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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 50): July 4, 1850

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

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## POETRY.

### THE PHILOSOPHER TOLD.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

Down deep in a hollow, so damp and so cold,  
Where oaks are by ivy o'ergrown,  
The grey moss and lichen creep over the mould,  
Lying loose on a ponderous stone.  
Now, within this huge stone, like a king on his throne,  
Asleep have passed many years that are known;  
And strange as it seems, yet he constantly dreams,  
The world standing still while he's dreaming his dreams.  
Does this wonderful toad in his cheerful abode,  
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,  
By the grey-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown,  
Down deep in the hollow, from morning till night,  
Dun shadows creep over the ground,  
Where a water course once, as it sparkled with light,  
Turned a ruined old mill-wheel around.  
Long years have passed by since his life became dry,  
And the trees grow so close, scarce a glimpse of the sky  
Is seen in the hollow, so dark and so damp,  
Where the glow-worm at midnight is trimming his lamp,  
And hardly a sound from the thicket around.  
Where the rabbit and squirrel leap over the ground,  
Is heard by the toad in his spacious abode,  
In the innermost heart of that ponderous stone,  
By the grey-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in that hollow the bees never come—  
The shade is too black for a flower;  
And jewel-winged birds, with their musical hum,  
Never flash in the night of that lower  
But the cold blank grass half asleep, half awake,  
And the ashen-white snail, with the slime in its tail  
Moves wearily on its slow, wide sphere of abode,  
Yet disturbs not the toad in his spacious abode,  
In the innermost heart of that flinty old stone,  
By the grey-haired moss and the lichen o'ergrown.

Down deep in a hollow some wisecracker sits,  
Like the toad in his cell, in the stone;  
Around them in daylight the blind owls sit  
And their creeds are with ivy o'ergrown.  
Their streams run dry, and their whine cease to play,  
And their glances be of the sun and the sky,  
Still they hug to their breast every time-honored guest,  
And slumber and doze in a glorious rest;  
Nor progress they find in the wide sphere of mind,  
And the world's standing still with all their kind;  
Contented to dwell deep down in the well,  
Or move like a snail in the crust of his shell,  
Or like a toad in his spacious abode,  
With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall of stone,  
By the grey weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.

## POPULAR READING.

### "SINCE I HAVE BEEN MARRIED."

"Ellen," said the youthful Mrs. E. to her friend Mrs. B., "I wish you would sing my favorite song. Come, you said if I would spend a day with you, you would do anything."  
"Oh! excuse me, Mary; I never sing now. I gave it up after I was married."  
"Then play for me Von Weber's last waltz. You haven't forgotten it, for when Edward was addressing you, he used to beg the favor nearly every evening."  
"Indeed, Mary, I have forgotten it, and almost every other piece. I have given up the piano. I am sure since I have been married, I have not opened it a dozen times."  
"Why, how so? You both loved music, and you used to be a splendid performer."  
"O, I like it yet, and Edward has still all his passion for the harmony of sweet sounds; but since I have been married, I have lost all inclination to practice; it is so troublesome."  
"You did not think so once, Ellen."  
"True, but I think now I have performed my part of it. I began learning at five years of age, and from the first I determined to excel. Pa spared no pains to get me the best teachers and finest instruments, and I am sure from that time until my marriage, I had to pass three hours daily at the harp and piano—and without vanity, Mary, I could play. Why, gentlemen used to come from far and near to hear me! And you know how completely I won Edward's heart by it."  
"And after all this trouble and expense, you have given it up."  
"Oh Mary, what does a woman care for these things after she is married? I often tell Edward so, when he asks me to play."  
"Do you draw now, Ellen?"  
"Draw! What time have I to draw? No, indeed, I gave away my portfolio and color-box since I've been married. And you know the little pencil sketches made by me when we were lovers? Well, I gave them to the baby the other day to play with, and she tore them every one up. I did feel right sorry at first, but then I thought they were no use to me, now, I can't say. Ah! Mary, you were laughing at the hole in my wrapper. Well, indeed, the old thing is not worth mending. I did think of changing my dress, but there was no one here but Edward, and it was not worth while. And when you dropped in, why, I thought you was such an old friend you would not wish to see me put to the trouble. Oh! I am so glad you are come, for I was dying with ennui. Do you know you are the only person I saw this morning? Several other ladies called, but I sent word I was engaged. It was too much trouble to dress, and I did not care about inviting them into this disorderly room. I hope, Mary, you will excuse the appearance of things, but my servants are good for nothing, my house, and particularly my chamber, never gets attended to as it ought to be. I used to be my own chambermaid before I was married, and I often wonder how I could have taken the trouble, and been so anxious about a little dirt or dust."  
"Indeed!—but Ellen, won't you dress for dinner? Come, let me curl your hair, and make you look like old times."  
"Nonsense, Mary! It would be martyrdom. I have not curled my hair since I have been married. Poh! I don't care how I look now. Why, when there is no one here but Edward, I wear this wrapper from one week's end to the other; no, indeed, I don't change to-day. Yesterday he brought home a couple of gentlemen to dinner, and I had to dress then. They were old beaux of mine, and after dinner they persecuted me to play and sing; and would you believe it? Edward actually joined with them. I let them know that married women had something else to do besides drumming on a piano. I told Edward I had caught my bird, and bidden a long farewell to the silly snares I had set for him."  
"Why, Ellen, what employments do you find? Do you ever nurse your baby?"

