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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 43): May 16, 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.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1850.

NO. 43.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

R. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

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POETRY.

MAY.

BY JOHN CLARE.

When apple trees in blossom are,
And cherries of a silken white;
And kingcups deck the meadows fair;
And daffodils in brooks delight;
When golden wall-flowers bloom around;
And purple violets scent the ground;
And lilacs 'gin to show her bloom;
We then may say the May has come.

When happy shepherds tell their tale
Under the tender leafy tree;
And all around the grassy vale
The mocking cuckoo chanter free:
And Philomel, with liquid throat,
Dut pour the welcome warbling note,
That hath been all the winter dumb;
We then may say the May has come.

When fishes leap in silver stream,
And tender corn is springing high;
And banks are warm with sunny beam;
And twittering swallows cleave the sky;
And forest trees are humming near;
And cowslips in boys' hats appear;
And maids do wear the meadow's bloom;
We then may say the May has come.

POPULAR READING.

[From the Dreamer and the Worker.]

WAR IN MINIATURE.

'Look there!' said Mary, 'do you see what those busy creatures are about on the top of a little mound, built up of morsels of earth and dry leaves, and bits of sticks, and stones, and clay?'

'It is an ant-hill,' observed Archer.

'While I was looking at it, and listening to the singing from the cottage,' continued Mary, 'the top of the hill was all in shade, and five or six ants were leisurely walking over it, like sentinels and watchmen; but when the sun rose over those trees, a light shot across the top of the hill, and down ran these little watchmen-ants into several holes, and then quickly returned, with scores after them. The watchmen had evidently run to communicate the tidings to the little citizens below. And see, Archer—look how all these are now running down and up, bringing others with them! Some of them are dragging others, I think—forcing those who are coming too slowly. Let us kneel down, and look at them—yes—look there! Do you see that one dragging another along by main force?—there! three more doing the same! Here comes a dozen, all struggling together—dragging, and tearing, and carrying on, by main force, those who are resisting. How they resist, and wrestle, and bite, and wriggle back, and seem to use venomous stings. But the contest is terminating in favor of those who are for the sun and light. It is all over—what rejoicing! The whole community must by this time have assembled upon the top, and all over the sides of the hill.'

'Now, Mary,' said Archer, putting his arm round her waist, and helping her to rise, 'now, you are happy. The sentinels and watchmen—the discoverers, experimentalists, and reformers—have worked hard to good purpose, and have won the victory.'

'Yes,' said Mary, smiling; 'it does make me feel happy, especially by the application you have given it. I should be glad to confess the truth—if we could see those who persist in standing still, while the world needs work—or worse, who will do all they can to impede the workers—were all of them well routed and hustled out of their dull trance and bigotry about old times: in fact, all those who will not move pleasantly with the rest of the well-working world, I would like to see them carried off by main force. It would be for their good, you know, in the end; as we see before us. All the ants are now up in the sun. Some appear to be still ascending, and bringing up burdens. What are they doing?'

'Happy Mary!—These are the stewards, housekeepers, and nurses of the commonwealth; and they are bringing up the common stock of eggs to be hatched in the sun, and likewise the grubs. Don't you see how they carry the little mites of dry mummies in their mandibles, to be placed in the sun till they issue forth as nymphs of the hill?'

Mary and Archer continued to observe the operations of these sagacious and hard-working little citizens for some time longer, and then slowly bent their steps along the path through the grove. 'Did you ever see anything of the kind before?' asked Mary. 'Yes,' in the Canadian woods once or twice; and several times in England, when I was a boy. They had not proceeded above a dozen paces, when they saw, upon the pathway before them, a division of ants advancing in close and regular array, like an army upon a march. They had issued from another ant-hill a little to the right of the path, and were now proceeding in the direction of the ant-hill which Archer and Mary had just left.

'What does this mean?' exclaimed Mary. 'Are they going to visit their neighbors?'

'Most likely. It is probably some warlike expedition.'

'Warlike?'

'For plunder merely.'

'Plunder!—merely! What plunder? You are jesting.'

'By no means. Probably these invaders know that the city they are about to attack possesses great wealth in eggs and grubs; and perhaps also they keep cows.'

'Keep cows!'

'Yes, some tribes of ants keep cows; I mean little insects which they carry off from plants and flowers—aphides; and these they milk, obtaining from them a draught of honey-dew.'

was heard from the army, as if some of the heroes who led them on were clashing their mandibles together, or striking them against any loose bits of gravel, that lay in their path, which was answered by a low hissing sound from the rear. Almost one third of the number, now detaching themselves from the main body, fairly made a charge right up the sunny citadel in front; and a desperate conflict instantly ensued. The besieged republic had observed the approach of the invaders, and gave them so hot a reception, that they were repulsed with great loss, and pursued beyond the foot of the hill, where more were killed, and a number led back as prisoners.

The invading column now retired several paces, and about a score were seen to leave the ranks, and run off as fast as possible towards their own citadel. Mary and Archer followed them, and soon saw another ant-hill to which these invaders belonged. The messengers ran headlong through the gates, and into the galleries of the hill, and, in a trice, forth issued a swarm of soldier-ants all in a state of great excitement. They formed directly into a second column, and hurried off to reinforce the first brigade, while a third division—the reserve—ranged itself over the top of the citadel, to be ready at a moment's notice. Here, and also upon other occasions in the course of the conflict we are describing, a variety of gesticulations, hints, signs, questions, and answers were observable. The language of antennæ was most in use; but sometimes, not content with this in moments of great importance, a soldier would strike his antennæ rapidly across the antennæ of a friend, while his fore feet played with a quick and vibratory motion upon one side of the listener's head, as if impatient at his dullness of comprehension; and sometimes, when even that did not seem quite sufficient to make him understand and co-operate, the energetic warrior would strike his mailed head against the glossy breast-plate of his companion in arms—and this never failed to produce immediate perception and conviction, with a corresponding activity. Be it understood, that we are not writing romantic fancies or allegories, but facts and scenes well known to naturalists—and to historians too, if they would only change a few words and nomenclatures.

Reinforced by this dense and angry column, the first division again advanced to the attack. The first onslaught having been unsuccessful, more than double the number now rushed to the assault, the rest waiting at a little distance with considerable agitation. The besieged, nothing daunted, were all ranged in battle array over their hill, and several gallant sallies were made to meet the advancing charge, in which a number of desperate single combats ensued—the two insects rolling over and over in the dust, and grappling, striking, and tearing each other with their mandibles. Nor were prudence and foresight wanting, meantime, in those who managed the domestic arrangements of the city; for while the soldiers fought thus bravely, in defence of their homes and families, the house-keepers, servants, and nurses were busily employed in carrying off the eggs and grubs—the nymphs of promise, to the other side of the hill. Here they laid them down; took their posts close beside their infant treasures; and awaited anxiously the result of the conflict.

It was resolute and desperate on both sides; the slaughter was shocking—in fact, without intending to be complimentary, it was worthy of human beings engaged in a similar way. The soldier-ants rushed at each other with fury—grappled and bit, poisoned, stung, toggled, and tore, and often literally rent each other limb from limb; so that the earth was strewn with little members and morsels. It was an edifying sight, and made Mary and Archer feel that they had derived a pretty good notion of what this might have been upon a larger scale, and that, all things considered, they had 'lost nothing' by witnessing revolting horrors in miniature.

