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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 30): February 14, 1850

Ephraim Maxham

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.

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NO. 30.

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## POETRY.

### SOMETHING GOOD IN EVERY HEART.

Wouldst win the crime-stained wanderer back  
From Vice's dark and hideous track—  
Let not a frown thy brow deform,  
'Twill add but fierceness to the storm;  
Deal kindly—in that bosom dark  
Still lingers virtue's glimmering spark;  
Plead with him—'tis the nobler part—  
There's something good in every heart!

Bring to his mind the early time,  
Ere sin had stained his soul with crime;  
When fond affection blessed his hours—  
And strewed his path with flowers;  
When sportive jest and harmless glee  
Bespoke a spirit pure and free;  
Plead with him—'tis the nobler part—  
There's something good in every heart!

There was a time that lead did rest,  
Close to a mother's yearning breast—  
A time his ear the precepts caught,  
A kind and virtuous father taught;  
It waters not what treacherous ray  
First lured his steps from virtue's way—  
Enough to know thou'lt yet may'st save  
That soul from sin's engulfing wave;  
Plead with him—act the nobler part—  
There's something good in every heart!

## POPULAR READING.

[From the American Monthly.]

### THE CRUISE OF THE SPARKLER.

BY JACK GARNET.

It was upon a bright morning in July, 1813, that the American privateer schooner Sparkler, which had been becalmed for eight-and-forty hours, about sixty miles outside the Bermudas, at last caught the breeze from the north-east, and made all sail for the south and eastward.

She was of that class of vessels designated in nautical parlance, 'Baltimore clippers'; and it needed but one glance at her symmetrical figure to perceive that she was well worthy of her name. About two hundred tons in burthen, long, low, and sharp, she was yet of great breadth of beam; and while her beautifully tapering masts seemed almost to reach the sky,

Upon her snow-white decks, which were without spring or rise, were mounted sixteen long brass twelve-pounders, eight of a side; not run out of the ports, as in a man-of-war, but stowed for and aft; while her ports were closed, and her hull painted so exactly like that of a merchantman, in various colors, that it required a sharp eye and near observation to discover that she was other than she seemed, a peaceful merchant vessel from Fells Point, bound to the Spanish main.

In addition to her batteries, she mounted amidships, upon a traversing carriage, a long brass forty-two pounder, while her cutlass-mechs, arm-chests, and boarding-pikes, the last lashed to the booms, showed that she was also well prepared for close quarters, and to finish by boarding the wreck cut out by the great guns. She was withal well manned. Of her crew of a hundred and eighty men, the greater part were now upon deck, having just finished making sail; and in their dark faces and muscular forms, as they carelessly lounged about, might be read the proof that these trusts were bestowed worthily, upon men who would fight to the death in defence of their striped and spangled bunting.

The captain of the privateer, dressed with some pretensions to nicety, but wearing a common tar-bauld, had been walking fore-and-aft along the starboard-quarter-deck for half an hour, in silence, carelessly swinging the spy-glass, with which, ever and anon, he swept the horizon; he now passed in his promenade, and addressed the first mate.

'Mr. Townsend, I don't like these Irish hurricanes. Here we are eight days from Hampton Roads, and only just clear of Bermuda. We must make more easting soon, or we shall lose the outward-bound West Indian, and be compelled to trust to chance customers.'

'Very true, Captain Benson,' replied the first mate, who was at this moment standing on a gun, and leaning against the starboard bulwarks; 'but—'

'Sail ho!' sung out the look-out aloft.

'Where away?' hailed Benson, while all hands sprang up at the announcement.

'Right ahead, sir,' was the reply.

This news spread life throughout the vessel, and all hands being instantly mustered, ring-tails and bonnets were rigged, sail increased as much as possible, and our schooner, wing-and-wing, continued her course, bearing down for the stranger; while her crew, delighted at the prospect of something professional, were speculating as to the value of the chase and the consequent amount of prize money.

In half an hour Benson hailed the look-out: 'Mast-head there! What do you make her out to be?'

'A large ship, sir,' replied the look-out; 'her starboard-tacks boarded, standing south-west.'

'Keep her to the south-east, Mr. Townsend,' said Captain Benson, on receipt of this information; 'we'll cut her off.'

'She's a stout lump of a ship, sir,' replied the mate as he obeyed the order; 'she may be a man-of-war.'

'Very good, we have the weather-gage,' answered Benson, as he went forward to take another look.

In an hour's time the stranger was plainly to be seen. She was evidently a large ship, and from her build and appearance looked much like a man-of-war. This seemed more fully apparent a short time after; for the chase, which had till now appeared unconscious of the presence of the privateer, suddenly hauled her wind and made all sail towards her, while the rapidity with which her course was changed and her canvas crowded, seemed proof positive that she was a man-of-war.

This manoeuvre produced some surprise on board the Sparkler.

'Perhaps so,' replied Captain Benson, composedly; 'clear away long Tom there, and double-shot both batteries; we will soon see what she is.'

It was now about noon, and the vessels bore on opposite courses, had approached within four or five miles of each other, and this distance was rapidly diminishing.

'The chase is now within range, sir,' reported Townsend.

'Very good, sir. Let drive at him with Long Tom, and send up the gridiron at the fore,' replied Benson.

The flag of the United States waved in the breeze, and the forty-two spoke in thunder the moment the order was given.

This was a touch of his quality, which the chase had not expected at the hands of the privateer, and the smoke clearing up, showed her bearing off before the wind, crowding all sail.

'So much for your man-of-war, Mr. Townsend,' said Benson, pointing out this change of course; 'she is pulling a heel, and goes on before the wind because that is the worst point in a schooner's sailing. Run out the batteries, load long Tom, and open the magazine. We will try this fellow a little, any how.'

Meanwhile on board the English West Indian, (for such was the stranger,) all was confusion and dismay. Her commander had from the first suspected that the schooner was an American privateer, but had adopted the bold course of standing towards her in chase, to give the impression that he was a man-of-war, well knowing that it was in vain to hope to escape by superior sailing from a Baltimore clipper.

The report of the Sparkler's long forty-two, however, and the sight of the shot, which struck the water just ahead of him, had dispelled all his hopes of frightening her; and now, as a last resource, he put his helm up, and bore away to the south-east, hoping to leave his pursuer astern until some other ship might chance in sight to save him.

This was certainly his wisest course, and his vessel being a fast sailer, and under a press of canvas, made rapid headway. She was of the largest class of English West Indians, about twelve hundred tons burthen, and was now from Plymouth, bound to Kingston, Jamaica, with a very valuable cargo and a number of passengers; and, to defend the whole, carried sixteen twelve-pounders and a crew of 40 men.

'Clear away those guns, my lads, and open the magazine,' said the commander of the Indian, who, though he wished to escape, yet had a stomach for dry knocks; 'I wish we had a forty-two-pounder, for then we'd fight the Yankees on better terms.'

'I hope, Captain St. John,' said a passenger, who at this moment came up from the companion-way; 'I hope, sir, you do not intend to fight the American.'

'Certainly I do, Mr. Tompkins,' replied St. John; 'he shall not take all our cargo, and ship in the bargain, without fighting for it, I assure you. Why, our cargo alone is worth fifty thousand pounds sterling! Jonathan shall not make his fortune this time if I can prevent him.'

'But, sir,' continued Tompkins, anxiously, 'consider the lady passengers. I beg you, sir, to surrender to the American, and perhaps he will treat us well; while if you fight him, he will be enraged, and—'

'Kill all our males, and carry our women and children into captivity beyond Babylon, as the Scripture has it,' interrupted St. John, hastily. 'Consider the devil! All that the ladies have to do, is to stay below and be quiet; and you, doubtless, will fight to the death in defence of your wife and daughter; so there's another hard to work our guns. I mean he shall treat us well, and for his rage, why, we'll get angry too. Come Mr. Tompkins, there's a musket for you.'

'I shan't touch it, sir,' said Mr. Tompkins, 'it's against my principles to fight, and I'll bring the matter before the passengers to see if they will permit me to throw away all our lives in this manner; and so saying he went hastily below.'