"Nurse the baby! why, I never lived in a house before with a child, and how do you suppose I can endure the squalling of one?—No, indeed! I have my room down here in front, and the nursery is in the third story of the back building; I have a very good nurse; I don't see it often, for it is sure to cry when I try to hold it; Edward is a first rate nurse, for I have seen him, walking in the garden, and it lay in his arms as quiet as a lamb; I would have brought it down to you to see it, but the chambermaid said it was very sick all night, and I suppose it looks so very pale and ill this morning, it would give you no pleasure; it is a very weakly child, I am afraid; quite different from your little Rosa."  
"Perhaps a different course of treatment is pursued towards my Rosa. But, Ellen, what have you done with your flowers?"  
"Oh! after I was married I lost all interest in my conservatory, and most of them died. Edward has a few there yet, but they look as if they all had the consumption, or the 'rheumatics,' as my old nurse used to say. And I gave away the canary birds."  
"What!—the birds Edward gave you?"  
"Yes; they were so much trouble—besides I did not care for them after I was married. But what is that you are about, Mary? Working slippers, and you a married woman! Why, how can you find time?"  
"Oh! easily, Ellen; I have worked my husband two pairs since I have been married, and these are for my brother."  
"Why, Mary! I have not looked at a worsted pattern since I have been a wife, and that will be two years in November. I used to work splendidly."  
"And could do so yet, Ellen, if you would try. Come, work Edward a pair as a present on the anniversary of your wedding day."  
"Indeed, Mary, I have no time. You smile. Well, perhaps it is that I have no inclination. Pshaw! Mary, we married women are not expected to do that kind of things."  
"And why not, Ellen?"  
"Why, because—because I think it is natural, that after a woman is married, she should lose all interest in them. Whom, pray, has she then to draw pictures and cut watch papers for?"  
"Whom! Think a moment, Ellen."  
"Think! Why, what is the use of thinking? has she not acted her part?—has she not gained her point, and with reluctant adieu turned over the gilded picture where love was crowning Hymen with roses, to discover the same interesting individual as he really is? We lose all our romance, Mary, when we have to descend to rule over the kingdom of pots and kettles, and are constantly interrupted by messages from waiters or wash-women, or a sole performed on C. above the ledger-line, in the nursery."  
"Then you do not approve of matrimony, Ellen?"  
"Oh, certainly I do! I think it is woman's true sphere. But it is ridiculous to attempt to employ your mind and time as you did before. What motive could you have, pray?"  
"Excuse me, Ellen. If you loved Edward as you ought to, you would be at no loss for a motive."  
"Love Edward! Why, I love him devotedly; but he is very much changed."  
"Changed. Do you not expect him to change? Could any one, all at once, relish coarse food, who had been feeding on ambrosia?"  
"Very romantic, Mary. But they do not bring any of the latter commodity to market, and I have to do the best I can. Besides, I think it would look rather odd served up at a housekeeper's table. It might do very well for a lover, but a bona fide husband of two years standing, would be apt, in my humble judgment, to prefer ham and eggs, hot toast and coffee; that is, if he were in his sober senses. I hope, Mary, you don't serve up for your poor man a dish of romance, or, as you are a poetess, a sonnet or two for breakfast; ditto, with a pair of worked slippers for dinner; and as supper ought to be light, a dish of sighs and sentiments, seasoned with recollections of the past? Ha! ha! you do not suffer from dyspepsia, do you?"  
"Call and see me, Ellen, and judge for yourself of my bill of fare. I do not think imagination has much to do with that, though it is by no means banished from our house. Now I think of it, we do sometimes have a sonnet or two after dinner, when we are alone; and I assure you my George relishes it quite as much as the other entertainments. We have other things, too, at our house, which, as they cannot be obtained at market, I am afraid you do not possess. These are warm smiles and happy hearts—bounding pulses and buoyant spirits—contentment and peace! I have never relinquished one accomplishment since I have been married, for I never had so many occasions to call them into practice. And, Ellen, in addition to a knowledge of household duties, I have acquired more information from books, have written more, played more, sewed more, and sang more, than I ever did in the course of my life. I study harder now than I did when we were at school."  
"Study! What do you study?"  
"You know, Ellen, neither you or myself married fools. Our husbands are both men of fine talents and education, and as I knew we were linked together for life, I thought the best plan would be to render myself in every respect a fit companion for the man I loved so fondly. George willingly made me his companion in everything I could understand, and won my willing footsteps to tread with him the rugged road of abstruse science. But there were many things I did not know. George was devoted to the classics. They were all sealed volumes to me; and often when I entered his study and asked him to read, I felt sorry that for my sake he had to put down the entrancing volume in his hand, for one that I could understand. So one day I boldly asked him to teach me Latin and Greek. Though not a little surprised at my request, he gladly consented, and I set apart a portion of my time to be devoted to these things. His constant attention and gentle voice smoothed the difficulties of my way, and with such a motive for perseverance as I had, I never thought of flagging. And, Ellen, I was rewarded! New scenes unfolded before me, new beauties burst upon my sight, which had all been hidden from my view by the darkness of my mind; and when George came home and I would converse of these things—oh! how fond would be the smile, how warm the kiss of reward! Since then I have studied German and rubbed up my French while secret. I have

run over and refreshed my memory on many things we studied at school, when I little thought I should have so much use for what I acquired then. You know how fond he is of poetry, and how much his affection makes him prize my little efforts. Could I have a greater stimulus to exertion? My pieces have been admired by the world; but, dear Ellen, they were not written for it. They burst spontaneously from a happy heart, whose 'inspiration' was the warm breath of the fireside, and whose object was the smile of a deoting husband. But Ellen, I am not, as you know, devoted exclusively to these things. We have had to contend with which you have never known. We are both poor, and it is necessary for me to keep a watchful eye over my household on that account. But I cannot say that I am sorry, for it has made me a better manager and housekeeper—it has kept my fingers from idleness, and my servants from sloth. You have no time to attend to your conservatory—come and see my little garden, planted with my own hands—come and see my rosy child—come and see my happy husband, and my little paradise of a home—and believe me, Ellen, it is all because I choose to exert myself, and wish the husband to be the *lover* still."

Lady readers, the above is no fancy sketch. We have drawn the portraits from real life. One is so common a character, that few of you have failed to meet many who might have sat for the picture. We do not deem it necessary to follow the example of those sad and learned men who compiled Mr. Esop's fables, in carefully adding the moral to the end of our story—we leave its discovery and application to the sagacity and honesty of our readers.

### College Tricks.

The little village of B—, not a hundred miles from Baltimore, had the honor of being the birthplace and home of Phil Waters, one of the most inveterate practical jokers the world has ever produced; not that Phil was a rough-and-tumble sort of a fellow who delight in such low, practical jokes, as the ringing of door bells; the calling up of the old doctor on a cold winter's night to see a sick female, and after leading him for two or three miles through the snow in the woods, to declare that he must be mistaken. Not such a joker was Phil Waters, but a nice, quiet, unobtrusive, modest young man, that would have passed muster among a host of ministerial candidates. Phil had studied chemistry, and it was his special delight to form a cause and watch its chemical effect on his devoted victim.

Not far from Phil's paternal mansion was situated the B— academy, or, as the villagers called it, 'the college.' Among the resident students—of which number Phil was one—at the academy, was a young man from North Carolina, named Morris Kenney, who had imbibed with his mother's milk stronger aversion to a black man than the great embodiment of southern principles, Johnny Calhoun. To him a 'nigger,' as he styled a black, was an object of special aversion.

Shortly after Morris Kenney's arrival at the college, he had the good fortune or misfortune to become intimate with Phil Waters; so much so, that a day did not pass that the two were not together. To Phil, Morris imparted all his feelings of aversion against the blacks, and would talk for hours at a time on the curse of being born a negro. Coming from the south, Morris' complexion did not rival 'love's lily white'; his dark, curly hair and small features, first led Phil to think of giving his friend a lesson on his antipathy.

The project was no sooner formed than executed. Morris had read but little, had a boundless credulity, and would listen with wrapt attention to Phil's wise quotations from authors which no one but himself ever had the pleasure of reading; to be sure he always gave his author's name and the page of the book; but the library at B. was not fortunate enough to contain all the works that Phil had read, especially those he quoted from.

"Singular circumstance, is it not?" remarked Phil, one evening, when in company with several other students, of which number Morris was one. "Singular circumstance, is it not, that Rafflesparfer mentions in his 'History of the Races of North America,' that the inhabitants of the south have been known to return jet black on being removed to a more temperate climate."

"God bless my soul! who says that?" exclaimed Morris, springing from his seat.

"Rafflesparfer," repeated Phil, "the fifty-fourth page of the second volume, under the head of 'Strange Phenomena.'"

"Yes, indeed, Morris, my boy, did you never hear of that before?" cried Charles Johns.

"Why, man, do you know that I have watched your most interesting physiognomy attentively for the past three weeks, to see the great change 'come o'er the spirit of his face,' as Byron says, or should have said?"

Morris made no reply; but the bait had taken, the iron had entered his soul.

Next day, Phil found him looking over the library for Rafflesparfer's History of the North American Races, which, unfortunately, he found Phil had loaned to a particular friend for a few days.

That night, Phil obtained from the village apothecary some nut-galls, in a solution of which he washed Morris' towel, and then returned it to his washstand. There are few that don't know that when a towel is washed in a solution of nut-galls and dried, it possesses the power to turn the skin black when wiped on it, not black at once, but slowly and surely. Before retiring for the night, Phil looked in Morris' room and found him reading an old catalogue of the books in the British Museum, and he declared he could not find Rafflesparfer's name among the authors.

"Never mind," says Phil, "my copy will be home next week, and then we'll know all about it. But goodness! Morris, how dark you look this evening; not been fishing in the sea, I hope?"