At length the victory was decided, as it generally is with us, in favor of the aggressors and besiegers. The hill was taken, and the victors dispersing into several files, darted through the gates, into the various little tunnels and galleries, in search of plunder. Before this latter moment, however, the housekeepers, servants, and nurses were all in full retreat, with their precious burdens, each bearing away eggs, or grubs, or very young females on their backs. Some of these they hid in holes in the ground, under ledges of pebbles, and in crevices of tree trunks; numbers, for greater safety, began to climb up the sprigs of wild thyme, and up dry ferns and heaths, with their tender and invaluable charges. The victors, thus disappointed of so much of their expected booty, returned to the upper surface of the hill, and commenced a hot pursuit. Many of the fugitives being unable to escape fast enough, having in their zeal undertaken too heavy and inconvenient a load, were overtaken and seized, and the pursuers even began to ascend the dry ferns, and other plants, in whose upper branches the poor nurses had vainly sought security from the pitiless invaders. The ascent, however, of the pursuers now experienced a check, in consequence of a number of soldiers of the captured citadel rallying in their flight, and hurrying to the defence of the treasure-bearers. They ran nimbly up the stalks after the conquerors, and dragged them backwards, both generally rolled together, to the ground, where they fought till one or the other was dismembered. But these valiant champions from the frown hope were too few to contend with the increasing numbers of their enemies, and now, on every stalk the poor housekeepers and nurses were seen ascending higher and higher, while crowds of victors were nimbly climbing up after them. Perceiving this, Archer and Mary, as if by one impulse, snatched each a whip of fern, and commenced brushing down all the crowds of pursuers.

Hitherto, the contending armies had not noticed the presence of the two Incomprehensible Creatures, who were too large for their vision; but at this preposterous interference they instantly became aware of the proximity of some hostile objects, whose rough meddling was regarded in the light of a common enemy by both parties, and accordingly the invading army commenced a furious attack upon the nearest points of intrusion. They ran by dozens over Mary's instep and ankles, stinging her unmercifully, and darting in groups at Archer's protecting hands, which they covered with stings. Soldiers from the armies of both sides now came hurrying by thousands to the charge, scouring up their legs and up their sleeves, till Mary and Archer were both fairly compelled to make a precipitate retreat, beating and shaking themselves as best they might, to get rid of the little tormenting furies who were scouring about them. The Incomprehensible Creatures being thus disposed of, the soldiers of the respective colonies returned to the scene of action—the conquest was completed: the citizens on the hill were slain, or driven into exile, bearing such small amount of infant treasure as they could manage to escape with: the captured citadel was garrisoned by a party of the victors, to hold the place secure; while the main body of the besiegers returned back to their own city, amidst acclamations and caresses from the rest of the community, bearing with them thousands of eggs and grubs, to be hatched with care, and educated as slaves of the warlike republic.

'What an unexpected catastrophe!' exclaimed Mary, as they emerged from the grove. 'To think of the little sanguinary mites going to make war—slaughtering thousands and carrying away thousands into captivity. They are only doing,' said Archer, with a smile, 'what they think best—by main force.'

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Selections for a Newspaper.

Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a paper could have edited it, we should have less complaints. Not unfrequently is the case that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is drier than a contribution box; and yet something must be had—his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing he has to do is the easiest part of his labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that 'suits him,' it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Some people look over the marriages and deaths, and actually complain of the editor, if few people have been so unfortunate as to die, or so fortunate as to get married in the previous week. An editor should have such things in his paper whether they occur or not. Just so many subscribers as an editor may have, so many different tastes he has to consult. One wants tales and poetry; another abhors all that. The politician wants nothing but politics. One wants something smart; another something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun, and frolic, and the next door neighbor wonders that a man of sense will put such stuff in his paper. Something easy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so between them all, you see the poor fellows get roughly handled. And yet to ninety-nine out of a hundred these things do not occur. They never reflect that what does not please them may please the next door neighbor; but they insist that if the paper does not suit them it is good for nothing.—[Vermont Patriot.]

The Prayer of Habakkuk.

It is said of Dr. Franklin, that during his long residence in Paris, being invited to a party of the nobility, he produced a great sensation by one of his bold movements, and gained great applause for his ingenuity. According to the custom of that age and country, the nobles, after the usual ceremonies of the evening were over, sat down to a free and promiscuous conversation. Christianity was then the great topic. The church was always ridiculed, and the Bible was treated with unparagoning severity. Growing warmer and warmer in their sarcastic remarks, one great lord commanded, for a moment, universal attention, by his asserting in a round voice, that the Bible was not only a piece of arrant deception, but totally devoid of literary merit. Although the entire company of Frenchmen nodded a hearty assent to the sentence, Franklin gave no signs of approval. Being at that time a comical favorite, his companions could not bear even a tacit reproach from a man of his weight of influence. They all appealed to him for his opinion.

Franklin, in one of his peculiar ways, replied that he was hardly prepared to give them a suitable answer, as his mind had been running on the merits of a new book of rare excellence, which he had just happened to fall in with at one of the city book stores; and as they had pleased to make an allusion to the literary character of the Bible, perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of the new prize. All were eager to have the doctor read a portion of his new book. In a very grave and sincere manner, he took an old book from his coat pocket, and with propriety of utterance he read to them a poem.

The poem had its effect. The admiring listeners pronounced it the best they had ever heard read. 'That is pretty,' said one. 'That is sublimity,' was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the new work, and whether that was a specimen of its contents. 'Certainly gentlemen,' said the Doctor, smiling at his triumph, 'my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good for nothing Bible; and I have read to you the prayer of the Prophet Habakkuk.'

Let every reader learn wisdom from the incident and learn to appreciate the unequalled sublimities of the Bible.

NEW WAY OF IDENTIFYING A PRISONER.—That fact is stronger than fiction is fully verified in the following true case of Irish ingenuity, in which the ferocious and absurd are curiously blended. At the present session, now holding in Malvern, an unhappy wretch was indicted for stealing turnips from the field of Mr. Leader, of Mill street, in this county, the principal witness being the watchman familiarly known as 'Mad Tom Bager.' The attorney who defended the prisoner attempted to shake the testimony of the witness, who swore that he was as near to the prisoner as the length of himself; but upon being further pressed, he coolly said, 'didn't I know what the attorney would be at, and what he'd try to make me swear? Faith, I did so, and when I caught the prisoner I knocked him down and took out my knife and cut off a piece of his ear, that I might catch it next day.' This terrific statement was mournfully corroborated by the prisoner in the dock, who turned his mutilated ear to the Bench, crying out at

the same time in a piteous tone—'Oh! wisha me lord, shure enuff, he did cut it off!' The worthy barrister, who was justly horrified at the deed, vented his indignation in the strongest terms, and expressed a wish that he had the witness in the dock: but the witness seemed to look upon this startling mode of procuring conclusive testimony as entitling him to a civic crown; instead of meriting a judicial reprimand.

Laws of Nature.