'Good luck, that,' said St. John, laughing at the bravery of his live freight; 'however, perhaps—'

'Whizz-z-z' came a forty-two-pound shot from the long Tom of the privateer, which interrupted his soliloquy and passed through his main-mast; and shortly after, another walked thro' the hunt of all three topsails; and a moment after a third struck his starboard quarter, knocking the splinters about in every direction, while the ladies below screamed at the top of their lungs to mend the matter.

'Now, my lads,' said St. John, quietly addressing his crew, 'send up our ensign at the peak, and stand by to shorten sail.'

Continuing his course a moment that the privateer might distinctly see his colors, he then put down his helm, hauled close upon the wind, and stood towards her, justly considering it folly to attempt to escape while every shot raked him fore-and-aft. That he might go into action in true man-of-war fashion, St. John next ordered to take in the royals, fore and main-top-gallant sails, and flying by; hauled up the courses, and depressed both batteries for close quarters, and made every preparation for small arms and cutlasses, to beat off the privateer if possible, and, in any event, to send some of the Jonathans to Davy's locker.

This change in the Englishman's course produced a corresponding one in the privateer's. He shortened sail, and perceiving that the Indian intended to show fight, continued to blaze away with his long forty-two, directing his shot solely to her decks, not wishing either to carry away her spars, or to hit her between wind and water; and, thoroughly understanding gunnery, his round shot coursed along the decks and cabins of the Indian, with terrible precision, causing great fright and some positive injury to her timid passengers.

They were, however, soon huddled up in the run in security, no one caring to fight for his dinner; St. John having coolly told them that they would certainly be captured by the privateer, but that he was determined to have the satisfaction of peppering the Yankee somewhat, any how.

This, however, was not so safe an undertaking; for, as the privateer rapidly neared them, grape-shot was added to 'round in her forty-two, which scattered around their wonted and appalling effect, while the round shot continued to perform his mission in his usual careful and scientific manner, tearing up the decks, dashing in the bulwarks, and knocking those terrible missiles, the splinters, among the crew; while crowds of armed men, now distinctly

seen clustering about the decks of the privateer, showed full plainly that she was amply prepared for the combat hand to hand.

As one after another of the Indian's crew were cut down by one or other of these destructive, the remainder, instead of being cowed, were, with true bulldog-spirit, only the more exasperated, working the ship with greater speed and undaunted bravery; and when the privateer began to open upon them with his starboard battery, they returned in the same cool very spiritedly; and the long forty-two of the American being now neglected for the moment, the combat became more equal, each vessel working eight twelve pounders on a side.

The commander of the privateer was much surprised at meeting such determined resistance where he had expected abject submission; and as the vessels neared, soon became aware, from the destructive effect of the English fire upon his crowded decks, that he must put an end to the present game immediately and trust to boarding for success. He accordingly changed his course so as to pass across the bows of the Indian, intending to rake him thoroughly, and then board him, but St. John, who was now in his element, loudly cheering his men, and fighting most determinedly, was fully aware of his intention; and falling off before the wind also, he let drive his whole starboard battery down upon the decks of the American, and among his rigging, carrying away her fore-gaff, and the throat and peak-baylards of her mainsail, which last came thundering down by the run; and then, despite the broadside of the schooner, which swept along his decks in thunder and flame, he instantly hauled again upon the wind, so that, disabled as was the privateer, she lay right in his course, and was apparently doomed to be run down by the immense hull of the Indian.

This seemingly inevitable result was prevented, and the whole aspect of the combat changed by one of those small events which so often turn the tide of battle.

At the moment of receiving the Indian's broadside, there were two men at the privateer's wheels; the man at the lee wheel was instantly killed by a grape shot, while the other, who escaped unhurt, in his endeavor to free the wheel from the grasp of the dying man, forgetting that the helm was still a spoke or two a-lee, put it hard up. The schooner still had headway upon her, and the wind, acting upon her disabled sails, suddenly brought her head around to port, so that she being a point upon the Indian's starboard bow, her jib-boom just swept clear of the ship's cutwater, and in an instant she was lying along her weather-side afloat.

'Boards, away!' shouted Benson, perceiving his advantage; and, despite a volley of musketry, which laid low a dozen of his best men and wounded more, he was instantly upon the Indian's deck, backed by a hundred men. The combat now was brief, and the English Captain being struck down, his men perceived farther resistance useless, and hauling down their colors, surrendered; hating thus far kept at bay a most overwhelming force, with a determination and effect which proved them worthy representatives of the English name.

Quarter being given to all, the wounded were handed over to the surgeon of the privateer, and the remainder of the Indian's crew were sent on board the schooner. The Americans then set about securing their prize and repairing damages, and before twilight had darkened into night, both vessels were close hauled upon the wind, still from the north-west, standing in for the American coast.

The injury to both vessels was principally in the upper works, spars and rigging, neither having received any material shot between wind and water; so that neither sprung any alarming leak, and what few took place were soon plugged, and so, continuing the repairs of masts, sails, &c., the Indian having a stout prize crew, they kept on their course for the land.

The passengers of the Indian were treated with the utmost respect, their cabin being left entirely for their use. They were also requested to point out their own private property, which would not in any event be touched; and Captain Benson having further assured them that they should be landed at Bermuda, if possible, they finally came to the conclusion that he was a very polite fellow, and their lot far from forlorn.

About midnight the weather having become very thick, it fell a dead calm, and so continued until morning.

Now it so happened that an English sloop-of-war of twenty-four guns, though out of sight, had heard the cannonading of the day previous, and from the heavy reports of a single gun at intervals of a minute, became convinced that the gun in question was the long Tom of a Yankee privateer. Acting upon this belief, she had so shaped her course that she would probably be nearly up with the privateer at daybreak; rightly judging, that upon making the capture, the American would steer for the United States coast. In the darkness she had approached the privateer, though neither party was sensible of this proximity, and being also becalmed, had lain all night within six miles of her.

As the day broke, the wind sprang up from the north-east, and the privateer had just hauled upon it in company with her prize, when the look-out aloft reported a sail—and sure enough, in plain sight to the south-east, was an English sloop-of-war, crowding everything in chase.

Surprised Benson doubtless was; but with his usual promptitude his plan of operations was instantly laid, and running the schooner close under the lee of the Indian, a line was thrown aboard of her, by means of which three more were passed.

'Now, Mr. Townsend,' said Benson, 'lower away the stern and quarter boats; lay them alongside and fill them with men. You will go with them on board the Indian and make all sail, for in this chase her prize crew will not be sufficient to work her rapidly; and when you have done that, open her hatches, rig up the top-burtons, toss her boats overboard, and get the most valuable of her 'twen decks cargo on deck with all speed. Further orders I will transmit by signal or otherwise.'

These commands were soon obeyed, and the boats were sent twice full stowed; both vessels being at the same time under rapid headway. Thus a hundred of the privateer's men were on board the ship very shortly, while the boats were hauled back empty to the schooner, and run up at the davits as before.

Thus well-manned, the Indian was instantly under a cloud of canvas, and all her damages being repaired, she proved a crack sailer, and about equal, on the wind, (her course being north-north-west) to the sloop-of-war.

The privateer on this shortened sail to keep abreast of her prize, and all three bowed merrily onward.

'There goes your launch, neighbor,' said Benson to St. John, who was walking with him the quarter-deck of the schooner, as the ship's long-boat was tossed over the side according to orders, while the stern and quarter boats followed suit in their small way, thus making quite a fleet adrift, all officers and no seamen, like a French man-of-war. 'I hope they will have a pleasant cruise: perhaps the sloop-of-war may pick them up to prevent so shameful a waste of good stuff. That reminds me, by-the-by, she may be within range—here, haul that forty-two aft, some of you; we'll try Mr. Bull at long-bowls.'

The long Tom was accordingly hauled aft, elevated, and let drive; but the distance proved greater than Benson had imagined, for although the shot actually hit the sloop-of-war, it was too far spent to do much injury.

This Mr. Bull determined to repay in the same coin, but having nothing heavier than a twenty-four pounder, was obliged to elevate it so much that the shot fell wide of the mark astern. It showed, however, that the privateer might be hit by a chance-shot, and Benson, determining to avoid the possibility, however remote, of being crippled in this manner, changed his position so as to bring the Indian between himself and the sloop-of-war; and that they might be fully aware what his prize was, he ordered to be sent up at her peak the English ensign under the stars and stripes; and at her mast heads her private signal and all the holiday bunting usually sported by English West Indians.

