



3-13-1851

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 34): March 13, 1851

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 34): March 13, 1851" (1851). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 189.  
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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, MARCH 13, 1851.

NO. 34.

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

At No. 3-1-2 Bottelle Block, Main Street.

TERMS.  
If 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 BANNER OF PEACE.

I thought there was peace in the sweet flowery vale,  
Where the breezes were soft, and the verdure was bright;  
But the soft breezes fell in the roar of the gale,  
And the tempest dispelled all my dreams of delight.

I thought there was peace in the bosom of love,  
And sweet were the kisses my fond lover gave;  
But her beauty departed, like flowers of the grove,  
And my peace was soon buried with her in the grave.

I thought there was peace when the battle was won,  
And thousands were slain for the laurels I wore;  
But the tears of the mother who wept for her son,  
Destroyed the sweet peace that I cherished before.

I thought there was peace when the men of renown  
Assembled to greet me in mansions of state;  
But the smiles of the sycophants changed to a frown,  
When I spoke of the woes that tainted the great.

Oh! I thought there was peace in the smiles of the world,  
Where beauty was blended with youth in its bloom;  
Ah! but sudden the dark pall of death was unfurled,  
And beauty and youth were both veiled in the tomb.

Then I turned from the follies and cares of the world,  
And gazed far beyond the dark clouds of the sky,  
And I thought that the BANNER OF PEACE was unfurled,  
With a shout, in the midst of the angels on high!

Oh! sweet was the thrill of the shout that was given,  
And bright was the splendor, but transient its gleam;  
For I shrank in rapture, and thought me in heaven,  
But I woke from my slumber, and all was a dream.

## POPULAR READING.

[From Graham's Magazine for April.]

### WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY ANGELO DE V. BULL.

"What a terrible thing poverty must be!" exclaimed a young girl, who was standing at the window of a luxuriously furnished room, impervious to the cold, piercing wind that was raging without. The soft Wilton carpet yielded to the foot—the heavy velvet curtains shielded the large deep windows—the cushioned chairs with open arms invited the idle and weary, and a bright coal fire burned merrily in the grate. The table was set with beautiful porcelain and richly-chased silver, and well might the fair speaker look with pity on the many that passed before her, exposed to all the horrors of cold and hunger—the hundreds that were homeless by night as well as by day.

"What a terrible thing poverty must be!" it is indeed, said Mrs. Herbert, in a low voice. Alice turned round—her mother's eyes were full of tears. "Dear mother," said she, going up to her, "what affects you thus?" "You little know, my child, how deeply I feel for the poor," said Mrs. Herbert, retreating her fond caress; "for, although I have not suffered from that actual poverty of which you were thinking, I have been sufficiently near it in my life to understand its terrors."

"You, mother, you!" and the children crowded round her. They were five in number—Wallace, a fine, spirited youth of eighteen; Alice, two years younger; Mary, Berta, and Frank, a little rogue of eight summers. "When was that, darling, best of mothers?" said Wallace, seating himself by her side. "Tell us about this sad time of which we never dreamed."

"Be silent, children—Frank, you shall sit on my knee, and Berta will stand here." The mother smiled fondly on the little group, and passed an arm over Mary's shoulder. "You all look so full of eager interest, my dear children, that I am afraid you will be disappointed; but my own experience may benefit you should such trials ever be your share, which God forbid! and I will relate mine and beg you to remember who cares for his own in the midst of suffering."

"Your father and I were very young at the time of our marriage—too young, in fact, and I would not like to see my daughters leave their home at the age that I left mine. But lovers are ever sanguine, and we thought it impossible that anything but an unclouded future could be in store for us. Your grandmother was in favor of our early union, she could urge her own happiness as a powerful argument, and your grandfather yielded to her entreaties and ours. A few months previous to this there came on the commercial horizon a dark spot which, when we deemed ourselves comfortably settled for life, burst over our heads in spite of your father's struggles to avert it. He had been lately taken as a partner in a house to which he belonged, and all therein was crushed and ruined by the failure of thousands. Our happy home had to be given up, and I returned with one child, Wallace, to my old home—stead, where I was received with open arms. My poor husband never lost his spirits or his energy, and to work he went again with a small capital advanced him by my own father, for like many others, his relatives now talked about the imprudence of our marriage, and left him to his own exertions. I never missed my comforts, for I could not feel their absence where I was, and cheerfully gave up my accustomed style of dress to wear plain bonnets and shawls. I'm sure neither of us ever breathed a sigh of regret at our lost fortune, and with our dear boy to love and care for, kindness from those around us, and a competence, we began life anew. Alas! how little human hearts foretell the storms that roll over them. My father, too, was a victim to the prevailing times. He had endorsed largely for others, and invested part of his fortune in stocks that proved worthless. His failure was to him a terrible blow. He had no youth to spur him on—he had no strength to recompense, and the sink under his misfortune. Mother was very delicate—she had long been an invalid, and ere long I was left an orphan and penniless again! We were then dependent on the prosperity of your grand-parents for a salary, and never, never shall I forget my agony as I left my childhood's home to strangers. All was given up, and I must have died but for my husband's firmness under all this. He was the first to comfort and bid me smile again. He still hoped on, and bustled

himself with providing us a shelter in the storm. It was a small, poor place, my children, and boasted of three rooms. We furnished it as we could, and never dreamed of comfort, when it was hard to get food and raiment. This was about two months before Alice was born. I thought of my mother's tenderness and the constant care with which she had surrounded me at Wallace's birth. I had not even clothes now, for my little one, and set about cutting up my worn out dresses to convert them into a wardrobe for the coming stranger. It was neatly made, and I tried hard to think it pretty, but the faded calico looked shabby enough by the side of one or two embroidered robes that had been worn by Wallace.

