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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERTVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1850.

NO. 46.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MOTHER'S DARLING.

It is eve: the sun's last golden ray
Has faded in the west;
And with the moon's calm, quiet light
The world has dreamy rest.
Not even a breath disturbs the flowers,
Or lifts the drooping wing
Nesth which the birds have sought their sleep,
Too weary now to sing.
But yonder, in that mansion fair,
Thro' the window in silence deep,
There's something seems to whisper still
That all are not asleep:
Yet there's no sound that speaks of care,
No light that tells of mirth;
But all seems quiet as the hour
When dreams should have their birth.
But in that chamber, rich, and graced
By many a work of art,
The moonlight, as it softly falls
Through curtains as they part,
Reveals a scene so full of love,
It thrills the heart with joy—
A mother to her bosom folds
Her only darling boy.
The mother half reclining rests
Beneath the damask folds
Which fall around the couch, that now
Her dearest treasure holds.
His glossy curls around his brow
She twines—a sweet employ!
And thus she watches while he sleeps—
The Mother and her Boy.

POPULAR READING.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

LADY ANN'S INVITATION.

We were already so numerous and happy a family, of all ages and sizes, in our old house, which seemed as if it would have tottered but for the support of numerous ivy-covered buttresses, that when we had an addition to our circle in the person of Cousin Beatrice, certain misgivings were experienced by some of us lest the new comer might not amalgamate in her habits and disposition with the inmates. Beatrice was an orphan, and had become our father's ward: she inherited a good fortune, and was a young, beautiful, and high spirited girl—so high spirited, that our unworshipful and meek-tempered father was not fitted to curb or restrain the somewhat too exuberant outbreaks of a thoughtless, but not ungenerous nature. In short, the only individual who had any authority over our volatile cousin, which however, he never appeared to exercise, except by gentle persuasiveness, though retaining an influential sway over most of her actions—this individual was our eldest half-brother, Colonel Lindores—who, after several years' sojourn in the East, had returned to end his days in his native land, and was now paying a lengthened visit to his family, consisting of our father, and brothers, and sisters in plenty, not omitting to mention Miss Sowerby, an ancient cousin, thrice removed, who had taken up her rest with us. Miss Sowerby had been a governess all her life; and now, in her old age, she would have been thrown on the world, destitute and helpless, had not our benevolent parent extended the hand of welcome and protection. She was a quaint specimen of the prim governess of a former age—full of obsolete mannerisms and harmless pedantries—and exacting from all young people the most unbounded deference and respect. What she had taught her pupils we never could discover, with the exception of embroidery in all its stages from the sampler to the gorgeously-furnished tapestry. From the tenor of her conversation, it seemed as if Miss Sowerby had lived on the most intimate terms with aristocratic persons of note, so full was she of anecdotes of great folks and their secret histories.

We, who knew her weak point, humored her in this particular, for she was the kindest and most simple creature in the world, and painfully sensitive to slights or ridicule. She had numbered amongst her former pupils, the younger daughters of the Earl of —, one of whom had married a Mr. Tyrcornel, and afterwards became celebrated for talents and charms of no common order. This was the pet theme of Miss Sowerby's life: everything turned on what Lady Ann Tyrcornel had said or done when she was a child; and although twenty years had elapsed since this child had become a woman and a wife, still, poor Miss Sowerby felt that her memory must be gratefully treasured by the high-born lady, notwithstanding the fact, that during that long interval of time Lady Ann had never recognized the existence of her governess. Now, however, it was rumored that the Tyrcornels were coming to the Priory, which they had not visited since their marriage. This seat was not more than twelve miles distant from our home—and in the country that is nothing; so, as Miss Sowerby said, while her whole frame shook and fluttered with excitement, 'Now that dear Lady Ann would be a next door neighbor, she had no doubt of an early summons to the Priory.'

It was Lady Ann henceforth from morning to night, and truth to tell, we were all weary of her name; but had learned to bear with Miss Sowerby's foibles—partly from affection, partly from pity—so we only smiled and said nothing. Not so our Cousin Beatrice: she delighted to tease and banter the prim old dame, who in turn disliked her as much as a truly kind nature could dislike any one—prophesying that Miss Beatrice Delville would come to no good if she did not amend her evil ways; in her (Miss Sowerby's) day, young ladies did not ride about the country on wild horses, had not always a bloodhound at their heels, and did not talk and laugh as unrestrainedly as Miss Beatrice did!

What, no invitation come yet from Lady Ann? the torment would exclaim in return for all this trade. 'Well, I declare, Miss Sowerby, if I were you, when it does come I would not condescend to accept it!'

Lindores looked annoyed and serious when these taunts and bickering were repeatedly occurring, but the game was too pleasant and ready to her hand for the thoughtless Beatrice to be easily daunted, even by Lindores's grave reproaches.

She and Miss Sowerby waged open war against each other—Beatrice not considering the unequal odds of age, poverty and weakness against youth, prosperity, and light-heartedness.

Accounts reached us from time to time of the 'gay doings' going forward at the Priory, coupled with reports of Lady Ann's exclusive hauteur, the loveliness of her children, and the titles of her guests; Miss Sowerby devoured all this, appropriating it to herself, and still lived on hope—hope thin as air certainly—that the invitation must yet arrive, which set her heart throbbing when she contemplated it even at a distance. But, alas! no invitation came for the poor ci-devant governess; and at length her slumbering pride was aroused, and the painful conviction forced on her mind, that she was indeed utterly forgotten. Lady Ann had been informed of her whereabouts; but Lady Ann had evidently ceased to remember her childhood's friend! So that, when the saucy Beatrice came home one day from a long ride with Lindores and expatiated rapturously on the 'little divinities' they had encountered—meaning the young Tyrcornels on their 'Shetland' ponies—exclaiming immediately, 'It is too bad, Miss Sowerby, really it is, to treat you so: when the invitation to the Priory does come, if I were you, I'd send a cold denial!'

And to our amazement Miss Sowerby answered mildly, but firmly, 'It is my intention, Miss Beatrice Delville, to decline it, should I be favored with a summons to visit Lady Ann in the form of a note of invitation.'

'Well, I'm truly glad to hear you say so, Miss Sowerby,' cried Beatrice laughing, 'for I think Lady Ann has used you shamefully, and you ought to retort, and show your spirit.' More than once a conversation similar to this took place between the pair of opposites—our two cousins; Miss Sowerby vehemently adhering to her avowal of refusal were she asked, and Beatrice frequently taunting her with insinuations that the grapes were sour, and that if they hung within reach even now they would be eagerly snapped at. In dignified silence at last poor Miss Sowerby bore her tormenter's unmerciful bantering; then Lindores took up the cudgels in defence of the weak, and declared that he heartily wished a summons might come from Lady Ann, even at the eleventh hour, were it only to enable Miss Sowerby thereby to prove that Miss Delville was in error for holding expressed determination so lightly.

'And do you really believe her, Lindores, when she says she wouldn't go if she could?' exclaimed the merry young lady; 'that is too good a joke really, and I'll wager my darling Ned against your peerless Arabian, that if a letter comes from Lady Ann asking Miss Sowerby to visit her, she'll go.'

'I accept your wager, Beatrice, though I usually disapprove of ladies making bets,' answered Lindores smiling, and desirous of ending the discussion; 'when our oldest cousin said, her eyes filling with tears, "You may safely accept Miss Delville's challenge, Lindores, my dear, for Lady Ann has quite forgotten her governess, that is clear: I have become resigned to the belief, though it is mortifying, considering past attachment."