By thus placing the Indian between himself and his pursuers, where she was more likely to be hit than the schooner, Benson hoped to escape harm through the natural unwillingness of the sloop-of-war to fire upon her own flag.

This was a true Yankee trick, and was, for a time, for the foregoing reason, successful; the sloop-of-war contenting herself with crowding all sail in chase, seldom replying to the shot, which, one after another, with most provoking pertinacity and skill, were pitched always in her vicinity, and frequently plump into her, from the privateer's long forty-two, hoping thereby, (herself a prime sailer) to rescue the Indian in good order, and compel the privateer either to take to his heels alone or sent to the bottom for his covetousness, when she should come down upon him with her reserved fire.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I put my arm,  
I felt as soft as cake;  
'Oh, dear!' she says, 'what liberty  
You printer-men do take!  
'Why yes, my Sal, my charming gal;  
(I squeezed her some, I guess.)  
Can you say O, my chick, against  
'The Freedom of the Press'?

I kissed her some—I did, by gum—  
She colored like a beet;  
Upon my living soul, she looked  
Almost too good to eat!  
I gave another buss, and then,  
Says she, 'I do confess,  
I rather sorter kinder like  
'The Freedom of the Press.'"

CHARLEY.—Sunday Mercury.

FAITH.—A kind and tender-hearted clergyman, a "good shepherd" of his flock, was one day speaking of that active, living faith, which should at all times cheer the sincere follower of Jesus, and related to me an illustration that had just occurred in his family.

He had gone into the cellar, which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter only four years old was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but on looking down it was dark, and she called: "Are you down cellar, father?"

"Yes; would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark; I can't come down, father."

"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself, I will catch you."

"Oh, I shall fall; I can't see you, papa."

"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here, and you shall not fall and hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely."

"Little Mary strained her eye to the utmost; but could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little farther, then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward and was received safely in her father's arms. A few days after she discovered the cellar door open, and supposing her father to be there, she called:

"Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when in her childish glee, she fell shouting into his arms, and clasping his neck, said:

"I knew, dear father, I should not fall."

SICK OF HIS BARGAIN. 'The subject of the following anecdote,' writes a friend, 'is an old and respectable physician, who is now a strenuous temperance man, although in his young days he sometimes "patronized the groceriee" over much. On one occasion, having indulged too freely in a variety of spirituous decoctions with some boon companions, he mounted his mare and started for home. He had not gone far before the inconsiderate "commingling of spirits" in his stomach gave rise to such a furious rebellion that he was fain to dismount and come to an anchor about a large log by the roadside, where he commenced a process of upheaval that was truly alarming. While engaged in these spasmodic efforts at relief he was accosted by a traveller who, with a true Yankee solicitude, inquired what was the matter. The inebriate, in an interval of the paroxysm, gruffly replied, that he "had traded horses, and was very sick of his bargain!"'

The following morceau is taken from the London Daily News:

"The Newry Examiner gives a letter from a young woman in Buffalo to her mother. The damped sayer: 'I would advise all the handsome girls in Carthage to come here, as it makes no matter with girls here whether they have money or not. The boys here do not look for a fortune, but every boy for a handsome wife. The boys here are very fond of

Irish girls, as the Yankee girls are like old horses at home, high in bone but low in flesh, and the color of a duck's foot."

## COURTING DAYS.

A Yankee lad a courting went,  
A sprightly lass to see,  
Determined quite to marry her  
If they could both agree.

CHORUS.  
O! the courting days are the happy days,  
The courting days for me!

Says Jonathan, 'to break the ice,'  
'Miss Nancy, how du you du?'  
'Pretty well, I thank you, thir,' quoth she,  
'Mither Cornwall, how are ya?'

'A very fine day,' quoth Jonathan;  
'Twas all that he could say;  
And Nancy thought, as he twirled his thumbs,  
He'd surely stay all day.

The sighing swain was at a stand,  
What he could say or do;  
Quoth he, 'Du you like music, ma'am?'  
Quoth Nancy, 'Yeth! don't you?'

'Tis almost night,' quoth Jonathan;  
'And this will never do;  
What shall I say? I have it now—  
The beauty of the view!'

He gave a short convulsive wheeze,  
To make his voice quite clear,  
And said, as he leaped o'er the window sill,  
'It looks—rather green—out here!'

Now, with her lover to agree  
On the beauty of the view,  
'Yeth thir,' quoth she, 'and it seemeth to me,  
It's rather green in here, too!'

[Gregory Seaworthy.]

## Cool as Ice.

A contemporary tells the following good story in illustration of the incorrigible laziness of some persons. It is not necessary to tax your credulity to believe it—the moral is just as good, whether the thing ever happened or not—

During the summer of 1846, corn being scarce in the upper country, and one of our citizens being hard pressed for bread, having worn thread bare the hospitality of his generous neighbors by his extreme laziness, they thought it an act of charity to bury him. Accordingly preparations were made for his burial—they moved towards the place of interment, and being met by one of the citizens the following conversation took place:

'Hallo! what have you there?'

'Poor old Mr. S.'

'What are you going to do with him?'

'Bury him.'

'What is he dead?—I hadn't heard of his death.'

'No, he is not dead, but he might as well be; he has no corn, and is too lazy to work for any.'

'That is too cruel for civilized people. I'll give him two bushels of corn myself, rather than to see him buried alive.'

Mr. S. raised the cover, and asked in his usual dragging tone—'Is it a-h-e-l-l-e-d?'

'No, but you can soon shell it.'

'D-r-r-v-e-o-n-b-o-y-s.'

## The Newspaper.

People talk about the schoolmasters, the clergy, and the government, and even the song writers, as being great powers in the country. But really, all put together, they are nothing to the NEWSPAPER. We speak not of any existing newspaper, least of all, of ours—It is only day-break with newspaperdom. Its sun is about to rise. The light only comes in streaks. Yet, even now, it is the newspaper that does nine-tenths of the teaching, preaching and governing. It is the light of every man and every woman's life—the every day light. All libraries are not much now to the newspaper. It is to the editor to whom all go to get their opinions forged out, in the rough, at least. This is no denial of the independence of mankind generally. We don't say the public swallow of course what every newspaper says. No danger of that. But take newspaperdom generally, so far as any individual comes in contact with it, his opinion is the compounded result of its discussion.

It is said that the corps editorial only echo the popular voice—each catching up a portion thereof. Not exactly so. Bunkumville is not the only village that has an "Independent Echo." Editors, able and feeble, are in a great measure self-inspired prophets, and more than any other class originate the influence which moves mankind.

Is the intellectual and moral force of the newspaper, as it now exists, worthy of the immense advantages which its position gives it? We will not complain of the want of editorial seminaries to train up young editors for their posts, nor that every ambitious blunder-head who thinks he can get money or fame by it takes up the quill and the scissors. Time cures that—shortly. The chair editorial may be called the very stool of education, as well as of penitence. Many a man has learned more self-knowledge there in a week than he ever did before. Of the multitudes who try the life editorial the public at last has the very cream.

Still, no newspaper has realized the great idea of the thing. We have newspapers for parties, for sects, for professions; we want a newspaper for all. That is the prime, fundamental, essential idea of the thing—a daguerreotype of the great world as it is. A quodam commune vinculum, an all pervading cement of society.

It is only a small part of an editor's duty to make known his own opinions. That he might do in a book. That he should do in his newspaper, of course, or he is not qualified for his post. But his mission is to bring out in the same sheet, distinctly and truly, and in all their force, the opinions and sentiments of all classes, sects, and parties, which mingle in the movements and struggles of life. Without unshipping his own faith, or stifling his own sympathies, he should manage to bring out in fair and just proportion the thoughts and feelings of all extremes and all means of society; that his readers may be instructed, and really know what is going on in every part of it.

His business is not to supply ignorance, of which his readers have enough already, but facts and verities.