"It was bitter cold, my Alice, when your sweet eyes first opened to the light, and I pressed you close to my heart as my tears fell over you, wondering if God would spare you amid so much exposure. We hired a woman to work and attend to my wants, but I knew full well how unable we were to indulge in the luxury of a nurse. So in spite of your father's entreaties that I would not overtask myself, I soon dismissed her and resumed my household duties. Little Wally could rock his baby sister, and watch the fire, while I went about other things. Alfred brought me water and coal for the day, before he set off to his business, and you cannot imagine how happy I was to sit down by my two little ones after the house was in order and the baby dressed. At night I had a bright fire in the dining room, supper for my weary husband, and his gown and slippers, all ready for his coming. Then we met so gladly, and chatted so cheerfully together that no one would have imagined we had ever been otherwise than poor; but we knew the folly of repining, the sinfulness of murmuring, and thus kept light hearts as long as there was enough for the morrow. We never despaired of making a way in the world and having comforts once more, and you should have seen our pleasure when your father brought home some little present for Wallace or Alice."

Now it was a new toy, a pretty cup or mug, that served to ornament the chimney-piece and hold the fresh flowers I gathered each day from our little parterre. Sometimes a dress for baby, whose making was as interesting to Alfred as to me. We thought her such a beauty after it was on, and Wally's corals fastened on her neck and arms!"

"And where were my father's sisters?" asked Alice, whose deep-blue eyes were filled with tears, while Wallace covered his face with his hand. "Could they not help him, mother?" "They were worldly women, my love, and seemed to look upon our misfortunes as the result of our imprudent union. They came occasionally to see us, but I learned to dread their visits and rude questions, as they glanced around our humble home and wondered how I managed to make it so comfortable. They never allowed me to suppose that they knew that we were in want of anything, though Debra once or twice sent you and Wallace a small gift that I longed to refuse, but accepted for your father's sake. They were of that fashionable set, to whom poverty is a disgrace, and brought up as they were, I could not blame them that they avoided us."

"Oh, mother! mother! do not say that!" cried Alice, kissing her. "How could they let these poor hands toil so unceasingly and never offer to lighten your labors?" "It was as well that we could feel independent, my love, and we were all glad when we left our native place to settle here, where there seemed an opening for beginners."

"And did they bid you farewell?" said the same inquiring questioner. "Did they let you leave without coming forward to your assistance?" "We did not see them, my love—why should they have affected to care whether we left or not? It would have mortified them to contemplate our forlorn state, and the day we bade adieu to the scenes of our prosperity and adversity, they were preparing for a magnificent ball that was afterwards mentioned in the newspapers. They could not regret our leaving, and they did not pretend to do so."

"We arrived here in good spirits and left all regrets behind us. Your father had engaged us board and lodging in a very respectable family, reduced like ourselves. Here I had nothing to do but to see to my children, of whom I was inordinately proud, for wherever they went people stopped to admire them. I began to long for the means of dressing them handsomely, and often have re-darned one of my own dresses that I might wear it longer and purchase some bright stuff for Wally's overall. At length your father insisted on getting a servant for me, and I was once more free to spend my time as I was wont. But you will smile, my dear ones, when I tell you of one cause of sorrow to me at this time. It was an old coat of Alfred's that was entirely threadbare; his 'Sunday-suit' as he called it laughingly. How industriously I brushed that coat every Monday, for two years, folding it carefully and laying it in a drawer, with the vest and scarf. I could not tell you. But now it seemed so old and shabby, so soiled and worn, that I could not help crying bitterly every time I put it away. Often have my tears helped to clean it as I rubbed the spots on it, or sought for the thin places to darn before it commenced to split. As you may imagine, we never went to places of amusement, but when I saw my handsome, elegant-looking Alfred saunter once a week in this much-cared-for suit, I regularly burst out into a flood of tears that I took good care he should never see. But there came a ray of sunshine—then another, and we held up our heads. The day I saw Alfred dressed like himself once more I nearly shrieked for joy, and when I found myself housekeeping again with something of the old comfort around us, I blessed God that He had given us trials and taught us how to live."

"In my new home my little Alfred was born, and I thought myself the happiest of mothers. We did not improve much in wealth, but we became no poorer, and to us our way of living was quite a luxurious one compared to the past. I spent my time alone until your father returned to his meals, for we made no acquaintances, and I rejoiced at it. I preferred centering my happiness in my loved ones at home. I was too secure of it, my darlings, for the year after I lost my little boy, my 'summer child'! Alas! I then found that I had never known sorrow before—none but a mother who has parted with her treasure can tell what I suffered."

