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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1851.

NO. 29.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 3-19, Bowdoin Block, Main Street.

It is paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

THE UNWILLING BRIDE.

By H. D. WHITE.

In earlier days and former days, she had plighted her troth to a peasant, with whom the day of her life had been happily passed; and the time that she had spent with him, she had spent in the arms of a man who had loved her as she loved him, and who had been true to her as she had been true to him.

I have told him that I loved him,
And that I cannot be untrue;
My speech shall never grieve them,
Though my heart be not true.

They have torn me from my idol,
They have turned my love to stone;
But the grief that rends my bosom
Will not let me be alone.

He hath wealth and worldly honor,
And his name was one of pride;
But my heart is to another,
I can never be his bride.

But I've breathed the fatal promise—
On my hand I bear his ring—
This is a bond of precious value,
Yet it hath an altar's sting.

What to me are rank and station?
Can such soothe a broken heart?
Were my home to be a palace,
I would not cure my bosom's smart.

But my destiny I cannot
I may not seek to change;
Though from him my soul doth rove,
They my love can never estrange.

When the red leaf in the forest
Tells of Autumn's merry times—
When I sit in pensive sadness,
To my native village I come.

And he'll mark you with his eye,
He will see you from afar;
But he'll not know the source
Whence my heart is so sad and far.

But I've told him that I loved him,
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ty in appearance when his head and neck only are visible over the bushes, but an ungainly creature in its whole aspect.

A CHAPTER ON TEASING.

'Mother,' said George Manson, 'may I go with the boys and skate on the great pond this evening?'

'No, George; I do not like to have you go this evening.'

'Now, mother, do let me go; it will be such a fine evening, and the boys all want that I should come.'

'I do not think it best for you to go, George.'

'Why, mother, why can't I go?'

'You have a hard cold, and perhaps if you go, it will make you so sick you will be unable to attend school for several days.'

'Oh, no, it won't make me sick, mother, I am sure it will not. My cold is not bad now, and it will be such a beautiful evening; do let me go, mother, do; won't you?'

'I am afraid, my son, that the pond is not frozen over hard enough.'

'Yes, mother, it is. Only think what cold nights we have had; besides, James Edwards is going, and his father never lets him go when the ice is thin. Won't you let me go, mother?'

'You had better wait till to-morrow night.'

'But the boys are all going this evening, and perhaps they will not go to-morrow night.'

'Now, mother, only say yes, to-night, and I will not ask you again this week.'

'Was there ever such a teaser? Do go, for I am sure you will waste my life away if you stay at home; but do not complain if it makes you sick.'

The next noon Mrs. Mason's oldest daughter came to ask her mother's permission to visit one of her young friends. 'Susan asked me to come this afternoon,' said Mary; 'may I go?'

'No, you cannot go,' said Mrs. Mason, as she sent her away with a frown.

Now Mary was a girl of delicate feelings. She was by no means so fond of teasing as her mother supposed. On the present occasion, as often before, she had quite a struggle with herself, as to the course she should pursue.

On the one hand, she shrank from the task of obtaining a reluctant consent from her mother by teasing; on the other hand, she very much wished to visit her friend, and had reason to think, from past experience, that she might obtain consent by means which had so often proved successful.

In the present instance, her mother, who had half repented of refusing a request which, on reflection, did not appear unreasonable, was easily persuaded to withdraw her refusal, and give the desired permission.

A few days after this, Mrs. Manson paid a visit to her friend, Mrs. Day. 'Mother,' said Henry Day, when he returned from school at night, 'Edward Smith asked me to come and see him next Saturday; may I go?'

'No, my son, you have been there very recently; I do not think it best for you to go again so soon.'

'May I go and slide with the boys till tea time?'

'Yes, my dear, you may go.'

'Mother,' said Emma, 'Cousin Sarah wishes me to spend the afternoon with her next Saturday, may I go?'

'Next Saturday, my daughter, is some days ahead. I cannot decide now; but come to me Saturday, and I will tell you.'

'I shall be happy to gratify you if it is best for you to go, but if anything should occur to prevent, I hope my daughter will bear the disappointment cheerfully.'

