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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 20): December 5, 1850

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 5, 1850.

NO. 20.

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## POETRY.

### THE TWENTY YEARS.

'Tis twenty years, 'tis twenty years; a sad and dreary thing  
To dwell upon these sunny spots where fond old memories cling;  
Time never hastened in his course, midsummer, fall, or spring;  
Yet, ah! how far has been the flight of such a constant wing.

There was a magic in thy form that stoics might beguile,  
A heavenly sweetness in thy voice and brightness in thy smile;  
When on the lawn, all clad in flowers, with youthful lover's wile,  
We culled a language there for hearts as free as flowers from guile.

'Tis twenty years, 'tis twenty years, since at the altar shrine,  
I had thy fond and gentle heart in recompense for mine;  
How beautifully blended then the human and divine,  
Like light and shade, were then displayed in that fair form of thine.

The frost of many winters now has fall'n upon thy head,  
And 'tis the lily from thy brow and pale thy cheeks no red;  
Thy bright eyes in this eve of life a fading lustre shed,  
Like evening's light with coming night and darkness overpread.

'Tis twenty years, 'tis twenty years; and we must now give o'er  
Their thoughts in sooth, with days of youth that can return no more;  
When in thy presence I could think the happiest monarch poor—  
For like dreams of yesternight, those dreamy days of yore.

Now, flowery lawn and meadow bright by other feet are pressed,  
And Nature's gems in gold and white for other hands are dressed;  
The beauty dwells in younger forms, and I am truly blest  
To think earth will have hearts like thine, when we be beneath it rest.

## MISCELLANY.

(From Arthur's Home Gazette.)

### THE WORST ENEMY.

A TRUE SKETCH.

BY PAUL CHEYTON.

THERE was a strange mixture of good and evil in Edgar Sumner's character, which few could understand. Certain phases of his intercourse with society, represented him as a pattern of manly virtue: others betrayed dark spots on his heart, and proneness to lamentable vices.

The truth is this, Edgar was naturally upright, generous, kind-hearted—all that is admirable in a man. But he had early contracted the pernicious habit of indulging in an occasional social glass. The habit, as is nearly always the case, grew upon him, and became his master. Dissipation deadened his better feelings, and he became careless of the happiness of others. His pleasures absorbed his attention, his truest friends were neglected, and his business suffered. Yet nobody called Mr. Edgar Sumner a drunkard, for he never reeled in the street, and his excellent constitution resisted well the train of physical evils consequent upon habits of moderate drinking.

Now Edgar had a wife, to whom he had been married but a few months, and whom he tenderly loved. Emily was a patient, amiable woman, well worthy the affections of a noble-hearted husband. And she loved Edgar with all the strength of her warm and devoted nature. Singular as it may appear, Edgar loving Emily as he did, could not give up his 'social pleasures,' as he termed them, even for her.

'My dear Emily,' he would say, 'you know how well I love you; but you cannot really expect me always to remain with you at home. Men of business must have recreations in which their wives cannot participate. Do you understand me, dear?'

Emily invariably replied that she supposed all this was natural and right, at the same time declaring that, much as she loved Edgar's society, and regretted his absence, she would not, for any consideration, deprive him of his separate pleasures. Then Edgar would kiss his wife an affectionate adieu, and hurry away to meet his boon companions, never dreaming that he took poor Emily's heart with him, and that all the dreary hours of his absence, she wept for his neglect.

A year passed thus. Emily naturally feeble, became languid, melancholy, pale. She suffered much, but as she never complained, Edgar scarcely ever thought of her falling health. At all events, he never suspected the cause.

For one thing Emily had always felt grateful; dissipated as her husband had become, he always attended church with her on the Sabbath. But at length she became too feeble to go out, except in the mildest weather; and now a new trial was added to her sufferings.

One cold and gusty Sabbath morning in November, Emily had concluded to stay at home, and anticipated much pleasure in having the society of Edgar during the day. Her bright anticipations, however, were dissipated, and her susceptible heart was deeply wounded, when she saw her husband making preparations for going out. As she knew he never went to church without her, she said timidly—

'Are you going to leave me to-day?'

'I thought I would take a walk, and call on Mr. Bruce, or Charley Waters—I am not accustomed to staying in the house all day.'

Emily's eyes glistened, and she sighed as she turned away her face.

her cup, and ate her toast without him; and then the chill gloomy night came on, and Edgar was still away.

The long and cheerless evening wore away, and notwithstanding the kind attentions of her sister Ellen, who was her companion, Emily felt no happiness in the present, and saw no hope in the future.

At length Edgar returned, and from his manner, Emily saw plainly that he had been indulging in the pleasures of the wine cup. He was very gay, and while his unhappy wife regarded him with tearful eyes, he earnestly declared that he had come home early for no other reason than to have a game of whist with Emily and her sister! Too much agitated to speak, Mrs. Sumner only sighed, and brushed away her tears in silence, while Ellen reminded Edgar that the Sabbath had not yet passed.

'True!' he exclaimed, 'I had forgotten.—And besides that, there are only three of us. But we should do something for amusement, girls—what shall it be?'

'If you wish for amusement to-night,' said Ellen, severely—she was a frank, sensible girl of eighteen, but sometimes too hasty in her remarks.—'If you wish for amusement to-night, Mr. Sumner, you had better go away again. Emily is very unwell, and your neglect and carelessness are killing her.'

'Hush!' gasped Emily. 'How could you speak so, Ellen?'

'Because it is true.'

'Because it is a lie—and because I am not master in my own house!' thundered Edgar, angrily. 'You are an impudent jade, Miss, and if you come to create misunderstandings between me and Emily, you will do well to go home again as soon as convenient.'

'Very well, sir,' responded Ellen, turning her back upon him, and kissing Emily affectionately.—'Good night, sister. Don't cry—Good night!'

Emily's voice was choked with sobs, and before she could reply, Ellen had left the room.

Alone with his wife, Edgar looked darkly at the fire, and mused some moments in gloomy silence. The sobs of his wife aroused him.

'What is the matter?' he asked abruptly.

Emily could make no reply. Edgar scowled at the door through which Ellen had disappeared, and bit his lips with evident perplexity.

'This is a queer state of things,' he said at length. 'That girl has been trying to put strange things into your head, Emily. Can you say that I am ever unkind to you?'

'Oh, no!' cried Mrs. Sumner, eagerly.—'You have never been unkind to me, I am sure.'

'Then why did she speak so to me?'

Emily made no answer.

'She is certainly an impudent girl,' muttered Edgar. 'Why should she try to make differences between us?'

'Oh, she did not, Edgar. She means well—the dear girl; but she spoke hastily.'

'And perhaps I did, too,' added Mr. Sumner.

No more was said on the subject of Edgar's neglect, and he probably would not have thought of the matter again, had he not discovered, on coming home to dinner the following day, that Ellen had gone home to her parents.

'What does this mean?' he asked.

'She said you told her to go,' timidly replied Emily.

Edgar's brows gathered, and he fixed his dark eyes on the ground.

'I did say something to that effect, I do believe,' he murmured; 'but I said it hastily.—She should not have gone for that.'

'I remonstrated with her,' said Emily.—'But you know her spirit. She would not stay, although she loves me, and knows how much I need her.'