Mrs. Herbert paused, and the tears rolled over her face. "Until now she had been un-

moved throughout her recital of their early misfortunes, but she could not recur to the death of her child without strong emotion. Alice pressed her hand fondly, and she went on after a pause.

"I no longer looked upon my comforts as things to gladden me, and poverty was a blessing compared to this! It is said that trials never come singly, and we were an example. Your father's health gave way under his terrible fatigues, and he was very ill for some time. His depression of mind increased his malady, and for three months he was an invalid, unable to leave the house. All that we had in the world was a small sum he had laid by in case of emergency, and day by day I saw it lessen, concealing from Alfred as well as I could the privations I underwent to make it last. As he retired early, I put out the lights as soon as he was in bed, and in the delightful spring evenings of our Southern winter, sat at the door in the moonlight. When the moon rose too late to be my lamp, I would light a candle and sew on some piece of work laid by for the next day. I eat a piece of dry bread as I gave you your supper at night, but dispensed with my own tea that the sugar might last longer. Often wept when you have begged for something better than dry bread and tea, but we could not afford more, and I had to comfort my three little ones with caresses that they loved. My great care was to keep all this from my husband, and many a time have I excused my extinguishing the light by promising to sit on your bed and tell stories. How much I had to invent! My imagination was well-nigh exhausted, but I borrowed a book of fairy tales, and read them as I nursed Mary to keep her quiet while her father slept. Without his knowing it, I had dismissed my servant. There was little enough to cook, and as I always attended to our own room he did not miss her."

"One day he turned to me with a mournful look. "'Alice,' said he, 'your funds must be exhausted, my dear wife. Send Janet to me—I must make the trial at least.' "'What trial, my dear Alfred?' said I, trying to smile. 'I am not, indeed, as poor as you think. There is enough to last for some time yet. Do let that relieve your mind, and leave Janet alone. Eat your toast, and don't wait until it is cold.'"

"'Alice,' said he, looking at me fixedly, 'you are trying to conceal it from me—I know that you have no more money in the house.' 'I went to the drawer and brought him what still remained in the box I used to call my bank. "'But you must pay Janet, my love—she cannot work for nothing. And then what will be left?' "'Janet is paid, Alfred, do compose yourself,' replied I, trembling how lest he should agitate himself too much. "'Then to whom do you owe this?' asked he. "'Neither butcher, baker, or candlestick maker, can say I am in debt to him. This is fairly ours, and it will last until you are strong again, so look cheerful, dear husband, and take me for the fairy Good-Will.'"

"'Alice!' he cried, 'then you and my children have been starving!' 'He burst into tears and sobbed bitterly. 'This I could not bear, and almost on my knees I went to beg him to be calm. He once more called for Janet. I asked him what he wanted with her. 'I want to write a note to Preston—I must. Tell Janet to get ready to go down to the office with my letter.' "'Put it off until I tell you I have no more, will you, Alfred? You might grant me this!' And I sat down by him with a look of entreaty that he said he could not resist—so I conquered. The assurance that we were not starving, and his conviction at length that I could mete out my little sum yet awhile, strengthened him greatly. I wish you could have seen him, dear children, the day he was well enough to go out, how proudly he walked into the yard and called Janet! But no Janet came, and not wishing to disturb her, he went as far as the kitchen door. Then he found out my secret, and then he scolded and laughed by turns."

Mrs. Herbert had not seen her husband enter; he stood softly behind the little group, and looked fondly on the sharer of his early vicissitudes. As she paused at this part of her narrative he passed his arm around her. She turned to smile upon him, and he sat down beside her with her hand in his. "Your mother has not told you all, my children," said he, with glistering eyes. "How often she went to the door and called Janet long after she had discharged her, pretending to take from her hands at the door whatever I had asked for. How, in the morning early she arose, and with our dear boy's help, set a box of wood and coal just within reach, that the invisible Janet might hand it in whenever I rang for it. It is singular how long I was deceived, but illness had made me inattentive, and I fear selfish, with regard to my Alice."

"Hush, Alfred! hush!" said she, placing her hand before his mouth. "You were never selfish. 'Ah, dear one! you were ever a merciful judge, but you must not be blinded by affection. She did not tell you, Wallace, how her scanty stock of rings were sold to buy shoes for you and Alice while we were so poor. The very one your mother wears with her wedding-ring, I redeemed with the first sum that I dared to spare after I grew stronger. Do not sob so, my dear child, my good Alice. We would not now give up that time of trial, when our affection was so tested, our hearts so oppressed. We look back with gratitude for it all—assured now that we have been permitted to fulfill our marriage vow to the letter. I succeeded after a few years in establishing myself in a position of much advantage. I grew wealthy, and gained many friends in consequence, who feted us, and sought our society. But through all we found one who stood by us fast and firm. He is yet our beloved and esteemed guest; as often as the week comes round, do you, my children, welcome him as we do?'"