And while the amiable Lindores tried to soothe the worthy old creature's wounded vanity, he held out no false hopes, but attributed the apparent neglect to Lady Ann's numerous engagements and preoccupations; so she listened, and was comforted.

Great was our astonishment, in about a week subsequent to this little episode of 'the bet,' when a letter, bearing the mark of the nearest post town and addressed to Miss Sowerby, threw her into a state of absolute bewilderment, and finally into an ecstasy of joy. It was a formally and coldly worded invitation from Lady Ann to stay at the Priory for two days, the time specified being a fortnight distant, and no answer required. The note commenced with 'Lady Ann Tyrcornel's remembrance to Miss Sowerby; and the hand writing was careless as to be almost illegible; but our poor cousin pronounced it perfect in all respects! The formality was high breeding, the coolness high temper for her! and so she laid the flatteringunction to her soul; and she neglected vanished away from her forgiving, elastic mind, and she shed tears abundantly over the scroll, kissing it repeatedly, and hiding it in her bosom.'

'Alas for my peerless Arab steed!' said Lindores to Miss Beatrice Delville, with a half-puzzled, half-sorrowful look.

'What do you mean, Lindores?' exclaimed Beatrice, her color heightened, her voice betraying agitation and surprise.

'Only,' he replied, 'that cousin Sowerby has commenced preparations on a great scale for her momentous visit to the Priory, and carries her head an inch higher, poor soul!'

'You must be joking, now Lindores,' exclaimed Beatrice; 'you do not actually mean to say that she has accepted the invitation?'

'Indeed I do, Beatrice,' he answered. 'But what a strange girl you are; how astonished you look! Why, you bet me that she would if she could; and now, wherefore all this extreme amazement?'

'Because I only did it to tease her, Lindores; and I didn't believe she would go; and I don't want your Arabian. And oh, Lindores, Lindores, stop her: she must not go to Lady Ann Tyrcornel's—indeed she must not. What shall I do?'

'Be kind to Selim, and don't over-ride him, Beatrice; you have fairly won him,' said Colonel Lindores, looking nevertheless a good deal surprised at his cousin's extraordinary manner.

'No, no, I have not fairly won him,' she exclaimed in a still more agitated tone. Then she abruptly stopped on encountering Lindores's earnest and serious gaze. A sudden thought appeared to strike her; she started, putting her hand to her brow, was lost in reverie for a few moments, and then looking up with a bright smile, she cried, 'When Selim is mine, I promise you faithfully, Lindores, to love him dearly, and care for him as you do. So saying, she darted out of the room, leaving Colonel Lindores much perplexed at such vagaries even from her, privileged person as she was.'

It was indeed as Lindores had said, and Miss Sowerby's preparations were on a great scale, for her small means. A new dress and

cap were ordered from T., and furnishing old things and remodelling was going on from morning till night in Miss Sowerby's own room. Her heart was so completely in this great event of her passive life, that I became convinced any disappointment would go hard with her.

One week had elapsed since the summons arrived, and a continuous fall of snow almost threatened to block up the roads, which were very wild and rough between our house and the Priory. Miss Sowerby kept watch anxiously; and my father having promised her the use of our seldom-used, lumbering family coach for the coming event, she became consoled, more particularly as Lindores offered to be her escort, and deposit her safely at the gates. All that night the snow continued to descend; and alarming accounts reached us of way-farers missed, to say nothing of the cattle perishing on the hills; therefore our consternation may be imagined when, at a late hour, when the shadows of the evening were gathering over the gloomy landscape, we were informed, on seeking Beatrice in her apartment, whether she often retired for hours, that she had been seen to quit our valley at an early hour of the day mounted on her mettlesome pony, and attended only by Neptune; nor had she yet returned. She had been seen by some laborers speeding past Doniwell Church, a lonely edifice on the edge of a moor, and in the direct route to the Priory. This was two hours ago. And now the house was in confusion, for every one loved Beatrice, despite her naughty, teasing ways; for her was the open heart and liberal hand, and the tongue was the unruly member which lead Beatrice into all her scrapes. As to the grave, stately, and somewhat indolent Lindores, he exhibited symptoms of so contrary a nature to his usual wont, that Miss Sowerby, who shared to the full in our alarm and anxiety, incoherently exclaimed, 'Well-a-day! Lindores, my dear, it's very good of you to be so brisk about the safety of one you don't over-much love.' But Lindores heard her not: he was off in search of the truant, alone over the dreary hills and moors, desiring proper persons to follow on his track with lanterns and requisite assistance. Lindores knew the danger far better than we did of being lost on the trackless wastes, and his countenance betrayed horror when he heard of his young cousin's escape. The only words he uttered were, 'Towards the Priory, you say? Ah, I see—I understand it all!'

Lindores had not proceeded far when he met Neptune returning home in haste. With caresses of unbounded joy he recognized the colonel; and turning back, as he looked up in his face with a piteous whine, the faithful animal kept the unerring direction towards Doniwell Church; and there, in the deserted porch, nearly stifened with cold, pain, and terror, was Beatrice Delville. Her pony had slipped, rolled down a bank with her, and broken its own legs. She fortunately escaped without broken bones, but so sorely bruised, that after vain trying to make her way through the snow drifts, she gave it up, and came back here to die, Lindores, she faintly murmured, as he wrapped her in his vestments, and tenderly supported her frail and trembling form.

'Thank Heaven, I have done what I had to do,' she continued in a scarcely audible whisper; 'and I am deeply thankful this accident befell me on my return.'

'From whence, Beatrice?'

'Don't ask me now, Lindores. All I grieve for is the misery I have caused you all. I deserve my punishment were it ten times worse.'

'It is bad enough,' said Lindores softly, as he gazed upon her pale cheek, and a deep cut on her fair forehead, from which the blood was oozing frightfully. 'No need for explanation, Beatrice; I guess your secret.'

There was no response. The head fell listlessly on his shoulder; and the domestics coming up, Beatrice was speedily conveyed home, where it was many weeks ere she came forth from a sick chamber. Long she hovered between life and death, owing to internal injuries received in her fall. But a fine constitution triumphed, and she joined the family circle when the tender buds and green foliage made glad the face of nature, heralding the approach of Spring.

During her slow and tedious convalescence, Beatrice found more pleasure in listening to Miss Sowerby's oft repeated accounts of her visit to the Priory, than any other theme of conversation afforded. The two days had been extended to a fortnight. Nor had Lady Ann's kindness ceased here; for ever since Miss Delville's accident and consequent illness, Miss Sowerby received sumptuous presents of fruit and flowers from the great lady, which she with pride and pleasure immediately set forth in the chamber of the invalid. And when Beatrice attempted remonstrances, not wishing to be the only one benefited by such lavish generosity, Miss Sowerby would hint, with a mysterious nod of her head, that Lady Ann knew the destination of her gifts, and wished it to be so. 'For,' said the good creature, 'my dear lady knows that she can afford me no pleasure in life like that of ministering to the sick.' Nor did ever suspect that Lady Ann Tyrcornel felt a deeper interest in the sufferer than that which arose from Beatrice being a member of the family with whom she (Miss Sowerby) sojourned. Unwearily did the latter expatiate on the affability and goodness of her beloved Lady Ann, and on the talents and beauty of the wonderful sons and daughters of the Tyrcornels. There never were such children as those children in the world; they rivalled their mamma, to whom she once had imparted infant knowledge. Unwearily did Beatrice listen to the old lady's raptures. They were the best friends possible now. And how had all this been brought about? Beatrice was ill—altered both in character and person; for the long dark hours in a sick-room had given her leisure to commune with her own heart; and the nearly fatal accident, when she crept into Doniwell porch for shelter, had left a scar for life.