Edgar appeared very much amazed. But it seemed that nothing indeed could make him long thoughtful of his wife's comfort. After dinner he went off whistling a popular air, and returned not until dark.

The domestic had laid the cloth, and Edgar and Emily sat down to the table together. It was then that the vacant seat, which Ellen had always occupied, drew his attention, and occasioned a pang of regret, and a pang of remorse, perhaps.

It was a cold evening, but there was a warm fire burning in the grate, and as Edgar buried his shivering feet in the comfortable rug, and opened the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, to read to Emily, the thought struck him, that it might be possible to spend one evening pleasantly at home.

Emily's face was radiant with happiness, as she listened, gazing upon the many features of her husband, whom she loved so well.

'Dear Edgar,' she said, when he paused to stir the grate, 'you are so good to stay with me this evening! You make me very happy indeed! Do I?'

Mr. Sumner kissed his companion affectionately, and resumed his reading. At that moment an approving voice within him made him glad that he had not spoken of going out.

An hour passed. Edgar became weary of reading, and laying aside his book, added fresh fuel to the fire. Then, notwithstanding the presence of Emily, who endeavored to amuse him, he sat gazing thoughtfully on the fantastic blue flames which crept over the dark coals in the grate, growing brighter and brighter, as they crackled, reddened, and began to burn.

Wretched man! He could not content himself at home with the wife he loved, even for one short evening; old habits were imperative, old associations shut out from his heart the comforts of home; and already the powerful thirst for excitement rendered him impatient to join his companions.

'What time is it?' he asked.

'A few minutes past nine,' answered Emily.

Five minutes elapsed. Edgar paced to and fro uneasily.

'Emily,' said he, at last, 'I believe I must go out for a few minutes. You'd better not sit up for me, although I shall be back very soon.'

Emily affectionately urged him not to go, but he persisted, declaring that he would not be gone an hour. She said no more, and Edgar hurried away.

Emily retired, sick at heart, and weary of existence. She slept not, but as the heavy hours rolled by she listened for the returning footsteps of her husband, praying heaven for strength to suffer, and power to win Edgar from his habits of dissipation.

At midnight she heard footsteps in the silent street. They mounted the granite steps, and then the well known sound of Edgar's latch-key was heard. Edgar had come at last, ex-

cited with drink, as Emily had feared. In her agony of spirit, she neither spoke, nor moved, and her husband thought she slept.

Again, on the following night Edgar forsook his wife for the society of his vicious companions, and from that time his course was downward still; and Emily, during the cold and melancholy nights, was always left alone.

Strange that Edgar saw not how fast she faded, and how the light of her eyes was waxing dim, and how her lips were becoming thinner and paler, with an expression of settled grief!

It was now no unusual circumstance for Edgar to return home in a state of intoxication, which belied his oft repeated boast of being a moderate drinker. Frequently he reeled upon the threshold, and exhibited signs of shocking inebriety on his return to his suffering but patient wife.

On one occasion, Edgar staggered into the door. It was a stormy February night, and his garments were covered with sleet and frozen rain; for in the forgetfulness which wine had wrought, he had left at the scene of his debaucheries both his umbrella and surtout.—Even the cold storm had not sobered him; but he was sobered soon!

A strange spectacle met his eyes. Innumerable faces seemed swimming before him in a mist; but these, as he approached nearer, resolved themselves into only three. His wife was stretched upon a couch, and their domestic and a kind neighbor were bending over her. In a maddened tone, he demanded what it all meant, and a solemn whisper replied—

'Mr. Sumner, your wife is dying!'

The shock was terrible. Edgar was sober in an instant. In remorse and terror he sprang to Emily's side. She was insensible—if not dead!

'No doctor?' he gasped.

Somebody had gone for one, but none had yet arrived.

'She breathes—oh, God—do not let her die!' prayed the terrified, remorseful man.

He sprang from the room—he hurried from the house—down the street bare-headed he flew. He felt not the storm. His own guilt and his wife's danger were all his thoughts.—The freezing rain beat upon him pitilessly, and the chilling clamorous tempest howled in his face. It was nothing! A dim light glimmering through misty glow, guided his way. It was a physician's office; and violently he rang. It was many minutes before any one answered the bell; and all this time Edgar was chilled by the blast and drenched by the icy rain.—But the doctor came at last; and Edgar knew no more till he was once more by the bedside of his wife.

'She lives! she lives! save her, doctor, save her! O, my Emily! look at me—speak to me—forgive me!'

It was all like a dream! Edgar awoke in his own room. Silence was around him—mysterious, solemn—and his eyes struggled with darkness. He started; there was a sound! It was but the wind. He endeavored to rise from his couch, but something weighed him down like leaden chains. A groan escaped him, and at the hollow, ghostly tones of his own voice, he shuddered. Then the memory of frightful dreams filled him with terror. Still he could not rise. His limbs were like wood or stone. All his strength had left him.

At length, his eyeballs groping in darkness, sought out a ray of light. It was a grey beam that struggled through the shrouded windows, and the curtains that darkened his bed. At that moment, a stealthy footstep pressed the floor, and Edgar's acute ear could distinguish the sound of suppressed breathing. The reality of his situation then rushed upon the young man's mind. He was ill—he had been delirious. Again he uttered a groan, and this time a good angel answered with a sigh.

It was Ellen Blake, his wife's sister! She bent over the sick man, and whispered in his ear words of hope and kindness. Edgar remembered that he had once driven her from his house, and then the awful memory of all his guilt rushed upon his heart. A more vivid flood of reason informed him that the stormy night—the illness of his wife—the terror and despair he felt at the prospect of her death—that all this was not a dream, but reality!

A cry of agony escaped him.

'Emily—my Emily!—is she alive?'

'She is,' murmured Ellen, who understood not his incoherent tones.

'Hush—you must not speak,' she said.—'Be quiet, and you will soon be well.'

'But, Emily—'

'I am not Emily—I am Ellen. You shall see Emily soon.'

'She is not dead then?'

'O no; very feeble, but still alive.'

'God bless you, angel!' murmured Edgar.

'I was afraid she died last night.'

'Last night?'

'Yes, when I went for the doctor.'

'Dear Edgar!' exclaimed Emily, bursting into tears, 'that was three weeks ago!'

The young man was still very low; but the assurance that Emily was not dangerously ill, the care of the doctor, and the kindness of Ellen, served to restore his strength. Slowly, but gradually he recovered, and in time was able to get up with the assistance of others, and to walk across the room.

He had not yet seen Emily. She was unable to leave her apartment; and her illness, of a long standing, was of a more dangerous nature than her husband's.

One day Edgar felt unusually strong. Impatient to see his wife, he stole from his room unobserved, and sought Emily's apartment.—The door was partly open, and he entered unheeded. His suffering wife was alone, reclining upon the couch which she had not left for many days. Eagerly Edgar sprang forward, forgetful of his feeble state, and fell on the bed by her side. In a moment they were in each other's arms, sobbing like children. Edgar was praying to be forgiven for his guilty neglect, which had well nigh killed her, and she was interrupting him with assurances of pardon and never-dying love.