"Fishing! and I don't dare say so, Lord! Phil, what do you mean? O, no, I'm not dark; I've been the poor southern student rushing to his mirror. 'Very poor joke,' says Phil, very indeed, never looked so white before in my life, and there he spoke the truth for Phil had so frightened him, that his complexion would have compared favorably to a bit of chalk."

"Well, said Phil, 'I may be mistaken, but I believe you know.' Good night! I'll see you at prayers in the morning."

Morris retired for the night, after determining to rise early in the morning and take a bath, to prove to Phil that his complexion was improving. Early next morning he performed

the operation much to his own satisfaction, and wiping himself dry on the towel Phil had prepared with nut-gall, he strolled out in the fields to take an airing before the morning service. After walking about for half an hour, he turned his steps towards the college, deeply pondering in his mind if Rafflesparfer could be correct. By this time, the nut-gall had taken effect on his complexion, and he had gone through all the different stages of *negrodom*—very yellow—mush and molasses, a dark cherry—a light walnut color—and now was in the last stage, a confirmed darkness. He had not gone fifty yards towards the college, when he met the two daughters of one of the professors. Toward one of these ladies he had a kind of softness, though it had never existed as yet, save in looks. Imagine, then, how astonished he was to see them cross over the road as he came towards them, and now making one of his captivating bows, to have no notice taken of his polite salute, and to hear one of them remark: "I declare, sis, if that negro man did not bow to us; I wonder what the impudent fellow means?"

No doubt old Priam was astonished to hear that Troy was on fire, and none of the b'hoys ready to put it out. Cesar was rather astonished when he saw Brutus advancing to tickle him under the ribs. Mr. Macbeth has been seen to express considerable surprise, and justly so, to see that 'dagger in the hair,' as our friend Dabbis says, but the essence of their astonishment added together could not equal the sum total of Morris', when he heard himself called a nigger.

Then Rafflesparfer was right, Phil was not joking; it was stern and indubitable truth, he was a nigger; the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, burst on his mind at once, with such overwhelming power, that he had to catch hold of a post to support himself. The next moment it struck him it might be a joke, and that he was not black. With the speed of lightning, he started for the college, along the turnpike, through the lane, and into the college he dashed like a four year old Mazaepa, his speed considerably accelerated by some fond mother's future ragged 'hope' shouting after him:

"Go it, darkey, I'll hold your hat!"

No sooner had he entered the hall of the college, than the dreadful truth was too evident for him to doubt. In a mirror on the wall he saw the reflection of his face, which was, by this time, a beautiful jet black. The scream he gave would have done honor to Squire Metamora.

The students had assembled for morning prayers, our friend Phil among the rest; the professor had finished reading the morning lesson, and had said 'Let us pray,' when the scream penetrated to their ears, and the next moment the door burst open and in bounded Morris.

"O, it's true! it's true! I'm a nigger! I'm a nigger! Rafflesparfer's right! I'm a nigger! O, mighty, as black as jet, turned in a night! Lord, forgive my father and mother for sending me from home! As black as a coal! as black as a coal! and overcome with the horror of his situation, the poor black man fainted away."

The professor, at once, in elegant phraseology 'smelt a rat,' an inquiry was instituted, our friend Phil was detected and received a severe reprimand.

Morris' natural color was soon restored, and as soon as it was safe for him to venture south, there was one student less at B. Whatever regret he felt at parting, was overcome by hearing the old porter remark, as he left the hall—

"There goes Phil Waters' nigger!"

### How Jupiter got in Love.

Jupiter, with his crown and sceptre, was sitting one fine day in a contemplative mood, watching affairs in general, of which his throne commanded a full view. But presently his attention was called from mundane things to an object more particularly under his nose; namely, Master Cupid, who was running about before the half-open window, playing with a little bow and arrow.

"Hallo! you young rascal, Jupiter; what are you about there?"

"Nothing," answered Cupid.

"Nothing? You will put some god's eye out presently. Come here."

Cupid obeyed.

"Don't you know," said Jupiter, "that bows and arrows are very dangerous things?"

"Mine are not, sir," replied Cupid. "See!" And with this he suddenly twanged his string and sent a shaft through the heart of Jupiter, and out at his back, before the monarch could say Jack Robinson.

His majesty instinctively seized a thunder-bolt; but feeling that he was not hurt very seriously he stayed his uplifted arm, while a smile which stole over his features, and a slight inclination, evinced a consciousness agreeable rather than otherwise.

Cupid ran away, laughing.

"A little monkey!" exclaimed Jupiter.

"But, what new sensation is this?" And he placed his hand upon his heart and turned up his eyes.

Jupiter was in love!

### EXAMINING JUDGE TO HIS PUPIL.

Sir, it would be idle to trouble you further. You are perfect, and I will dismiss you with a few words of advice which you will do well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of the civil law, never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress. Carry out this principle, sir, and you are safe. Never say no to a goddess if she has the power to lay golden eggs. Let your face be long, and your bills longer. Never put your hand in your own pocket when any one else's is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters. Plaster the judge and butter the jury. Look wiser than an owl, and be as cunning as a town clock, and above all get money. Honestly if you can, my dear sir, but get money. I welcome you, sir, to the bar."

### A BACHELOR'S WOES.

What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house, and his rueful plow, on a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow, when the earth is over-whelmed with a foot of snow. When his fire is out, and shivering dread he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed, how he draws up his toes, all encased in hose, and buries his nose 'neath the chilly bed clothes. Then he puffs and blows, and swears that he knows no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes, and with ah! and with o's to his slumbers is silenced the Bachelor goes. In the morn, when the cock

crows, and the sun has rose, from beneath the bed clothes pops the bachelor's nose, and as you may suppose, when he hears how it blows, why back 'neath the clothes pops the fellow's nose, for full well he knows, if he put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze. Why don't he propose?

### The Irishman's Flea.

The Irishman's flea—whereof, history hath loudly spoken, and which has been pressed into so conspicuous a position in proverbial philosophy, is worthy of more consideration, of more antiquarian research, than appears to have yet been given to this very interesting subject. We have no data from which to infer the age, size, weight, or activity of the flea in question. It is safe to conclude, however, from our knowledge of the habits and peculiarities of this class of the insect tribe, that he was a bouncer, if not a whopper; and that he was a flea of superior alertness and quick jump, else Pat would doubtless have put his finger on him. Be that as it may, it is very sure that common opinion has considered the 'Irishman's flea' as a thing of the long past time—defunct, gone to dust, vanished. It is regarded as dead as Julius Cesar, a red herring, last year's grass, or ungassed champagne. Now we have a lively impression, nay, a downright conviction, that the flea, aforementioned, is still extant; ubiquitous, hopping, biting and tormenting the whole human family, male and female. Perhaps we are a little rash to assume ground so bold; but 'nothing venture, nothing win'; and so we are down for the venture, we shall o'en 'face the music' and come to the demonstration.

Good reader, you were once a boy, perhaps a girl—a little boy or a little girl. Life as it then was, seems to the pictured beauty which the receded years lend to all the past, a fair, sweet, pleasurable spot, full of innocence and buoyant charms. But—every thing terrestrial has a but to it—but, there were heavy sorrows, and bitter disappointments, even in those young hours.