When the children had left the room, Mrs. Manson exclaimed: 'I wish my children were like yours, Mrs. Day. Do tell me if your children never tease. My children wear me out teasing, from morning till night. If my George had been in your Henry's place, he would have given me no rest from now till Saturday noon, if I had refused to let him go.'

'My children,' said Mrs. Day, 'never tease; and pardon me, my dear friend, if I say that when I tease children, I always attribute the habit entirely to the parents, regarding it as the natural effect of causes which they have set in operation.'

'I cannot agree with you. I think there is a great difference in children. Some are the natural teasers. I believe my children love to tease.'

reasonable, we should always grant it with cheerful promptness. This will gain the confidence of our children. They will come openly and frankly with their requests, assured that we shall not refuse them from mere caprice, and afterwards yield to their importunity.'

'But if you have inconsistently refused them a reasonable request, may you never change your decision?'

'I think not. It will be better for them to abide by it, while you learn the lesson to be more careful in future.'

'But suppose you cannot make up your mind at once?'

'Then name some future time when you will let them know your decision, and let it be understood that nothing further is to be said to you on the subject till the time arrives. Pursue this course with decision, and perseverance, and you may be assured that your children will quit a habit which they find not only disagreeable, but unprofitable. It greatly promotes the happiness of our children to meet their requests in this prompt and decided manner. You never saw a child in the act of teasing, whose countenance did not express more or less of a restless anxiety. He may gain his point by importunity, and he may not; and in this way the mind is often kept on the rack of suspense for hours, to the serious injury of the temper and disposition of the child.'

—[Mother's Magazine.]

Anecdotes of the Squirrel Family.

Accounts are given of the ingenuity of the squirrels in Lapland, which we should find it difficult to believe, were they not credited by such men as Linnaeus, on whose authority I give them to my readers. It seems that the squirrels in that country are in the habit of emigrating in large parties, and that they sometimes travel hundreds of miles in this way.

When they meet with broad, rapid lakes, in their journeys, they take a very extraordinary method of crossing them. They approach the bank, and, perceiving the distance between them and the opposite shore, they return, as if by common consent, into the neighboring forest, each in search of a piece of bark, or light wood, which answers the purpose of a boat, to ferry them over. When the whole company are provided in this manner, they boldly commit their feet to the waves, each squirrel sitting on his own little boat, and fanning the air with his tail, in order to drive himself across.

In this orderly manner they set out, and often cross lakes several miles wide in this way. It occasionally happens, however, as you may suppose, that the poor mariners are not aware of all the dangers of the voyage; for though at the edge of the water it is generally calm, in the middle it is always more rough. Sometimes the poor squirrels encounter such a gale before they get across the lake, that nearly all the vessels are capsized, and they are shipwrecked.

'It is an ill wind which blows no one any good,' however; and the shipwreck, so disastrous to the squirrel family, is a matter of great rejoicing on the part of the laplander on shore. He gathers up the dead bodies, as they are washed ashore by the waves, eats the flesh, and sells the skins.

I read an interesting story, a little while ago, in the Gentleman's Magazine, an English publication, about a squirrel, who was charmed by a rattlesnake. The substance of the story was something like this:—

A squirrel, sitting on a hickory tree, was observed to weigh the nuts which he got, in each paw, to find out which were good, and which were bad. The light ones he invariably threw away, retaining only those which were heavier. It was found, on examining those he had thrown away, that he had not made a mistake in a single instance. They were all bad nuts.—[Woodworth's Stories about Animals.]

A WORD TO THE WOULD-BE WITTY.

There is a species of wit by which thousands of respectable persons are continually victimized. The unfortunate to whom we refer are those whose names hold out a sorry temptation to the punster. How often is Mr. Brown 'done Brown?'