Oh, it was then that the wretched husband, on his knees by the bedside of his injured wife, opened her heart. During his convalescence he had reflected. He saw all his errors in their true light; and now he confessed in deep humiliation. The hand of heaven had chastened him, and he bowed submissively for his punishment was not only just, but necessary to his good. He had been blind to sin before, but the scales had been torn from his eyes. He felt the pain, but blessed the light.—Oh! he would not complain, but he prayed heaven, there in the presence of her he had wronged, to forgive as she forgave him, and to restore

her to health—not for his sake, but her own, and her friends, to whom she was dear.

Ellen came. She lifted Edgar from his knees, and in language of heavenly kindness, cheered his broken and repentant spirit. Emily needed no words of hope and consolation; her heart was already overflowing with joy.

Oh, the divine power of hope and happiness! From that day Emily began to recover strength. The love which shone in Edgar's face was of more avail than the skill of all physicians. A new fountain of vitality poured its refreshing and magic waters into her heart.

Reader, this is no mere fancy sketch. I could point out to you the principal characters in the story to-day. Would you see them? Come with me, in imagination, to contemplate a reality. Behold that happy circle, that gather about the fireside that diffuses warmth and cheer these cold November nights. Comforts surround them, and you see at a glance that happiness is theirs. Yonder middle-aged man, with dark hair sparsely sprinkled with grey, and an eye that speaks the generous soul and manly intellect, is the Edgar of my sketch. The beautiful woman, whose brow expands in his smiles, is his wife. The fair girl of five summers, and the gentle boy of two, sitting on the rug to warm their feet before they go to bed, are the children of this happy home.—The couple playing chess at the table, are Ellen and her husband, a man well worthy of her love, who are on a visit to the Sumners.

All are happy—even Edgar, for his old habits of dissipation have been completely overcome, and the sight of the winecup causes him to shudder, and exclaim—

'Oh, ye moderate drinkers, beware! Crush the serpent before it's too late to shake off its tightening folds. Run not your own peace and the happiness of your friends, and wait not for the chastening hand of heaven to teach you wisdom with calamity, and quench your thirst with fire.'

## SMOKING A GRIZZLY.

BY SOLITAIRE.

'WHAT an have never seen a live Grizzly?' exclaimed an old Oregon gold-digger, with whom we were engaged in a 'bar' conversation one evening on Jamestown bar.

'Never,' said I, in all seriousness; 'it has never been my good fortune to encounter one of the beautiful varmints.'

'Well, when you do, perhaps it won't be the pleasantest minute you ever had; for there ain't no varmint in these ere hills, nor anywhere else I've been, that kin kick wuss, either round or sideways, than a grown grizzly bar.'

'But you can easily get out of the way of a clumsy animal like that,' said I, provoking the old digger into a yarn of his experience in regard to grizzlies.

'Well, when you kin git out of thur way, little feller, I gives you my advice to git out quicker, for though they ain't built raaal beautiful for running, they lops awful fast when they're after a human critter. I was desperatly glad to get away from one once, myself.'

I had provoked him to the edge of a bear-story, and knowing from his manner that his relation of such an occurrence as getting away from a bear would be interesting, I tempted him on.

'Where did you say you fell in with him?' inquired I.

'I didn't say I fell in with him 'anywhar,' answered he,—'cuss the varmint, he fell in with me, and I'd a leetle rather have met the devil just at that minnit. I was over thar two miles 'outer side of the high ridge, beyond Sullivan's, looking arter that gray mule of mine—and talkin' 'bout wicked things, 'jule puts me thinkin' what a determined vicious sarpint that gray mule was! Well, I was huntin' 'er, and arter ramblin' over the hills and shootin' down half a dozen gulches, I began to git out of wind; and set down to bless that gray critter for the many tramps she had gin me—I say no larriat 'ud hold her, nor if it was made of bull-hide an inch thick. I hadn't sot more'n a minnit, when I heard a snort, and a roar and a growl, and a right smart sprinklin' of fast travelin' all mixed up together. Lookin' up a parapendicular hill, right behind me, thar I saw comin', my gray mule, puttin' in her best ticks, and a few yards behind her was a grizzly, not much bigger than a yearlin'.

'Many an infernal scrape that mule had takin' me into afore, but this was rather the tightest place she ever did git me into. I hadn't a weapon about me, 'cept one of these mean, one-barrelled auction pistols; and I hadn't a consarned mite of a load in, and I hadn't nothin' to load it with, and no time to put it in, if I had; and if it had been loaded, it wouldn't hev ben worth a cuss.'

You had better believe, boys, that my skin got moist sudden;—thar warn't no dry diggins under my red shirt, long afore that grizzly got down the hill. The infernal mule no sooner seed me than she wheeled round and put me between her and the 'bar,' and stood off to see if I wouldn't lick him about a easy as I used to whale her when she got stubborn. Old grizzly drawed up, when he seed me, and 'gin to roll his old barrel head about, and grunt, as ef I was more'n he bargined for, and I'd jest given him that mule easy, to hev got off squar. As the fellers say at monte, he was a 'lay out' I didn't want to bet on.

'I commenced backin' out, and wanted to make it a draw game; but he kept shufflin' up to me, and any feller who had ben close to his head, would hev gin his whole pie to get a chance to cut. I considered my effects—thar pan, rocker, and crowbar—jest as good as ministered upon; and almost felt the coroner sittin' on my body. I stuck my hands into my pockets to see if thar warn't a knife about me, and I pulled out half a dozen boxes of Lucifer Matches, that had jest ben bought that afternoon. I don't know what put it in my head, but I sot a box blazin', and held it out towards old grizzly, and I reckon you haven't often seen two eyes stick out wusser than his did then. He drew back at least ten yards, and settin' the box down on the airth, I jest moved off about twenty yards in 'other direction. Thar he crept up to the lucifers and took a smell, and ef the muscles of my jaws hadn't ben so tight with fear, I'd hev bustin' in to a regular snarl of laughin' at sechin' how he turned up his nose and sniffed. The next minnit he retreated at least fifty yards; and then I sot off another box of the lucifers, and—dar you believe it—he 'gin to back out! As soon as I felt I had him skinned, I didn't keer a cuss for a whole drove of grizzlies. I jerked out another box of lucifers, litched it up, and let out the most ornate yell thar ever woke them diggins, and the

way that bar broke into a center would hev distanced any quarter nag in Christendom—he jest seemed to think that anything that could fire up as easy and smell as bad as me, war rather a delicate subject to kick up a row with. As he was gettin' over the hill, I fairly squealed out laughin', and I'll awar ef that impudent mule, which was standin' behind me, didn't enicker out, too. I looked for a rock to hit her—instead of ketchin' her to ride to camp—and the ungrateful critter sot off in a trot, and left me to walk. I made short time atween that ravin' and my tent, for I was awful feared that my grizzly was waitin' at some place to take a second look at me, and might bring a few older varmints along to get their opinion of what kind of a critter I was.'

'Ah, boys,' said he, in conclusion, 'Providence has helped me out of many a scrape, but I warn't bin saved me from the grizzly—ef it hadn't bin that the devil, or some Dutchman, invented brimstone and lucifer matches, thar would have bin an end to this critter, and the verdict would have bin—'Died of a Grizzly!'

Value of a Little Chemical Knowledge.