Don't you remember a tin whistle that you coveted, and sought, and didn't get?—a nice, white, mealy potato, that your folk was just poised to harpoon for your special comfort, but which slipped, the instant before, into your elder brother's plate? or the fit you told to get an extra hour of play, which got you, a licking and no play, or, the bright butterfly you chased, and just as your bat swung in triumph to encase the prize, you were sprawled with a 'barked shin,' by some stray stone or briar? or when you had captured the great queen-bee, and were in the act of securing the sweet treasure, the fierce sting punctured your right thumb, and the prize sailed humming away? These and the like, are the 'Irishman's flea' of childhood—and these little hopes are as warm, and these little disappointments are as keenly poignant to the fresh heart of infancy, as are the graver ambition and rebuffs of maturer years. With the first flash of active, thinking existence, and along down to the tottering close of mortality, we are assailed, tormented, bothered, by that mischievous spark of the hopping tribe, the 'Irishman's flea.' The young beauty, in the pride of her loveliness, spreads her net of graceful charms, to catch some prize in the meshes of advantageous matrimony. The 'Irishman's flea' is before her, in the form of a handsome, rich, fashionable young man; and she wins the very point of time to gain the treasure, her finger is just extended to pin it down, when, hop—the flea is gone. And the young gentleman of small means and large hopes, with a sharp eye to the main chance, pays court to the 'Irishman's flea' in the shape of some damsel's broad dowry, for which his mouth eagerly waters, as the grand panacea for all ills, and the sure source of all bliss; and he reaches the very instant of success, the time of anxious throbbing over the great popping question, his finger comes down—but spang—there is no flea beneath. And so it is with the speculator, the merchant, the man of genius, the statesman, the politician, the inventor—the whole living, breathing, moving, kicking, puffing, groaning, craving, hoping world. Each one is in last chase, with the grand 'two-forty' team of hopeful confidence, after that most confounding and confounding of all possible confounders, the celebrated 'Irishman's flea.' We confess to our full share in this race, and struggle to pin down and hold fast that same 'flea.' We think we have the little miscreant just there—only a year or two off—close beneath this right thumb and forefinger, which encloses the 'Vox,' and which shall presently descend with a certainty, an accuracy, a 'ker-chug,' as the classics have it, that shall hold him and keep him fast, in triumph. We almost feel the nasal squirting there now, kicking his nimble legs in disappointed and vain rage; and if our friends will only lend their help, we shall be able to do that thing—to capture and keep fast that strange, odd, curious, quizzical, bothering, tormenting, cheating, skipping, 'consternation switcher' spitter, the 'Irishman's flea.' [Lovell Voss Populi.]

### GERMAN TRANSCENDENTALISM.

A speaker at the meeting of the American Bible Society in New York, last week, after describing the various dogmas of the day, referred to German transcendentalism, and said it was the witty saying of Jean Paul Richter, that Germany, like Rip Van Winkle, had been asleep, and when she woke up she found that France had taken up all the land, and England all the sea; and she was no place else for Germany to go, she went upwards and took possession of the air!

### A SLAP AT THE LAWYERS.

By one of 'em—A very respectable, honorable set of fellows are the lawyers in the main, and not at all the out and rascals which they are sometimes represented to be. So far as our knowledge goes, they are much like other men—neither better nor worse as a class—but undoubtedly subjected to certain temptations peculiar to their profession, from which other men in other callings are exempt. To an attorney, a nice little quarrel, in a legal way, has the same sort of interest that a compound fracture of a leg or an arm has to his neighbor, the surgeon. The physician loves 'fees,' and the lawyer loves 'costs,' a passion, which, when kept within moderate bounds, is at the worst only an act of amiable weakness, that ought not to be judged with severity. But sometimes the love of 'costs' becomes so extravagant and engrossing in the minds of some pettifoggers, as to form the 'one idea' of their cogitations and pursuits. It was of this sort of animals that old Chancellor Stower, of Essex County, N. Y., made one

day in the court, the following observation:— "They are incapable of conceiving of heaven but as a court instituted for the special benefit of the profession, and of which Christ is but the clerk of the record, and who in saying the Lord's prayer, make a characteristic interpolation, and read—Give us this day our daily bread with costs." [Boston Post.]

AMOS AND THE NAILS.—There was a very bad boy by the name of Amos, who had a very good father. This father was grieved and had tried in vain to convince him of his sin and induce him to make efforts to reform. One day the father said to Amos, "here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you, every time you do a wrong action, to drive one of these nails into this wall." Amos said, "well, father, I will." Before long Amos came to his father and said, "The keg is empty. I have used all the nails. Come and see." The father went to the spot and found the wall black with nails. He said to his son, "Amos have you committed a wrong action for every one of these nails?" "Yes, father," said Amos. "The father said sorrowfully, 'what a bad boy you must be, Amos. Why will you not turn about and try to be a good boy?' Amos remained thoughtful for a few moments and then said, 'Father I will try—I have been altogether too bad. I will try to be a better boy.' Said his father, 'take the hammer, and for every good act you do, draw out a nail and put it into the keg.' In a few weeks the boy came again to his father and said, 'Come, father, and see all the nails in the keg again.' Every good act I have done I have pulled out a nail. See the keg is full again.' 'I am glad of it, my son, but Amos, the holes are left—the holes are left.' What did he mean, my little readers? [Youth's Gazette.]

JOKING WITH A BARBER.—A correspondent tells us a story of our "Jeems," which we intend to tell again for the edification of the public. Stopping for a day or two at a village a short way out of Boston, Jeems went to a barber's shop to get shaved. On entering and casting his eyes about the room, he perceived that the barber drove the double trade of tonsor and small grocer. "Shave, sir?" said the barber to his customer, whose face sufficiently indicated the object of his visit. Jeems made no reply, but drawing himself up to a lofty height, proceeded, in the attorney fashion, to interrogate the barber as follows: "Sir, are you the barber?" "Yes, sir—have a shave?" "And do you also keep this oyster cellar?" "Yes, sir—have any oysters?" "Well, sir, this double occupation of yours gives rise to the most horrible suspicions. It is a serious thing, sir, to submit one's head to the manipulation of a stranger; but if you can answer a couple of questions to my satisfaction I should like to be shaved." The barber said he would try. "Well, sir," said Jeems, solemnly, "do you shave with your oyster knife?" "No, sir," said the barber smiling. "One question more," continued the interrogator; "and remember you are under oath, or rather, recollect that this is a serious business—the (barber staid)—one question more—do you never open oysters with your razor?" "No, sir," exclaimed the barber indignantly, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders. "Then shave me," said Jeems, throwing himself into the chair, and untying his neckcloth with the air of a man who has unshaken confidence in human nature.

COLD WATER.—It's no use of your talking to me, Mrs. Colchicum. I've tried the cold water, time and again, and the more I tries it, the more I don't get well; and now my mind is solemnly made up, that the man who invented cold water is no great shakes after all.

You forget yourself, Mrs. Colchicum. I did not invent it," said Mrs. Colchicum. "Well! I don't care if he didn't, somebody else did!—It's a poor invention, any way; and nobody that can help it ever uses it. One good cup of hyson is worth a barrel on 'ny day."

We don't doubt, Mrs. Colchicum; but that you find warm tea more agreeable, but it is as wholesome?"

Is it as wholesome? Well, if that ain't a question! What can a good warm cup of green tea, with plenty of cream and sugar in it, be but wholesome? As for drinking cold water, as cows and other foolish creatures do, I've no idea on it's its not only unwholesome, Dr. Lobb says it's very unwise; it cools the in'ards so; and I believe found it so; and if I am unwell, I take first a good hot cup of hyson, and if that don't answer, I takes about a pint of pepper tea, or some composition as hot as I can drink it, and if that don't cure me, I know I have got to take a 'metec.

Cold water—ugh! I know'd a woman who pretended to like it, and swallowed it down just as she would tea. But she didn't live long afterwards; she died just as I expected, with water on the chest!"