When we use the term *law*, we do not really explain anything; we simply proclaim a fact, although it may be a very general fact. Some persons greatly impose upon themselves in reference to this subject. They speak of the laws of nature in such a manner as if they considered them endowed with the power or efficiency capable of producing the effects; but laws are nothing, and can do nothing in themselves; they are merely modes of operation, and necessarily imply and involve too the existence of an intelligent agent. Even of that most general of physical laws—the law of gravitation—Bishop Berkeley has remarked, with admirable sagacity—'Attraction cannot produce, and in that sense account for the phenomena, being itself one of the phenomena to be accounted for.' We are therefore conducted to the inference so well expressed by Dr Samuel Clarke—'The course of nature, truly and properly speaking, is nothing but the will of God producing certain effects in a continued, regular, constant, and uniform manner.' And here you will perceive, inquiries of this description, which are sometimes denounced as speculative and metaphysical, nevertheless, when fully and fairly carried out, lead to results which most exactly harmonize with the first principles of natural and the authoritative declarations of revealed religion. They teach us that all the objects, and all the changes existing and transpiring around us and within us, are not mere general laws, capable, when once set in motion, of acting independent of the law maker; but, from the entire absence of any intrinsic power in the laws themselves, that each individual effect must be resolved into an immediate volition of the Supreme Being as its efficient cause; who, having been pleased to prescribe to Himself one uniform mode of proceeding, does in reality, and in that manner, constitute and continue what we designate the course or laws of nature. The conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is, that it is not figurative language, but a literal truth, that in Him we live and move, and have our being.—[Mr. Spencer's Lecture on Digestion, reported in the Bath and Cheltenham Gazette.]

Getting on in the World.

There are many different ways of getting on in the world. It does not always mean making a deal of money, or being a great man for people to look up to with wonder. Leaving off a bad habit for a good one, is getting on in the world—to be clean and tidy, instead of dirty and disorderly, is getting on—to be careful and saving, instead of thoughtless and wasteful, is getting on—to be active and industrious, instead of idle and lazy, is getting on—to be kind and forbearing, instead of ill-natured and quarrelsome, is getting on—to work as diligently in the master's absence as in his presence, is getting on—in short, when we see any one properly attentive to his duties, persevering through difficulties to gain such knowledge as shall be of use to himself and others, offering a good example to his relatives and acquaintances, we may be sure that he is getting on in the world. Money is a very useful article in the world, but we hope to show that it is possible to get on with but small means, for it is a mistake to suppose that we must wait for a good deal of money before we can do anything. Perseverance is often better than a full purse.—There are more helps towards getting on than is commonly supposed. Many people lag behind or miss the way altogether, because they do not see the simple and abundant means which surround them on all sides; and it so happens that these means are aids which cannot be bought with money. Those who get on in the world must have a stock of patience and perseverance, of hopeful confidence, a willingness to learn, and a disposition not easily cast down by difficulties and disappointments.—[Family Economist.]

WHAT IS DIRTY? Old Doctor Cooper, of South Carolina, used to say to his students, 'Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentlemen. What is dirt? Why nothing at all, offensive, when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that 'dirty greasy spot' on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap, water, nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt, you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it and it is no longer dirty. Every thing you call dirt, is worthy your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it! It will all separate into very clean elements. 'Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all you were kissing dirt—particularly if she whitens her skin with chalk or fuller's earth. There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt. Though I must say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. 'Pearl powder,' I think, is made of Bismuth—nothing but dirt.'

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE.—An old clergyman in the habit, as soon as he got into the pulpit, of placing his sermon in a crevice under the cushion, where he left it during the singing of the accustomed psalm. One Sunday he pushed the sermon-book too far into the crevice, and lost it. When the psalm was concluded he called the clerk to bring him a Bible. The clerk, somewhat astonished at this unusual request, brought him a Bible as he was desired. The clergyman opened it and thus addressed the congregation: 'My brethren, I have lost my sermon; but I will read you a chapter in Job worth ten of it.'—[Church and State Gazette.]

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.—A confirmation of the truth of the book of Jonah, has been made by Mr. Layard. In excavating the city of Nineveh he discovered the name of Jonah inscribed upon the ruins. That prophet, as our readers know, was sent to announce to the people of Nineveh the destruction of the city. His eloquence converted many of them, and 'God repented him' of the doom He had pronounced, and spared the city for that time.—Jonah then became the prophet of Nineveh,

and was revered by the inhabitants. As was the Oriental custom, they doubtless inscribed his name in conspicuous places on the walls of the public edifices, and the inscriptions engraved by Assyrian hands a thousand years before the Christian era, have been found by Mr. Layard. This is one of the most extraordinary demonstrations of the accuracy of Biblical history we have ever heard of.

As yet we have only seen the beginning of the end. The city of Nineveh has scarcely yet been entered, and when the excavations shall have been completed, if Mahometan jealousy should ever permit that consummation, we may expect illustrations of the prophecies that will strike the world with awe and wonder.

Great credit is due to the British government for the munificent spirit they have exhibited in aiding the labors of Mr. Layard—placing at his command vessels for the navigation of the Euphrates, conveying to England the magnificent sculptures which he has disinterred, and affording him every facility which money or British authority could secure. We should be glad to see a similar spirit exhibited by the government of this country in reference to American antiquities.—[Noah's Sunday Times.]

Peas—their Value as a Crop.

There is, as a general thing, not sufficient attention paid by farmers to the pea crop. It is valuable in many respects. It is not an absolute fertilizer, it is one of the greatest ameliorizers of the soil, and one of the lightest feeders on its nutritive principles.

As a preparation for wheat, it is unequalled; and on stiff clays and clayey loams, it rarely fails of remunerating the labor bestowed upon it, and leaves the land in better condition for wheat with one plowing, than by any other process.

They yield best sown early, after fall-plowed stubble, corn ground or clover sward, and require to be limed or put upon a calcareous wheel soil. Plaster has a decidedly beneficial effect, as it has upon clover, and all the leguminous plants and other light feeders, which draw a great portion of their nutriment from the atmosphere.

The Pea Bug (*Bruchus Pisi*) is a serious drawback upon the pea crop, for eating or for market; but if fed to the hogs, they effect no injury to its value. Sow a strip for seed after the 10th of June, and they will be entirely free from the bug—the insect having exhausted its procreant ability, and probably followed the destiny of most of the caterpolar genus, and died. It does not generally produce as heavy a crop, when sown thus late. It is said that if, at the time of sowing, peas are put into a basket and dipped into boiling water one minute, it does not destroy their germinating qualities but effectually destroys the bug.

The great value of the pea is for early feeding to hogs intended for killing. A bushel of peas is worth a bushel of corn for fattening purposes, and does not cost half so much to produce; besides, it is ready to feed before potatoes, corn or any other crop, except those of last year's produce. In fact it is preferable to corn for early feeding, as it possesses the qualities that produce fibrin, or muscle, rather than fat, and the hogs are more thrifty early in the season, than when fed by any other process.—[Rural New Yorker.]

Check Reins.

The check or bearing reins of a Horse, answer no good purpose, but are a great evil; a severe restraint and vexation; confining his head in an unnatural position, by which he is constantly tormented. He cannot travel at ease, nor see impediments in the road, and when he makes a misstep, is more likely to stumble.

We have observed that the greatest travelers are those Horses whose humane masters have allowed their heads to be free; and as they draw a load up hill, a motion of the head is perceived which supports the motion of the feet and legs; in the same way as a man in walking assisting the motion of his legs by a counteraction of his arms.