Mr. Green is of course excessively green! Mr. Shaw is treated with a contemptuous *shaw!* Mr. Lightbody is a load for an omnibus! Mr. Service cannot be polite without being lauded as servicable!—The Misses Bells are musical bells! Mr. Honeyman is the sweetest man in the world! But it is needless to multiply examples. A Crowquill could not find room for them in an interleaved copy of Pigot's Directory. Suffice it that their name is legion. Now, it is perhaps a pity that the joker should be deprived of his laugh. His jest is not calculated to hurt, and may even be intended as complimentary. The unhappy thing is that Mr. Price, or Mr. Rich, or Mr. Oggle, or Mr. Pinn, or (whoever the poor victim may be), is expected to laugh likewise. Gracious! to think of our friend Mr. Glass laughing at a pun upon his own name! Why, he had his laugh out forty years ago! When a boy, his schoolmates called him brittle—asked if he was fond of a glass—avowed they could see through him—and twisted his poor name about till he had a hundred puns on it by heart. Had the wit of his friends been as sharp and polished as diamonds, he would have been scratched all over like the window of a country inn. He has almost begun to fancy that he is made of glass, like the unhappy patient in the 'Diary of a Physician.'

And yet, in the midst of all the grave business, he is continually met by some vulgar dolt perpetrating the most stale and obvious jokes upon his name, and compelling him, from habits of good nature and courtesy, to join in the general

eral cachinnation! Hazlet thanked heaven that his name was unsuspicious of a pun.—'What,' said his friend Knowles, 'your name that has it the world?' This was harmless enough, but to pun upon a name which must, from the very nature of things, have been punned upon a thousand times before, is as bad as enjoining a wretched song or using another man's tooth-brush.—[Glasgow Cit.]

PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

From the (N. Y.) Independent.

Messrs. Editors:—I have recently seen an article in the Journal of Commerce, which, together with some recent events, has given me no little trouble. The able editor of that Journal has told its ministers in this plain way that it is our duty to 'preach the gospel,' and that we are not to meddle in other matters.—He also hinted quite intelligently to our congregations, that if we do not stick to our appropriate calling, they had better put us out of our pulpits.

Now I am one who feels very anxious to retain my parish, to please all men, be a good man and confine myself strictly to 'preaching the Gospel.' Accordingly for some years, I did so preach. I discussed the doctrine of the atonement in fifty sermons. I preached one hundred sermons on the doctrine of the Trinity, refuting every errorist from Marcion to Channing; and times without number on election and regeneration. All this time my parish was quiet as a grave yard. Every one patted me on the back, as one does a well trained spaniel.

After a while I became a little uneasy as I perceived that intemperance increased around me with frightful rapidity, and that many of our church members were engaged in the traffic. So after much fear and doubt, I ventured to preach on the matter, and with many apologies to my audience for intruding the subject on them, I hinted as gently as I could at the wrongfulness of the business. But the very next day my good deacon called in great trepidation to beg me not to give any more offence to such influential men as Esquire Fiddle and Colonel Ramming; and he had hardly left the house when these two gentlemen came in, and after many protestations of profound respect for ministers, so long as they adhered to their sacred duties, hinted to me that if I meddled any more with such profane and secular matters as the rum traffic, my situation would be a very precarious one. I perceived my error, and betook myself again to 'preaching the Gospel,' and had the high gratification of regaining the favor of these influential men.

Some time elapsed, during which I was compelled to see awful results and deaths from intemperance in my own congregation. Deeply affected by these events, I wrote a sermon in the most cautious and prudent manner, in which I hinted tenderly at these tragedies, and very gently begged of our young people to think of the pledge of total abstinence. But alas, though my people loved and respected me so much, yet on Sabbath evening there was a sort of informal indignation meeting, at which a vote was passed, 'that the Gospel says nothing about pledges or abstinence;—that our minister be requested to confine himself entirely to his appropriate work of preaching the Gospel; that if he persists in meddling with other people's affairs it will be our duty to roll his black coat in the dirt.'

These resolutions were handed me by Mr. Soakwell, Mr. Blackeye, Mr. Beatwiff, Mr. Ragwindow, and Mr. Ramfull. I assured the deputation that I had not designed to give offence by my preaching, and hoped the matter would pass off without any further agitation. For the next twelve months, I preached over all my old sermons on the atonement, election, perseverance, and free agency, and gave universal satisfaction.

