy oak timber. This prairie extends above Sacramento city fifty or sixty miles, and how far it runs east and west I have not ascertained; it is perfectly level and covered with a luxuriant growth of good feed, the most part of the year, for the thousands of animals that range it.

The remainder of this graphic sketch we are compelled to defer till next week.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE of ours, and a very agreeable one, whom we should like to introduce to some of the members of our Agricultural Society, dropped into our office last week—one we had not seen for a long time, and whom we are delighted to see bears very strong marks of a high degree of worldly prosperity. Indeed, we had heard of this, and it was by our express invitation that our friend took a journey from the Empire State to make us a visit. Dress and equipage generally produce little effect upon us, but in this case they excite our unqualified admiration. We hope our friends will call and accept an introduction to a most experienced, interesting and successful 'CULTIVATOR' of the soil—one who has already contributed greatly to the advancement of agriculture, and who can be consulted monthly, by clubs, for 75 cts., or by single individuals at \$1. Wm. Dyer is agent for the Cultivator.

## Affairs in California.

We have been favored (says the Boston Journal of 31st ult.) with the following extract of a letter from a well known, a highly esteemed Boston merchant, now resident in San Francisco, which contains, we doubt not, a truthful representation of the inducements which exist for New Englanders to emigrate to California. We commend it to the attention of all who are troubled with the 'gold fever.'

The writer says: 'It is hardly worth while to say much about California, as I perceive every newspaper is filled with letters and accounts of it; so much so, that I should think people would be tired of reading them. It will suffice to say that gold is yet to be found in its streams and along the banks of the rivers, and in some of the sands of the plains, but the work to get it requires the bone and the sinew, as well as the determination and perseverance of the hard working man; his expenses are great, but he may, with ordinary luck, earn his eight to twelve dollars a day. Few of those men have yet come from the United States, and most of that sort prefer teaming, or other employment, to digging. The best miners are the Chilians, next the Mexicans; Dutchmen and Frenchmen, appear also to succeed better than Yankees. The Yankee mechanic, however excels all others, and gets his fourteen to fifteen dollars a day.

The great class of Americans prefer speculating, shop-keeping, and some business that requires no labor, and a quarter to half are doing nothing but chasing shadows, whereas if they would go to work they would realize enough at least to pay their passage home, and probably leave something over. Three-quarters, at least, of the emigrants to the golden region are disappointed in their high hopes, and curse the day they left home. Gambling is the prevailing vice, and it is melancholy to see how many promising young men give up to it. Every street and almost every square has its gambling house, which are thronged day and night with victims. Thousands and tens of thousands change hands every day at these dens.

Advise all your friends who think of coming this way, to remain satisfied with the comforts of home, unless they have secured in advance a certain business here, or except they are hard-working men; and then they must make up their mind to harder work and worse fare than the Irish laborers on our railroads. If they can do this, they may reap a rich harvest. Our place is overstocked with young gentlemen, clerks, &c., who would gladly return, had they the means, and are doing day-work at any employment that offers. Where the expenses of living are so high, few houses keep superfluities. We have every day applications from clerks, asking only their expenses paid till they can get remittances from home to pay their passage. Still there are many who by their own exertions succeed in getting situations of profit.

The autumnal rains have set in, and it has poured down with increasing violence. Several thousand Americans and foreigners are encamped about, with no shelter but light tents, and great suffering and disease must be the consequence. Rents of land are enormous. The smallest wooden tenement 12 by 15 feet, will rent for \$100 to \$150 per month. Beef is reasonable, but all vegetables and fruits are scarce and high.

## Cheap Postage.

Petitions in favor of the true stamp cheap postage system are in circulation in this village. Let them have signatures; these will prove the most effectual arguments at Washington. Nineteen-twentieths of the freemen of the U. States are in favor of the cheap postage system; and yet the 'twiticism' of legislation has thus far refused the experiment.

AFFECTING INCIDENT. Yesterday morning we witnessed a scene that we little believed could be enacted within the borders of Kentucky. The steamer G. W. Kendall was lying at the wharf at the foot of Wall street, preparing to start for New Orleans. On the fore-castle deck stood a group consisting of a master and five or six slaves, including a woman with a child at her breast, who were apparently going to the South. Just as the last bell of the steamer rung out its peal for departure, and the lines were about to be cast loose, the mother was bade to give up her infant, and was told that she must go without it. At this intimation the poor creature became frantic with grief. She caressed the child a moment, then flew to her trunk in which had been packed various little articles of clothing which she had made up for it to wear. These she pressed fervently to her lips and then bestowed them upon the child. Her owner then bade her to follow him, and she mechanically started to obey, but the promptings of nature were too strong within her swelling breast to be resisted, and with loud sobs she turned, embraced her child, and clung to it with the tenacity of despair.

The heart-rending grief of the woman, and her frantic gestures attracted the attention of persons passing along the levee, and strongly excited the sympathies of many. The owner was asked by a gentleman if he would sell the woman and child. To this he assented, and demanded \$650 for them. Upon inquiry, however, it was ascertained that the woman was to be sold down the river, and that the child could be disposed of here. The bystanders volunteered to raise subscriptions to purchase the child and send it with its mother, and several of them proffered \$10 apiece. At this juncture Captain Norton, captain of the boat, came forward and told the owner of the slaves that he would not take him on his boat, and sent the whole party ashore, and in a few moments the steamer was seen dashing over the falls without them.—[Louisville Courier.]