How would a man walk, with his arms tied to his sides? Let those who torment their Horses with unnecessary restraints, try it on themselves.

Besides these great disadvantages in traveling, the Horse, by the use of the fixed bridle, is in a painful position at all times; even when standing, he cannot rest at ease, but is incessantly tossing up his head to get momentary relief from his painful position; which violent and constant action produce inflammation and ulceration on the point upon which the head articulates with the spine, hence the poll evil; and here we have the reason for this formidable disorder being almost exclusively confined to carriage horses.

We found, a long time since, by experience and observation, that Horses would travel better, perform more labor and were less liable to stumble, when their heads were free; therefore we abandoned the cruel practice; and we hope it will be totally abolished, and with that absurd custom of using blind brilles, sink into oblivion, so that in regard to these fashions, our grand children may not laugh at the folly of their forefathers.—[Cole's Book for every Farmer.]

CELLARS.—As soon as your vegetables are removed from the cellar, let the walls and ceilings receive a coat of whitewash, and see that a quantity of caustic lime is sprinkled over the floors to absorb or neutralize the mephitic vapors generated by closeness, and the decay of vegetable fibre. The existence of these is often detectable by the unpleasant odors which pervade every part of the house, and which, as the Spring advances, and the atmosphere becomes warm, often produces disease. All the refuse and decayed matter should be removed to your yards or compost heaps, and most perfect cleanliness secured throughout.

MANURE FOR FRUIT TREES.—The Horticulturist recommends, as one of the best manures for fruit trees, &c. the following:

Pear Brine (old is as good) on fresh lime till slaked to a powder. Then make a heap of the fallen leaves of the trees, sprinkling over every layer of the leaves a portion of this compound of lime and salt, at the rate of four bushels to a cord of leaves. In a few weeks it will be ready for use. The proportion of salt to the lime is about as one to four. Grape leaves thus treated are recommended as best for grapes—peach leaves for peach trees, &c.

PRUNING RESISTANT TREES.—The worst time to prune these trees is in the spring when they are beginning to grow, the safest in the autumn or winter.

Dr. Cheever's Achievement.

An anecdote respecting Dr. Cheever and his new church in Union Square, was told as yesterday, which is so strikingly illustrative of the peculiar characteristics of his nature, that we cannot think of withholding it from the public.

While he was travelling in Europe it appears that he was much impressed with the odd appearance of a church of the Waldenses which he saw in Geneva. Procuring a plan of the church, on his return he presented it to his congregation and had it adopted as the model for the new church they were about to build for him. It was accordingly built, and presented such an appearance as to attract the ridicule of all persons of taste, for its crude, grotesque absurdity. The peculiarity of this extraordinary specimen of religious architecture is that it has one tower; and the abutment of another, which goes no farther, but is cut square off, looking like a stump or the base of an exposed chimney.

Well, the new building was duly consecrated and the doctor went on with his weekly labors, chuckling over his new and altogether unique church. Some months afterwards, however, he received a letter from the church of the Waldenses in Geneva, from whose edifice his was copied, soliciting him to take up a contribution for the purpose of enabling them to build the other tower of their church and thus complete it.

The doctor's feelings can be 'phanised,' but we are not informed whether he has as yet taken up the desired contribution or not. Perhaps he intends to finish his own church first and assist his European antetype afterwards.—[N. Y. Day Book.]

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST. 'Fifty-two sons of Temperance,' exclaimed the old lady, 'and twenty-five daughters, too! Why, bless me, how many children has ant Tempy got? And I hear some talk about Cadets of Temperance—What sort of debts are them? But no wonder she owes debts, when she has so many children to maintain—how I pity the old lady.' And the old lady pulled her spectacles down over her nose and resumed her knitting.

Funch suggests that to save time in Parliament, three or four members might speak at once. Speaking to no end at all is quite a senatorial failing, and the conversion of a number of harangues into a chorus would certainly assist the members to keep time, instead of losing it. Personalities would also be checked, for two angry speeches going on at once would neutralize each other to a great extent, and to make use of a chemical term—would correct each other's acidity.

He that from small beginnings has deservedly raised himself to the highest stations, may not always find that full satisfaction in the possession of his object that he anticipated in the pursuit of it. Although the individual may be disappointed, the community are benefited, first by his exertions, and secondly by his example: for it has been well observed, that the public are served, not by what the Lord Mayor feels who rides in his coach, but by what the apprentice boy feels, who looks at him.

A CURE FOR RINGWORM. The Editor of 'The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil' furnishes the following receipt, which he says is infallible for the cure of the ringworm:—

Heat a shovel to a bright red—cover it with grains of Indian corn—press them with a cold flat-iron. They will burn to a coal, and exude an oil on the surface of the flat-iron, with which rub the ring-worm, and after one or two applications it will be killed as dead as Julius Caesar.

HOW TO GET RID OF A NEIGHBOR'S HENS.—If you are troubled with your 'neighbors hens,' the best way is not to shoot them and send in their dead bodies, but quietly feed them round your stable with your own, and then shake out extra straw in some empty barrel or by-place. An acquaintance of mine in this way collected some dozens of eggs at a slight expense, thereby getting all the profit of the poultry without the trouble of housing or keeping them through the winter. Try it. It is too good a business to last long. By this plan you will effectually get rid of the hens, and besides this, and the saving of the eggs, you will save your friend, and save having one more enemy. A little planning is as good as hard work.—[Christian Times.]

Cimon, a few days since, was reading an account of the last Philadelphia riot to a friend, and when he came to the passage—'Bullets were heard whistling above the heads of several gentlemen,' his friend inquired—

'I wonder what tune they whistled?'

'Don't know, 'zactly,' replied Cimon; 'but I am lead to think it might be an Ethiopian song—'Get out of the way, &c.'

NEW MODE OF OPENING AN EGG. It is stated that a gigantic steam hammer, weighing six tons, is in process of manufacture at Liverpool, for an establishment in this city. It is said to be the largest ever made in England. The machinery by which it will be worked is brought to such perfection, that a thick bar of iron can be sundered by one blow of the hammer, or an egg placed in a wine glass can be chipped at the top, without breaking the glass. [Courier and Enquirer.]

'Breeches of Etiquette,' said Mrs. Partington, 'who ever heard of such things? My poor old man used to wear nankeen and glad to get on. But now, oh how proud! Old Zack talks about Mexican breeches of faith; the old scamp, and now he's talking about mending Pousin's breeches of Etiquette. The next we know, he'll be making breeches for the women and the rest of mankind! Oh dear!' and she grasped her needle convulsively.

ADOPTION OF A PIG BY A COW.—We saw yesterday, at the residence of a friend, in King-street, nearly opposite Whitin Court, a remarkable instance of this whimsical fancy in a cow. A pig had been purchased for the spit, but a fine no horned milch cow, on the premises, having immediately adopted the little edible, its owner has kindly granted it a respite, for the gratification of the curious. The larger quadruped manifests its devotion for its little fondling, by keeping constantly near it, licking it with the tongue, and resisting every attempt to separate them, indicating in such case, all the distress usually exhibited on the separation of cow and calf—and the pig seems fully conscious of its adoption, rendering a full return of filial affection.—[Charleston Courier 30th ult.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAY 16, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at S. Congress st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETTENGILL, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 St. Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

Turbulence.