The scar detracted from her beauty considerably in the eyes of strangers; but Lindores seemed to look upon it with peculiar affection, as gentle, subdued, and thoughtful, he lifted Cousin Beatrice, for the first time since her recovery, on the docile Arab steed, whispering as he did so, 'Fairly won, dear Beatrice, and your own forever.' There was more in those words than met the ear, to judge by the blushes and confusion of her to whom they were addressed.

'Ah, Lindores,' exclaimed Beatrice, when their marriage-day was fixed, 'you guessed my secret marvellously.'

'What secret, dear Beatrice?' responded her lover, archly smiling.

'Turning away with a prettily-assumed displeasure, she replied, "You know what I mean, sir, vastly well—my secret expedition to the Priory in that horrible snow-storm, when I cast myself on Lady Ann's mercy, and confessed the cruel trick I had played off on Miss Sowerby, by sending her a false invitation in a forged name. Yes, Lindores, I call it *forgery*; and I was indeed humbled to the dust before the proud, stately lady of Tyrcornel. But she was pitying and gracious when she heard my confession, and gladly promised to receive her poor ci-devant governess, whose oddities and simplicities she remembered. Thus the result has been beneficial to Miss Sowerby, and I only hope, Lindores, that she may never know the means by which she was brought to Lady Ann's remembrance in reality; and this because I would save her from mortification, and not screen my own guilt.'

'I am sure of that, my Beatrice,' replied Lindores; 'your sufferings have more than expiated your offence.'

'Ah, I wish I could think so,' said the weeping girl; 'but at any rate I have learned an invaluable lesson, never to play off such dangerous jokes again, and to warn others from doing so. Had Lady Ann been unforgiving or obtuse, what would have become of poor Miss Sowerby? I don't think she would have survived the disappointment after all her grand preparations and harmless boastings.'

'I think, Beatrice,' said Colonel Lindores gravely, 'yours would have been the most painful part of the business in unbecoming our poor old cousin, whose dependence on us is her best protection. We have indeed much cause to be grateful to Lady Ann Tyrcornel, whose ready sympathy relieved you from a load of care.'

'It has made Miss Sowerby so happy too,' hesitatingly murmured Beatrice; 'and you must suffer this ugly scar to remind you of that, while it pleads for me, Lindores.'

'Ah, Beatrice,' he replied, 'say no more: you have fairly won both the Arab steed and his master.'

Trust in God.

There were two neighbors who had each a wife and several little children, and their wages as common laborers were their only support. One of these men was fretful and dissatisfied, saying,

'If I die, or even if I fall sick, what will become of my family?'

This thought never left him, but gnawed his heart as a worm the fruit in which it is hidden. Now, although the same thought was presented to the heart of the other father, he was not fretted by it, for he said,

'God, who knows all his creatures, and who watches over them all, will also watch over me and my family.'

Thus he lived happily, while the other neither tasted repose or joy.

One day, as the latter was laboring in the field, and downcast on account of his fears, he saw some birds go in and out of a plantation. Having approached, he found two nests side by side, and in each several young ones, newly hatched and still unfledged. When he returned to his work he frequently looked at the old birds as they went out, and returned, carrying nourishment to their young broods.

'But at the moment when one of the mothers was returning with her bill laden with food, a vulture seized her and carried her off; and the poor mother, vainly struggling in his grasp, uttered a piercing cry.'

At this sight the poor man felt his soul more troubled than before; for he thought the death of the mother must of course be the death of the young.

'Mine have only me!' he exclaimed, 'no other—and what will become of them if I fall then!'

All the day he was gloomy and sad, and at night he slept not. On the morrow as he returned he said,

'I should like to see the little ones of that poor mother. Several of them are doubtless already dead.'

He set off towards the plantation, and looking into the nests, he saw the young ones alive and well; not one of them seemed to have suffered. Astonished at this, he hid himself to see the cause. After a while he heard a light cry, and perceived the other mother bringing in haste the food she had gathered, which she distributed without distinction among all the young ones. There was some for each, and the orphans were not abandoned in their misery.

In the evening the father who had distrusted Providence related to the other what he had seen, who observed,

'Why fret yourself? God never abandons his children: his love has some secrets which we do not know. Let us believe, hope, labor, love, and pursue our course in peace. If I die before you, you shall be a father to my children; and if you die before me, I will be a father to yours; if we both die before they are of an age to take care of themselves, they will then have for a parent "Our father who art in heaven."'

[Reader! there are motherless children all around you. Do you habitually share with them of your abundance?]

Frightful Adventure—if True.

An English officer tells the following frightful story. It beats all the tiger stories we ever read; and scarcely an officer gets to India who does not try his hand either at killing a tiger or telling a story of one.

On the 25th of February, intelligence was sent in to me that a tigress which I had followed up for two or three days, having wounded her in the fore leg, was lying under a burlap tree. Out I went about 12 o'clock in the day, some three miles from my camp.

On arriving I saw it was a case of very close quarters, as the shikaree and the men about him only made signs and would not speak; and on quietly asking where my friend was hanging out, they pointed to a large tree, certainly not more than twenty-five yards off.

I took my rifle and stood facing the tree, just on the line of road my lady took on going out visiting. A sign was made: the men placed on the heights about commenced to shout and scream, and in an instant I heard the purring noise like a cat, only a thousand times louder. The shikaree pressed my arm, and told me to take a steady aim. Directly I saw her, she was very angry.

Immediately after this she got up and began walking up and down under the tree, as you see a tiger in a large cage, her long tail lashing her sides, and sent at times slap over her back. All at once she saw me; rather stooped the fore part of her body, put back her ears as you see an angry cat, opened her mouth, gave three or four low growls, and showed me the whitest set of teeth I have yet seen without the aid of tooth-powder. At this moment I levelled my gun and fired. The ball struck her; and no sooner struck, than with one of the most fearful roars I ever heard, down she came upon me.

Thank God! I was steady and cool—fired the second barrel, hit, but could not stop her. I had just time to get my second gun from my Aid, when she was upon me. I fired the right barrel slap into her chest; but this was not enough for the infuriated brute; she got me down on the broad of my back just as I was pulling the left trigger. In her rage she turned a little and just took my foot in her mouth. On feeling the pressure I managed to wrench it out violently, and then she was on me, with one foot on each side of my chest. She then put down her head with that kind of growling noise, only much louder, with which a bull terrier worries any kind of varmint, right over my throat and chest.

In being thrown down I had managed to keep hold of my gun, and on the brute stooping down to worry me, I shoved it up in self-defence. She laid hold of it, shook it out of my hand like a straw, broke it into half a dozen pieces, and in fact expended all her rage upon it. The ball I had put into her chest began to tell—she reeled away from me about six yards and dropped dead.

There was an escape for you! It had been the secret wish of my heart to see a tiger charge slap up to me. I have seen it once!—and now, God help me as a Christian, I never want to see it again. I know now what a rare chance it is. I always thought a man, if steady, could stop one. The tiger before this had dropped with one ball dead; but this one, tho' with a mortal wound of which she died, might before doing so have killed a dozen such men as I. Had she happened to gnaw my throat instead of my gun, I should have been a lost sheep! The fellows round about wouldn't believe their eyes, on coming to lift me up, as I was covered all over with the blood of the tiger, that I was unhurt. You never heard such shouts in your life.