The last number of the American Farmer contains an interesting statement of the results of an experiment on the farm of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, near Baltimore. The farm recently purchased by Mr. Johnson was completely exhausted, and the great question of the proprietor was this: What shall be applied to it in order to bring it to a state of fertility? In order to answer this question, common sense would dictate the Yankee rule of asking another question first, viz. What is lacking in the soil which causes its present barren condition? In order to ascertain this, chemistry must be called in. An analysis must be made. In order to illustrate the practical operation of this, we will extract from the communication the following statements: The land, originally good, had been impoverished by a long course of bad husbandry. The soil contains a very large proportion of iron. So complete was its exhaustion, that when first I saw it, all the vegetable matter growing upon the two hundred acres of cleared land, (including briars, sassafras, and other bushes,) carefully collected, would have been insufficient for the manufacture of one four-horse load of barn-yard manure. The field selected for the experiment contains ten acres, embracing the slopes of two hills, and a small valley intersecting it diagonally. It was at that time in corn, and did not produce one peck of corn to the acre, although it had been cultivated in the usual manner, and with ordinary care, and the season had not been below the average of seven years.

An analysis of the soil was made by Dr. Stewart. He found it to contain the following ingredients:—

Sand and bases insoluble	71.20
Limes	0.30
Magnesia	0.40
Manganese	0.10
Potash	0.23
Water and organic matter	10.07
Phosphoric acid, none.	
Iron and alumine,	17.70

100.00

The doctor remarks, that from this analysis, the soil contains as much lime and magnesia as could be furnished by a dressing of one hundred and fifty bushels per acre—an uncommon quantity of iron. As there was a lack of phosphates, he recommended a preparation composed of dissolving bones in sulphuric acid; bone dust is similar in its effects—a part of the lime being combined with carbonic instead of sulphuric acid.

The corn was accordingly cut off and removed, the field plowed and harrowed, and laid off into sixteen and one half feet lands. The preparation was then scattered regularly over it, costing, all told, \$10 per acre. One and a quarter bushels of Mediterranean wheat was then sown upon each acre, and harrowed in. No barn-yard or other manure was used. The yield was more than twenty-nine bushels per acre!

Is not this a triumph of science, as applied practically to the renovation of exhausted land? [Exchange.]

A short time since, the judge of our Police Court gave a very pointed hit at the sinuities of the law, in his keen epigrammatic and unpremeditated style. He had in his hand a very straight, well turned and handsomely tapered cane, which aids and graces his walks. He also had a curiously crooked, coarse, rustic stick, which he had picked up somewhere as worthy of being preserved for its splendid crookidity. On stepping into a store where were several of his friends, their attention was drawn to the two canes.

'How happens it, Judge,' said one of our official law makers, 'that you carry two canes?'

'Oh, very appropriately,' said the Judge, his little black eyes twinkling with something in them. 'They are emblematic of my official station; this, holding out the straight, even cane, is the emblem and representative of Justice; and this, holding up the cane so crooked as to be almost incapable of lying still, is the emblem and representative of Law.'

This brought down the house to the surprise of his Honor. [Bangor paper.]

TRUE BLUE.—A Quebec correspondent of the Boston Ranger, tells the following story of a Yankee, who had been 'all round,' at that place.

The Yankee approached a group of English gentlemen in front of the Hotel, and flourishing a red bandana, observed:—

'Wall, I've ben all round, and I've concluded we don't want you.'

An Englishman addressed him with, 'What do you think of the Citadel?'

'Oh, Scott wouldn't make anything of taking that; he'd land fifteen miles down the river and starve them out.'

'But it is stocked with three years provisions,' replied the other.

'Wall, he'd stay five, then.'

Go it, Anglo-Saxon, thought we.

LEARNING OUT WEST.—Somebody tells a good anecdote of a young lawyer who having just left the Cambridge law school to practice in Wisconsin, made a very reconcile and flourishing argument in one of his earliest cases, in which he went at some length into the Greek, Roman, French and English law upon the subject of the case. He was replied to at once by an old western practitioner who commenced his speech as follows:—'Gentlemen of the jury—this young man who has just spoke,

has made a very fine speech, that don't amount to nothin'—and taken considerable pains to show you what the law is most everywhere exceptin' here. Gentlemen, he has been three ancient and modern history, and done everything he could think on to flabbergast you, and git his case thur clear. He has roamed with Romuleus, sot with Sophocles, ripped with Euripides, and canted with Cambrides! But what does all that prove about law here in Wisconsin?'

[Lowell Courier.]

Quips and Quirks.

We copy the following from the New-Englander, of last week:—

Our venerable friend and correspondent, Godfrey Graylock, in his retirement amid the hills of Berkshire, indulges occasionally in the pastimes of his youth. Here are a few oddities he lately sent us:—

FAME.—Longfellow is known in Pittsfield as 'the man that married Mr. Appleton's daughter,' and Herman Melville as 'the fellow that bought Dr. Brewster's farm.'

SCENE AT THE BERKSHIRE HOTEL AT DINNER-TABLE. S.—Allow me to pass you an ice cream?



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....DEC. 5, 1850.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SINGMASTER, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. B. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

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 Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

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

## A RAMBLE ABOUT HOME WITH SUBSCRIBERS ABROAD.

Bright and early—here we are. You seem to relish our sketches, and we certainly find them not unpleasant; but our walk-to-day must be a short one. You will bear in mind that we have "other fish to fry"—copy to get, type to set, bills to pay, duns to write, d—l to pay, and all that—and we get but little time for these rambles. We promised to meet you here, however, and here we are, at the door of the Exchange, on Main-st.

We tell you, then, that the Exchange, now so called, was originally built by Capt. Eben Bacon, a little more than fifty years ago. It was designed for a public house, notwithstanding its somewhat limited dimensions—indicating pretty conclusively that the A. & K. Railroad had not been much talked of at that time.—There may be those living who can tell you of the merry time at raising, and of the hundred and one "glorious spree" that have been acted in its bar-room. We cannot do it, though we first saw the light in times when common hospitality had to have its teeth with a "horn," and when old Elder Steadhead invariably had to "pull his winkers" with a drop on Sunday morning. Few, very few, of the public houses of that day have failed to leave their footprints behind them, in the shape of bloated faces and tottering limbs; and if you would know their whole history you must consult those who have learned the a, b, c of intemperance within their walls. It is written there in letters that nothing but the wash of the gutter will obliterate. The Exchange, however, claims only its numerical proportion of this work. It was for many years known as "the Ingraham tavern," from the name of a landlord who kept it for many years after Bacon. After him it was kept at one time by Mr. John Partridge, at another by Thomas Kimball, Esq., and still later by Elisha Howard. At times it has been permitted to enjoy the bliss of domestic life.—In '47, when we first knew any thing of Waterville, except as "the place where the College is," its landlord was Orea Doolittle. Then succeeded a spasm in its history, not to be forgotten. It was leased by Mr. Hiram Haskell and opened as a temperance house. How long it "kept the pledge" we know not, but no doubt Mr. Haskell does. We venture to say that Mr. Densmore, its present occupant, found none of the "white" in its banner when it came to his hand. It was leased and occupied after Mr. Haskell by Mr. James M. Grey, and in 1849 its present occupant took possession.