The opponents of temperance are getting somewhat riotous in the great cities down the river. Mr. J. W. Cluer has been lecturing in Bath; and at the close of an evening lecture, the landlord of the Sagadahock House, with permission, read a variety of letters tending to show that Mr. Cluer was a man of very bad character in England, where he left a wife and children in the poor house—though he has taken a wife in this country! Of course these letters produced a sensation, and the subject fermented in Bath till the city authorities refused Mr. Cluer the Hall. A few evenings afterwards, at the close of a lecture in Hallowell, he was assaulted by a band of rowdies from Gardiner, armed with whips, sticks, fists, &c., and considerably hurt before his friends could get him under their protection. The Bath Mirror is out with much severity upon Mr. Cluer. Mr. Cluer comes out in all vengeance upon the Mirror, and the Hallowell Gazette (always wielding a sharp pen,) throws in a few "cuts" that tend very much to embellish the contest. What adds to the interest, is the fact that Mr. Cluer and Haines (of the Mirror) in the excitement of the fray, changed vocabularies—the former taking up that of the bar-room, and the latter talking like a gentleman.

Now, we claim the right of saying a word in this matter. If Mr. Cluer is wronged in these charges, it is easy for him to show the fact; and it is not only due to himself, but to the friends as well as opponents of temperance, that he should do so. The friends of a good cause have a right to know who claims to be a champion; and those of a bad one, to know who attacks them. It is not enough that a few personal friends are satisfied. The friends of temperance, far and wide, are wounded by this attack, and of course look to see the charges successfully contradicted. Not that the private character of individuals affects the right or wrong of the temperance question. If Mr. Cluer is proved an adulterer, the drunkard is not the less odious, or the rumrunner more tolerable. If he proves himself an abused man, temperance is no more a virtue than before. If the charges made are false, he can easily show them so, and the public will stand by him as the champion of temperance. Till this is done they have no power, if disposed to sustain him. The question should be suffered to rest, and all necessary time given for proof. If it does not come, his usefulness is at an end, and the fault is his own.

It is not surprising that Mr. Cluer should be attacked by a gang of rowdyish and drunken champions of the rum traffic, either in Hallowell or elsewhere. Such things have been and will continue to be common, wherever drunkenness prevails—and this is where rum is sold. Such things are the rumrunner's arguments, and the most potent he can offer. But that the city authorities of Bath should so far sustain this kind of opposition to temperance, as to deprive their own temperance citizens of the use of the Hall, is indeed surprising. Is the city to be protected from riot by unconditional surrender to the rioters? The worst anarchy is better than government that makes such demands. Where such an example will end, the honorable City Council of Bath must decide.

The Fusible Plug.

We give the Scientific American credit for a column and a quarter of reading, designed for us; and at some future time shall expect a few reasons and arguments to accompany it. At present we take all the notice we can of it—which we do by reading from the first line through the first paragraph—second ditto—third ditto—fourth ditto—fifth ditto: commencing the second column—and reading within six lines of the end, where we find the following tangible assertion:

"We have never said a word against using the fusible plug, only not to place all dependence in it."

This is truly frank, and to the point; and the only sentence in the whole article that is so. We feel bound to be equally frank, and therefore say, we have never said a word in favor of placing all dependence on the fusible plug. We never said it would save a steamer in a storm—extinguish a fire in the hold—guide it from running upon breakers—or take hold of the helm if the pilot got drunk. We simply assert the opinion that it is a safeguard from explosions caused by exhaustion of water and overheating the boiler. In this respect, we are glad to find satisfactory evidence that the editor of the Scientific American honestly thinks as we do.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. This magazine is out for June some time in advance of its competitors, and is farther ahead of them in talent than in time even. With it we received a proof impression of a beautiful portrait of Jenny Lind, intended for the July number, which, as a work of art, is of unsurpassable excellence—a gem of rare beauty. It far surpasses any other portrait of the "Swedish Nightingale" ever published, and is to the one issued by a rival magazine, "Hyperion to a Satyr." Let no one who thinks of subscribing for a work of this kind, omit to examine the July number of Graham. Nothing will be omitted in the forthcoming volume, that money or taste can command, which will assist in making it the most beautiful and sterling work in

the country. George R. Graham, publisher, 134 Chestnut st., Philadelphia. Single copy, per annum, \$3; two copies, \$5; clubs of ten for the six months volume from July, \$10. It can be found at Mathews's, where the portrait of Jenny can be seen.

Kennebec County Teacher's Association.

The Kennebec Co. Teacher's Association, in accordance with previous adjournment, met at Waterville on the 1st of May, at 10-12 o'clock, A. M., and was called to order by the President. The Secretary being absent, the chair appointed William N. Titus Sec'y pro tem. A committee of arrangements was chosen, consisting of Messrs. Charles Fairman, Benj. L. Knowlton, and George M. Robinson; also a committee on Resolutions, consisting of Messrs. William N. Titus, James H. Parmelee, and J. S. Houghton. The necessary arrangements being made, the association proceeded to the discussion of the resolutions reported by the committee. The Association was favored with lectures from Mr. Stephen R. Denen of Bangor and Mr. Junius A. Bartlett of Foxcroft.

The following Resolutions after a long, animated and interesting discussion were finally passed at the close of the 2d day.

Resolved, That it is for the interest of schools and of the community in general, that teachers should receive a greater compensation for their services than at present—especially females.

Resolved, That all persons interested in public schools ought to visit the school in their own district as often as practicable.

Resolved, That all communications between scholars in the school-room ought to be prohibited.

Resolved, That the right to expel disorderly scholars from the school ought to be vested in the Teacher.

Resolved, That while much attention has been paid to intellectual culture, by far too little has been given to moral training.

Resolved, That the Teachers of each town ought to meet frequently during the term of their schools, to consider the best means for conducting their respective schools.

Resolved, That no Teacher ought to chew tobacco or use it any other way.

Resolved, That we recommend to all who take an interest in Reading, to avail themselves, if possible, of Prof. Mandeville's Series of Reading Books; and also that we congratulate the friends of education in the State that the means of gaining a knowledge of this System are to be furnished to a very considerable extent by our teachers throughout the State.

Resolved, That the interests of education in this State demand the publication of some periodical devoted to the interests of Common Schools.

Resolved, That the teacher who occasionally or habitually makes use of intoxicating drinks, or uses profane language, is a disgrace to the profession and ought not to be employed by those who would promote the welfare of the rising generation.

Resolved, That those gentlemen who have lectured before this Association—by the selection of their subjects, and by the able, eloquent and interesting manner in which they were presented, merit our hearty and most sincere thanks.

Voted, That the proceedings of this Association, together with the Resolves, be published in the papers friendly to the cause of education.

Voted, That these proceedings be signed by the President and Secretary.

JAMES H. HANSON, President.

W. N. TITUS, Sec'y pro tem.

Mister Maxem—will you let a poor sified woman that has suffered every thing but death by these plaguey dram shops speak true your paper and bid god speed to the prosecuting committee. my husband is kind anuff when he is sober and provides for his family. and then he gits lured away by bad company into the dram shops and comes home cross and ugly.—he says other gentlemen drink there and he has a good rite to as they. he says it is a land of liberty and he will do as he has a mind to. i wish this kind of liberty was stoped for it is worse than nigger slavery.