A Washing-Day.

"A time for all things."—SOLLOMON.
"An hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad."—SHAKESPEARE.

Perhaps it is not known to all the Benevolents who magnanimously live, (as Captain Dalgely hath it) 'for their own peculiar,' who wisely shut themselves out from the common perils of domestic calamity, and snore as long as they please every morning in their own hired houses—perhaps it is not known to such most comfortably situated gentlemen, what an event a Washing-day is; how, and when it begins, when, and how it ends. A Washing-day, at home, then, is the longest day of the week; it generally begins at 7 o'clock on the evening of Monday—and continues foul weather with breezes, till the afternoon of Tuesday.

The dreadful 'notes of preparation,' are first sounded by the splashing of buckets full of water, on the evening previous to the ill-fated day. It would seem as if the second scold of Troy had commenced; the hum of buckets and kettles—the 'familiar household words' of Polly and Thomas and Nabby, reiterated from one part of the house to the other, all indicate the force of the enemy, and that the battle is waxing hot. Polly is wanted in the name of the brass kettle, Thomas is required in behalf of the tub, and Nabby is principal engineer of empty buckets. Poor grimaldin is turned out of door; and Ponto wisely chooses the barn, instead of a scald. All sorts and sizes of the human dross are collected from their lodging places, and (as Milton makes his devils throw dirt at each other 'in jaculation dire,') thrown into a mass in the kitchen.

But these, alas! are only the preliminaries of the business. Before

"Aurora, now fair daughter of the dawn
Sprinkles with rosy light the dewy lawn,"
yes! and before you have done with your first nap—you hear strange sounds, above, beneath and around; you start up; you think, first of thieves, then of thunderstorm, rain, hail and earthquake; now you are wide awake and realize the return of Washing-day; and accordingly jump mechanically from the bed, hang on your clothes, and make a precipitate retreat.

You secretly determine not to re-enter the house till the end of the campaign, and more resolutely and desperately do you set out on your morning travels. But hunger that sometimes 'on the gods o'ertake,' overtakes you; with ominous foreboding, and suspicious fears, you return to reconnoitre the strength and position of the enemy; and at length boldly march into the camp.

'What do you want here?' cries the better half of yourself.

'My breakfast, love!' (a soft answer turneth away wrath,) 'my breakfast, love—you reply, "Breakfast! breakfast! (elevating the head to an awful altitude)—breakfast on a Washing-day?'

By-and-by you set down alone to your precious repast of burnt toast, muddy coffee, eggs boiled to the capacity of grape shot, or peradventure not boiled at all; you 'pick clean teeth' for 15 minutes, and in a buff make another desperate sortie from the house.

After suffering the 'aching void' of an empty stomach through the forenoon, you make another desperate charge at one o'clock, with renewed impetuosity. On going into your dining room you see no preparation for dinner; you incontinently ring the bell—no answer.—In utter despondency you fly into the kitchen.

'And what do you want here?' cries out at once the whole battalion of scrubbers and scourgings.

'My dinner, you mournfully reply.

'It is Washing-day.'

'I know it. You take a handkerchief from your pocket to ally perspiration. Unlucky deed! One of the sylphs who preside over the tub claims it as her lawful victim.'

'My dinner!' you exclaim in faltering accents.

'The handkerchief!' shouts the washer of clothes, louder than Othello.

'My din—' you faintly articulate.

'The hand—'

You meditate an escape; you attempt to run—you fall upon the slippery floor—you

damage your broadcloth, and you are ruffled of you handkerchief—you lose your dinner, spirits, handkerchief, and all.

After meditating upon your forlorn condition, in this state of deep affliction—you make a dinner, if dinner may be called that dinner none. (i. e.) You range the closets and eat without method or discrimination, of butter and cakes, and bread and apple, and cheese and sugar.

You seize your hat, and run yourself as much out of breath, as did the Bohemian, Hayraddin Mangrabin, in the story of Quentin Duward, when the dogs were loosed upon him.

You return at evening. Oh! what altered faces!—

"Hope enchanted smiles,
And waves her golden hair."

Your wife smiles, and you smile. Even Ponto growls pleasure, and grimaldin whimpers satisfaction. Every thing is regenerated; not a shred remains 'upbraid of justice.' You exclaim, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity; you are comforted with the reflection that your last meal is better than your first.'

You had lost your dinner, your breakfast, your temper and your handkerchief; but now you have found them all. You feel as a traveler, who, after many hardships and misfortunes, is at last restored to his friends, his comforts and his home. You (pardon me, most kind and gentle reader, and reverend signors all) kiss your wife, and exclaim

"This should desert in such—be crowned!"

[Pitts. Journ.]

Rail Hiding.

One of the strangest incidents we have ever noticed under the head of railroad casualties, occurred on the Housatonic Railroad a week ago Monday night. When the night train from N. York was within three-quarters of a mile of the Falls Village Depot, Canaan, Ct., an obstruction was felt by Mr. Bridgman, conductor, who upon questioning the engineer, found that he had discovered an object on the track, but was so close upon it, and under such headway, as to be unable to escape it. On examining the catcher, on arriving at the depot, the interstices were found filled with the fragments of a wagon body, presenting something the appearance of a crow's nest. With much anxiety the conductor, with attendants and lights, passed back over the track. Some 80 rods from the depot a broken jug was found, which sustained the observation of one of the temperance hands immediately previous, that there "was rum somewhere." Some dozen rods further discovered a shirt, without owner and without blood. Soon the broken spokes and hubs, and tires wrenched and broken, brought them to the scene of the disaster. In a deep excavation adjacent was found a valuable horse, lying upon his back, and with faint indications of life. In the mean time no human forms were discovered, until the load call of the conductor was heard; when the unsteady voice of an equally unsteady man was heard in the thicket near at hand, who soon clambered down the bank as directly as circumstances would admit. He was accompanied by two interesting little boys, one 4 and the other 6 years of age. To the question of Mr. Bridgman, 'What are you doing on the track of this railroad?' the answer returned was in the memorable style of the army in Flanders, of which Uncle Toby spoke some time ago. It seemed the poor man had no conception that he and his had been 'rode down by the iron horse, or that he was on any other than a most shocking bad public road, of which fact alone he seemed to be fully sensible; for the smallest boy remarked that 'Papa said as they were coming along that he should not ride over that road again till they had got it repaired!'

The up-shot of the matter is this: the man was engaged in looking up a farm for purchase, and a gentleman in a neighboring town had lent him a valuable horse, with which he had made a journey to his former residence. He was on his return, and had drank something stronger than water, which so confused either his eyesight or his judgment, that when the public road crossed the railroad, instead of going directly on he turned upon the track, the ties of which, a great portion of the way, protruded from four to eight inches above level. He had passed no less than five 'cattle guards,' one or two of which were of double width.—The horse, with the buggy, jug, &c. had safely leaped them all, unaccountable as it may seem. The noise of his own conveyance, was such as to conceal the approach of the locomotive in his rear, which demolished the buggy, threw the horse into the ditch, and safely deposited the 'interesting stranger' and his fine boys upon a high bank some 14 feet in ascent. What is remarkable is this—that the man affirmed that the horse had run away and smashed the buggy. The horse was turned and assisted to rise, when he was found entirely uninjured—as were also the father and boys, he wound appearing but that of a fine coat rent from collar to skirt, and a comical expression in the back of a new hat.