"Mr. Eldon!" they cried. "Is it not, Mr. Eldon?" "It is indeed, my dears, and to this day he cannot recall without emotion his absence from the city at the time of my illness. He was traveling on urgent business, and my letters never reached him. We had known him then but a short time, yet we knew him to be a friend—we would have felt it no shame to be under obligations to him. When he left us we were doing tolerably well, and he expected

to return after a few weeks, but he was detained, and your parents were in actual want before this best of friends reached our poor little home. His coming was like an angel's visit of mercy. He took up his residence with us and never left until he was sure of my own certainty of success, enabling us by his generous bounty to live comfortably once more. He would never allow that we were under obligations to him, as he delicately insisted that he merely paid his board and lodging. We were much grieved when he left us long after we were on the high road to fortune, but his sister and her son were destitute and he sent for them to come and live with him, proving himself the noblest of protectors, the kindest of brothers, and the best of uncles. I dare say, Alice, that you do not like Mr. Eldon the less for this, hey, girl?"

Alice blushed and hid her face on her mother's bosom. Mr. Eldon's nephew was no indifferent person it would appear, and the parents exchanged smiles as the mother's gentle hand fondly stroked the shining hair that floated over her arm. "I thought, dear mother, that I could not love you more than I have hitherto," said Wallace, kissing her tenderly; "but my affection must be twofold after to-day. The aim of our lives shall be to make ourselves worthy of such a devoted, self-sacrificing mother."

"I honor you for such sentiments, my fine fellow," said Mr. Eldon, entering familiarly, and holding out his hand. "I am sure we must all be proud of my friend Herbert's wife and children." "And we, dear sir, of your friendship," said Wallace, as they gathered around the kind old gentleman. "We did not know until to-day how much we owed you, dearly as we love and respect you. Mother has been telling us—"

"Pshaw! pshaw, my dears!" interrupted he, with glistering eyes, and smiling merrily, "don't believe her! don't believe her! She makes it bigger every time she tells it, and I'm going to forbid the story's being told again." "Ah! but you could not forbid our gratitude, Mr. Eldon," said little Mary, nestling up to him; "you can't do that, sir." He stopped her mouth with kisses, and seating her on his knee, took a letter out of his pocket, and handed it to Mr. Herbert. "I took this out of the office for you, as Calvert told me you were not down yet."

A visible change came over Mr. Herbert's face as he read it, but a smile followed the change. He looked up at his wife as he finished it, and placed it before her. "Read that aloud, my love, it concerns us all. The offer is a singular one, and the consideration rather equivocal. It is a letter from my sister, Mrs. Blunt."

An exclamation of astonishment escaped each one; but Mrs. Herbert was allowed to read it uninterrupted. "DEAR BROTHER.—It must be seven or eight years since we have heard anything of you, and I am almost afraid you have left the place you preferred to this one. As your circumstances were very poor, and you must have now a large family of children, I write to say that you can send one of them to me—one of the girls—and I will adopt her as my own—for I have none, and Mr. Blunt's great wealth will allow me to bring her up and provide handsomely for her. Let her be sent on as soon as possible. You needn't mind giving her clothes, as I will save you that expense. If your wife is still living, you will remember me to her. She must be looking very old after working so hard. If you have any boys, Mr. Blunt might do a little to advance them—their business connections are very extensive and high. Your other sisters are well and advantageously married. I expect an immediate reply."

"Your affectionate sister, OCTAVIA BLUNT." The indignation with which this tender epistle was received was indescribable, and Alice was chosen to answer it by the entire assembly. So on the following morning she presented her father with her reply. "DEAR AUNT.—Since you last heard of my father, he has been assailed by ill health and extreme poverty. From these two evils he was rescued by the affectionate care and wise economy of the best of wives, who, I thank God, is not only well but looking as youthful as a woman of twenty-five. They have found, too, a friend, who helped them kindly through their misfortunes, and still clings fondly to us all. I am the eldest girl—Mary and Berta come next. My brother, Wallace, is two years my senior, and Frank is the youngest of all. Within my recollection we have always lived in the most comfortable manner. We now manage to get on as decently as people can who have only eight thousand a year, and beg to decline your very obliging offer of adopting any of us. We are the happiest family in the world, and pride ourselves upon the patience and firmness with which our parents bore their youthful trials."

"Very respectfully, &c. ALICE HERBERT." "This will do, my love," said her father, placing the letter in its envelope. "In a few days we shall certainly have an answer, and in a very style from the first, or Blunt has altered wonderfully since I knew him. He worships the almighty dollar devoutly." A few days after Mr. Herbert brought home the following epistle, over which Alice's beautiful lip curled involuntarily. "MY DEAR HERBERT.—Octavia was much affected by your dear girl's communication. We were all so glad to hear from you at last—for we had so often thought of, and feared you were in distress. I cannot tell you how glad we are to find how successful you have been. It has relieved our hearts of a load indeed. (Here Mr. Eldon gave a kind of groan, and Mr. Herbert smiled sadly, but continued to read.) Your sisters are very anxious to see you and your lovely family, so you may look for Octavia and myself about the beginning of next month. With kindest love to Mrs. Herbert and your children, I bid you adieu."

"Very sincerely, yours, MARY BLUNT." "They didn't come, shall they, mother," cried Alice. "We do not want them to care for us now!"