It so happened that an anti-slavery agent came to my house, and had considerable conversation with me on the rights and wrongs of the slave. I must own to the weakness of having felt some sympathy for my colored brethren as he spoke with me; for up to that time I had considered it my duty to have nothing to do with so delicate a matter, especially as my neighbor, Rev. Mr. Truthful, had recently lost his place by meddling with it. But I thought with my well-known discretion I might manage to suggest the topic to my hearers. So in one of my old 'Gospel sermons' I put in a new, brief head, hinting that if we had the spirit of Christ in us we should feel for the slave as Christ did for the wretched.—But I ought to have known better; for as the sound of the word slave, every sleeper in the house actually opened their eyes and stared at me; and Esquire Hateblack got up and walked out of the house. That very evening my old deacon Smallbrain came in to inform me that the whole congregation was in a ferment, and that unless I could abandon this course, he feared I must leave; that the people wanted to hear the Gospel preached, and not to be annoyed with 'nigger talk,' and begged me to desist. He hinted that there was some talk of 'society meeting.' You may be sure I was thoroughly frightened, and took good care not to commit the same error again.

Without further detail, I will merely mention that I once alluded to gambling, and received the next day a rather threatening note, asking me if the Bible forbade gambling, and bidding me 'preach the Gospel,' and not meddle with people's amusements. Again, I once hinted at the gay and dissipated balls and dances among the church members, and was reprimanded by Hon. Mr. Worldly for getting out of my sphere, and was assured by him that a minister could be respected only so long as he continued at his appropriate work—that of preaching the Gospel. Once in a 'Fast sermon' I ventured to speak of the political sins of the day, and by so doing actually drove away from the congregation Mr. Seekoffice and Mr. Demagogue, who swore they would never hear a man preach who outraged his audience by meddling with politics.

Now, Messrs. Editors, I think I am thoroughly cured of the slight taint of fanaticism which once endangered me. I now preach 'nothing but the pure Gospel.' I have just finished a course of ten sermons on the generalship of Christ, as contained in the Gospel of Matthew. I have discussed the whole doctrine of man's inability in thirteen sermons, drawn from that pure Gospel text, 'Without me ye can do nothing.' Dr. Bushnell's book was a perfect Godsend to me, for I was getting pinched for subjects, as this 'Pure Gospel' allows one but a very narrow range. So I preached over for the third time, my sermons on the Trinity enlarged by a full discussion of this recent heresy.

The results are delightful. My people are perfectly united; they make me numerous presents; and intend to have me made a Doctor of Divinity. I am able to draw out great numbers to church. Drunkards and rumblers I find love the 'pure Gospel' as well as pure liquor; for they take paws in our church, and are thus kept under a good influence. If a slaveholder visits our village, he is sure to honor me with his presence on the Sabbath, and he is quite willing afterward to send me a barrel of sugar or a cask of rice.

I wish, Messrs. Editors, therefore, that you would let the Journal of Commerce alone.—Let him play his batteries at the fanatics. For they sometimes nickname me Rev. Dr. Trimmer, and I love to see them well trimmed.—Do not place any obstacle to the speedy advent of that day when ministers shall preach only a 'pure Gospel.'

DEMAS SPOTHREAD.

COMFORT.—There are excellent women full of kind feelings, vivacity, intelligence,—women often with abundant pecuniary means and costly articles of dress and furniture,—whose personal appearance is always untidy and the aspect of their homes comfortless. There is an air of negligence and disorder about all their affairs. The very sight of the parlor gives one a homesick feeling. The children look uninviting and cheerless. There is kindness of disposition, but no comfort. How many young men are driven away and exposed to temptation and perils abroad simply for the want of an attractive home! A cheerful room, where every thing wears an air of tidiness and comfort, is a great promoter of the domestic virtues.

But there is another extreme as fatal to comfort as that of which we have spoken. The parlor may be altogether too nice. The furniture may be too painfully orderly in its arrangement. The mistress of the house may be too precise in her attire. There may be no spontaneity of movement, no boisterous overflow of spirits, lest some articles of dress or upholstery should be disarranged. The gush of childish affection must be restrained lest the maternal collar should be tumbled.

In dress and housekeeping, as in manners and literature, perfection lies in that wide region where ease and order, care and negligence, are united, and both extremes are made to yield to real comfort. It is a great art and requires a rare combination of Christian graces and inferior but essential qualities, to make a comfortable home; and there is no sphere in life so attractive or so important as that which is the peculiar and blessed province of a refined, devout, affectionate, accomplished woman amid her household duties.—[Christian Register.]