If law, politics, medicine and divinity should have their pick of talent, much more the press. He who, having the means, shall have the wisdom to combine into one sheet, for the instruction and amusement of all, a selection from the best talent of all sorts, always employing to write on the subject uppermost in the

public mind at the time, the man who knows most about it, cost what it may, will begin to realize what the press can do. Were the subject rightly taken hold of and half a dozen of Hoe's fastest presses put to their possibles, to print papers edited on the omnibus principle, and laying the best of all sorts of talent under contribution the party press would cease to exist. To that it must come at last. The newspaper will rise above party and sect, and be the great arena on which all will meet to study each other. It must become the organ not only of the latest intelligence and the freshest gabble, but of the profoundest thought.

When we think of what a newspaper ought to be—and might be, and then of what the sheet now before you, kind reader, is, we feel small enough. We are ready to sink through any little knot hole out of such a responsibility. But then we comfort ourselves that if you don't like our slack backed Johnny cake, we will say to you as a Yankee woman once said to us, 'Taint short cake I know, that I never had nothing to do with.'

The longer we live the nearer we approach the conclusion, that it requires a great many men to make a newspaper such as it should be. [Boston Chronotype.]

## Fashionable Infidelity.

The Edinburgh Review, in an able article on "Reason and Faith," has some truthful and telling remarks on modern fashionable infidelity. The writer admits that there are some powerful minds which have bewildered themselves by really deep meditation on baffling mysteries; and he can painfully sympathize with such in the ordeal of doubt to which they are subjected. But there are thousands of young men who are falling into the same errors and perils from sheer vanity and affectation—who admire most what they least understand, and adopt all the obscurities and paradoxes they stumble upon as a cheap path to a reputation for profundity. To hear these champions of 'common sense' and 'rationalism,' one might fancy that some new and prodigious arguments had been discovered against Christianity, which a Pascal or a Butler's intellect was not comprehensive enough to anticipate, and which no Clarke or Paley could have had logic enough to refute. But it is the cant phraseology of these 'shallow thinkers' and obscure writers and talkers—a cant made up chiefly of Anglicized-German, or Germanized-English—which forms one of their most ridiculous follies. As in Johnson's day, says the reviewer, every young writer imitated as well as he could the ponderous dictation and everlasting antitheses of the great dictator; as in Byron's day, there were thousands to whom the world was a blank at twenty or thereabouts, and of whose 'dark imaginings,' as Macaulay says, the waste was prodigious; so now there are hundreds of dilettanti pathetists, mystics, sepiets, to whom every thing is a 'sham,' an 'unreality,' who tell us that the world stands in need of a great 'prophet,' a 'seer,' a 'true priest,' a 'large soul,' a 'godlike soul'—who shall dive into 'the depths of the human consciousness,' and whose 'utterance' shall rouse the human mind from the 'chests and frauds' which have hitherto been every where practised on its simplicity:

'They tell us, in relation to philosophy, religion, and especially in relation to Christianity, that all that has been believed by mankind has been believed only on "empirical" grounds; and that the old answers to difficult questions will do no longer. Sometimes the spirit of unbelief even assumes an air of sentimental regret at its own inconvenient profundity. Many a worthy youth tells us he almost wishes he could believe. He admires, of all things, the "moral grandeur"—the "ethical beauty" of many parts of Christianity; he condescends to patronize Jesus Christ, though he believes that the great mass of words and actions by which alone he knew any thing about him, are sheer fictions or legends! But alas! he cannot believe—his intellect is not satisfied—he has resolved the matter too profoundly to be thus taken up; he must, he supposes, (and our headless philosopher sighs as he says it) bear the penalty of a too restless intellect, and a too speculative genius; he knows all the usual arguments which satisfied Pascal, Butler, Bacon, Leibnitz; but they will do no longer; more radical, more tremendous difficulties have suggested themselves, "from the depths of philosophy," and far different answers are required now.'

This is easily said and we know it often said, and loudly. But the justice with which it is said is another matter; for when we can get these cloudy objectors to put down, not their vague assertions of profound difficulties, uttered in the obscure language which they love, but a precise statement of their objections, we find them either the very same with those which were quite as powerfully urged in the century of the deistical controversies of the last century (the case with far the greater part) or else such as are of similar character, and susceptible of similar answers. When we read many of the speculations of German infidelity, we seem to be re-perusing many of our authors of the last century. It is as if our neighbors had imported our manufactures, and, after re-packing them, in new forms, and with some additions, had re-shipped and sent them back to us as new commodities. Hardly an instance of discrepancy is mentioned in the 'Wollenbuttel Fragments,' which will not be found in the pages of our deists a century ago; and, as already hinted, of Dr. Strauss's elaborate strictures, the vast majority will be found in the same sources. [Yankee Blade.]

SPECIMEN OF WESTERN LOGIC.—A well known clergyman and a great linguist, in the Western part of N. Y., most philosophically, about a year since, accounted for the distinctive features of the African race, in the following words, as nearly as is remembered. After laying down the proposition that man was originally created white, he went on to remark, that a white person, by living many years in a tropical climate, becomes black; and, as a fact well known in physiology, when a person becomes black, he never again bleaches. And by living continued in a climate where the rays of the sun fall vertically, an inclination is given to the cerebellum backwards, and to preserve the centre of gravity, the heels protrude accordingly.



## MISCELLANY.

## Frosty Gratitude.

"A very plain matter-of-fact farmer in our vicinity," writes a country correspondent, "a few years since had the misfortune to lose his barn, with its contents, by fire. Happening a few days after to be in the office of a gentleman noted for his charity and generosity, and who by-the-by, had formerly sold the yeoman his farm, the subject of his loss was mentioned. With characteristic liberality, he counted and handed to the man a package of money, saying 'I am very sorry for your loss; let me make you a present of fifty dollars.' The farmer received it silently; counted it carefully twice, then looking at the donor, in a very business-like way, simply replied, 'I believe it is right, Doctor.' Rather frosty gratitude this, but not quite so icy as was that of a man who eluded his way through a crowd on the Fourth of July at Buffalo, some years ago, and said to one of our merchants, then on a visit to his native place, 'Can't you give a poor fellow something, Mr. B? I've got to be a poor cripple since you lived here, and I can't work. Come, give us a little suthin', can't ye?' Mr. B. put his hand in his pocket and handed the man a half-dollar piece, which he pocketed, without uttering a word of thanks. In about an hour he came up to Mr. B., who was taking a glass of wine with a friend at an inn, and said, 'Look o'here, your brother down to Black Rock, he 'gin me a dollar! Can't you, a New York merchant, 'ford to give as much as he? I should think you could, easy!' Not liking the idea himself of being outdone in generosity by his resident brother, he handed the important fellow two quarter dollar pieces, when he went off precisely as before, without so much as 'Thankee.' In the evening, Mr. B. was surprised by a call at the door of his room, after he had retired for the night. 'Look o'here,' exclaimed a now familiar voice from without, 'look o'here, 'Square, one of them quarters you 'gin me last, was a pistareen!'—[Knickerbocker.]

## Yankee Enterprise Exemplified.

We have never heard of Yankee enterprise better exemplified than in the facts which we here relate: In April last, one Geo. Kimball, of Frankfort, Maine, conceived the idea of building a ship, by which to convey himself and others, poor like himself, to California or Oregon. His only capital was energy, industry, integrity, and kindly disposition, and yet, without money or credit, he accomplished his conception by launching in November, in less than eight months from the time of its commencement, a noble packet ship of 600 tons, of a model and finish not excelled by the finest craft of our largest ship yards.

Capt. Kimball, for so he deserves to be called, went from Frankfort to the village of Cutler, on the coast of Maine, remote from business and men of capital, and commenced his work alone. He was soon joined by a single man, and in a few weeks others followed; women contributed provisions, and farmers sent in cattle, which were exchanged for materials for ship building. The novelty of the undertaking attracted adventurers from a distance—experienced ship builders and joiners arrived to give their strength and skill to the work. All who aided in the enterprise, whether men, women, or children, received their share in the ship.

As we have said, in less than eight months, a noble ship was built and launched by these novel means, through the indomitable energy of one man, and she is now in Boston, with her passengers on board, those who built and own her, and to whom she is now a home. If political economists hereafter wish to know why the United States pushes her boundaries and institutions beyond all rivalry, let them cite this instance of the enterprise and genius of a single borderer, who, in the midst of a wilderness, and against every disadvantage, built him a craft to leave the seas and bear him to whatever clime his industry or daring may lead. Such men are sovereigns of the earth, and the most barren wastes under their tread become prosperous and populous empires.