A HOOSIER IN HOOSIER.—This story is told of an Illinois man stopping in Boston. After dinner he bought a cigar and sauntered out for a walk. Soon a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and notified him that he had incurred a fine of \$2 for smoking in the street. The stranger broke a V and paid the penalty. Shortly after a child who wanted a penny to buy a loaf of bread, and hadn't had no breakfast or dinner, moved his western generosity, and he bestowed a remnant of gingerbread upon the hungry one! Thereupon a second officer approached and informed him that he had violated another ordinance of the city with \$2 fine. The Hoosier handed out the \$3 bill. The officer presented the change. He shook his head, kept the whole—I shall want to whistle presently.

FRANKLIN.—"At a recent auction sale of lots in San Francisco," says an exchange, "Roy. Mr. Wheeler stated to the crowd, when a particular lot was named, that he wished to purchase it to be reserved sacredly for a Baptist church, and that he would give \$200 for it. The general disposition seemed to be to let him have it, but a Mormon preacher bid \$250. It was then run up until it reached \$400, when it was struck off to a gentleman from St. Louis, who immediately upon the announcement told Mr. Wheeler that the lot was his at his first bid; that though he was a Presbyterian, he was educated in a Baptist college, and would have given \$4,000 rather than have any one else get it. He afterwards sent word that if Mr. Wheeler would give the names of the men whom he wished to hold the property in trust, he would make the deed, and give them the lot!"



# The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JULY 4, 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 office is at 8 Congress st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

## Free Soil State Convention.

If the number in attendance is an index, the interest of the Free-soilers in the subject of Slavery has by no means diminished since their former State Convention. They had a full attendance this year, and the addresses and discussions were spirited and interesting. Gen. Fessenden of Portland, was called to preside, assisted Seth May of Winthrop, and Dr. Prescott of Farmington, as vice presidents, and J. B. Eillebrow of Winthrop, and J. B. Bradbury of Waterville, as secretaries.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. Wm. Tilley of Sidney.

A committee on resolutions was appointed, who subsequently reported a series for the action of the convention. The resolutions we may notice hereafter.

A committee of ways and means, on the press and party organization was chosen, and reported a plan for sustaining the Free Soil press of this State.

The convention then proceeded to ballot for a candidate for Governor, with the following result. Whole number of votes 222, of which 11 were scattering, and 211 for George F. Talbot of East Machias; who was unanimously adopted as the candidate. Mr. Talbot signified his acceptance in a brief speech, which must have convinced all who heard him that the choice was a good one for the party.

The plan of the committee for raising a capital of one thousand dollars, in shares of twenty-five dollars each, for the support of the Press, was now taken up and carried through with much enthusiasm; gentlemen pledging themselves, or becoming responsible for the places where they reside, for amounts from one to five shares. The whole amount was soon subscribed, and after remarks from various members, the Convention adjourned to an evening session.

Upon assembling in the evening the resolutions on the table were taken up. Previous to the discussion, a slave, a little girl about 8 years of age, was introduced by Woodbury Davis, Esq., whose appeal in her behalf was readily responded to by the meeting in a contribution for her support. There was manifested no disposition to send her back into slavery, notwithstanding the expositions of the duty of the North on this matter which have recently been made both by politicians and theologians. The resolutions were discussed by Mr. Willey, Rev. Mr. Peck of Portland, Asa Walker of Bangor, and Woodbury Davis of Belfast. The Convention then adjourned to 8 o'clock on Friday morning.

Friday morning session was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Peck of Portland. The resolutions were again taken up and passed, after a thorough and able discussion, in which J. C. Woodman of Portland, G. F. Talbot, W. H. Vinion, Rev. Mr. Peck, and other gentlemen, participated.

Several matters of interest were proposed and acted upon. A General Convention for New England was recommended to be held at Worcester, Mass., or some other central point. G. F. Talbot was invited to visit different sections of the State and address the people. A vote of thanks was passed for the use of the Hall, and for the hospitality of the citizens; also a vote of thanks to the President for the able, impartial and dignified manner in which he had presided. The Convention then adjourned sine die, apparently well convinced that a step onward had been taken in the cause of Human Freedom.

Gov. Hubbard has appointed Elisha E. Rice of Hallowell, Adams Treat of Frankfort, John M. Adams of Portland, and Alanson B. Farwell of Farmington, Aids-de-Camp, with the rank of Colonel. This office is, of course, honorable in proportion to its importance. Consequently we sympathize with the successful candidates, under such a weight of responsibility. Peace be with them.

A Hint: The Green Mountain Freeman, the organ of the Free Soil party in Vermont, has the following paragraph:

"We do not hesitate to avow our belief that the Free Spirit of the nation is, at this moment, fixed on Thomas Benton with more anxious solicitude and hope than on any other living statesman."

WHAT DO THE WOMEN MEAN? A gentleman who was present on the 21st day of the examination of the Wentworths, at Manchester, N. H., informs us that some of the silly women are practicing the same fooleries there that were exhibited at the trial of Coolidge. The assembly, he said, even at that tedious protraction of the trial, was literally a jam of women, occupying almost all the seats, and excluding a great portion of the men from the house. Bouquets were passed to the prisoners' counsel, and even to the prisoners, to indicate sympathy with these degraded if not awfully wicked men. There is not even the apology of good looks, as our informant thinks; some of the prisoners possessing faces decidedly disagreeable, and strongly marked with vice and passion. Coolidge was rather elegant in person and features, and possessed, among his lady acquaintances, the reputation of being "such a nice young man," that some of the more silly ones refused even to the last to believe him guilty. It was hardly possible to think those delicate hands would take human life. More

black hearted villains than Coolidge and the murderers of Mr. Parker, whoever they are, the world never saw; and that their crimes should be the means of calling out such offensive traits of female character, is painful to those who duly estimate the influence of such example.

## Stop the Rascals.

The Banner calls the attention of the City authorities of Augusta to the outrages of three old offenders, whom he represents as doing great mischief in that place, and whom, if we mistake not, some of the people of Waterville will recognize as old acquaintances. It has been asserted, of late, that they have left here, out of fear of the Prosecuting Committee. Their names are Rum, Gin and Brandy. If they are gone from here we are glad of it; though we could wish they had taken up their quarters where the officers of justice are not whipped through the streets. But we make little by their departure, for they have left a sneaking villain behind them that promises to do more mischief than all the three. He attacks our young men, and even boys; and the reformed inebriate is an object of his peculiar spite. Even confirmed temperance men are deceived by him. His name is Beer, and he boasts of being stronger than the best resolution his friends can get up. He has recently collared several of our citizens, who had previously been knocked down and badly abused by his associates above named; and he promises fair to hold on till he has brought them to the ground again. Some of our young men appear to think him a very decent fellow, and seem determined to face the odium of being seen in his company, till the return of his fellows from Augusta, when with their aid he will make them rue the day they ever saw him. He hangs about several shops, to the great detriment of their trade; as those who know his character expect to see his companions at the same place when they return. We caution our young men to look out for this fellow; and we almost wonder how our prosecuting committee have treated him so civilly. He is an arrant thief and dirty villain, and never takes a young man by the hand but to hang on till he either gets his money or gives him the itch—and the ointment furnished by his three associates costs money, time, reputation, and even life. Beware of him, we say—and bear in mind that those who entice you into his company would as soon introduce you to the devil as to him, at three cents a head!

## Maine Convention of Universalists.

BANGOR, July 1, 1850.

Mr. Editor: As I know that you are ever anxious to keep your readers posted up in all important matters, I thought I would give you a paragraph in reference to an important gathering at Orono the past week. I refer to the Maine Convention of Universalists, which convened at the above mentioned place on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday last week.