The name of Exchange, now on its sign, was the christening given by its present landlord. It had for several years previous been known as the Ticonic House; and up to 1849 was owned by Nath'l Gilman, Esq., of N. York city. In that year it was purchased, in connection with other real estate, by Dr. Samuel Plafsted, its present owner. It is enough to say of the Exchange that it is as good "as circumstances permit." It makes no claim to being a first class hotel. It is too small for a public house, in these days of prosperity. Mr. Densmore has no room to show what he would do, with proper elbow room, and should be judged accordingly. When the Exchange shall receive from its owner the attention bestowed upon other portions of the same purchase, nobody doubts that Mr. D. will give it a rank according to the means offered.

Now, as we looked at the Parker House yesterday, give us your arm, and we will set back round the corner. Just fix your eye on that rather venerable looking building adjoining the Parker House. It is now occupied by Mr. J. D. Chandler. Like some ladies of your acquaintance, it has been with the aid of paint to maintain some relics of its youth; and yet, as we may say of many of them, there are some rare recollections associated with its old frame. It was never the "Jackins house," but it was at one time a Jackins house. It was built by Dr. Williams, and has the reputation of being the first two-story house built in Waterville. It dates back beyond the year '95. It was for many years occupied as a tavern; and could those old walls utter what they know, they would tell some rare tales. Among its early occupants were Mr. Jackins, and old Col. Mathews. It originally occupied a kind of "catercornered" position, like some politicians, about half way between where it now is and the corner, near where the new store of Mr. Bartlett stands. Some twenty years ago it was removed to its present location.

Now hold your head this way, and let us chafe your organ of memory a little. Shut your eyes and squint back to your boyhood through the narrow crack of memory. Do you see?—the old building as we told you—the little, triangular corner, half turf half barren, with a well trod footpath for its hypothesis?—here the back of a rock, there a patch of grass, and yonder a square pool of mud? Do you see it all? Now let us break a bottle of moonshine on that rock. Do you see now? What a glorious playground for boys! What a place to batter tin pans, see dog-fights, and kick chins!—This is thirty years ago. See those boys—and there in the shadow of the building those men. The former are playing pranks with a drunkard, and the latter talking about the growth of the village. Now "presto

change!" and those men are dead, and the boys are the business men of the village, and that three cornered common is covered by a couple of venerable looking two-story buildings; one occupied by Mr. George W. Lincoln, tailor, and the other by Mr. A. Chick as a shoe-store and Mr. J. Nudd as a barber's shop. The former, on the corner, was built more than 20 years ago, by Nathaniel Gilman, and has since had various occupants. At one period it was occupied in the upper story, by M. P. Norton, as a law office, and later below by Mr. S. Appleton for the post office. The late Mr. Ellphalet Gow first commenced the tin and sheet iron business there. Previous to Mr. Lincoln, it was for some time occupied as a clothing store. You remember Boardwin, the dandy colored barber, who kept a shop in the upper room some years ago?—and for whom this corner was at one time called "Boardwin Square!" The last tenant of the upper rooms was Dr. Noyes, lately removed to his new office in Morrill Building.

But we promised a short walk; and the truth is, that some of our records are not accessible to-day. To-morrow we shall show you more.

## The Secret Revealed.

We never contended, or doubted, or admitted, that Gov. Hubbard was the best democrat in the world,—though he did get the democratic vote of one of the best democratic States in the Union. But one thing we know to be true, namely—Gov. Hubbard is the boldest man that ever set foot upon Yankee soil!—Israel Putnam no more rivalled him in this virtue, than Tom Thumb rivalled Daniel Lambert in the circumference of his belly. "Old Put." could only face a single wolf, but Gov. Hubbard has throttled half a million Yankees. For whom or for what, but his own immortality in this direction, did he lay his giant hand upon Thanksgiving, and jerk it "into the middle of next month?" For whom or for what, we ask!—and this is the question, for an answer to which fifty thousand hungry voters are yet pining. Why are a hundred thousand bipeds, to say nothing of geese, to be allowed to eat a hundred thousand extra pecks of oats? And why are a thousand maidens to fast on single blessedness, when Thanksgiving had promised to double their joys a month earlier? None other than a bold man would dare thus to offend a kind but hungry people. And then the scandal done in the name of reason!—that the Governor's tom-turkey required another month's feeding;—that his Thanksgiving party must be preceded by another quarter's salary;—that he intends in time to make Thanksgiving play second-fiddle to Christmas;—and that the two feasts are to be brought into conspiracy against human life for the good of the medical faculty! How much madder than a politician is a hungry man!—how furiously scandal runs upon an empty stomach! But we have come to the Governor's relief, in the shape of a solution of the mystery. It is an anti-slavery measure!—and this is the way it works—Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years, the "three public days" contemplated by the law requiring the publishing of the banns of matrimony, are brought within twelve days of each other! hastening the consummation of the grand hymenal climax by the period of a week! The result is plain—the effect upon slavery is proportionate to the influence of matrimony upon the population of the North. This is our revelation; and we call upon the liberty party to strike their flag and shout for the man who put off Thanksgiving. For ourselves—we simply inquire, with our natural modesty, whether any of the Governor's Aide-de-Camp have resigned or run away.

**INSTRUCTION IN GEOGRAPHY.** We are requested to state that Mr. C. Fletcher proposes to give a course of instruction in Geography upon the Outline Map system; and as this system is designed for adult members of community, who have passed through their common school instruction, (as well as children), he invites such as may wish to avail themselves of this opportunity, to meet at the Academy, this (Thursday) evening, at half past 6 o'clock, to witness the method of instruction and hear a proposal of terms.

**GRAHAM**—that "prince of good fellows," and man of indomitable enterprise—is out with his Magazine, for January in a style of unsurpassable beauty and magnificence. Whatever Graham attempts to do is well done. He does not boast of the number of his embellishments, but points you, with confidence, to their superior excellence, as works of art. We will not waste words in recommending Graham's Magazine for 1851 to the attention of our readers, but merely ask them to call and examine the January number at C. K. Mathews's Bookstore, where it can be obtained.

**ERROR CORRECTED.**—In our notice of Mr. Cheney's Pail Factory, at Kendall's Mills, a few weeks since, we stated the number of pails annually manufactured there to be six thousand, and which we thought to be doing very well for the infancy of the business; but we have since been informed that this enterprising Yankee establishment turns them out at the rate of sixty thousand a year; so that we have no excuse for going to Massachusetts or any where else for these articles. "Encourage your own."

We also omitted to mention another important branch of business—that of fence making—which is carried on extensively in the same building. Specimens of this fence, which although afforded at low price is yet neat and durable, can be seen at a number of places in this village. The same manufacturer will also make all sorts of buildings—from a pig-pen to a palace, from a woodshed to a meeting-house—furnishing doors, sashes, blinds, &c. and holding a New Edition of an Old Work.—A most beautiful edition of Pope's Essay, in three parts, has just been issued. The lady of Mr. G. Pope, of this place, presented her husband

with three beautiful and lively boys, on Tuesday evening of last week; all healthy, lively, and plump, and, with the favored mother, all doing well. They should be christened Alexander, (in honor of the great poet), Pius, (the present Pope of Rome), and George, (for the father, the luckiest Pope of the three). May God bless them all.

## Look and See for Yourself.

Those who advertise most, sell cheapest.—There is no doubt of this. Look, then, to our advertising columns, especially when you send orders instead of going personally. Those who buy articles in Portland, should look over the following list of cards in our advertising columns. These are the places at which to call, or to send orders:

**Dry Goods**—Smith & Robinson, No. 90, Middle st.; H. J. Libby & Co., Montreal Block; Hobbs, Thaxter & Co., 154 Middle st.; A. D. Hall, Middle, corner of Plum st.; John Dow & Co., 152 Middle st.