A pretty good commentary this upon temperate drinking. We must add, too, that another jug was found, safe and full—which was duly smashed by those in attendance, to the no small chagrin of the owner.—[Pittsfield Sun.]

A Hint to very Learned Men.

Mr. Baron Alderson's well-known horror of the dog-latin of medical men, displayed itself lately at the Carlisle Asiles. A surgeon who was giving evidence as to the state in which the game-keeper's body was found, stated that 'his eye was surrounded with a prominent black ring.'

Judge—Does that mean he had a black eye?

Witness—Yes.

Judge—Then why don't you say so?

Witness—It was congested.

Judge—Do you mean bloodshot?

Witness—Yes, my lord.

MISCELLANY.

Ringbone in Horses.

Mr. S. G. Cone, a correspondent of the Albany Cultivator, in an article on the subject of ringbone, says:

I have been in the habit for the last fifteen years of operating on the horse for this complaint, which has caused me to notice what kind of horses are most afflicted with it; and I find those that are the longest jointed are the most numerous subjects. Seldom do I see one on a French horse, and never, with one exception, on a mule. Hence the necessity of careful attention to this particular point in breeding.

The causes of ringbone are numerous; such as standing on a hard floor, running in the pasture, leaping fences, and in horses of mature age, being put to heavy loads, &c. These causes produce a leakage, and the sinova, or juice of the fetlock joint, issues into a bladder or spongy substance at the back part of this joint; and it is from thence conveyed by two conductors down each side nearly to the edge of the hoof, where it becomes ossified and gradually increases in size until it forms what is called a ringbone.

I extract this spongy substance, or bladder, taking particular care at the same time to cut the conveyors off—thus stopping the escape of the sinova.

I know of no cases where I have operated, but what have proved equally successful under similar or like circumstances. Where the difficulty has been of long standing, and as a natural consequence the hoof has become much contracted, of course the lameness will not be cured until the hoof arrives at its natural state. If the complaint occurs in a colt, and the operation is performed as soon as the bunches are perceptible, the colt will probably not be lame at all.

But I have known instances where the operation did no good at all; and what is still worse, entirely ruined the animal. Hence the necessity of the operation being performed by persons skilled in the art. I know much prejudice exists against this mode of treating the ringbone, but I also know it will effect a cure if performed rightly.

A NEW MANURE. Robert Bryson, Esq., of Cumberland county, about eight miles from Harrisburgh, has been experimenting for the last ten years, to make exhausted tan-bark available, and valuable as a manure. Besides his magnificent farm, he likewise carries on the tanning business. Finally, after a great deal of expense and many failures he has succeeded in discovering a method of producing from the tan an efficient manure. This is his plan: he has his tan wheeled out on a level piece of ground, and leveled off, two or three feet thick. Over this he spreads a layer of two or three inches of lime, and over that, again, a stratum of tan, then a layer of lime, and so on. He lets the bed, so prepared, remain for two years; at the end of that time he finds himself in possession of a bed of manure, the effects of which upon the land can hardly be surpassed for the richness of its product and the durable fertility which it imparts.—[Lancaster Co. (Pa.) Farmer.

SORE TEATS IN COWS. P. Haddock gives the following directions for the management of cows that have sore teats:

Take a full pail of cold water, and wash and rub the sores well. Use the whole pail full of water before milking, which cools the teats or reduces the fever, and the cow will stand perfectly still. After milking, use half as much more cold water, cleansing the bag and teats well, and in a few days the sores will be healed. That is not all the good you will receive. You will have clean milk, and that is the way to have clean butter.

POWER OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE. "The beauty of a holy life," says Chalmers, "constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion, which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow creatures, but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright and ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath to a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's ways, and to raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes far the greater part of its moral power, not to the precepts and parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the man of Nazareth, has done more, and will do more to regenerate the world, and bring in an everlasting righteousness, than all the other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world than all that has ever been written on the evidences of Christianity."

NOR SLOW.—A friend of ours was telling us, not long since, of an acquaintance in South Carolina, who was noted for his mendacity. He related of him the following anecdote:

Said some one to the liar, 'Do you remember the time the stars fell, many years ago?'

'Yes,' said Mendax.

'Well,' remarked the other, 'I have heard it was all a deception; that the stars did not actually fall.'

'Don't you believe it,' returned Mendax, with a knowing look; 'they fell in my yard as big as goose eggs. I've got one of 'em yet, only the children played with it so much, they have worn the shiny pinto off.'

NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. The Paris correspondent of the London Times says:

The scientific world has been in a state of commotion during the week, in consequence of the publication of the discovery of the long-sought for secret of the fusion and crystallization of carbon. The Sorbonne has been crowded for the last few days to behold the result of this discovery, in the shape of a tolerably-sized diamond of great lustre, which M. Despretz, the happy discoverer, submits to the examination of every chemist or savant who chooses to visit him. He declares that, so long ago as last autumn, he had succeeded in producing the diamond, but in such minute particles as to be visible only through the microscope, and, fearful of raising irony and suspicion, he had kept the secret, until, by dint of repeated experiments and great labor, he had completed the one he now offers to public view. Four solar lens of immense power, aided by the tremendous galvanic pile of the Sorbonne, have been the means of producing the result now before us. M. Despretz holds himself ready to display the experiment whenever it may be required. The diamond produced is of the

quality known in the East as the black diamond, one single specimen of which was sold by Prince Rostoff to the late Duke of York for the enormous sum of twelve thousand pounds.

SURRENDER OF A BEAUTY. The celebrated Madame Racmier, who died in Paris last spring, was in her day the most fascinating of her sex, and exerted a prodigious influence by her talents, grace, and beauty, through a long series of years. The duration of her personal attractions extended far beyond the ordinary term, but when at length the long bright day drew near a close, no declining beauty ever accepted with more amiable candor the realization of the unwelcome truth, that 'all that's bright must fade' some time or other. 'Ah, my friend,' she replied to a friend who was complimenting her on her defiance of time, 'when I saw that the little boys in the street no longer turned to look at me, I knew that all was over.'

There are some men too selfish to deny themselves, even to give pleasure to their children. Such a man was old David L. One day he sat down to a roast turkey, which he attacked vigorously without leaving a morsel for his family. When he was picking the last bone, the hungry children began to cry for it; upon which he threw it at them, exclaiming in the tone of a martyr:

'Go take it and let your poor father starve!'

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 6, 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 5 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. FETTERGILL, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 St. Bon, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

NOTICE—most respectful! The following gentlemen need not longer trouble themselves to send or call for our paper till they make an endorsement on old account. By our rule, those who take papers without either intending or trying to pay for them, are very likely to get a hint of this kind.

Hartwell Bragg, China.
Elbridge Waldron, Sebasticook.
Cyrus Southard, Winslow.
Amos Gulliver, Winslow.

This list will be enlarged from time to time, as we discover occasion. All who belong to the above class will, by running their eyes over the list, ascertain the fact.

The Cuban Enterprise.

This affair assumes an aspect of greater folly with every arrival from 'the seat of war.' The Charleston Mercury gives full details, from the marauders themselves, and we make the following extracts. We rejoice that a foreigner was willing to be made the degraded tool of an enterprise that promises to be long remembered as the climax of foolishness. In the next effort the South may make upon Cuba, we trust they will send an army of negroes to do the fighting, as they only can appreciate the peculiar difference between the kind of liberty now enjoyed in Cuba, and that which the slaveholders wish to establish there.