**NEW LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.**—Mr. Norris, of Schenectady, has lately placed upon the Syracuse and Utica railroad a new locomotive engine, designed for high speed. It came up from Utica in a snow storm on Monday last, with six freight cars. It ran from Utica to Oneida, 27 miles, in 32 minutes, and came through to this place in an hour and twenty minutes, having stopped seven minutes at Oneida for wood. The snow fell during the run about four inches.

This engine is entirely of new construction. It has two driving wheels, of 7 feet diameter, the shaft of which is back of the fire box; a pair of carrier wheels, forward of it 4 feet diameter, and four truck wheels, each 3-1/2 feet diameter. The wheels are all of wrought iron, and the cylinders are 16 by 22. The plan of the engine is new, the top of the boiler is lower than those commonly used in the 4-2 or 5 feet connected wheels. The frame work of the engine, and the wheels, are fine specimens of mechanical skill; and, taken together, it probably exceeds any engine in this country.—[Syracuse, N. Y. Journal, Jan. 30.]

**COLD CREAM.**—This is a strange mixture of water with mucous matter, invented nearly two thousand years ago, by Galen, one of the most distinguished physicians of ancient times. It has been in use since that remote period as a cosmetic for the skin, in order to render it supple, and heal any little abrasion, or chapping, from east wind, &c. The following is a good way to prepare it, and we trust within the skill of most of our readers. Take half an ounce of white wax, half an ounce of spermaceti, and three ounces of almond oil; put these into a basin, which place into hot water till melted; then gradually add three ounces of either rose water, elder water or orange flower water, stirring all the while with a fork or small whisk. Any perfume may be also put in; but, medicinally it is better without. When cold, it is fit for use.

**A TURKISH CUSTOM.**—The Sublime Porte has retained the old custom of proportioning the size of its letters to the rank of the person addressed. One of ordinary size is sent to a private individual, one a little larger to a civil officer, and one still larger to a military one. The recent despatch under the Sultan's own hand to the Emperor of Austria is said by the Vienna papers to have been more than two feet across, while one to the Czar would have made a comfortable door for a Russian cabin.—[Berlin Cor. N. Y. Com. Adv.]

**"DOWNS EAST,"** somewhere, a pious old lady was summoned as a witness in an important case. Having lived in the backwoods all her days, she was wholly unacquainted with the rules of a court of justice. Being told that she must "swear," the poor woman was filled with horror at the thought. After much persuasion, she yielded, and being told to "hold up her right hand," she did so, exclaiming, "Well, if

I must, I must—Dam," The court immediately adjourned.

Senator Foote, in the course of a speech on Friday, said that the course pursued by letter writers and reporters, caused him to address the Senate so often. Mr. Hale hoped the gentleman referred to would cease to castigate the Senator from Mississippi, "for in so doing, they punished the Senate."

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, FEB. 14, 1850.

## Letter from Bangor.

BANGOR, FEB. 8TH, 1850.

Mr. Editor: Although not a believer in signs and sayings, yet I think there is "more of truth than poetry" in the old adage that "winter never rots in the skies." At least we have had some convincing arguments in favor of its truth for a few days past, arguments which few will be disposed to deny who have tested their *acuteness* by exposing their heads to the biting cold of an atmosphere 20 degrees below zero. The cold is not sufficiently severe, however, to check the railroad spirit. A railroad is the great rush, and if speeches would do the work you might soon see the iron colt snorting by your village for the "queen city of the east." And the day is not far distant when such will be the case, for Bangor people are too well acquainted with their interests to remain frozen up five months in the year with the disquieting sight of a heretofore extensive and profitable trade turned from them to pass through your place for other markets. The loss of so great a trade is fast opening the eyes of the most incredulous to the astonishing fact that railroads after all are an advantage to the business of any community. A railroad to the Kennebec is the cry, and when the railroad spirit is once fairly aroused and steam on the hills will melt away, the valleys fill up, and soon the fingers of the Penobscot road will stretch to your village to be joined in the iron bonds of wedlock with the already proffered hand of the Androscoggin & Kennebec road.

The lecture before the Lyceum on Tuesday evening was given by Prof. Shepard. It is sufficient encomium to say that it was one of his best efforts. His subject was "Reading." The general ideas are perhaps familiar to some of your readers who heard a similar lecture from him before your lyceum. It was eminently practical, both for the scholar and all sound thinkers, but more especially for the former. The feature most to be commended was the suggestions on reading for amusement—the liability and peculiar danger of suffering from reading of this sort to predominate to the exclusion of sound practical works. Keen, biting and withering satire, which none know better how to use, was urged home upon this class of readers with a directness and force that few will ever forget who were fortunate enough to hear him.

I cannot fail here to express an opinion, however humble it may be, upon the amount of such reading and its pernicious effects both upon the intellect and morals. These works are gemmiparous, produced without thought or care and with a rapidity characteristic of the lowest order of books; they are the regular Zoophytes among books, the lowest and most imperfect link in the literary kingdom. They are shoved off by thousands, and sad is the thought, they find their readers. They are scattered over the whole land and fall like red hot lava of a volcano upon the green fields at its base, scorching, blasting and destroying all principles of morality and virtue. They dwarf the intellect, poison the affections and leave an individual a miserable shattered wreck, an intellectual skeleton. They corrupt our literature not only by "murdering the King's English," but by crowding out books of real worth and creating a false standard of merit. But this is only a small part of their evil tendencies. They furnish food for and excite all the evil passions of our nature; they tamper with and destroy virtue by presenting the grossest vices in a fashionable and fascinating style. How many of the worst crimes and foulest deeds that ever disgraced humanity or shocked virtue and modesty have had their origin in reading pernicious books? The passions are at first almost unconsciously aroused, by degrees they are strengthened, and, fed upon such an exciting diet they soon sweep all before them, break down every other principle and prepare one for the perpetration of any crime however revolting. Are not these facts? facts which every day experience is rendering more obvious? Is not then every lover of a pure and dignified literature, of a high standard of virtue and morality called upon to use his influence against these abominable outrages? Are not parents admonished to guard well the entrance to their domestic circles, lest the insidious monster enter and fasten his poisonous fangs upon the hearts committed to their charge? Are not presses uncontaminated by its touch bound to utter in clear and unmistakable tones their decided condemnation of such gross abuses? In fine are we not all called upon to use every effort to stay this wide spreading and pernicious evil? Let all unite to put down such miserable publications and they will soon die for want of patronage. They are written for money, sold for money, and money is the great object of this mean and detestable business, so that when they find no patronage they must stop.

**RAILROAD SURVEY.** Mr. Geo. Clark has been engaged to make the survey of the proposed railroad from Waterville to Bangor, by the "Upper Route," through Canaan, Harland, St. Albans, &c. Yesterday Mr. Clark was engaged between Canaan and Harland, having commenced at Nys's Corner, to which place a survey had previously been made by Mr. Wildes, in connection with the survey from Waterville to Anson.

**RAILROAD MEETING AT BANGOR.** The meeting was held by adjournment, on Wednesday last. Gen. Strickland was chairman. The meeting was opened at half-past 2 P. M., and (with a recess of one hour) continued till half-past 10. The Hall was full to overflowing—many not obtaining seats. The audience were attentive and manifested much interest throughout. The general character of the discussion was of a more business-like type than is usual on such occasions. The tenor of it was an appeal to the understanding rather than to the feelings.

The meeting was addressed by several gentlemen from Portland and other towns—Judge Preble was first called on, and in the course of his interesting remarks took occasion to point out the differences between a passenger and a business road—and that the central position of Bangor, and the advantages of her natural position, seem to point out in a manner not to be mistaken, the policy of adopting as locations for her railroads, those general directions which would facilitate the business of the city—and that she ought to do this, without reference to the wishes of the people of Portland, or Waterville, or of the people of Augusta or Gardiner.

We are told that the result of the meeting is a very deep impression on the public mind, leading to a discussion among themselves upon the necessity and character of the proposed enterprise.—[Eastern Argus.]