**Carpeting, Feathers, &c.**—Sparrow & Tukey, 133 Middle st.; Smith & Robinson, 90 Middle st.

**Washing Fluid**—M. Seavey, 10 Market sq. **Agricultural Tools, Seeds, &c.**—Gwynneth & Talman, 27 Market Square.

**W. I. Goods, Groceries, Flour &c.**—Jennings, Chase & Co., 188 Fore st.; Smith, Hersey & Co., City Hall Building.

**Fancy Goods &c.**—Plummer & Stevens, 18 Market Square.

**Paper**—Day & Lyon, 21 Exchange st. **Bookbinding**—Lefavor & Co., 68 Exchange st., or Mail Office, Waterville.

**Watches, Jewelry, Cutlery, &c.**—Banks & Hatch, 72 Exchange st.; N. J. Gilman, 128 Middle st.; Lowell & Senter.

**Ground Rock Salt**—Waldron & Co. **Hard Ware and Cutlery**—Daniel Evans, 147 Middle st.

**Hats, Caps, Furs, &c.**—John G. Hayes & Co., 7 Market sq.; Byron Greenough & Co., 148 Middle st.; Corvill, Greenough & Co., 148 Middle st.

**Fruit, Vegetables, &c.**—Emery & Buck, 273 Congress st.; Albion Witham, 142 Middle st.; Rufus Cushman, 174 Fore st.; Rufus Stanley, 273 Market sq.

**Furniture, Feathers, &c.**—Walter Corey, 52 Exchange st.; James Todd, 136 Middle st. **Musical Instruments, &c.**—J. S. Paine, 113 Middle st.; Augustus Robinson, 51 Exchange st.; Geo. Clark, 101 Middle st.

**Oil**—Wm. A. Hyde, 203 Fore st. **Law**—Jas. O'Donnell, 122 Middle st. **Boots and Shoes**—L. D. Hanson, 119 Middle st.

**Hotels**—U. S. Hotel; Casco House, 93 Middle st.; American House, opposite City Hall. **Brushes**—E. Gammon & Co., 141 Middle st.

**Crockery & Glass Ware**—Steele & Hayes, 110 Middle st.; Lufkin & Thayer, Greenough's Block, Middle st.

**Ready-made Clothing and Furnishing Goods**—S. R. Webber, 78 Middle st.; L. De M. Ling, 159 Hanson's Block, Middle st.; Barnum & Field, 163 Middle st.

**Tobacco, Segars, &c.**—Wm. Scagell, 166 Middle st.

**Hair Work, &c.**—Henry Robinson, 144 Middle st.

**Country Produce**—Mayhew & Morse, under City Hall.

**Harness, Trunks, &c.**—John Rounds, 168 Middle st.

**Ship Chandlery**—Jones, Hammond & Co., Mariner's Church Building.

**Stoves, Hollow Ware, Castings, &c.**—T. Hammond, Jr., 18 Exchange st.

## Post-Office Circular.

The following notice has been addressed by the Postmaster General to the various Postmasters throughout the United States.

**POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Nov. 1, 1850.** It is believed that many violations of the law are committed with impunity through private expresses, from censurable ignorance on the part of postmasters, and a general want of knowledge on the part of the public, of the provisions of the act of March 3, 1845.

That act declares "mailable matter" to be all letters and newspapers, and all magazines and pamphlets published in a regular series, and all other printed or written matter, whereof each copy shall not exceed eight ounces in weight; thus embracing all insurance policies; whether blank or filled, and all circulars, handbills and written or printed notices whatever.

It forbids the conveyance out of the mail by private expresses making stated or regular trips from one place to another, between which the United States mail is transported, of any "mailable matter" whatever, except newspapers for sale or distribution to subscribers, and except also, pamphlets, magazines and periodicals, when not marked or directed, nor intended for immediate distribution to subscribers or others, but intended for sale as merchandise, and sent or consigned to some bona fide dealer or agent for the sale thereof; and subjects every person thus offending, or aiding and assisting therein, to a penalty of \$150 for each offence.

It subjects the owner of any vehicle or vessel by which, with the knowledge or connivance of the owner, driver, conductor, or person having charge thereof, is conveyed any person acting as a private express, and actually in possession of forbidden "mailable matter," to a penalty of \$150 for each offence.

It subjects the owner of any vehicle or vessel making stated trips, and conveying, as aforesaid, any forbidden mailable matter, otherwise than in the mail, to a fine of \$100, and the driver, conductor, captain, or other person in charge, to a fine of \$50 for each offence. It permits the conveyance by such vehicle or vessel, out of the mail, of letters or other mailable matter relating to accompanying cargo or freight; but orders for goods, whether sealed or unsealed, are not embraced in such permission.

It subjects all persons whatsoever, who shall send, or cause to be sent, by private express or other unlawful means, any forbidden mailable matter, to a penalty of \$50 for each offence.

See regulations prescribed by the Postmaster General, to enforce act of March 3d, 1845, Nos. 138, 144, 481, 482, 483, 484, 486, 487, 488, and 489.

The attention of postmasters is specially called to regulations 492, 493, and 494.

**FITZ HENRY WARREN.** Second Assistant P. M. General.

The tyranny of the post office department has been more than insinuated by public sentiment. There can be no possible reason why the department, so long as it compels the public to adopt its conveyances, should not be responsible for money stolen by its agents. And there is quite as little reason that the public should be compelled to decline facilities offered by expressmen, if their terms are, in any respect preferable to those offered by the department. When express lines are responsible to pay all losses, and the post office, notwithstanding

the pilferings that are of almost daily occurrence, refuses any such responsibility, what is the reason of a law that compels a man to employ the latter? Between Waterville and Boston a remittance of \$100 was appropriated by some of the employees of the department, within a few months; and a similar remittance from Waterville to Portland was also stolen. What power can hold public confidence, in the face of these frequent peculations? So long as the department retains, and exercises in the most tyrannical manner, the power of appointing its own agents, it should be responsible for their pecuniary defalcations, in whatever shape. When public sentiment shall succeed in making itself heard above the din of fruitless wrangling at Washington, the post office department will pass a thorough ordeal of regeneration. Then we shall have a system of reasonable if not cheap postage, and responsibility, in some shape, for trust assumed by the people's agents. Then, too, will the people secure themselves against the imposition of ignorant and irresponsible agents, whose only merit consists in having been first and loudest in brawling for some manoeuvring politician. God speed the time!

**SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE** for January is all it was promised to be, and that is saying enough in its praise. It contains no less than 26 embellishments, 6 of which are full page engravings, including a beautiful illuminated frontispiece and splendid title page. It is a charming gift book in itself. We have already told our readers what Sartain would do in 1851, and now we advise them to call at Mathews's and see what a glorious beginning he has made.—It is truly an American work, of which Americans may well be proud, and which they should liberally patronize.

The lovers of mirth and music will remember that **DODGE**—that laughter-moving genius—can be seen and heard at the Town Hall to-morrow evening, and will please govern themselves accordingly.