The following is their own account: On the 3d of May the brig Susan Low left N. Orleans, having on board 150 officers and men under the command of Col. Wheat, and after cruising in the Gulf about seven days, met the steamer Creole with 175 men, under Col. Bunch and Gen. Lopez and staff. The men on board the brig embarked in the steamer, which steered for the island of Mague, where we took in water. We remained there two days, and then proceeded to an uninhabited island some 15 miles distant, where we met Col. O'Hara in bark Georgiana, with 250 men, who joined us. Having our full complement, consisting of a regiment from Kentucky, and one from Louisiana, a battalion from Mississippi, and an independent company from the same State, amounting to 600 men, including officers, we got under way and arrived at the port of Cardenas, Sunday morning, May 19, at 1 o'clock.

Gen. Lopez believed that the city could be surprised and taken in a few minutes, the morning cars seized and taken, and the whole of our army landed in Matanzas the same evening by railroad. He also thought that little resistance would be made at Cardenas; that the large number of emigrants there from the U. States would join the liberating standard, as would the Cuban population, and perhaps the Spanish Garrison. These expectations were entirely disappointed, and the expedition in consequence has utterly failed in accomplishing its object.

At 2 o'clock the steamer succeeded in landing within a few yards of the wharf, and the troops disembarked in single file over a plank. The sentinel on the wharf had early discovered us, and informed the city and garrison of our approach, so that they were well prepared to give us a hostile reception. At least an hour was spent in the disembarkation.

Half the Kentucky regiment were detached under their lieutenant colonel to the right of the town, to attack any force that might be found there, and to prevent egress from the place. A company was sent to capture and hold possession of the railroad cars, which we had learned would leave for Matanzas at six o'clock A. M. They succeeded after a sharp contest in securing possession of the cars, and in making prisoners of twice their own number of armed troops.

The action in the city soon became general. The garrison was concentrated under the governor in the citadel. In the efforts of our men to storm this place the colonel of the Kentucky regiment was shot in the leg. Soon afterwards the colonel of the Louisiana troops was wounded in the shoulder, and almost simultaneously the adjutant-general of the army was shot in the leg. Soon after these officers were wounded, the three divisions, respectively under their major and lieutenant-colonel, made a combined attack upon the citadel.

While the attack was being made the guard of soldiers at the prison at the corner of the great square of the town fired into the Mississippi battalion from the windows. The lieutenant-colonel immediately ordered two companies to fire into the building, which order was soon promptly executed; the building was soon in our own possession.

Leaving a guard in the building, these two companies again joined in the attack on the citadel, assisting the Louisiana and Kentucky

troops, who were still fighting with great loss. In the mean time a company of the Mississippi battalion had battered down the doors of the corner house opposite the citadel, and with their rifles were doing deadly execution on the Spanish garrison.

About sunrise a torch was lighted by Gen. Lopez's own hand, against one of the doors of the citadel, and soon the building below was in flames. Nevertheless the Spanish garrison continued a destructive fire from the roof above. It was not until it became manifest that the building would soon blow up, that the governor of the city, officers and garrison, came down and surrendered. They fought with a gallantry unsurpassed by any troops. The authorities now surrendered the city, the killed on both sides were removed, and the wounded taken care of.

Gen. Lopez was now busy in preparing to march towards Matanzas that evening. At 2 o'clock he ordered two of the remaining three companies of the Mississippi battalion—one being at the depot—to march to the steamship and place all the ammunition and stores of the expedition on the cars. In an hour the work was done—when orders came to place them back again on the steamer! In another hour this also was done, and the work was just accomplished when the battle of the evening began in the town.

We remained in quiet possession of the city until dusk of the evening during which time the entire force, except Gen. Lopez' and staff and a command of 25 men under Capt. Logan, had returned on board our steamer to rest; when to our surprise the command was attacked by 150 to 200 mounted lancers and cavalry. Logan defended his position until reinforced from the steamer. The engagement lasted three quarters of an hour. About this time a command of 25 Spanish officers and soldiers joined us, one of whom was slightly wounded. Our loss in killed and wounded was 12, including Capt. Logan, who was mortally wounded and died on board the steamer. The enemy lost all except some twelve men. During the engagement we kept retreating, having understood that they were expecting a heavy reinforcement.

Gen. Lopez now ordered the whole force to re-embark on the steamship, and the vessel started out to sea. At 3 o'clock in the morning she had run hard aground. The weight of the men and the ammunition made it clear she would remain aground and be captured by the first Spanish man-of-war that discovered her, unless lightened. She had no artillery, and a man-of-war could stand off and batter her to pieces. In this extremity the commanding-general ordered the ammunition to be thrown overboard. With the exception of a small number of boxes this was done, and at daylight we were afloat.

Gen. Lopez informed the troops that he desired to proceed to the town of Mantua, on the North-west coast of the Island, and again attempt the liberation of Cuba. Many officers expressed themselves willing to go with him; but nine-tenths of the soldiers positively refused. They assigned the weighty reason of the scarcity of ammunition, the absence of artillery—the scant supply of coal for the vessel—the limited quantity of water, and the tardiness with which the Cubans joined the liberating standard. They demanded to be taken to the nearest U. S. port, and soon the officers generally concurred with them in so reasonable a determination. Lopez was forced to yield to their wishes, and gave up the command of the vessel.

On the morning of the 20th discovered a Spanish man-of-war in chase. We kept our boat under heavy steam, piling on barrels of rosin and coal, and at about 8 o'clock A. M. of the 21st, saw a steamer to windward. 'Pursuing a pilot off the Reef of Florida, we run into Key West, where we landed about 11 at night, being chased up to that time.

The Spaniards bore down upon us, and would have destroyed us, had not the U. S. revenue cutter informed her that we had surrendered to the authorities of Key West, and that they must not interfere with us.

This is what these pirates say for themselves—though the reader will readily detect an occasional evasion of the 'whole truth.' Their own story is bad enough. The Cubans evidently know the difference between rising for liberty and going for slavery.

They forget to state that they robbed the public treasury at Cardenas of a large amount of money, though the fact is so well established that the Spanish minister at Washington is said to have demanded the same of our government.

It is also reported that some fifteen hundred men who landed on the southern coast of Cuba have been taken prisoners.

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce states that advices have been received showing the number of pirates taken by the Cuban authorities to be 7 to 800.

The Circular of a distinguished mercantile house at Havana, which is regarded as good authority, has the following:

'One of the government steamers of war arrived here yesterday, having captured a bark and a brig belonging to the expedition, and about one hundred and seventy men. We may again repeat that the government have abundant resources at their command, by land and sea, and are employing judicious measures for the protection of the island and the preservation of public tranquillity. In this they are warmly supported by all classes of community—natives of the island, Spaniards and foreigners, who have offered their services in case of necessity, and a militia has been formed. The Island has been declared in a state of blockade, but the measure will not, we think, inconvenience or prejudice merchant vessels engaged in commerce and having their papers in order.'

BALD HEADS are in a fair way to become a most desirable object. A dealer in hair-work in a neighboring city has succeeded in manufacturing wigs that throw nature entirely in the back-ground; making it a matter of inquiry, with those whose locks are not faultless in every respect, how the natural growth can be guarded off. We never knew 'what a goodly outside falsehood hath,' till we saw those wigs. Those young ladies, seen everywhere except in Waterville, who have to 'sort' their hair in constructing their curls, would find them a great saving of time—and time is an important matter with them. But soberly and truly, the most beautiful hair-work we ever saw was at the shop of Mr. Henry Robinson, Middle-st., Portland.