**RAILROADS.** [For the Eastern Mail.]  
Mr. Editor: "By the signs of the times," we are assured that a new river will soon be added to the map of Maine, whereby the citizens of Penobscot and Kennebec will be united in bonds of social and pecuniary interest, stronger even than the bands of iron that will bind these beautiful sister rivers together. This union, however, must depend upon a judicious selection of a route whereon to build the iron river. The upper route is the only one that can secure this union of interest.

Where are the business localities—on the upper or lower route? Where is the rich farming country—on the upper or the lower route? In what direction do the teams laden with merchandise direct their steps—on the upper or lower route? From whence cometh the varied productions of agriculture, consisting of butter, cheese, beef, pork, poultry, hay, potatoes, fruit, and other country produce—from the upper or the lower route? In what direction goeth the lumbering supplies—on the upper or on the lower route? Where are the quarries of slate and granite—on the upper or on the lower route? Where are the mines of iron ore—in the direction of the upper or of the lower route? Where is the lumber region—on the upper or the lower route? Where is the wealth to build a railroad—on the upper or the lower route? Is it an object to Waterville and Bangor to secure the trade of the upper route? If so, build your iron river on this route. But if our merits are not properly appreciated by Bangor and Waterville, with whom we should be happy to become associated, and the lower route should have the preference, we are happy to learn that another city, located on navigable waters, is ready and willing to project a railroad into Somerset and Western Penobscot, for our accommodation. We are candidates for matrimony, and within three years we propose either to be married to the Queen City of the East or to the State Capital. "Facts are stubborn things."

Yours truly, B.  
Somerset County, Feb. 6, 1850.  
[Will the Bangor papers please copy.]

[For the Eastern Mail.]  
**Strike, but Hear!**

In looking to the past course of the Mail, on the subject of Temperance, I am led to the conclusion that you intend to give both sides of this great question a fair hearing. I am not a rum-seller, nor a habitual rum drinker, but would be glad to see all men, and women too, "temperate in all things." There are certain inalienable rights, however, for which, in common with my ancestors, I claim to have a commendable attachment. Among these rights, I have been accustomed to class that of every man to judge for himself what is proper to put into his own mouth. The right of the majority to make laws for the government of the minority, though not a natural right, has been conceded by our constitution, and I shall concede it too. Close upon the heels of this concession, however, I shall press the question,

What is the real wish of the majority, in the Town of Waterville, in regard to the sale and use of Liquors?

Upon this question, Mr. Editor, if you do not interfere, I take the following position, and throw down the glove to your correspondents, whether one or a dozen—yourself in the number if you wish:

1. The majority of the Freemen of Waterville are in favor of the sale of intoxicating drinks as a beverage.
2. The majority of the freemen of Waterville are in the habitual use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.
3. The law against the sale of intoxicating liquors being thus opposed to the real wishes, as well as the actual practice of the majority, it becomes not only the privilege but the duty of the more frank and independent minority to violate that law when the public will thus evidently demands its violation.

Now, Mr. Editor, if a few fanatical hot-heads desire to throw our village into a tumult upon the subject of the very limited and quiet sale now carried on, instead of civilly pursuing the duties community assigns them, let them do so;—but let it be understood, that in doing so, men as well as measures, shall be stripped of the hypocrisy that has thus far enveloped them in respect to this subject. An honest minority—legally considered—disposed to pursue its own course and mind its own business, has been insulted and abused by a meddling and self-righteous "Holy Alliance," till the time has come when this question should come before the citizens of Waterville in its true light.

I shall not at this time proceed to show that the above assertions are true, beyond the simple declaration of my honest conviction that they are so; but I stand pledged not only to do so, but to place the question beyond controversy. When it is once seen that the present licence law is the work of a bigoted minority, and that its execution is not only a pecuniary wrong, but a violation of the actual wish of a positive majority—when it is seen that the temperance crusade has not only increased the quantity of liquor consumed in our village, but also caused great waste of time and money—when all those things, I say, are fully and cautiously weighed by a candid community, I believe they will be cautious how they are moved hither and thither by a trio of clerical bigots, a dozen over-anxious grannies, or even a score of profoundly wise but prematurely-outraged "Sons."

If you insert this, Mr. Editor, I shall understand that you concede a place in your paper for further candid and well meant articles on the above points, from

Yours, PENNOS.

The Whigs of Augusta have nominated George W. Morton their candidate for Mayor. Rev. Wm. A. Drew is the candidate of the "citizen's party." The election takes place on the second Monday of March.

[For the Eastern 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." I find these words in the communication of VIRGILIUS published in the Mail of last week. I have within a few months heard the same declaration many times, from different individuals and in many towns of our State, and I never visit your beautiful Village without making the inquiry of some of your leading temperance men: "How long will you permit the Rum Seller to deal out death and destruction to the poor inebriate?"

When will the Committee (chosen at your last annual town meeting to prosecute all violations of an act entitled an "Act to restrict the sale of intoxicating drinks") perform their duty?—To the last question I have almost invariably received the answer "Next Week." It is well known that your Committee are composed of as influential and respectable men as you have in town, and that when elected it was with the express understanding that they would do all in their power to close the Grog Shops in your village and vicinity, and to bring to merited punishment every individual engaged in the nefarious business of Rum Selling. Why is it that this Committee do not act? It is most certain that a more favorable opportunity will never occur for reaping a rich harvest of legal evidence against the Rum Seller. During the past year you have had in your village alone, three Hotels and nearly a dozen other Grog Shops where the "Liquid fire of Hell" has been dealt out indiscriminately to old and young, to the drunkard and to those young men who are just entering the drunkard's path to Ruin: this has been done in the presence of any person who has happened to be present at the time, without the precaution of taking the victim in some sly corner through fear of detection. On the day of the exhibition of the Menagerie at your village, last summer, I saw a person selling spirituous liquor within a short distance of the pavilion. On Commencement day I saw a person sell Rum not two rods from the Church, while the exercises were in progress, and I heard no person raise his voice against it at the time. Oh! how great is the responsibility resting upon the members of your Committee! The temperance community for nearly a year have been looking to them, with the expectation that something would be done to diminish the evil that has taken so deep root in our country; the furnishing wife and half-starved children of the drunkard have been looking to them for protection, until their hopes have died away within them, and they have been left to believe that there is no one to pity them in their wretchedness or to avenge them of the wrongs to which they are exposed; the Rum Seller, that best and most faithful servant of the Devil, has become firm in the belief that nothing will be done to retard him in his master's business, and so passes on from day to day in perfect security, preparing his fellow men to commit all manner of crimes, and at last to become tenants of a drunkard's grave. Within a year a desperate battle has been fought in this town, between the Rum Seller and those who are resolved that our laws shall be respected and observed; a Committee were chosen by the town, money appropriated; and that Committee instructed to prosecute in every case where proof could be obtained that an individual had been guilty of the crime of selling spirituous liquors. This duty has been faithfully performed; more than one hundred actions have been commenced, and most of them have terminated in the triumph of Law and Order; nearly a dozen Grog Shops have been closed, and at this time very little (if any) spirituous liquor is sold in Fairfield; we have obliged four individuals to leave their taverns and seek more honorable employment, and the fifth is now on the stocks with a fair prospect of being launched in a few days, or taking lodgings in a Hotel not far off, where the underpinning extends to the eaves. It is the opinion of good judges that there has not been, one third part of the liquor drunk in town during the past ten months, that was consumed in the same number of months previous to that time; and this is the effect of enforcing our law. It is certain that nearly all the Rum drunk in town is bought in Waterville; this being the case, the citizens of this town feel as if they were directly interested in putting a stop to the sale of Rum in your village; and Mr. Editor I will just whisper in your ear that unless something can be done by your citizens to close your grog shops, (and that very soon) the Committee of this town will be instructed to prosecute in every case where proof can be obtained of spirituous liquors being sold to a resident of Fairfield. We must and will protect ourselves. What will your gentlemen Rum-sellers think of that? Our would-be rum dealers complain most bitterly of us, because they cannot sell as much as the dealers in Waterville, and tell us by our course towards them, fifty dollars a week goes from them into the pockets of the Rum-sellers of your village.