A DUELING ANECDOTE.—Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilbao, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. 'We wish to fight—to fight to death,' they replied to the representatives of their companions. At this moment, a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and, in a lamentable voice, said: 'Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and if you would—'

'My good man, don't trouble us now,' said one of the officers, 'don't you see my friends are going to split each other. We are not in a quarrelsome humor.'

'It is not alas I ask for,' said the man; 'I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick;—and having heard that those gentlemen were about to kill each other I thought of asking you to let me make their coffins.'

At these words, the individuals about to commence the combat, burst into a loud fit of laughter, and throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

About the coolest man we ever heard of was a brazen-faced old counterfeiter who, many years ago, was brought before a magistrate charged with making and uttering certain spurious half dollars. Some specimens of his handiwork were produced in court, he was asked 'if he made those half dollars?'

'I can't say—no—perhaps—but I won't be positive—really, may it please the court, I am not certain that I made those, but, (drawing a large handful from his pocket) here is some I can swear I made!'

He was branded on each cheek, but effaced the letters by drawing blisters on his face, and then—he did look beautiful! The old sinner used to account to verdant ones for the horrible scars on his countenance, by stating that when he was in the employment of a farmer, he was flogging the creturs in the barn one night, and after pitching a quantity of hay from the 'mow,' he threw his fork off hastily and slid off the edge, upon the fork, which had lodged against the hay mow, lines upward, and both lines entered his cheeks and tore them horribly.—[Blade.]

TIDE WATERS.—The question is sometimes asked, what is the meaning of 'the head of the tide' and 'tide waters,' as used in reference to our rivers and harbors? We say 'the tide is coming in' and 'the tide is going out.' We speak of 'flux' and 'reflux'—of 'ebb' and 'flow.' In fresh water rivers the tide flows in at the mouth and operating as a dam, prevents the fresh water from running down stream so fast, as when the tide is out. There is consequently a rise in the water of the river, although the stream still continues all the while to run down. Here the ebbing and flowing of the sea produce a corresponding rise and fall in the river, while nevertheless the waters of the river are constantly running down toward the sea. Is this rise and fall, tide? Are these tide waters? Not at all. The head of the tide on any river is at that place where the current 'up river' on the flux terminates, not where the water above ceases to be affected by the flux and reflux below. If at any place on a river the current is uniformly down stream, and not alternately up and down, the rising and falling of the water at such place is not tide—the rising is back water, occasioned by the influx of tide, down river.

BURNED ALMONDS.—An inquiry into the cause of the recent death of a young lady in England, established that she had been destroyed by the portions of lead contained in the coloring matter of burnt almonds. Medical authority was also adduced to show that within the last three years upwards of seventy cases of death had been traced in England to the use of poisonous almonds used in fancy sweetmeats. We have reason to believe that this manner of murder is not uncommon.—[Boston Bee.]

through four strong hedges, until she came to a flock of sheep. From not having been able to follow her, I could not watch her motions when with them. However, she left them in about five minutes, accompanied by a large ram that had two powerful horns. They returned, speedily, towards the poor lamb; and as soon as they reached it, the ram immediately set about liberating it, which he did in a few minutes by dragging away the briars with its horns. — [Magazine of Natural History.

JENNY LIND. The Havana correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says:—“The theatre here had been engaged for ten nights for her, but by mutual agreement the engagement was canceled. (for want of success) after the fourth night, which was given as a benefit for the charitable societies, and produced over and above the expense of the theatre, \$4125. The papers there came out and said:—“If Mr. Barum thinks to humbug us as he did the Yankees he will be quickly undeceived; for we will not consent to contribute to his enormous profits, whatever we might be willing to do for Jenny Lind, who, we are credibly informed, does not get the lion's share in the operation.”

FATAL ACCIDENT. On Friday last, Mr. Abbott, conductor of a freight train on the Boston and Maine Railroad, was instantly killed at South Reading. It is supposed that in attempting to get upon the train after it was in motion, he made a misstep and fell upon the track. The whole train passed over him, mangleing his body in a most shocking manner. Mr. A. belonged in Andover, and at the time of the accident his brother was on the train as brakeman. He leaves a mother, brothers and sister, in Andover to mourn his loss.