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give and forget, is a beautiful motto, my dear. Alice blushed, but held out her little white hand. "I am ashamed of my childishness, and do poor credit to my darling mother. Do try and let it be forgotten, and I will make up for it by playing the agreeable to my aunt, for she is my father's sister."

"And more than that your father cannot expect, my children," said Mr. Herbert, laying his hand on Mary's soft locks. "He sees, however, one good to be derived from your Aunt's visit."

"I know—I know!" cried Berta, clapping her hands. "Well, what then, little prattler?" asked her father. "Why you mean that we can now practice what we find it so hard to do—forgive, as we would be forgiven."

"That's my good little Berta!" said her mother, kissing her fondly. "That's my attentive Sunday scholar. I do not waste my time when I preach in the afternoons."

And so, when Mr. and Mrs. Blunt arrived, they were agreeably surprised with the reception they met. The Herberts made no professions—they were too sincere for that, but they were all polite from the beginning of the visit to its end. Mrs. Blunt was delighted with her brother's wife and family; and when, two years after, she was invited to Alice's wedding, she presented the bride with a beautiful silver pitcher, to which Mr. Blunt added a set of crystal for young Mrs. Eldon, to begin house-keeping with. Alice sighed as she looked at the splendid gift, and thought of the time when half their value would have made her mother feel rich! But with the bright tears in her soft eyes, she wound her arms around that beloved mother, and laid her young face against hers.

"Dear mother! those who need not such rich and costly things are always filled with them. My uncle Eldon has to-day settled on me alone—Independently of what he gives Edward—an annuity of nine hundred dollars. I have resolved to lay by so much a year for benevolent purposes, and together we will seek out the poor and the needy. Best of mothers! I cannot equal you in goodness, but I will do my best not to waste the great blessings God has given me."

Begin Right. The following, if not new, is, at least, true—and is worthy of attention, at this particular time, when so many of 'em are rushing incontinently into the holy bands of matrimony, to be lost 'to us' forever. "This little fable (said my uncle) may perhaps be of service to some poor devil, 'more willing than wise.'"

A certain man once married a lady, whose reputation for amiability of disposition was seriously questioned, if it was not in reality seriously questionable. At the wedding, everything went off merrily, of course; the party gay, the supper magnificent; the whole affair had been eminently successful, and all parties extremely delighted. On retiring to his apartments, the gentleman found himself annoyed by the mewing and purring of a cat.

"What in the devil's name is that?" he exclaimed. "Oh! nothing, my dear," replied the bride, "but my favorite cat, pussita." "Oh! I—n—Pussita! I hate cats!" and with this he unceremoniously threw Pussita out of the second story window. "Well! if you haven't got a temper!" "Yes, my dear, you'd better believe it." "Everything," continued my uncle, "went on well—in that establishment—even to a warm dinner on Sunday."

Now it so happened that a friend of the above mentioned gentleman, who had some months before committed the error of marrying an angel, took occasion to enquire of him—

"How is it, that with you, everything 'goes merrily as a marriage bell,' while I, on the contrary, have almost given up the idea of wearing the pantaloons at all?"

He related to him the story of Pussita and the second story window, without fully impressing upon his mind the important moral that it was necessary to begin right. Nevertheless, there was that in his eye—when he started for home—"that told of treason."

"Well!" said his wife, "you've come at last, have you, after keeping me sitting up for you; and what's the matter, you haven't been drinking, have you; you look very strange?"

"Not in the least, my dear; but I hate cats, my love."

"You do, do you; well, I like 'em—that's all the difference."

Hereupon the unfortunate husband made a dash at poor Tabby, who was quietly snoozing on the sofa, and rushed impetuously to the window.

"You have been drinking. What are you going to do, monster?"

"Throw her out of the window."

"You'd better try it; I'd like to see you do it; I'd break every bone in your body. Why don't you throw her out? I dare you to do it, sir!"

He put the cat softly down on the sofa, hung his hat on a peg in the hall, his malice and his pantaloons on an easy chair, and said—

"Go it, ducky darling, and win. I didn't begin right."

"I rather think you didn't; you'd better take a fresh start, but don't try that game again, or you'll catch it. Come to bed." And he went.

Wrong from the beginning," said my uncle. "Oh dear me!"

The Honey Bee. A lecture on the honey bee, was recently delivered before the Smithsonian Institute, by a Dr. Morris. A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, in noticing the lecture, makes some interesting statements, and furnishes some practical hints.

"Bees," said the lecturer, "are villainous thieves. They enter the hive, and steal away the honey. Bees never pay any complimentary visits. A bee never lights on a platform of a hive not his own, with honest intentions. The careful observer will instantly detect a stranger-bee. It is well known as an enemy by the guard at the entrance to the hive, for a guard is stationed there, day and night, of sufficient force to repel intruders, and will certainly do it if the entrance is in size properly adjusted to the use of the community. Attention to this subject will prevent robberies among bees. Where, however, the entrance is of an unnecessary and suspicious size, enemies will effect an entrance in spite of the guard."