Rum-selling can be checked, if not entirely annihilated, if temperance men would but do their duty. There is not a town or city in the State but what can banish every Rum-shop from its boundaries in less than three months, if the people will only take hold of the matter in earnest. There is a culpable indifference to this subject; for a petty larceny or some other trifling offence, an individual is pursued and imprisoned, while the Rum-seller, the cause of more than three-fourths of the crimes committed in our land, is permitted to go on from day to day unmolested, and in many places is 't to be a worthy member of society. God grant that the time may soon come when they may be looked upon with the contempt they really merit.

Friends of temperance in Waterville!—in the name of all that is dear to a patriot's heart, in the name of the despised and down-trodden victims of intemperance, in the name of God and suffering humanity, I appeal to you to rouse yourselves to action, and prove by your works that you will not let the sin of intemperance lie at your door, that you will not suffer a Rum-seller to have a being in your most delightful village.

EXCELSIOR.  
Fairfield, Feb. 11th, 1850.

Life in California.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

There are at present six or seven steamers and as many as fifty sail vessels running constantly between this city and San Francisco; one year ago, four were all that could be numbered. Sacramento City is but one mile from Sutter's Fort, and by next Spring there will not be an eighth of a mile between the Fort and the City that will not have its buildings. The American river empties into the Sacramento just above the city. Across the American river, on a peninsula formed by the two rivers, is laid out another new city called Boston.

We will now go across the prairie, with this one observation—that almost all who go to the mines condemn this part of the road, all thro', without mercy, on account of its being so mountainous. I admit that it is rather severe to ride so long without seeing anything, but clumps of trees, to break the level of the plain. We are now in the mountains, in the gold mines of California, and I will now explain to you, as near as I can, how the precious ore is obtained. There are two kinds of diggings—wet and dry. The wet diggings are "on the rivers and small streams. A man comes to a stream with his tin pan, pack and shovel; sinks down a hole and fills his pan with dirt; goes to the river side and washes it out; the gold being a heavy substance in the dirt, it of course sinks to the bottom of his pan. If he finds it will pay, that is, finds gold plenty, he brings his rocker, built somewhat like an infant's cradle, with a sheet iron bottom punched with small holes to allow the gold to pass through. A rocker of this kind is worth more in the mines than you would imagine. In the dry diggings the gold is separated from the dirt in the same manner, but with vastly more trouble, as they are obliged to go various distances for water. The gold is found in mountainous regions. The land is covered with heavy timber, the principal part of which is oak; there are three or four kinds of pine, some the largest I ever saw, two or three kinds of cedar, and sycamore.

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EXCELSIOR.  
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**Later from California.**  
The Empire City arrived at New York on Wednesday night—bringing about \$2,000,000 of gold dust.  
Wages of common laborers had fallen to \$6 per day—carpenters, masons, &c., received 12 to 16, lumber was lower, \$200 to 275 M. Flour \$30, Bricks good demand, Lime \$16 per bbl. Boots \$16 to 32 per pair. Seamen's wages for the rivers and bay, were \$100 per month; foreign voyages, \$80 to \$100. Money 7 to 10 per cent. per month.

The steamer Oregon, Capt. Pearson, arrived at Panama on Jan. 20th, with 298 passengers, 90 in the cabin, and 208 in the steerage, having left San Francisco Jan. 15th. She brought down the Hon. J. C. Fremont and Hon. Wm. N. Gwin, Senators elect from California. Col. Fremont was detained at Panama by the illness of his wife. Dr. Gwin took passage in the Falcon for New Orleans.

The Oregon brought 1,129,227 dollars in gold dust on freight to Panama, and the trunks of her passengers must have contained at least another million of gold.  
An appalling and destructive fire occurred on the 24th of Dec., which threatened for a time to reduce the famous city of San Francisco to ashes and smoking ruins, and caused the destruction of a million and a half of dollars worth of property. It originated in Dennison's exchange, and after raging six hours was arrested by blowing up buildings with powder, after destroying all the houses on Portsmouth square and Washington street except the Delmonico Hotel.

A destructive fire took place in Stockton Dec. 24th, destroying \$150,000 worth of property. The Alta California says that a disturbance has taken place in the mines on the Calaveras, between the Chinos and Americans. Three Americans were killed and three others severely wounded, and some 16 taken prisoners.—The Chilians said they were acting under orders from the authorities, and they took the wounded men and prisoners in the direction of Stockton not even allowing the wounds of the unfortunate men to be dressed. News of the affair reached Stockton, creating much excitement, and an armed party of some 12 Americans had started in pursuit of the offenders, and it was supposed that many more would follow.

The message of Gov. Burnett recommends the total exclusion of free negroes from the State, on the ground that if allowed to immigrate they will form contracts in the Southern States for one or more years with their masters, and thus be, to all intents and purposes, slaves. He estimates the expenses of the State for the first year at half a million.

The prospects for the gold hunters for the next season were considered very flattering.—It was thought that a much larger amount would be taken out than there was the past year. Gold digging had been mostly suspended for the season, and a great many persons were flocking into the towns.

No deaths of Maine folk at the mines recorded.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, in speaking of the great fire at San Francisco, says:—  
"At one time, all hope of saving any part of the city was given up by every one. As it was, it burnt gambling houses, hotels, restaurants, offices, stores, tents, dwelling-houses, bowling-alley, store sheds and lumber-yards. It rained and blew a gale for three weeks up to the time of the fire. That morning it was the most calm and pleasant conceivable. The next day it again commenced to rain and blow. It was one of the most remarkable instances ever witnessed, of the visitation of the Almighty, sweeping as it did, the principal and most notorious, as well as the first gambling establishments, where night and day, Sundays and week days, openly, unblushingly and boastfully, they violated the laws both of God and man.—Many have been ruined by the fire, and yet the re-building commenced the very morning after it occurred."

**THE STEAMER SENATOR, &c.**—Passengers report that this old favorite from New England still maintains its supremacy upon the Sacramento River, making three trips from Sacramento to San Francisco per week. The price of passengers has been reduced to \$25 the trip. She has already netted for her fortunate owners a large fortune. The steamer Lawrence, formerly on the Merrimack River, plies between San Francisco and Stockton, and does also the little steamer Mint, also from this quarter. An iron frame steamer, sent out from here, has not as yet done very well, having required considerable alteration.

**COUNTERFEIT BILLS.**—Counterfeit 3's on the Merchants Bank, Worcester, have made their appearance in this city.—Vignette—a female and vase of flowers. The bills are unlike the genuine, and poorly executed.—Boston Trav.

**VIRGINIA AND SOUTHERN RIGHTS.**—The Legislature of Virginia have passed resolutions against the passage of the Wilnot Proviso, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, or the slave trade between the different States; and declaratory of the readiness of the State to unite with her sister slaveholders, in convention, or otherwise, in defence of their mutual rights as slaveholders, should Congress in any way interfere with their rights.

On the 29th ult., a protest, signed by a number of Whigs and one Democrat, was presented in the House of Representatives of Georgia, against the action of the House in making the admission of California as a State a ground for a call for a Southern Convention.

**VALENTINES**, for the great festival commencing today, for sale at MATHEWS'S, in a great variety, and of most beautiful styles. Everybody wants a Valentine, of course.

## Notices.

**Whig Caucus.**  
The Whigs of Waterville are requested to meet at the TOWN HALL, on Thursday, the twenty-first day of February instant, at 6 o'clock P. M., to nominate candidates for the several town offices, to be elected at the annual meeting in March next, for the ensuing year, and to transact such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

**MORE CURES EFFECTED BY Dr. Corbett's Shaker Syrup of Sarsaparilla.**  
The following is from Jacob P. Eastman, of Concord, N. H., extensively known as an efficient Railroad Contractor and Builder, throughout the N. England States.

Messrs. E. B. RILEY & Co., Boston, March 8, 1849.  
I am to inform you of the wonderful effects of Corbett's Sarsaparilla upon a little daughter of mine, who was poisoned, when at the age of about three years, by vaccination. She was afflicted with a skin disease, which was more than twelve months, discharging the most offensive matter. We were compelled for months to oblige our little sufferer to wear mittens while in bed, and to adjust her night dress by closing the openings at the hands and feet with wax to prevent her from tearing her flesh. But even with these precautions, she would, at times, release her hands by pinching her mittens at the finger ends, and then scratch and lacerate herself severely until the blood would flow.