RUM RIOT IN POUGHKEPSIE. The Poughkepsie Telegraph states that the recent riot in that village, of which we had some account by magnetic telegraph, was the result of a quarrel between the Irish and colored people in the vicinity of each other, fed by the free and daily use of intoxicating drinks. On the 27th, in the evening, a considerable number of per-

sons appeared in the streets, armed with guns, knives, clubs, &c., threatening the lives of the citizens, smashing windows, and committing other depredations. The Sheriff, in attempting to quell the riot, was struck with a long knife and narrowly escaped. The alarm bell was rung, two companies of military were called out, about seventy Irishmen arrested, and the disturbance quelled. One gentleman, who was walking innocently in the street, was shot through with a slug; a colored woman who was taking no part in the affray, was knocked down and beaten almost to death. So much for rum-selling and rum-drinking.

## A Tough One for the Boys.

It may take an older head than Bill's or John's to solve the following, which somebody communicates to the Lewiston Journal.

Patrick O'Connor had two boys, John and James, who were large enough to be in mischief, but scarcely robust enough to labor. So then, father proposed that they should peddle apples, and provided them each with a basket, and gave to each of them 30 apples, and told them to go in different directions and sell them. John was to sell his apples 3 for one cent, and James his 2 for one cent. At night each boy returned with the money which he had got for his apples. John had 10 cents and James 15, which they gave to their father. The next day John was sick, and James was directed by his father to take as many apples as they both took the day before—that is 60—and to go out and sell them at the same rates, but as the whole were now together, and as he wished to have a uniform price so that James should make no mistake, he directed that he should sell 5 apples for 2 cents, which was the same, he said, as if John sold 3 for 1 cent and James 2 for 1 cent, or together 5 apples for 2 cents.

At night James returned home with only 24 cents, and his father whipped him, accusing him of stealing one cent. James knew he was honest, but could give his father no reason why 60 apples sold 5 for 2 cents, would not come to as much as 60 apples, 30 of which were sold 3 for 1 cent, and 30 of which were sold 2 for 1 cent. Could you have found a reason and saved your back?

Among the passengers in the ship Rob Roy, for San Francisco, we notice the names of Th. and Edwin Ellis, of Waterville, and Henry Hedge of Vassalboro.

THE RIGHT OF NEWSPAPERS TO PUBLISH EXAMINATIONS BEFORE MAGISTRATES.—A suit has just been tried in New York which establishes the right of newspapers to publish the proceedings before magistrates or police reports, which are generally exparte. Mr. Bennett, of the Herald, was proceeded against in an action for libel in publishing such a report. He justified it on the ground—that the publication was a fair report of the proceedings of the police court; and next, that the statement which it contained was true. As regards the first ground, Judge Edwards said it was a general principle of law that all proceedings of a public character may be published. But there is this consideration attached to the privilege—it must be a correct and fair statement of the proceedings. If anything is stated that did not occur, or if anything is suppressed which would tend to give a true statement of the proceedings—that is, slanderous, and amounts to a libel. The jury, under this charge, returned a verdict for defendant.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

TOLERATION AT ROME.—The correspondent of the London Daily News, writes from Rome on the 20th Dec:—

'An American Protestant minister had twelve of his countrymen joining him in worship at his own house last Sunday, in the Via S. Bastianello. The police were acquainted with the circumstance before night, and the American Charge d'Affaires, Mr. Cass, was apprized that if the offence was repeated the minister would be sent from Rome immediately.'

THE CALIFORNIA CONSTITUTION.—The liberal journals of England speak in terms of great praise of the constitution recently adopted by the Californians. They say it is one of the most judicious instruments of government ever devised, and that its provisions, with the exception of those which limit the suffrage to the white man, are marked with the highest wisdom. The Daily News, the Despatch, the Spectator, and other papers, comment at great length upon its various clauses. The exemption of the property of women from the control of the husband after marriage, is particularly dwelt upon as a great advance in legislation.

LEMON PRES.—In this year of scarcity of fruit, it may be desirable to know that a good pie can be made simply of lemon and molasses. Press out the juice of a lemon into two teneaps full of molasses, grate in the dried peel of an orange, cover a plate with a layer of crust, spread over some of the mixture, lay on a thin crust, spread another layer of the mixture, and over that lay a top crust; bake thoroughly, and you will have an excellent and wholesome pie.—One lemon will make two pies.

THE POPE.—This dignitary has addressed a long encyclical letter to the clergy, so long indeed, that it occupied six or seven columns of the French papers, in which he denounces the liberals of Europe in the most unmeasured phrase. He is particularly indignant with republicanism, or, as he terms it, socialism of the age, and urges his prelates and priests to preach against it with all their might.

A. & K. RAILROADS.—The returns made to the Secretary of State, by the Treasurer of the Androsoggin & Kennebec Railroad, show the following facts:

Old Stock, \$476,500	Paid in on do., \$472,748
New do., 225,000	141,470
Balance uncollected, 867,282	
This new stock is a preferred stock, drawing 12 per cent interest until the stock of the whole road pays a dividend of 6 per cent.	
The famous trotting horse which has won in several races of late, was barbarously cut and mangled in a stable at Augusta one night last week. The horse, we have understood, was owned in Boston, and was brought down here to compete with the fast Kennebec horses, and it is supposed that some one performed this cruel and disgraceful act in order to disable and render him unfit for further success. We are not an advocate for horse-racing, but we hope that one who has so maliciously maimed a valuable horse will be brought to justice.—[Hallowell Gazette.]	
Tom, stand out of the way of that gentleman.	
How do you know he's a gentleman?	
Why he wears a stand up collar and sweats.	