This meeting of that body was one of great importance; and, so far as I could judge, one of deep interest to the believers in that doctrine. The denomination of Universalists, the past year, have organized, as I learned from being present at their meetings, an Education, a Tract and a Missionary Society, and have had an agent in the field for the last eight months, who has been doing a good work. At the meeting at Orono, the first reports of the officers of these societies were made, which, with the discussions thereon, the report of the sabbath school agent, together with the report of the agent of the denomination, who was present, soliciting aid for a Universalist College, made the session one of deep interest to all whose views of the gospel and its final triumph correspond with theirs. From all we heard we should judge the denomination to be in a flourishing condition, and its march onward. The following facts could be easily gathered from the deliberations of the council. That the Universalists have a large number of believers scattered in every town throughout the State. That they are more perfectly organized than ever before. That they are bringing their minds to bear upon objects which will be more efficient for the advancement of their cause, than any heretofore brought to bear; and that they have already ninety thousand dollars raised toward the erection of a denominational college, and will soon have one in successful operation. Thus much have I said in reference to this meeting, and as I profess to be "one of 'em," and a constant reader of the "Mail," I thought I should like to have you print so much for "our side" in your valuable paper, and you shall have more folks to read the Mail down east of

Your humble servant, U. N. I.

## Hark, ye!

Young man! don't think so much of that new coat. Many of your friends think it is a little beyond your means—so that instead of winning approbation you only get censure. Or if within your means, you set an example that you can better afford to omit, than others to imitate. And your gloves—and vest—and hat—and pants;—your head is a little too full of them. The tailor can't make a man of you; and if you think so, those about you know better. Content yourself with appearing well, without rendering yourself an object of remark, and perhaps ridicule behind your back. No body thinks the better of you, unless it be some silly school-girl who like yourself has yet to come to years of discretion. Never exert yourself to excel those who dress respectably. Those who try to do this get more censure than praise. They may not be aware of it, because nobody wants to wound their vanity. Vast numbers of young men are spoiled by this foolish habit. They get in debt, lose their credit and self respect; and when these are gone their integrity is very likely to follow. If you have any doubts about taking our advice in this matter, look around among the best and most successful men you know, and

see what their example teaches. Are there any dandies among them? Did you ever know a dandy to accomplish much in the world, except to cheat the tailor and make a fool of himself? Submit yourself, then, to the direction of your common sense, in regard to dress; and be assured that men and women of common sense will approve your course and your appearance.

## "Stop that Knocking."

The Rochester Knocking is now in a fair way to become a "fixed fact." Several distinguished literary men in New York have given audience to its mysteries, which having failed to unravel, all christianendom stands convinced of a new channel of communication between this world and the next. Just as the mathematician could figure out this riddle—or the astronomer discover it in the heavens—or the linguist find it in the lexicon; any better than the teamster can whip it out of his horse's back—the blacksmith hammer it out at his forge—or the farmer dig it out of his furrow. We would sooner submit this matter to the scrutiny of half a dozen shrewd stage drivers, than to that number of such men as James Fenimore Cooper; who having proved that he is capable of making a fool of himself, is not beyond the suspicion of fooling the public. We have long been convinced there is something wonderful in this matter; but are no more ready to surrender the suspicion of a hoax than before this august committee of the literati deigned to give their opinion.

## More Contention.

A sudden and bold movement of the people of New Mexico, for the organization of a State Government, presents a new subject of contention that promises to be of a serious character. A proclamation for the election of delegates to a Convention for forming a State constitution, was issued the 23d of April. The result was a State constitution, perpetually prohibiting slavery; and a Senator and Representative to Congress from this new State are daily expected in Washington to demand its admission into the Union. This unexpected movement has of course caused much astonishment, and in Texas, especially, the greatest excitement prevails. "Nearly every man," says the Washington Ranger, "is willing to shoulder his gun and demand the rights of Texas at the cannon's mouth." The Ranger adds: "We understand that Governor Bell has made a peremptory demand on the U. S. Government for the rights of our State, and should this have no effect, he will doubtless march with volunteer forces, and take that portion of country which of right belongs to us."

The Galveston News, after expressing decided gratification that "the true issue has been at last presented," adds:

"We shall now soon know whether our citizens are ready to meet that issue and defend their rights at all hazards; or whether they will tamely give up their rights, in view of the superior power against which we shall have to contend, in order to maintain them."

There are various rumors afloat upon this subject, one of which is that the Governor of Texas has ordered 2500 men to Santa Fe to insist upon the right of Mexico to the territory thus usurped.

However doubtful these rumors may be, it is plain that the question thus broached is one very difficult of solution, in the present excited state of the country upon the subject of slavery.

## A. & K. Railroad—Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders was held at this place on Tuesday last. A very large number attended. The meeting was held in the Baptist meeting-house, the Town Hall being too small for their accommodation. The usual annual reports were read, but the election of Directors was deferred two weeks, to which time the meeting was adjourned, at Winthrop.

The meeting, though one of more than usual interest and excitement, was evidently an occasion of pleasure to those who were present. They were attended by a fine band of music, and seemed most emphatically to be in good heart. If we may judge men by their looks, the prosperity of the road would no more intoxicate them than the opposite would drive them to despair. The citizens of Waterville were gratified to receive a second visit from so large a number of those to whom they had the pleasure of extending their hospitalities last Fall; and though at the meeting-house there were some manifestations of belligerent spirit, there can be little doubt that in the hands of men so wide awake to their own interests, the affairs of the road will generally be safe.

The meeting at Winthrop, on the 10th, will doubtless be one of much interest, and of great importance to the Company. Should the weather prove pleasant, it will afford to the stockholders at this end of the road an opportunity for a pleasant ride to one of the most pleasant and hospitable villages on the route. There will doubtless be a great turn-out.

IMPROVEMENT. The contract for carrying the mail over the A. & K. Railroad commenced on Monday. Letters and papers mailed in the morning at Boston now reach Waterville the same day at 6 o'clock—the mail passing directly on to Bangor the same night by stage. We congratulate our readers on the increased facility this arrangement affords us for giving the latest news. Our paper of Thursday will contain all important items received the day previous; placing us as near the advantages of the telegraph as we desire.

S. or T.—The July session of the Grand Division will be held at Calais on the 31st of July. A very interesting session is anticipated, and a full representation is desirable.

A correspondent wishes to know whether the body Mr. Glidden paroled was not that of Spurius Mammia, a distinguished Roman, who flourished in the time of Cicero. [Boston Post.] No, it was nothing but a little gun—and a few men. Don't make such a fuss about it.

Most of the papers are now agreed in pronouncing Paine's hydro-electric light all gas. This is a burning shame.

COMMENCEMENTS. Commencement at Union College, Schenectady, will take place on Wednesday, July 24th. Harvard College, July 17. Dartmouth, July 25, and Waterville, August 14.

A GAS EXPLOSION. The N. Y. Courier states positively, upon the authority of the proprietors of the Astor House, that the whole story of a contract with Mr. Paine, or of propitiations from him for lighting that hotel with his pretended gas, is a humbug, and entirely without foundation. The letters which now and then appear from Mr. Paine, in reference to this matter, indicate that the man himself is an essential humbug. And the statements made by him repeatedly, that he has actually sold the patent right of his alleged invention, for a large amount, show that he is something more than a humbug, and that he deserves to be "shot at."

But according to the following paragraph from the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, the whole matter—gas, inventor and all—has exploded: "A party composed of distinguished chemists from this city, Princeton and Boston, and other gentlemen interested, met at Worcester a day or two since, to examine the apparatus constructed by Mr. Paine, to illustrate his alleged discovery of a new method of manufacturing Gas. Mr. Paine left town on the approach of these gentlemen, but his brother remained to do the honors. They first visited the machine at the Exchange, which remains in the 'damaged' condition to which we alluded last week. They then adjourned to his house, where the gas is shown burning, and succeeded in detecting the trick by which visitors have heretofore been deceived. They will furnish a full account of the exhibition in a day or two, and 'explode' this humbug, which has excited such a large share of public attention."