WE invite attention to an advertisement of *The Illustrated Domestic Bible*, in another column. A specimen number, with recommendations from many distinguished divines, can be seen at the Mail office.

PENOBSCOT STEAMERS. We congratulate our Penobscot neighbors. They have enlisted in their river navigation a name that enabled the Kennebec to set them a worthy example. The best item of their importation preceded their navigation—when they imported a Moor from the Kennebec to the Penobscot. The Bangor Advertiser has the following:

Hon. W. B. S. Moor still pursues with steady and energetic hand his improvements in the navigation of the river above Oldtown. He runs two fine steamers to the mouth of the Piscataquis, where, by a railroad of two miles, he connects with the mother navigation above, and plies with another steamer as far up as Matawamkeag. The railroad between this city and Oldtown—now extended to the wharf—the boat landing—gives a continuous travel and freight line hence to Matawamkeag.

This was regarded at the outset as but little short of a madman's dream. Our men of wealth stood aloof from it—could not be induced to embark a single thousand dollars in the experiment. At a more advanced stage, when its practicability had been tested, an ungracious attempt was made to infringe his rights secured by charter. The Supreme Court interposed the protection of the State that granted the franchise, and so the attempt failed.

Mr. Moor has, by this enterprise, done much to facilitate the business on this river, and we wish him every success which such enterprise deserves. We do not see how he can fail of this—of adding to himself a fraction of that wealth which his efforts have added to a large and most interesting section of our State.

GRAHAM'S PREMIUMS.—Reader, do you know that by sending \$3 to Geo. R. Graham, 134 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, you will receive—in addition to the most splendidly illustrated magazine in the country, filled with literary matter of a high order—two large premium plates, which are of themselves a full equivalent for the money expended? We have received one of these premium engravings, 'The First Prayer,' a splendid mezzotint, 18 by 24 inches, which we will show to our friends with pleasure, in the hope that some of them may be induced to avail themselves of Mr. Graham's very liberal offer. The other print, 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' will be a superb mezzotint and stipple engraving, 14 by 18 inches. This is the last premium Graham will offer: he promises that hereafter his Magazine will be its own best premium.

INDEPENDENCE.—The papers are circulating, without note or comment, the following sentiment, credited to Rev. Dr. Gannet of Boston:—

'It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that there is not a really independent journal in the United States. The conductors of our public prints generally are editors in the interest of a party, or are swayed by a regard to their own worldly interests.'

Now, it is so kind in you, Doctor, to point out this fault, that we really can't neglect the duty of pleading guilty. But you know how it is—we have to eat and drink almost as much as though somebody hired us to preach. We have no old volumes from which to copy the wisdom of others, and so have to publish our own ideas. If these ideas are a little warped through kindness towards such personal friends among the office seekers as we call our 'deans,' we trust your sympathies will frame an apology for us. Our subscription list is large or small, as our articles are liked or disliked—just as your salary varies a few hundreds, in proportion as you declare the whole gospel or 'mince the matter' a little. Dollars are dollars, you know, just as creeds are creeds, whether political or religious; and we are not going to deny that a man who would sell his religion to the highest bidder, would sell his politics just as soon. You are a wise man and a shrewd one, Doctor Gannet, and if you decide that independence is bought and sold at a small price, we honor your judgment—because you have both observation and experience, while we have only the former.

* * The last number of the Fountain contains numerous letters and documents, in defence of the character of Mr. Cluer. We are glad to discover that Mr. C. has the boldness to offer the public such evidence as he doubtless thinks ought to satisfy them. We are not prepared to say it should not satisfy them. It shows, plainly enough, that opposition to Mr. Cluer has been of a bitter and malicious character; but that having exposed himself, by former indiscretions, he now finds himself suffering the penalty of sins that may have been, years ago, properly repented of. In brief—if Mr. Cluer will continue to 'show works meet for repentance,' and prosecute his calling in the exercise of love, purity and fidelity, we promise to retain him in our fellowship. We see not how we can do less than this.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This is the title of a new first class magazine, the publication of which has just been commenced in New York by the great publishing house of the Harpers.

The American and Foreign Bible Society has rejected the new version of the scriptures, by a large majority. The following resolution was passed by the Society:

Resolved, That this Society, in the issues and circulation of the English Scriptures, be restricted to the commonly received Version, without note or comment.

FIRST AND BEST.—Graham's Magazine for July is already issued, and large as were the promises in advance, they are fulfilled to the letter. There are not so many embellishments as are frequently thrown into some magazines at the commencement of a volume, but they are of unapproachable excellence; among them shines conspicuously that exquisite portrait of Jenny Lind. Of the articles in this number, it is enough to say that they are written by Bryant, Whipple, Lowell, Simms, Godman, Street, Fields, Prentice, Giles, Tuckerman, and many others of equal note.

Success, say we, to Graham! a man of all-conquering energy and perseverance and a glorious good fellow: his noble struggles with adversity, fortune entitle him to respect, and his eloquent vindication of the character of his friend, Edgar A. Poe, from the aspersions of Rev. Rufus Griswold, shows that his heart is in the right place, and excites our warmest admiration.

Subscriptions received and single numbers sold at C. K. Mathews's, where the work can be examined.

OPINIONS OF THE CUBANS. A writer in the New York Herald, hailing from Philadelphia, says:

I have just conversed with a number of Creoles of Cuba, direct from Havana, whose version of the state of affairs, and the state of feeling in that Island, flatly contradict the grandiloquent statements put forth by the Sun. According to their accounts, the planters and business men of Cuba—the only material that can make revolutions anywhere—do not sympathize with the Lopez movement to the extent that is generally believed. Many of them are in favor of a peaceable annexation to our Union, but have not the slightest idea of periling life or property to attain that object; but the majority do not care two straws whether they are ruled by his Excellency, Zachary Taylor, or her most Catholic Majesty, Queen Isabella. They are rich, indolent, fond of ease and garlic, and as long as their personal liberty is not trampled upon, the noble Count of Alcoy is at liberty to issue as many proclamations and edicts as his Secretary can find time to draw up. In regard to the present attempt to overthrow the vice regal government, they feel quite confident that it will terminate, if it has not already terminated, in a ridiculous, if not a bloody failure. They believe that the island will be kept in a state of uncertainty and disquiet for several years to come.

KENNEBEC COUNTY LEAGUE. A meeting of the friends of Temperance was held at State Street Chapel, Augusta, May 17, 1850, for the purpose of forming a County League. The meeting was not largely attended, but those present seemed determined that something effectual should be done for the suppression of the rum traffic. The following gentlemen were chosen officers of the League, viz: Dr. E. Holmes of Winthrop, President; Rev. Freeman Yates of Gardiner, Vice President; Charles Hamlin of Augusta, Secretary; J. L. Heath, Augusta, I. N. Tucker, Gardiner, and J. K. Baker, Hallowell, Executive Committee. The payment of fifty cents constitutes any person a member of the League. The meeting adjourned to meet at the same place June 17. [Banner.]

REV. MR. JUDD'S SERMON. The House of Representatives has voted to apply to Rev. S. Judd of this city, for a copy of the Sermon he preached last Sabbath evening in his church, on the 'True Dignity of Politics.' We hear it highly spoken of as a talented and faithful discourse, and think that the Legislature will do as much service to the State by ordering it published as they do by printing and sending out far inferior productions in the shape of Governors' Messages, Reports of the Departments, Committees, &c. A few years ago the House of Representatives expelled Mr. Judd as one of its Chaplains, because 'he said something in his pulpit, in one of his sermons, that was not regarded as politically orthodox—now, without any change in him—his political ideas are regarded as so sound that the House even follows him to his pulpit and requests a political sermon for publication. Thus men who suffer for conscience sake generally come out right side up at last.—[Gannet Banner.]