She was now nearly restored to health, having used no other medicine for the last two years than Corbett's Sarsaparilla. The effect of this powerful alterative is most singular, seeming to cleanse the whole system and eradicate all disease. The skin of our little girl is now

fair as that of infancy, and her system rapidly changing from impurity and disease to perfect health, and this I know to be the result of the use of Corbett's Sarsaparilla.

J. P. EASTMAN.

Made and put up by the Society of Shakers. None genuine without the signature of Dr. CORBETT.

EDWARD BRINLEY and Co., Sole Proprietors, for the sale of their various medicines, and by their apothecaries throughout the United States and Canada.

Agents—WILLIAM DRAKE, Waterville; H. C. NEWELL, Canaan; R. COLLINS, Andover; S. H. ALLEN, Hallowell; by Agents throughout the State.

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## MARKETS.

Waterville Retail Prices.		
Flour	\$5 75	a 625
Corn	10	75
Oats	10	75
Beans	100	110
Eggs	14	12
Butter	10	12
Cheese	7	8
Salt	10	40
Rock	50	10

Brighton Market.		
AT MARKET, 600 Beef Working Oxen	50	75
Cattle 2000 Stear, 450 Cows & Calves	40	40
Swine, 10 yoke working Sheep	125	3
Oxen, 23 cows & calves, Swine, wholesale	20	20
Extra 850 Barrows	4	4
1st quality	450	500
2d	450	500

## Marriages.

In Winslow, Feb. 10, by Asa Burnham, Esq., Mr. Asa Getchell, Jr., to Miss Lucetta G. Littlefield.  
In Parisville, 17th ult., George D. B. Wing of Bangor, to Susan C. Ricker.  
In Vassalboro, Henry Parker to Lovina Getchell.  
In Belfast, S. H. Jackson to Elizabeth Elwell.  
In Augusta, Thomas H. Chesley to Mrs. Emily Heath.  
In Lowell, Jonathan Hallett of West Waterville, to Sophia P., daughter of the late Joseph Wingate, Esq., and Henry F. Gordon to Nancy R. Ryan; Asa S. Townsend of Sidney, to Nancy C. Hayes.  
In Turner, Wm. Campbell to Polly Hewitt, both of Livermore.  
In East Winthrop, Abel Stevens of Fayette, to Sarah Richards.  
At Kendall's Mills, Fairfield, Maj. Albert Lowell of Concord, to Abba B. Reed of Madison. Samuel Gibson to Joanna Woodman. Joseph Gifford, 2d, to Matilda Lawrence.

## Deaths.

In Winslow, 4th inst., Mrs. Sarah Shorey, wife of William Shorey, aged 43.  
In Fairfield, 10th ult., Mrs. Eliza Ann, wife of Hudson Osgood, aged 32.  
In Skowhegan, Catharine, wife of C. Bixby, aged 20.  
In Norridgewock, Elizabeth Harding Prentiss, aged 83.  
In Norridgewock, William Norris, aged 29.  
In Norridgewock, Melville Foss, wife of Uriah Foss.  
In Norridgewock, Elsie Morton, wife of Reuben Morton, aged 60.  
In Bath, Susan D. Gould of Dixfield, aged 13; Joseph T. Webster, aged 40.  
In Bangor, Mary F. S., wife of E. A. Ayer, and daughter of Dr. G. M. Burleigh of Dexter, aged 24.

## Advertisements.

**PORTLAND DYE-HOUSE.**  
No. 35 India Street, foot of Federal Street.

**JOHN S. MILLER, SILK, COTTON, WOOLLEN, and LINEN DYEER.** (from Malden, Mass.) In offering his services to the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, it will be enough to say that he has experience for nearly forty years, as a dyer, and will finish all goods committed to his care, in the best manner possible.

**LAVES DRESSERS, COATS, &c.** Merino and other kinds of Shawls dyed Fancy Colors, and the borders preserved. Also, cleaned in the most perfect manner, and the fringes crimped, like new.

**STRIP SILK DRESSERS,** washed in the best manner. Straw and Leghorn Bonnets colored and pressed in good shape.

**RESTLESS DRESSERS,** of every description, cleaned and colored, and with the original style of pressing, and cleaned free from rust.

Prices will be given for any other Dye House, and satisfaction given, or no charge made.

C. R. PHILLIPS, AGENT, Waterville.

**BURNING FLUID, CAMPHENE, & LAMPS.**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
At No. 54 Union Street, PORTLAND.

**FLUID** by the Barrel at Boston price. This Fluid is of a superior quality, and is perfectly safe for use in stoves and lamps, giving a clear light, and will not separate in the lamp.

February 8, 1850. S. R. WAITE.

**BEEF, PORK, LARD, &c.**  
ESS, Navy Mess, No. 1 BEEF, Tennessee PORK; M. LEAF LARD, and other articles, at wholesale and retail.

**W. I. Goods, Groceries, Cigars, Oil, &c.**  
For sale by C. C. MITCHELL & SON.

**Hides and Cal Skins.**  
THE subscribers pay CASH for Hides and Cal Skins at their store in Waterville. SAMUEL DOOLITTLE and Co. January 10, 1850.

**Fresh Ground Plaster.**  
FRESH GROUND PLASTER constantly on hand and for sale at Waterville, February 13, 1850. F. B. BARNARD.

**Valuable Real Estate for Sale.**  
THE well known and very extensive WATER PUMP, belonging to the estate of the late O. D. Crommett. Said Water Pump is conveniently situated in Waterville village, and is unsurpassed in the County. For further particulars inquire of H. L. CROMMETT, Waterville, or WILLIAM LEDYARD of Bath.

February 13, 1850. 304

**House to be Let.**  
THE large and commodious house, situated on the corner of Stewart's House, situated on the corner of the College grounds, will be let on reasonable terms.

E. L. GETCHELL, Sec'y of Prudent' Com. Feb. 13, 1850. 130

**Waterville Liberal Institute—Spring Term.**  
THE Spring Term of this Institution will commence on Monday, Feb. 26th inst., and will continue until the first of June. The course of instruction is as follows:—

1. Latin, 2. Greek, 3. Hebrew, 4. French, 5. Italian, 6. Spanish, 7. German, 8. English, 9. Mathematics, 10. Natural Philosophy, 11. History, 12. Geography, 13. Astronomy, 14. Medicine, 15. Law, 16. Theology, 17. Music, 18. Drawing, 19. Writing, 20. Book-keeping, 21. Book-binding, 22. Printing, 23. Carpentry, 24. Joinery, 25. Mill-wrighting, 26. Blacksmithing, 27. Farriery, 28. Veterinary Medicine, 29. Agriculture, 30. Gardening, 31. Horticulture, 32. Domestic Economy, 33. Book-keeping, 34. Book-binding, 35. Printing, 36. Carpentry, 37. Joinery, 38. Mill-wrighting, 39. Blacksmithing, 40. Farriery, 41. Veterinary Medicine, 42. Agriculture, 43. Gardening, 44. Horticulture, 45. Domestic Economy, 46. Book-keeping, 47. Book-binding, 48. Printing, 49. Carpentry, 50. Joinery, 51. Mill-wrighting, 52. Blacksmithing, 53. Farriery, 54. Veterinary Medicine, 55. Agriculture, 56. Gardening, 57. Horticulture, 58. Domestic Economy, 59. Book-keeping, 60. Book-binding, 61. Printing, 62. Carpentry, 63. 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BY PHOEBE CAREY

## On the Nature of Soils.

### Agricultural Economy.

The older settled parts of New England furnish illustrations of the want of a good economy. Except in the vicinity of cities and villages, the soil has long been deteriorated. This is the result of bad management. The productions of the soil have been sent to market, and the fertility in this way taken from the soil, has not been returned. Pastures have been grazed from April to November, and the fat cattle and sheep sent to Brighton. Her grass and roots cannot be raised as easily as they could be formerly, and pastures can sustain half the stock they could thirty years ago.

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