Then a war of subjugation or extermination ensues. It is fierce and dreadful. Reinforcements on both sides are rapid and many bees are slain. The battle is soon determined nearly always in favor of the assailants. The vanquished then unite with the conquerors, assist to carry away their own honey, and go with it. Such is the war of bees. The following is the best way to manage bees:

Close the door of the hive five minutes, by this time the robbers will have obtained their loads, and will be pressing to the door. Open it, let them out, and as soon as the hive is emptied of these intruders, close again so nearly as that but a single bee can pass at a time. With so small a space the robbers will soon give over, after which open gradually. When robbers are thus suddenly checked, they often attack an adjacent hive with a rush that the guard cannot resist, this must be seen to, and it will be prudent, at the time of closing the entrance to the hive first attacked, also greatly to reduce the width of the entrances to all the hives standing near, until all danger is past. These directions are given on the presumption that the hive is ventilated as every hive should be. With no ventilation, on a hot day, five minutes exclusion of the atmospheric air may be dangerous or fatal. In this case caution must be used, but upon the same principle the intelligent apian can still succeed."

Reducing the Food of Cattle before giving it. As I have just concluded the experiments you wished, I hasten to forward you the results, which are as follows:—Two horses in good health, in daily work, and as nearly as possible equal in size and age, were selected for the experiment. They were each allowed 5 lbs. of oats, 42 lbs. per bushel, and a sufficiency of good hay, of which they consumed about 17 lbs. per diem each horse. The only difference in the feeding consisted in one horse having the oats thoroughly crushed, and the other being allowed the oats uncrushed. On the fourth day of the above mode of feeding, the solid excrements of each horse were examined. 100 parts of the dung from the horse fed on crushed oats were found to be deprived of all the nutritious matter contained in the food, and to consist of woody fibre, mixed with the animal secretions and some salts; while 100 parts of the dung from the horse fed on uncrushed oats, were found to contain 1-4 per cent. of nutritive matter, consisting of starch and gluten, which had not been acted on by the stomach, mixed with the ordinary constituents of the solid excrements of the animal—this arising from the inability of the horse to perform perfect mastication, and must vary with circumstances, such as age and rapidity of feeding. The same horses were then fed with cut and uncut food, consisting of hay cut into chaff, and hay uncut. At the expiration of the third day, the excrements were examined, but no chemical difference in their composition was detected; the food, in both instances was found to be equally exhausted of its nutritive matter. The shorter period occupied by the horse in filling its stomach, and consequently greater amount of rest obtained, and the means of mixing food and preventing waste by cutting it into chaff, requires no observation from me, but will be material points in this mode of feeding. [Corr. to N. E. Farmer.]

All About a Kiss. "The melting juncture of four rosy lips." The Naturalist.—A kiss is the blinding into juxtaposition two contrarily-charged poles by which it, like an electric spark, is elicited. The Moralist.—A kiss is the token of most intimate communion of love, and is therefore only to be permitted in the married. The Physician.—A kiss is the art of so moving the labial muscles that the lips are first brought suddenly together, and then explosively separated; so that after all a kiss is only an artificial spasm. The Philologist.—Kiss is an onomatopoeic word, in which the curviness of the thing is represented by the brief sound of the word. The Antiquarian.—Kissing is a custom handed down to



## BOYS' CORNER.

## THE MARKSMAN.

John Ball shot them all.  
John Scott made the shot.  
But John Ball shot them all.  
John Brammer made the rammer.  
And John Scott made the shot.  
But John Ball shot them all.  
John Wyming made the priming.  
And John Brammer made the rammer.  
And John Scott made the shot.  
But John Ball shot them all.  
John Block made the stock.  
And John Wyming made the priming.  
And John Brammer made the rammer.  
And John Scott made the shot.  
But John Ball shot them all.  
John Crowder made the powder.  
And John Block made the stock.  
And John Wyming made the priming.  
And John Brammer made the rammer.  
And John Scott made the shot.  
But John Ball shot them all.  
John Puzzle made the muzzle.  
And John Crowder made the powder.  
And John Block made the stock.  
And John Wyming made the priming.  
And John Brammer made the rammer.  
And John Scott made the shot.  
But John Ball shot them all.  
John Clit made the flint.  
And John Puzzle made the muzzle.  
And John Crowder made the powder.  
And John Block made the stock.  
And John Wyming made the priming.  
And John Brammer made the rammer.  
And John Scott made the shot.  
But John Ball shot them all.  
John Patch made the match.  
And John Clit made the flint.  
And John Puzzle made the muzzle.  
And John Crowder made the powder.  
And John Block made the stock.  
And John Wyming made the priming.  
And John Brammer made the rammer.  
And John Scott made the shot.  
But John Ball shot them all.