**DESOTISM IN A REPUBLIC.**—It appears that in pursuance of an order of a court martial held at Fort Constitution, in the harbor of Portsmouth, N. H., in September last, three of the soldiers stationed at that Fort, whose names were James Smith, Michael Kennedy and Henry McMahon, were sentenced to be kept at hard labor by day and in solitary confinement by night, for one year, without wages, each to bear a twenty-four pound ball attached to their limbs by a chain, and also a heavy iron collar upon their necks, with seven pointed irons of some seven inches in length projecting from it, after having undergone a severe punishment for several weeks prior to their trial.

And what does the reader imagine was the object of these three men, for which they were subjected to this ignominious and agonizing punishment? He will conclude, perhaps, that they had stabbed an officer, or set fire to the barracks, or been guilty of flagrant cowardice or some brutal assault. But nothing of the sort was charged upon them. Their sole offence was, that they neglected or refused to obey an order of an officer at the Fort, to perform a menial service not pertaining to their military duty, namely: To convey certain female visitors at the Fort, across the Piscataqua river to the town of Kittery! For this they were sentenced by a conclave of dandy lieutenants, to be robbed of a year's wages, to be chained to a twenty-four pound ball and wear a spiked collar for a year; in short to undergo indignities and tortures, to which the vilest galley slave is not subjected in the most despotic countries of Europe.

The most offensive part of this brutal sentence has been negatived by General Scott, who would have been wanting in his duty, had he not prevented so shameless an abuse of authority. We should think he should go a little further; cancel the entire sentence of the men, and then invite the officers, who were guilty of it, to take off their diadems, and put on the spiked collars, which they had ordered for the soldiers. The fellows who could conceive and try to inflict such an infernal outrage, should be drummed out of camp to the tune of the "Rogue's March." Talk of slave-catchers, what is their infamy compared to that of the miscreants, who could attempt such an atrocity as adequate to such an offence? Let us have their names, that they may be *tabooed* in every decent social circle in the United States, not to speak of Turkey and Tunis.

We are glad to see that the people of Portsmouth have not been remiss in view of this affair. They had a meeting on Wednesday evening last at which appropriate resolutions were adopted, together with a Memorial to Congress in favor of military reform, and a Petition to the Secretary of War, for the remission of the remainder of the punishment of the three soldiers. These last named documents will probably be presented for signatures in this city; and we hope that Bostonians will not be backward in putting their names to them, to show their sense of an act, which is a disgrace to the army and to humanity.—[Boston Transcript.]

**SAD ACCIDENT.**—Capt. Jonathan Whiting of Winthrop, was killed by the wheel of his wagon running over his head, on Monday afternoon last. He loaded his wagon with barrels of whiting in this village in the afternoon and left for the Forks. The accident happened in going down the first hill on the west side of the ledge. He was seen on his load as he commenced the descent of the hill, by a person who lived near. It is supposed the barrels which stood on end were not properly bound in front, and that the jostling caused him to fall. He fell in such a manner that both wheels passed over his head near the mouth and neck, crushing his head in a dreadful manner and probably separating the jugular vein. He must have been killed almost instantly. The horses, consisting of three, proceeded down that hill and the next, the deep cut through the Myrick hill, and were found in a few minutes afterwards, by a person coming this way, out of the road on the west side just below the beach tree, with the load nearly on top of them and one dead. Another was very much injured and died that night. Capt. Whiting was found lying in the road where he fell, and the blood on the ground indicated that the wound had caused profuse bleeding. The body was carried to his home at East Winthrop that evening. He was about sixty years of age and leaves a wife and family. He was a very industrious man, and universally respected for his many good traits of character. His death is a severe affliction to his family, and is regarded by the community as a serious loss.—[Hallowell Gazette.]

The citizens of Calais, Me., were much pleased, and the heart of a needy woman cheered, by the receipt, on Tuesday last, of a check on the bank for \$500 drawn by Miss Lind in favor of Sarah W. Clark, widow of the late Joseph N. Clark, mate of barque Sophia, of Calais, who lost his life on 3d of Sept., in taking off the crew of the Swedish barque Johanna, which was in a sinking condition.

## ABSTRACT OF PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

After an appropriate allusion to the painful dispensation of Divine Providence which had called him to address Congress, and some remarks on the general right and duties of nations, particularly to establish such forms of Government as they may choose, and to administer these governments according to their own will, the President proceeds to say, that the Constitution, in all its parts and provisions, will be his guide, and that he will faithfully and fearlessly execute its provisions, while he guards against any infringement of State rights. In regard to the appointing power, he avows his determination to endeavor to elevate the standard of official employment, by selecting for office, and retaining in office, only such as are qualified by integrity and talents. Our foreign relations are represented as amicable with all foreign powers. Reference is made to the convention with Great Britain, having in view the construction of a ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific, and to arrangements between the Government of Mexico and citizens of the U. S. for the construction of a railroad, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

The total receipts into the Treasury during the past year have been \$47,421,748.90 while the expenditures have been \$43,002,168.90. The public debt has been reduced during the year, \$495,276.79. The President thinks that the amount of public lands granted by Congress since 1847, as military bounties, has been so great that it will nearly supply the public demand for land for several years, and that, consequently, the sales of the public lands cannot be depended on as a source of revenue for paying any part of the principal or interest of the public debt, to which use they have been heretofore devoted. A portion of the national debt amounting to \$8,075,986.59, must be provided for in the course of the next two fiscal years. The state of the finances of the country leads the President to speak of the wisdom and policy of raising a large portion of the revenue from goods imported. But while revenue should be the chief object of a tariff, the opinion is advanced that in laying duties for revenue, reference should also be had to the encouragement of home industry. A high tariff is considered very undesirable, for the reason that it can never be permanent, and the President suggests, that what our manufacturers especially need, is a permanent and uniform tariff, that they may know how to arrange their business. He earnestly recommends a modification of the present tariff. Specific duties are considered as preferable to *ad valorem* duties; but, should Congress prefer the continuance of the *ad valorem* system, it is suggested that the foreign invoices should not be regarded, but that the value of the goods should be appraised in this country, to prevent frauds.

The President recommends the establishment of a Mint in California; and in the mean time, that the assayed and stamped bullion of California be received for Government dues. The establishment of an Agricultural Bureau, for the encouragement of this leading branch of American industry, is suggested; also, that a U. S. Mineralogist and Chemist be appointed under the direction of this bureau. The attention of Congress is called to the importance of a communication between the valley of the Mississippi and our Pacific territories. The importance of adjusting the land titles in California by a Commission, is urged. The propriety of selling the gold lands in small parcels, is suggested, as on the whole preferable to leasing them. The necessity of raising one or more regiments of cavalry, to protect our Western and Southern borders from Indian depredations, is urged. Attention is called to the propriety of establishing an Asylum for destitute and disabled soldiers; to the expediency of authorizing officers of the army and navy to be retired from the service, when unfit for active duties; and to the necessity of revising the code for the government of the navy.

The condition of the Post Office Department is represented as highly satisfactory, the receipts having exceeded the expenditures by \$340,018.05. A reduction of postage is accordingly recommended, to three cents for prepaid letters. The President entertains no doubt of the propriety and expediency of internal improvements. An important suggestion is made, for the establishment of a Commission to settle private claims on the government, to avoid the delays and gross injustice to which private claimants on government are now often subjected. In relation to the compromise measures of the last session of Congress, the President recommends an adherence to those measures, until time and experience shall demonstrate the necessity of further legislation, to guard against evasion or abuse. The President closes his message with a devout recognition of the obligations of our country to the Great Ruler of Nations for the multiplied blessings which he has conferred on this nation.—[Traveller.]