The above was handed us for publication—and though poorly written and poorly spelled and pointed, and evidently from a poor woman besides, she shall have room for her side of the question. If it will assist the rumrunner to see at what cost of happiness to others he carries on his business, or aid the "other gentlemen" alluded to in learning the operation of their example, it will probably do more than the writer expected. She must excuse us for printing her letter just as she wrote it. We mean no offence to her; but can in no other way aid her in calling attention to her wrongs. If she were capable of defending herself with mind and pen, she would be less an object of sympathy; though the woes of the drunkard's wife and children are of that unutterable character that defies all language. If the shadows that haunt an evil conscience are associated with the "besetting sin," what a tattered and woe-stricken escort must attend the soul of the rumrunner to the threshold of eternity. If our prosecuting committee could by any means collect together the ragged children and wretched wives, that have been made thus ragged and wretched by the rumrunner's business, and march them through our streets, it would settle the question whether moral suasion could ever have any effect.

THE PATHFINDER GUIDE, AND SNOW'S EXPRESS LIST.—Here are two small, but very valuable publications. They are corrected monthly, and are published by Snow & Wilder, at the Pathfinder Railway Guide Office, 5 Washington street. The first contains a list of all the Railways in New England, with their stations, distances, fares, &c., &c.; and the other, a list of all the Expresses, telegraphs, mail packets, stages, omnibuses, freight trains, &c., &c.

signed to answer the same general purpose for all the Railways in the United States that Snow's Pathfinder Guide does for New England. It contains tables, showing the time of starting, stations, distances, &c., on all the Railway lines in the United States. Published monthly by C. Dinsmore, New York.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Choctuate Sprinklings—Number 17.
By Ducky Watty.

Nature is beginning to put on the habiliments of Spring; the grass upon our beautiful Common wears that fresh, bright green tint so pleasing to the eye; the graceful elms, cone shaped lindens and other trees are opening their buds like so many grateful hearts swelling with joy, and other features in the landscape are glowing with the beauties of the early season. To you perhaps, whose eyes are feasted with the luxuriance of green fields, and woods, from Spring to Autumn, these things form no particular attraction; but we who are doomed to walk the whole year between walls of brick and mortar, except perhaps during a week or two that we steal away, watch the changes of the season with peculiar interest.—Our City Authorities are now adding to the charms of the Common, by planting upon many of the paths; young forest trees in great variety, among which I notice specimens of Maple, Oak, Tulip and Lime.

I have some doubts whether your readers take any particular interest in musical and theatrical matters; but they necessarily form a part of my "Sprinkling," as they occupy no small share of the time and attention of our citizens. At the Boston Theatre we have the wonderful Ravel troupe, the most accomplished and perfect performers in their peculiar line, perhaps, in the world. They have been here several weeks, and continue to draw crowded houses up to this time. Some of their feats are marvellous, and indeed every part of the corps moves with the precision and accuracy of clock work. Nothing is done in a slovenly manner; but an air of finish and perfection is visible even in the minor parts. Francois Ravel is a wonderful fellow, active and supple as a cat, and full of whimsical and grotesque fancies. In one of the plays as Harlequin, he leaps head foremost through the face of a clock which stands six from the floor, as clean and smooth as a ball would pass, and in another part of the same, through the body of a man who stands with outstretched arms to catch him. In another play they represent a skating scene on the stage, and glide along, with all the ease and rapidity of old hands on smooth ice; cutting up capers, whirling swiftly round, and apparently enjoying the fun as much as if actually engaged in it. They are fully equipped with skates, but in the irons, small wheels are inserted, and by means of these, they go through the scenes, as I described.—On Monday evening we are to have Marti's opera troupe, which has just concluded an engagement in New York. This troupe comprises Stefani and Tedesco among the Prima donnas; Marini is the Prima basso, and a singer by the name of Salvi is Prima Tenore; this artist is very highly commended by the New York critics, and as to Marini, he is celebrated over the world. Mrs. Barritt and George Vanderhoff are playing to good houses at the Boston Museum, and the National and Odeon Theatres are doing a fair business with what novelties they can command.

A subscription is making up among our citizens to raise a certain sum, in order to enable Professor Gliddon to open a mummy before an audience, accompanying the process by lectures. The idea is a novel one here, and excites much attention among scientific men.—The mummy which it is proposed to operate upon; is supposed to be the body of the High Priest's daughter, from various inscriptions and hieroglyphics found near and about the place of entombment, and is over 3000 years old.

The small Pox prevails here to considerable extent; nine deaths occurred last weeks from the disease, and I hear of an unusual number of cases; but I think it will speedily abate, as warm weather approaches.

The Winthrop House is undergoing extensive repairs; it is to be much enlarged and improved and finally opened again as a first class temperance House. The Montgomery House has been closed recently, the proprietors having sunk, as I understand, from twenty to thirty thousand dollars, since its opening, about a year since.

I have nothing more to say. Business is a little better lately, and money may be called tolerably easy.

May 13th, 1850.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE is out for June at this early day, and it is an excellent number. A new volume commences with the July number, which will be of rare beauty, and among other embellishments will contain one of "Lady Washington when a Bride." An attractive feature of the new volume will be "Sketches from Abroad," from the pen of one of the talented editors of the "National," Mrs. Stephens, now on a tour through Europe. Now is the time to subscribe. Address C. J. Peterson, 98 Chestnut st., Philadelphia. Single copy per annum, \$2; three copies for \$5. Mathews has it.

Waterville Academy. The annual catalogue of this excellent school, just printed at this office, shows the following summary:

Gentlemen	142
Ladies	100
—242	
Department of Languages,	85
English Department,	157
—242	
Summer Term,	71
Fall Term,	85
Winter Term,	70
Spring Term,	106
Total,	—332

Mr. Hanson continues at the head of the school, assisted by competent teachers. This

is doubtless one of the very best schools in the county.

What Shall be Done?

Somebody writes to the Christian Mirror, the Congregational paper in Portland, making inquiries "how he can obtain religion?" He makes more words about it than he need to—as is too apt to be the case; but the following extract will give the reader his idea:

I wish for the love of God in my heart as the sanctifying motive of all my affections and conduct. If I know my own heart, I think there is nothing connected with my existence, here or hereafter, that I desire so much as "the pearl of great price." I would not be deceived. I want a religion, not that which is excited by the flashes of hell fire; I want it not merely to save me from eternal burning—but I regard an inferior motive—but I desire a religion that springs from an adoring love of God, and that shall give me a meanness for everlasting glory. To use the language of a quaint old writer—I would not buck up into heaven with my eyes turned staringly on hell all the time: I would not love God from fear of the Devil. How can I obtain this religion? Can you tell me?

The editor of the Mirror has "seen the schoolmaster," and of course catches the idea. He pronounces the question one "of very difficult management," and leaves the poor fellow to answer it for himself. Thereupon the editor of the Banner steps in and relieves him as follows:

It appears to us that even if a man is not moved by the "flashes of hell-fire," but really wishes to love God, has the spirit of prayer in his heart, believes the Bible, makes it his daily companion and seeks to confirm his life to the rules therein laid down, he is a religious man and a Christian.