## POLITENESS.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

It is a graceful habit for children to say to each other, "Will you have the goodness?" and, "I thank you." I do not like to see prim, artificial children; there are few things I dislike so much as a miniature beau or belle. But the habit of good manners by no means implies affectation or restraint. It is quite as easy to say, "Please give me a piece of pie," as to say, "I want a piece of pie." The idea that constant politeness would render social life too stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of politeness. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you would love to be treated yourself. A person who acts from this principle will always be said to have "sweet, pretty ways with her." It is of some consequence that your daughter should know how to enter and leave a room gracefully; and it is of prodigious more consequence that she should be in the habit of avoiding whatever is disgusting or offensive to others, and of preferring their pleasure to her own. If she has the last, a very little intercourse with the world will teach her the first. I believe nothing tends to make people so awkward as too much anxiety to please others. Nature is graceful; and affectation, with all art, can never produce anything half so pleasing. The very perfection of elegance is to imitate as closely as possible; and how much better it is to have the reality than the imitation. I shall probably be reminded that the best and most unaffected people are constrained and awkward in company to which they are unaccustomed. I answer, the reason is, they do not act themselves; they are afraid they shall not act right, and that very fear makes them do wrong. Anxiety about the opinion of others fetters the freedom of nature. At home, where they act from within themselves, they would appear a thousand times better. All would appear well, if they did not assume what they did not possess. Every body is respectable and pleasing so long as he is perfectly natural. I will make no exception—nature is always graceful. The most secluded and most ignorant have some charms about them, so long as they affect nothing; so long as they speak and act from the impulses of their own honest hearts, without any anxiety for what others think of them. Coarseness and vulgarity are the effect of habit; they cannot be charged upon nature. True politeness may be cherished in the hovel as well as in the palace, and the most tattered drapery cannot conceal its winning charms. As far as consistent with your situation and duties, early accustom your children to an intercourse with strangers. I have seen young persons who were respectful and polite at home, seized with a most painful and unbecoming bashfulness as soon as a guest entered the room. To avoid this evil, allow your children to accompany you as often as possible, when you make calls and social visits. Occasional interviews with intelligent and cultivated individuals have a great influence on early characters and manners, particularly if parents evidently place a high value upon acquaintances of this description. I have known the destiny of a whole family greatly changed for the better, by the friendship of one of its members with a person of superior advantages and correct principle.

**JENNY LIND AND THE BLIND BOY.** A poor blind boy, who is highly gifted with musical talent, and who resides in the northern part of the State of Mississippi, had expressed such anxiety to hear Jenny Lind sing, that his friends raised a subscription to send him to this city to gratify his wish.

On arriving here, he accidentally took lodgings in the same hotel with Mr. Kyle, the celebrated flutist. One evening, Mr. Kyle, hearing some very wild and sweet flute notes, listened for some time in surprise, and as the sounds died away, he said to himself, "Well, that fellow thinks he can play, but now I'll just show him what I can do." Taking up his flute, he played the air of the "Last Rose of Summer" with variations. The blind boy listened with breathless delight, and following the sound, he came to the door of Mr. Kyle, and stood there until the last notes had ceased. With a feeling of impulse he could not restrain, he knocked at the door. "Come in," said Kyle, and not recognizing the lad, he said, "What do you want, sir?" "I am blind," said the boy, "and have been drawn hither by your sweet music; do tell me who you are." "I am but a poor musician," said Kyle, "and am traveling with Jenny Lind, as flutist." "You are!" exclaimed the lad; "oh! sir, do take me to hear Jenny Lind; I have come a long way to hear her sing; but the price of tickets is so high that I am too poor to buy one." Can't you take me to hear her, sir? he continued, with great feeling. "I have heard she is so good, so generous, so pretty, and sings so sweetly, that I shall never be happy until I hear her."

Mr. Kyle felt deeply for the boy, and promised that he would take him to hear the lovely Swede. Accordingly, he took the blind boy that night, and seated him in a chair behind the scenes. The sweet songs of the Nightingale affected the poor lad deeply, and produced upon him varied sensations. But when Jenny sang "Home, Sweet Home," he melted into tears. On her retiring, she was attracted by the sound of the boy's sobbing, and inquired who he was. Mr. Kyle then told her the his-

tory of the lad in a few words, which much interested her; and sending for him the next day, the poor boy left the generous songstress one hundred dollars richer than when he reached the city.—[N. O. Picayune.]

## Musical Steamboats.

Jenny Lind is about to be thrown into the back ground by a process of music making, recently discovered by a Mr. Wm. Hoyt, of Dupont, Indiana. Mr. H. asserts that he has invented a plan by which music can be produced on steamboats, of the softest and most pathetic character, by the agency of steam. His method is, to place across the boilers, in a horizontal position, a pipe of such length and size as may be proper for the purpose, both ends of course, air tight. In or near the centre must be a connection to let the steam into the pipe. Upon the top of the horizontal pipe are placed seven or more small pipes in a perpendicular position, and at a suitable and convenient height; and in the top of these are inserted whistles of different sizes and tones. These whistles are so constructed, that the top part will screw down or up, in such a way as to regulate the sounds while turning them; and a set of keys have also been introduced to let on the steam or shut it off when necessary, in the same manner as the pedals press on a piano. Mr. Hoyt thus speaks of his discovery:—"I am satisfied that music can be made by steam on a boat or locomotive, as well as it can be played with brass instruments, and much cheaper, much louder, and without any loss of steam, as there is always a surplus whilst landing, whilst at the wharf, and when leaving. It is my candid opinion that the Western boys will hear 'Old Dan Tucker,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' &c., played on the Western waters, by steam, at a distance of ten miles."