THE KNOCKING SPIRITS. The three women of Rochester, who profess to be the medium through which certain departed spirits hold converse with the living, are producing quite an excitement among the wise men of Gotham. Some of the papers of the city have gone into the affair with surprising credulity, considering the boastful light of the 19th century. The editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, who accepted an invitation to meet with some gentlemen of the press at Barnum's Hotel to witness the "knockings," and engage in a public investigation of the matter, says:

"A bolder and more contemptible humbug, that had the least association with respectable persons, we have never known. Communications were held with three gentlemen, and with them only; two of them were known to the performers, and were evidently well disposed to believe what the rappings or rappers pretended to. The conversation with the third was a bungling affair. The noises were by no means so remarkable as we were led to believe. We felt no jar upon the table, and in truth it seemed to us that the sound was always about half way between the floor and the table. It sounded higher than the cupboard. The ladies were then standing up. There was no pretension to move any chair or table in the room."

As to the communications by spelling out one of the ladies acting as interpreter and medium of communication, it is really too much of a farce for grave comment. The lady runs down the scale of the alphabet, and can of course frame any answer she wishes. The rapping itself, meaning the sound, is the only thing worth a moment's thought and investigation. It was often done altogether too carelessly, too much at hap-hazard, to be imposed upon any person, not predisposed to such credulity, as the deliberate response of an intelligent spirit. The idea of supernatural agency is entirely out of the question. Had we the opportunity and appliances for investigation, we should have endeavored to ascertain why it was necessary for the ladies to sit together—why they could not dispose themselves promiscuously around the room; as well as sundry other things which the gentlemen who invited the 'committee of investigation' must have been well aware could not be inquired into without other agents than those present last evening."

The editor of the New York Evening Post, also, who was represented as giving some countenance to the affair, denies the imputation, and coincides with the views expressed by the Commercial; which must be, a priori, the views of all sensible men.

LETTER FROM FORT KENT.—By the following letter from Maj. W. Dickey, formerly of Gardiner, written at Fort Kent, the extreme North Eastern Part of Maine, we are not surprised to learn how different the season has been there, from its prevailing character here, the last Spring. Here it has been uniformly wet, cold and backward; there it has been warm and dry—so much so as to enable farmers to commit their seed to the soil earlier than usual. Well we are glad the northern latitudes are becoming the warmer ones. [Banner.]

Fort Kent, Me., June 9, 1850.

DEAR SIR: This place is at the junction of the Fish river with the St. John. The present has been a delightful Spring for farmers; a new and increased feeling of encouragement has been awakened in farming, and as it has been warm dry weather for the past four weeks they have had an excellent opportunity to clear up new land and have sowed and planted much more than in former years. I think this is a good farming country. My business is lumbering; but thinking farming would be profitable and liking the business I have engaged to some extent in it. I have sowed one hundred bushels of oats, planted three acres of potatoes, and about two of corn and beans—the latter have never been cultivated to any extent on this river, but I think they may be to good advantage. This must be the country for the 'Banner Wheat.' This fall I want one bushel to sow. Our autumns are warm and we have no frost in the ground through the winter, and the snow don't go off in the spring until warm weather comes. Should I get time hereafter, I may write you of the place, people and business.

From your obedient servant,

W. DICKEY.

DEATH OF CAPT. JOSIAH STURGIS.—Capt. Sturgis, commander of the Boston revenue cutter, long known as a most efficient officer of the revenue service, an excellent commander, a thorough-bred sailor, and a man respected in his calling as always ready to respond to his duties,—died on board the cutter Hamilton, yesterday afternoon, a little after five o'clock, in an apoplectic fit. Though his death was sudden, it was not unexpected, for he had been ailing for some months past, under affections of the heart, liver and kidneys. He attended the public celebration of the Free Masons, on Wednesday, at Burlington, and returned to this city on Thursday evening. He was in the street about his customary business yesterday. He passed down State street at half past 4 in the

afternoon, and at a quarter before 5 went on board his vessel, then anchored off Long wharf. While in conversation with his carpenter in the cabin, he was seized with apoplexy, which produced almost instant death. His age was about 56.

Capt. Sturgis was born in Boston, and his father was a well known hat manufacturer in Ann street. He entered the merchant service while quite a youth, and made voyages both around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope to the Indies. After attaining his rank in the Revenue service, he commanded on the New Bedford station, and was afterwards transferred to Boston, where he has been stationed for many years, and has been the most popular of officers who ever held command in this district.

Few individuals were better known to the public than was Capt. Sturgis. In the discharge of his duty as commander of the Hamilton, he will long be remembered by the navigators who have been compelled to approach our stormy coast amid the severities of winter, as well as upon other occasions of disaster. [Courier.]

The Portland Advertiser says that Cyrus Eaton, Esq., an aged gentleman residing in Warren, in this State, formerly for many years master of Warren Academy, announces his intention to publish, as soon as 400 copies shall be subscribed for, a complete history of St. George's River from its first discovery, the early transactions, Indian Wars, and especially the doings at St. George's Fort and other military posts in the neighborhood, with the several settlements commenced under the Waldo Patent up to the time of their incorporation as towns, and a full history of the town of Warren down to the present time—the work to contain about 400 copies, at \$1.50 per copy.

DESPERATE CONDUCT OF BRISTOL BILL.—We learn from the North Star, Danville, Vt., that Wm. Warburton, alias 'Bristol Bill,' and Christian Meadows were sentenced to the State Prison ten years each on Friday last. When the sentence was pronounced, Warburton was sitting outside of the bar, and Bliss N. Davis, Esq., Attorney General, sat inside, nearly opposite him, and Warburton suddenly rose, drew a knife, made a pass at Mr. Davis, and stabbed him in the neck, directly back of the jugular vein. Mr. Davis reeled and fell back into the arms of his friends, severely wounded. At first it was supposed the blow was fatal, and the prisoner afterwards declared that he meant it should be, and said he regretted that he had not killed him on the spot.

BRISTOL BILL SAFELY IN PRISON.—William Warburton, alias Bristol Bill, who stabbed the Prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Davis, at Danville, Vt., after the delivery of his sentence, has been safely conveyed to the State Prison. The penalty for the attempt to kill Mr. Davis, is ten years in the State Prison, which he will no doubt receive. This will make his entire term twenty years. Mr. Davis is fast recovering from the wound he received.

CHICKENS EXTRA.—We saw, yesterday, a young hen, which had so far varied from the model of Plato and Diogenes, that it had three legs, thus carrying a spare spar in readiness, in case of accident. But as if this was not enough to establish the claims of our city to rank among what N. P. Willis calls 'the upper hemisphere,' in the next yard we saw another chicken, the product of a double-yolked egg, with one head, four wings and four legs; in short, except as to the head, presenting the appearance of two chickens grown together back to back, so that when tired of running or flying in one position, he has only to turn over and bring the extras into play—an excellent mode of 'backing one's friends.'

UNIVERSAL PEACE.—Mr. William Darby, of Washington, who keeps well posted up in historical and geographical matters, reminds the National Intelligencer that the coming Fourth of July will bring with it a most important fact in the history of the world, namely, the prevalence of UNIVERSAL PEACE.—This, Mr. D. remarks, cannot be said of another single year since the reign of Augustus Caesar, or through eighteen hundred and thirty-six years. What seeds of war have been cast into the soil of human passions, and when or where the budding evils may rise and fructify, are beyond human ken; but an event of such importance ought not to pass unnoticed on a day so appropriate for its observance. [Traveller.]