## Congress News.

On Monday two-thirds of the Senators were in their seats. Mr. King, of Alabama, the President pro tem, will preside during the session, the office of Vice President of the United States having been vacated by the advancement of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidential chair.—The Senate was promptly called to order, and the necessary preliminary steps were taken preparatory to receiving the accustomed communication from the President. The report is that the best feeling prevailed among the Senators. We trust the report is well-founded, and that the fruits of this good feeling will be manifest in good works. *Members of the House of Representatives*, too, assembled in good numbers, and in good-spirits, and proceeded at once to business with an alacrity which it is to be hoped is an earnest of future faithfulness to the public service. *Message of the Executive* to both Houses was delivered, unexpectedly, on Monday, immediately after the President had been notified of their readiness to receive it.—[Traveller.]

Among the other improvements at the State House, a new vault has been constructed in the Treasurer's office for the deposit of the public cash: It is built in the strongest and most substantial manner, and furnished with a powder-proof lock. The whole expense was about \$1,000. We think it will prove a sufficient protection against any *illegal* robbery of the people's money; but it will still require all the vigilance of the "watch-dogs of the Treasury," to prevent spoliation by authority of law. *Ken. Journal.*

It will be recollected, that the late Dea. E. Dole, of this town, shortly before his death, placed some \$2,400 in the hands of trustees with instructions to appropriate it from time to time for charitable purposes. It was understood a portion of the money was to be expended for the promotion of the cause of the abolition of slavery, and a large portion for the relief of the poor in the town of Hallowell. After

the death of his father, the son, Nathaniel Dole of New York, commenced a suit to recover the money thus appropriated and the Court has recently decided that the transfer of the property for the above purposes was not legal.—The money therefore goes to the son.—[Hallowell Gazette.]

## Terrible Calamity. Insane Hospital Destroyed by Fire. Great Loss of Life.

About three o'clock, on Wednesday morning, the Insane Hospital was discovered to be on fire in the basement of the south wing. Efforts were made to put out the fire, but these were unavailing. The patients were removed with all possible dispatch from all parts of the building that were accessible, but horrible to relate, several of the poor creatures perished in the flames! Four or five are known to have perished! and it is possible that some ten or twelve are burned! Owing to the confusion existing, it is impossible at this time to gather full particulars, or give the names of those who have perished. We understand, however, that Mr. Armstrong, of Gardiner, is among the number.

At half past seven o'clock, it seemed probable that the north wing would be saved by the exertions of the firemen. The remainder of the building is destroyed.—[Me. Farmer extra.]

## Hating the North.

We frankly tell you, that, so far as we are concerned, we *despise the Union, and hate the north as we do hell itself*.—[Columbus Sentinel.]

Dr. Johnson said he liked a good hater—and if the readers of the Sentinel are of like taste, they are doubtless very much attached to the editor of that paper. "He evidently hates with a relish." "We despise the Union," exclaims the Sentinel. We are very sorry for the Union, it will feel so mortified when it hears how much it is despised by the Columbus Sentinel. And, "We hate the North as we do hell itself," thunders the Sentinel. Well, hate on, Mr. Sentinel, and show your faith by your works. Now, we of course cannot know the fact, but we should not be at all surprised to learn that the editor penned his hated article on northern paper, with a northern pen, and northern ink. The editor's ink-stand, blotting paper, scissors and sand, are also from the north, and probably the desk on which they are used, as well as the easy chair on which he sits and gets so angry as to use hard words—and some think, say very foolish things—are all from the north. The type and press, are more likely, the paper on which his thro's are printed, are also from the hated north. We might extend the list until finally it was found that the editor of the Sentinel was dressed, from the sole of his boots to the crown of his hat, and from his comfortable woolen wrapper to his heavy overcoat, in goods of northern manufacture. His toilet no doubt is also made before a northern mirror, his hair straightened with a northern comb, and after being dressed with northern perfumes, is smoothed with a northern brush. After doing this, he is called to breakfast by a northern bell, eats with a northern knife, fork and spoon—helps himself to northern butter and spreads it on bread made of northern flour, and wipes his mouth with a northern napkin. He wears a gold watch made at the north—takes his snuff out of a northern snuff-box, lights his cigar with a northern match, and if he was about to shoot a Yankee, would do it with a northern pistol and northern powder.

We have drawn an imaginary picture, but assuming the habits and dress of the editor of the Sentinel to be like those of our southern gentlemen, we are pretty confident that it is lifelike. It is much easier to preach than to practice—vastly easier to pull down than to build up. The Sentinel hates the north—but we suppose patronizes northern productions—hates hell, but dresses in the very livery of Satan.—[Mobile Daily Adv.]

**PENOBSCOT AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.**—We learn that the Directors of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad Company, at their meeting on Thursday, adopted the most vigorous measures for carrying out the work of constructing it. The three several lines, which have been previously surveyed, are to be carefully revised by the most competent engineer in the State. Conditional subscriptions to stock and deeds of the right of way, are invited on each line, and a full hearing is to be given to all parties interested in the question of its location. The location is to be filed on or before the 31st of December inst. The friends of each line are therefore called upon to make up their case and be prepared to submit the same to the Directors at this hearing. [Bangor Whig.]

**UNOSTENTATIOUS LIBERALITY.**—The trustees of the McLean Asylum in this city, received some weeks since, a donation of twenty-thousand dollars from our fellow-citizen, the Hon. William Appleton. It is known to many among us, that Mr. Appleton has long been a director of the institution, and has always taken a lively interest in its management. This munificent donation, he desires should be appropriated to the purposes of erecting an additional wing to the present building, which has been found insufficient for the public wants.—[Boston Courier.]

**A HERMIT.**—It is stated in the Thomaston (Me.) Register, that there has resided for a number of years past in the back part of the town of Montville, a hermit of the name of Barret. He has dwelt in a cave, the work of his own hands, dug in the bank of a small river, and carefully secured at the entrance against the intrusion of wild beasts, by a large log, sufficiently hollow to admit of his entering. He rejects every kind of luxury which may be offered him, the fruits of the earth that grow around him being his only food; water from the limpid stream his only drink. Since his retirement from the world, he has copied the Bible twice; once on paper, and once on the bark of a birch tree. About a year since he moved from his cave in Montville further into the woods, the country having become so much settled around him that he was frequently annoyed by visitors. He was the son of a respectable farmer in Massachusetts, who obliged him to marry a woman he disliked, having previously formed an attachment for another. He lived with his wife but a short time, when, it is said, rather than endure the society of her he could not love, he determined to forsake the world and its pleasures, and secretly left his native town for Maine, and took up his abode in the wilderness.

**PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.**—There is a man in the Massachusetts General Hospital, says the Boston Post, a laborer on the railroad, who was so badly injured by an accident that he is supported by his former employer on the following liberal scale: The man when well was paid \$30 per month; he is now paid by the same employer, \$35 per month.

The following toast was given at the late Medical supper, at Columbus, Ohio: "The Ladies." The only successful Homeopaths. They cure man's greatest malady—of the heart—by a "leech" of the same sort!