And if—and if! If so many if's would not secure the inquirer's object, he must be an incorrigible sinner.

Grimes, the famous biologist, performs an experiment that would doubtless relieve this man. "You are dreadful hungry," says Grimes to his mesmerized victim. Hereupon the subject begins to show symptoms of mouth-watering, that end in cries for pork and potatoes, as loud as those of the Mirror's correspondent after religion. The shrewd Professor looks on with strange satisfaction till the poor fellow thinks himself about starved to death, when he slaps him on the back and says—in a confident way that would please brother Drew—"Hold 'on! you've eaten enough!" The subject don't even lay his hand to his abdomen for further evidence, but like a good theological pupil, takes it for granted that though his stomach is rather gaunt in works, he has had a hearty meal of faith.

Now—though we find fault, as we have no right to do, with these two religious teachers, for not giving the inquirer a frank and practical answer—we see to our own satisfaction that this man may blame himself, after all.—He is one of that numerous class of inquirers, of which the world is full, who spend so much time in inquiring the way, that they get no leisure to walk in it. Men inquired for a Savior when he stood before them; and many go thro' the world feeling in the dark for religion, when if they would but use what they have, they would find it holding out like the widow's cruse—the more they used it the more there would be of it.

That much of the religion which some men practice might be obtained, as this man endeavors, by advertising for it, we have no doubt. There is enough of it in the market. The difficulty is that those who look for it know better what they don't want than what they do. Like the Mirror's correspondent, they offer a long schedule of what they don't want—which schedule generally constitutes about the substance of the religion they have already got. The very last resort of such men is the Bible; or if they consult its sacred pages, it is rather for evidence of what is not religion, and to prove that somebody else has adopted a false kind, than to find the truth and take it home to the heart. The simple beauty of the true religion of Christ, is among the things that don't please them. To love God, as seen in his law, and to serve him by obeying that law—thus making his love to man, "whom he hath seen," the evidence of his love to God, "whom he hath not seen,"—he can't see any religion in this. To "wash in Jordan" was too simple and agreeable, to be made a remedy for a loathsome disease. "Great is the mystery of godliness!"—and of course, with many, it is equally mysterious what godliness is! Many who can reveal most of the mysteries of science, decline a solution of this without an effort—while others advertise for light upon the subject! Those who "seek" in this way are sure to "find" a great deal more than they know what to do with; for the religious papers are but little better agreed than the political. So that no man should apply for religion to the public press. There is a nearer way and a better creed, than is to be found there. Besides, those who make the most noise in seeking it, are likely to make the least use of it when found; and the man who obtains his religion by advertising for it, will probably give notice in the same way when he gets it, instead of letting "good works, the fruit of faith" reveal the fact.

Waterville and Bangor Railroad.—The survey of the "Southern Route," through Unity, has been completed, and the Report and Plan are in progress of publication. Mr. Wildes, under whose direction the survey has been made, speaks favorably of the route; though we do not know how his estimates compare with those of the other routes. His plan, as drawn for the lithographer, is a beautiful specimen of art, showing him to be a workman in that department of his profession.

SAD TRAGEDY.—The Bangor Whig Extra, says that at Atkinson, Piscataquis co., on Monday last, Mrs. Hutchinson, formerly of Glenburn, in a fit of derangement attempted the destruction of herself and three children. Two of the children are dead, but the youngest child will probably survive, and Mrs. Hutchinson was not dead at last accounts, but it is thought she will not recover.

Rum's Week's Work. One temperance lecturer whipped in the street at Hallowell—two dwelling houses bedaubed with "rum signs" in Solon—a building in Skowhegan honored in the same way—a sign and gate torn from their

places in Waterville—and temperance men refused the City Hall in Bath. If those engaged in the sale of liquor would look candidly at these low and degrading acts, would they not be induced to hesitate? True, this is not often directly the work of their own hands; and yet it is the legitimate fruit of their business—disorder, outrage and meanness.

The examination of the Wentworths, for the murder of Mr. Parker, of Manchester, is progressing at South Berwick. Up to Tuesday night the developments seemed to be growing worse and worse for the accused. There can be but little doubt that they will be surrendered to the authorities of New Hampshire for trial.

A BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE. It is not generally known to the consumers of fine table salt, that the best article to be found is that manufactured by Waldron & Co., Portland. This salt undergoes a cleansing process not generally practiced, and is thus rendered most beautifully white and clear. None but the best rock salt is used, and the fineness and delicacy of the manufactured article will always commend it for all domestic purposes. If those who buy would always see that "Waldron & Co." are the manufacturers, they would be sure of the very best article to be found in any market.—We cannot tell our readers who sells the article in Waterville, but they should find out before they purchase. Whoever has it, will do well to make it known.

RATHER DIRTY.—The Mayor of Bangor, in his recent address, on being sworn into office, gives the citizens of Bangor the following certificate. We shouldn't be surprised to hear that his honor was up for a libel:—

"The cleanliness of the city will demand early attention. When I came into office last year, I took immediate measures to cleanse, not only the streets, but the more filthy districts. To this end, I caused to be published in the Daily Whig the ordinance of 1838; and also gave notice, that for the convenience of the citizens, a cart would pass through the principal streets daily, to take away accumulated filth, and urged them to avail themselves of this facility. And I perambulated the streets myself, and solicited in person the cooperation of my fellow citizens to enable me to accomplish this most desirable end. But notwithstanding the cholera was then raging in the midst of us to an alarming extent, I was utterly unable to induce the citizens to avail themselves of the benefit of the cart, or to cease to deposit their filth in the streets. And the marshal being otherwise engaged, I was obliged to give up the undertaking, as being a matter of impossibility. Even the fear of death and the judgment, which then stared them in the face, was not sufficiently potent to induce the citizens of this city to abandon a dirty habit."

Dr. Mann, of "strippings and molasses" reputation, is preparing another number of the "Screamer." He says he has been taking breath for his everlasting scream, and will give one that shall make the waters of the Kennebec flow backwards. We may expect a full length portrait of Dr. Coolidge, as last seen peaking round Cape Horn.

Mr. Aaron Johnson of Oldtown, who left some time since for California, returned to this city yesterday in the steamer Governor. On his passage from Portland to this city he deposited his money, some five or six thousand dollars, in his berth, but missed it before his arrival here. Two of the hands employed on board the boat were put under an examination by the police. One of them stated that he took a bundle of a blanket and duds from one of the berths and laid it beside a trunk. At this stage of the proceedings a Telegraph despatch was received from Belfast that a bundle, without any mark was found upon the wharf after the boat left and that it contained about \$5,000 in gold and had been deposited in Belfast Bank.—[Bangor Whig.]

The N. Y. Evening Post contains a letter from Rio, dated April 4, stating that the official report gives the number of deaths from yellow fever, since the disease first broke out, at fourteen thousand. The crews of several American and European vessels, stopping at port on their way to California, had suffered greatly. Some vessels lost every soul on board. At the date of the letter, the deaths on shore and in the harbor were estimated at three hundred, daily.

Maj. T. S. Morgan, U. S. Secretary of Legation had died of the fever.

The death of the only son of Gov. Kent, American Consul at Rio, is also announced.