THE FIRST FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE, IN INDIANA. The Indiana Statesman, the leading Democratic paper in Indiana, speaks of the first fugitive case in that State as follows:—“The first Fugitive Slave Case in Indiana, under the new law, has resulted in carrying into slavery two white women and a little boy, who have neither of them a particle of African blood in their veins—all done in broad daylight, and by the hands of the United States Marshal. If so great an outrage can be perpetrated under this law, who will not raise his voice against the Bloody Bill? If the white women and the little boy may be dragged away from their homes, incarcerated in a dungeon, and be consigned to slavery, what security is there for the free negro? Let the advocates of this infamous bill defend this outrage, if they dare.”

The New Albany Ledger says that the “arrest, imprisonment, and final delivery over to slavery, of this family of white slaves, was one of the most revolting sights ever witnessed. The women and the little boy were pronounced white by all who knew them.”

Maj. Amasa Stetson, of Stetson, the great dairy man of Penobscot county, brought into market yesterday, fifteen slaughtered hogs of his own raising, which averaged over four hundred pounds each. This is believed to be the largest quantity of pork ever brought to market in one season, the product of a single farm. These hogs were purchased by our marketman, Mr. Rice, for which he paid over four hundred and forty-six dollars.

We have obtained a brief statement of the income from the farming operations of Major Stetson for the past year, as follows:

Received for butter sold,	\$1807 73
“ for pork,	446 33
“ for pigs sold,	207 16
“ for lambs and wool,	64 75
“ for poultry,	23 71

\$2,549 68

The Major has raised his own bread stuff and about fifty dollars's worth of wheat for the market. The amount paid out for labor has been about \$603. We like to record such facts as specimens of Penobscot farming.—[Bangor Courier.

NEWSPAPERS IN MAINE.—During the past week we have made a collection of all the newspapers published the first week of the half century we are just entering. We intend to preserve them for future reference. Fifty years hence the collection will probably be a curiosity. According to our enumeration, the whole number of papers is fifty-three, classified into forty-two weekly, five daily, three tri-weekly, and three monthly. The political character of fifteen, is whig; of sixteen, democratic; and of one, free soil; the remainder are neutral. Three of them are religious, and one is devoted to the cause of education. Of the dailies, three are published in Portland and two in Bangor; of the tri-weeklies, two in Portland, and one in Bath. Nine of the weekly papers are published in Portland, four in Bangor, four in Augusta, three in Bath, two each in Belfast, Saco, Gardiner, Skowhegan, and Calais, and one each in Biddeford, Norway, Paris, Lewiston Falls, Hallowell, Waterville, Farmington, Newcastle, Thomaston, Rockland, Dover and Eastport. The monthlies hail from Gorham, Bath, and Oldtown.—Belfast Signal.

CONVICTION FOR MURDER.—The trial of Dr. James H. Smith for the murder of Miss Berenice Caswell, in Saco, was concluded on Friday. The jury returned a verdict of Guilty of Murder in the second degree, and the prisoner was sentenced to the State Prison for life.

From the evidence, as published in the Saco papers, it appears the girl was killed by an attempt to procure abortion. The body, it will be remembered, was found in a covered water-course in Saco, into which it had been floated on a plank.

Mr. Long, the lover of Miss Caswell, was a witness at the trial, and by him mainly her conviction when she went to Smith's was proved. He was most affected at the trial, appearing to feel deeply the fatal results of his lapse from virtue.

Smith is not a regular physician, but a mere quack, whose practice it is supposed has been pretty extensive in this class of cases.

A SPUNKY WIFE.—A middle aged farmer and his wife were enjoying a winter evening cozily together, when the conversation turned upon religious matters, as described in the Bible, which the man had opened before him.

“Wife,” said the farmer, “I’ve been thinking what happy society Solomon must have had in his day, with so many wives &c., as he is here represented.”

“Indeed!” replied his wife, somewhat miffed, “you had better think of something else, then. A pretty Solomon you would make, truly; you can’t take proper care of one wife. What a figure you would cut, then, with a dozen wives, and all of them as spunky as I am!”