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM NEW MEXICO.—St. Louis, Tuesday, June 25. Advice from Santa Fe to May 25th have been received in this city. The Convention previously called had met and formed a State Constitution, which was to go into effect on the 1st of July. The Boundary question was deferred. The Constitution prohibits Slavery; members of the Legislature and Senators, with Representatives to Congress, were soon to be elected.

NEW TOWN.—There have been petitions presented at the present session for two new towns in this vicinity, viz: the town of 'Kennebec'—to be formed from that portion of Hallowell known as 'the Forks' or 'Cross Roads,' together with portions of this city, Redfield and Winthrop, taking in, we presume, the village of East Winthrop. The other town is to be formed from the west part of Gardiner, a flourishing agricultural locality, whose inhabitants, it seems, are determined to continue their country life, if possible, and ask leave to poll off from the city. A bill has been reported for the first named town. [Kennebec Journal.]

FATAL THEATRICAL PASSION.—An accomplished and beautiful young lady, aged only seventeen, who had shone as a private theatrical in her circle of friends at St. Louis, lately committed suicide by taking arsenic, under depression from the refusal of her father to permit her to adopt the stage as a profession. She said that life had no longer charms for her. One of her requests was characteristic of her devotion. It was, that a copy of Shakespeare might be placed upon her bosom in her coffin.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM S. C.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, thus speaks of the debut in the U. S. Senate, of Mr. Barnwell, who now stands in the place of Mr. Calhoun: "The successor of Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Robert Barnwell, took his seat yesterday, and made his oratorical debut in the Senate to-day. I have seldom known a more favorable impression produced. His manner was calm, his style and language deliberate, firm, precise, and yet flowing and easy, and more after the model of Mr. Webster than I have known in any other instance, either in the Senate or at the bar. His remarks consisted principally of a summary of complaints by the South against the North, and he concluded with the ominous declaration that if asked what, in his opinion, would settle the differences between the North and the South, he could not answer; but he knew

that the South was setting its house in order, not to fall under the difficulties and dangers that beset it, but to live. A more comendous intimation of secession has not been heard in the Senate.

VOTES POLLED BY NEW STATES. On her admission as a State, Louisiana polled 4,748 votes, Indiana 3,789, Mississippi 7,475, Illinois 5,075, Arkansas 3,638, Michigan 11,860, Florida 5,301, and Iowa 13,271. California polled, last year, 14,213 American votes. [These statistics are taken from an article in the last Southern Recorder, to show that California is better entitled to come in, as a State, than either of the others mentioned. Besides, Texas, when admitted, had an area of 325,000 square miles of territory. California covers, by her Constitution, 158,000 square miles—less than one half of Texas—and half of that a sandy desert or unarable and rocky mountains. How unreasonable, then, for the South to object to California because she chooses not to have Slavery!—[Georgia Citizen.]

THE CELEBRATIONS AT BURLINGTON.—A friend of ours who has visited Burlington this week, has given us some accounts of the celebrations which took place there on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The 'Railroad Jubilee,' as it was called—but with which the Railroad Companies were in nowise connected—is described as almost an entire failure. The procession was very small, numbering not more than a hundred, of whom it is said one half were representatives of the newspaper press. The dinner in Mr. Wright's great Tent, spread for between three or four thousand people, was monopolized by as many hundreds, including ladies, and one hundred 'free passes, more or less.'

A meeting of Editors is said to have formed an interesting part of the proceedings. They met at 12 o'clock, about 20 being present, and spent half an hour in a social manner. The following sentiment, offered by Mr. Saxe, of Burlington, is worthy of preservation.

'Here's to the man, wherever that individual may wander, by land or sea, who never told an editor how he might improve his newspaper.'

The ball in the evening, in the Tent, was more numerously attended and apparently more satisfactory.

On Tuesday, was the celebration of St. John's Day, by the Masonic Fraternity, which is said to have been successful and in every respect satisfactory. The company embraced free masons of different degrees, from many States, to the number of five or six hundred. The procession marched from the Square under Le Moyle Encampment of Boston (Knight Templars) twenty-four in number, dressed in rich and showy insignia, and bearing a splendid banner in their ranks. The Le Moyle Encampment was commanded by E. A. Raymond, Esq., of this city, and was preceded by the Boston Brass Band. After marching through the principal streets of Burlington, the procession entered the great tent of Mr. Wright, where the services of the day were held. Prayer was offered, odes were sung, and an eloquent address was delivered by Mr. J. H. Shepherd of this city. Afterwards the company sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by Mr. Wright. The proceedings closed at about 4 o'clock, the company appearing to have enjoyed themselves finely. [Traveller.]

LOUISIANA FURNISHING ARMS FOR THE CURAN EXPEDITION.—The fourth day's proceedings in the examination of Gen. Lopez at New Orleans, received by mail, develop some new and startling facts. The principal witnesses examined were Francis Garcia, keeper of the State Arsenal, his brother, A. Garcia, and T. Moran, employed in the arsenal, and Jacob Soria, father-in-law of Gen. Rowley, Adj. General of the State. These all testify that during the months of April and May, a large quantity of arms were delivered from the arsenal, by order of Gen. Rowley, to persons who were to call for them, though the object for which they were to be used was not stated. The arms consisted of 350 guns, 50 pistols, and 120 or 140 sabres. They were packed in boxes and delivered to a colored man who came to the arsenal and took them away in drays, Mr. Soria superintending the removal. Some were delivered in the day time, and some at night.

ACQUITTAL OF DR. CLARK AND HIS WIFE. The Essex Common Pleas Court, Chief Justice Wells presiding, in session at Newburyport, have tried the case of Dr. Moses P. Clark and his wife, of Lawrence, charged with having caused the death of Miss Catharine L. Adams of this city, by an attempted abortion. The evidence of Taylor, the chief government witness, was quite indefinite and unsatisfactory, and after its conclusion a verdict of acquittal was rendered without any argument or evidence for the defence having been offered. [Boston Traveller.]

NEW ENGLAND INFLUENCE.—Rev. Mr. Hamlin, missionary to Turkey, writes that the influence of New England on Western Asia is exerted mainly through the missionaries and her rum. "The words 'Boston rum' have passed into the languages of this part of the Oriental world, and the only idea which multitudes have of the city of the Puritans, is that of a vast collection of rum manufactories, capable of supplying the most distant parts of the world." He mentions facts to show the deplorable progress that intemperance is making. The Mahometans, being forbidden to drink wine, have taken to the use of rum.

THE CHOLERA AT GUNNINATI.—The Cincinnati Gazette of June 24th, says that there were several fatal cases of cholera in that city on the two previous days, and considerable alarm was manifested in consequence. The Gazette adds that last year on the 24th of June there were near fifty deaths by cholera, and trusts that the disease will not now assume an epidemic form.

That Magnificent Dioramic and Panoramic painting of the Kennebec, by Bartholomew, is now finished and will be opened at Bath, for the reception of visitors on the 4th of July. It is said to be one of the finest specimens of artistic skill.

Ephraim Moulton, Esq., of Bangor, died in the harbor of San Francisco the 8th of last May on board of the steamer on which he took passage from Panama. Mr. Moulton, among others, went on shore at Acapulco, and partook freely of fruits, &c. He was taken ill on board ship, and died on board the day after the steamer reached San Francisco.

Forrest has been held to bail in the sum of five thousand dollars, under an order of arrest issued by Mr. Justice Campbell, of the Superior Court of New York, in an action for assault and battery, brought by N. P. Willis, in which damages are laid at \$10,000.

DEATH OF HIGH CONSTABLE JACOB HAY. This well known and vigilant officer died on the 21st inst., at his residence in Lispenard street, in the 79th year of his age. He received his commission as High Constable for this city in 1801, and held it until his death—about fifty years.