DISASTROUS FRESHET IN GARLAND.—The late severe rain caused an unusual freshet in the Kennebec, which caused considerable damage to property in Garland. About midnight of Monday the 27th ult., the bulk head and dam above the grist mill of the "Bartlett Mills," yielded to the great pressure of water and accumulated ice and logs above, by which the mill was carried from its foundation and precipitated upon a stable below, crushing both buildings and bridge between them in pieces.

The stable contained four horses, with harnesses, three swine, and some grain. Three of the horses were instantly killed, and the other rescued with difficulty. The wagons were smashed in pieces, and the other property more or less injured. A large quantity of logs and drift stuff came out of the pond, and was deposited in great confusion upon the low ground, so as to prevent for some time any carriage travelling that way. The mail stage in consequence got round by West Gardiner. The grist mill contained a quantity of grain, which was destroyed with the mill. The saw mill upon the outside of the stream remains standing. The property was not insured, and the whole loss falls upon Fifield Lyford, Esq.—Nearly all his property was destroyed.—[Bangor Jeffersonian, May 7.]

CREDIT.—The citizens of Hallowell on Saturday last, by a vote of 287 to 270 instructed the Selectmen to petition the Legislature for authority to loan the credit of the town to the amount of \$100,000 to aid in the completion of the Rail Road.

In Gardiner a town meeting was holden on Tuesday of this week on the same subject.—The vote to petition the Legislature for authority to issue scrip to the amount of \$150,000 for the benefit of the Rail Road, stood ayes 457, nays 471.

In Brunswick, the vote stood more than 3 to 1 in favor of granting that town's credit.—207 to 69.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

The Albany Dutchman says there is a fellow up Washington street, so jealous that he counts his wife's hair every day, to see if she has not given away a memento during his absence.

The man who owes his printer left town yesterday, accompanied by the man who digs his wife.

Uncle Sam's prize-fighters, Mr. Army and Mr. Navy, call for about fifteen millions of dollars a year.

"Judson" says he knows how they make gas from water—just take the water and dry it and it burns like kindling wood.

A REMEDY.—Old cures, cut this out, and paste it in your hats.

The only way to cure a boy of staying out nights is to break his legs, or else get the calico he runs with to do the housework.—[Knickerbocker.]

Why do American ladies rarely ride from a theatre? Because they are generally carried away by their feelings.

An eastern paper tells of a young lady of Dogtown, who, on her return home from a boarding school, was addressed by her brother Charles: "Chilla, why do you keep jakes, henes, and javes? Weelume Moreel haze them. He has recently erected a hen coop, and a pudgin house; wume is round, the other squeer."

The best letters of introduction and the best letters to travel with are *£* & *d*.

Voltaire defined a physician to be a very unfortunate gentleman who is every day required to perform a miracle, viz: to reconcile health with intemperance.

Job's question, in the 38th chapter 35th verse.—"Canst thou send lightning, that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" is no longer a problem. The telegraphic lightning says a great deal more every day.

WICKEDNESS AND RELIGION.—It was a golden query of Dr. Franklin, in answer to one of the important letters of Thomas Paine, "If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?"

Horace Greely says that this is a free country, and a man isn't obliged to use common sense unless he has it.

Debtors now tell their creditors, when they call upon them, that they expect remittances in the next steamer from their friends in California.

MATRIMONY.—Some slanderous old bachelors say it is "Much joy," when you first get married; but it is more jany, after a year or so.

Jenny Lind was offered some thirty thousand pounds to sing at the Imperial Concerts at the Court of Russia. Jenny's official negative to the offer was, "Hungry." Great is the triumph of genius, when the nightingale is too much for the eagle.

It is astonishing how much wisdom can be compressed into three lines: for example: "The most useful sign painters in the world are publishers of newspapers; advertise your business in the papers, if you would draw custom."

Mr. Cooper says, "on an evil day, some Yankee invented an article, termed a 'cooking stove,' and since that appearance everything like good cookery has vanished from the American continent."

Here is something from the Post, as full of meaning to many people as an egg of meat: "When our railroad stock yields a dividend, we mean to buy a horse—if we should live so long. How old was Noah's grand-father?"

"Joe," said a Joppa dame to her hopeful son, who followed the picaresque profession, "do dear, fix up a little of you look like a fellow, and you'll be a awful thing would be, if you should get drowned looking so!"

Many men loose much by being too communicative in their matters of business. A laconic philosopher says: "Keep shady—and if you see a quarter on the ground, put your foot on it."

Somebody says he never knew a political abolitionist to put a negro into his best bed—not a poor man to obtain a premium on a fair where there was a rich one to compete with him.

"You are rather late this morning, William," said good Mr. Risewitheam, to a laggard apprentice, who came into the office at a late hour. "Yes, sir; but 'better late than never,' is an old saying," replied William. "Better never late," said the master, "is an axiom far more worth, though it may be so old."

POLITICAL SKEWER.—CUTTER, after a debate which gave rise to high words, put his hand to his heart, and declared that he was the trusty guardian of his own honor; upon which the other, who had been congratulating his honorable friend on the snug little sinecure he had discovered for himself.

RAILROAD TO THE GRAVE.—A branch railroad has been constructed from the Long Island railroad to Cypress Hill Cemetery, and trains leave South Brooklyn twice a day for the accommodation of funeral processions, mourners and others. This is truly an age of progress.

The Congress of Fruit Growers of New York out of all the great number of Strawberries which have been fully proved, up to 1849, recommend only three for general cultivation, viz: the Early Virginia, Boston Pine, and Hovey's Seedling.

There are 571 newspapers printed in the New England States, divided as follows: Maine 53, New Hampshire 35, Vermont 39, Massachusetts 177, R. Island 21, Connecticut 46. In New York State there are 460 or 69 more than in all New England.

There are two kinds of lawyers—those who have a paying practice, and those who have a practice of paying.

It is said that a lady recently asked Lord Brougham who was the best debater in the House of Lords? His lordship modestly replied, "Lord Stanley is the second, madam."

The Saco Murder.—We mentioned last week, that a sister of the murdered Miss Caswell, was expected to visit Mr. Lane's for the purpose of making inquiries into the melancholy fate of the deceased. Miss Thais Elizabeth Caswell, a young lady of about twenty years, came from Manchester to this town last Monday and remained at the house of Mr. Lane, during the week. She visited Mr. Smith's house, and found there several articles which she recognized as those which belonged to her sister. Six dresses and other articles of clothing found in possession of those who had boarded at the house at which the deceased had stopped in Biddeford, previous to going to Smith's, were also identified as those belonging to Berengera Caswell.

Miss Caswell states that she and her sister came from the town of Brompton, East Canada, and have resided in Manchester about two years. Her parents, three sisters and a brother now reside in Brompton. She had a great desire to carry the remains of her sister there for interment, and through the commendable and humane efforts of Constable Lane, and the liberality of our citizens, her wishes in this respect will be gratified. While she was at his house, Mr. Lane collected by subscription from people in Saco, a sum sufficient to pay the expense of transporting the remains to Canada. He had them enclosed in a lead coffin, encased in another of black walnut, and after paying the cost of these had about seventy-five dollars left, which was given to Miss Caswell to pay expenses on the journey. She left for Manchester last Saturday, and was provided a free passage over the railroad to New Hampshire, and with a request to other roads to grant her like favor.

We understand that \$50