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT. The law term closed its session in this town on the 22d. Among the cases argued were the 'liquor cases' carried up on exceptions last fall. The exceptions were overruled in each case, and the defendants remanded to the District Court for sentence in August.

The case of Ripley et al. for assault upon a magistrate, was argued, and the law question reserved for further consideration by the Court. An opinion will probably be soon given.

John Shaw, Jr., convicted in October of burning the barn of Joel Savage of this city, was sentenced to ten years in the State Prison. [Kennebec Journal.]

FOUND DROWNED. The body of a female, apparently about 20 years of age, was picked up in the Kennebec river, at Pittsburgh, on Sunday, the 26th ult. She had on a black alpaca dress, woolen stockings, and kid slippers, over which were a pair of rubbers—had a small ring on a finger of the left hand—hair light brown—her height was five feet ten inches. She had probably been in the water some time and was badly swollen.

The ring, a piece of the dress, rubbers, slippers, and a lock of hair are preserved, and may be seen by applying to the Selectmen of Pittsburgh. She was decently interred, and will be delivered to her friends when called for.

A COOL LETTER. The following is a copy of a letter addressed to Capt. Wellington, Jailor of this county, by Wm. D. Maine, who it will be recollected, effected his escape from jail during the late fray at the jail when several of the prisoners sought their escape *et al. armis.* The letter was post marked 'Lowell, Mass.' and reads *verbatim et literatim*, as follows:

LOWELL MASS MAY 12 1850.
Mr. Wellington I wish you to send me those boots that I left and the half dollar you owe me. You may put the half dollar in a rag and poke it into the toe of the boot and send them to the city hotel Boston I hope your honor will do me the favor to comply with this request as it obliges me very much I should have called for them myself but I was in something of a hurry when I left &c. Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM LEG BAIL.
'In something of a hurry when I left! Cool as an ice cream.' The address was, 'Mr. Geo. Wellington Esq. Bangor Me.—Hast.' The seal of the letter had on it the representation of a Bat, and for a motto 'keep dark.' Maine is one of the b'hoys.—[Bangor Jeffersonian.]

PANORAMA OF THE KENNEBEC. We were present, a few days since, at the unrolling of the part of this giant undertaking which embraces the section between this city and the upper part of Gardiner. Nothing can exceed the artistic merits of this portion of the Panorama of the Kennebec. While gazing on the life-like representation of the bold headlands, the varied foliage, the placid waters, the blending hues of the receding landscape, the azure tint of the distant hills, and the rich drapery of our Northern sky—we could but feel proud of the noble scenery of our favorite Valley of the Kennebec.—[Sagadahock Review.]

MORE ROWDINESS. Some rowdies, said to be from Pittston, smashed in the windows of Mr. John Webb's store last evening. Mr. W. is a high minded temperance man, and none but the most unprincipled of scoundrels would commit such an outrage.—[Gardiner Transcript.]

FOUND DEAD. An Irishman by the name of Ira Marshall who has been in the employ of Mr. Axel Hayford of this town, for some years, was found dead in the barn of Mr. Staples of Swansville, on Saturday last. He left here a few days previous in a state of intoxication, and had liquor by him when found. [Belfast Journal.]

FIRE. On Thursday evening of last week, the barn of Dr. Hollis Monro, about one mile from this village, was burned, together with twenty-five tons of hay. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.—[Id.]

FIRE. The Academy at Fryburg village, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night last. The fire took about nine o'clock, and our informant thinks it was set, as there had been no fire there on that day. They had a fine cabinet of minerals and curiosities, apparatus, &c. We do not learn whether it was saved or not. [Id.]

A REPUBLICAN SORROW TOUCHED. Many persons like an 'independent press' which always chimes with their opinions; but the N. Y. Star is right in saying that a truly honest press must sometimes differ from somebody. [Home Journal.]

A NEW WAREHOUSE. has just commenced operations in Gardiner, which we understand promises to meet with excellent success.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

'Waiter! What, sir?' 'A half dozen pigs feet in the shell.' 'As you say, sir, I mix an Indian word along for a Gralhame. Anything else, sir?' 'Yes; a knot-hole fried.' Waiter disappears beneath a standing collar.

When Haddix's wife kicked him out of bed, says he—'See here, now! you'd better not do that again! If you do, it will cause a cold!'

SPORT WORTH SEEING. A match between a lawyer and an undertaker, running each other up a bill.

D'Israeli has been making merry over the misfortunes of ministers. The following is a bad specimen of his mirth:—He declares 'Lord John has the soul of an old carpet; he doesn't mind how often he's beaten, as long as he occupies the floor of the house of commons.'—[Punch.]

'Oh, what is woman? What her smile,
Her lips of love, her eyes of light?
What is she, if those lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
As light upon her curls of jet!
The light spring flowers may meekly bow
Before her tread—and yet—and yet
Without that meekness grace she'll be
Thinking of him who's dead.'

A sign painter carried a bill to a lawyer once, for payment. The lawyer, after examining, said, 'Do you expect any painters will go to heaven, if they make such charges as these?' 'I never heard of but one that went,' said the painter, and he behaved so bad that they determined to turn him out, but there being a lawyer present to draw up a writ of ejectment he remained.

A chap one day said to his wife, 'Delightful solace of my hours of affliction, angel guardian of my pathway through life, who's the most comfortable of all to me than him I self, get your needle and fixings, and sew a button on my'—unmentionables.

As it is not sinful to be poor, but to be dishonest; neither is it sinful to be rich, but to be sordid.

Some time ago, a person who paid a visit to the lunatic asylum in the West of England, said to one of the inmates: 'Why, Richard, your head is getting gray.' 'It is only blossoming for the next world,' was the beautiful reply.

PROGRESS.—A writer in the Christian Review says, that 'the tendencies of events and influences, both in the Old World and the New, seems to be that the purple and imperial mantle of Sovereignty, in modern states, is sliding gradually down from the neck of Capital, and gathering itself upon the brawny shoulders of Labor.'

A man 'out West, who owns a large farm, says he stacks up all the hay he can out of doors, and the remainder he puts in his barn.

'Illustrated with cuts,' said a young urchin, as he drew his pocket knife across the leaves of his grammar. 'Illustrated with cuts,' reiterated the schoolmaster, as he drew his cane across the back of the young urchin.

It is a fact in alcoholic philosophy, that a man full of rum, at times, will stand more pounding, kicking, bruising, flogging, and other maltreatment, than would kill an ox. However, don't make a martyr of yourself for the sake of furthering the science of this fact, for it won't pay.

John Lang was engaged in raising a meeting house, and lost his life by a falling timber, and his epitaph reads thus:—

On the 25th of September,
A full stick of timber
Fell, slant bang,
And killed poor John Lang.

A poor Californian's clothing and living are thus graphically described:—His pantaloons are made of rag carpet, while his overcoat consists of a collar, two straps on each side for arm-holes. He feeds on artificial spawn—fog sweetened with molasses.

AN APOLOGY.—A lawyer in a neighboring county addressed the Court as 'gentlemen,' instead of 'your honors.' After he had concluded, a brother of

than the power of the Almighty. Why should any man dread the readers of a newspaper more than he does the Searcher of all hearts?

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