**TO COUNTRY GIRLS.** Mrs. Swisshelm writes as follows to country girls—and why not as well to city girls?—about personal cleanliness:

"In my last, girls, I hinted that you could not trust the doctors to cure you when you are sick. Now, this is not so much that they do not know what is the matter, as that they do not like to tell you. If one did, you might feel inclined to show him the door; that is, if he spoke good, plain English. We do know one doctor who did once give a very candid prescription. He was called in to see a sick infant, and after feeling its pulse at arm's length, he turned to the mother, who sat in a most interesting attitude, lamenting for her darling with the beautiful anxiety of a mother's love, and interrupting her pathetic inquiries in a very gruff manner, he said:

"Wash your child, madam, and put clean clothes on him. Take away that cradle-bed and get a clean one, and let some fresh air in to this room!"

"The mother bridled—"You don't mean to insinuate, doctor, that my child is dirty?"

"Not at all, madam, not at all! He's only filthy—extremely filthy! Clean him—keep him clean—give him a dose of rhubarb, and he will be well enough."

"Once when they thought I was too young to understand, I heard another doctor tell mother the way he managed such cases. Said he, 'I always order some particular kind of soap, or water of a peculiar temperature, or some especial kind of towel, the patient to be washed with extreme care at a certain time of the day, and the clothes about them changed with certain precautions. At this they never take offence, and will generally follow the directions most implicitly, when with some simple medicine to be taken at certain intervals, so they get along very well; whereas, if I just told them to wash the patient and put on clean clothes—to keep them clean—I should be driven out of the house.' Since that, whenever a physician directs me about a shower bath, or sitting bath, or plunge bath, the first thought is, 'the doctor thinks I need washing.' Well, many a time I did, too, for I used to think all was well if the habit of childhood—washing every Saturday night—was duly observed. I never got offended at a doctor about bathing prescriptions, because it did not appear any more disgraceful to have a foul skin than a foul breath, bad blood, or bad stomach. All come from a want of cleanliness."

**PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.**—The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many heart-rending airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—[Bacon.]

**SINGULAR PROPERTIES OF THE FIGURE NINE.** Multiply 9 by itself or any other single figure, and the two figures forming the product will in each case, if added together, amount to 9; for example, 9 multiplied by 8 is 81, and 8 and 1 added together make 9; so on with the other figures. The figure forming the amount of 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 viz: 45 will also, if added together make 9. And if any number whatever multiplied by 9, and the figures forming the product be added together, the sum will be either 9 or a multiple of 9. Thus—the product of 578 multiplied by 9 is 5,202, and the amount of those figures added together is 9. And 4,371 multiplied by 9 gives 39,339, the sum of which is 27, or three times 9.

**PRIZE HAM—HOW CURED.**—At a recent Agricultural Fair in Montgomery County, Mass., a prize was awarded to Nathan White for the best ham. This gentleman's mode of curing is as follows:—The pork should be salted with fine salt, with a portion of red pepper, and about a gill of molasses to each ham. Let them remain in salt five weeks, then hang them up and smoke with hickory wood for five or six weeks. About the first of April take them down and wet them with cold water, and let them be well rubbed with unbleached ashes. Let them remain in bulk for several days, and then hang them in the loft again for use.—[Saturday Gazette.]

**HINT TO HOUSEWIVES.**—A correspondent of the Portsmouth Journal says:—"A careful observer and good cook informs us that such dough-nuts as contain saleratus soak up more fat than those which are made without it; and that the more saleratus they contain, the more fat they imbibe. This is exactly on the chemical principle of making soap—wherein the alkali absorbs the grease. Every good housewife knows that very hot fat prevents the soaking, while very cool hard-

renders the nuts unfit to eat. Therefore raise the dough just enough with yeast to make it light but not sour; then fry the nuts in hot fat, and they will be light, cheap and wholesome."

**SNOW INDIAN BREAD.**—Take one quart of corn meal, and mix intimately with a large tablespoonful of lard. Then take two full quarts of snow and stir it in well and immediately pack it closely in the pan or basin in which it is to be baked, and give it a good quick heat. It takes about three quarters of an hour to bake, and when done, if successfully performed, it will beat all the Johnny cakes, ponies or corn dodgers you can scare up.—[Rural New Yorker.]

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE....MARCH 13, 1851.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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## High Salaries getting Higher.

Every thing indicates an upward tendency in the market price of public services. Eight dollars a day may continue to be tolerated by members of Congress, so long as one hundred dollars a day can be easily earned in traveling by railroad. Mr. Lawrence is sent to England to show John Bull an example in spending money, such as none but a millionaire can afford to imitate. His successor must of course have an increase of salary, unless he is another Lawrence. Members of the Cabinet have always lived on six thousand dollars a year, till Mr. Webster asks a bonus of fifty thousand from State and Wall streets, in order to enable him to devote his services to the interests of his purchasers. Who can afford to be Secretary of State after Mr. Webster, unless he have the same ability to command the money brokers? Mr. Webster is charged with bribery, but who credits the charge? Mr. W. is an honorable man; but if he owes his friends a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, we hardly know how he is to meet the debt except in service. If he serve his country merely, are Wall and State streets paid? If he pays Wall and State sts., what is left for the country?

A correspondent of the Boston Atlas says, by way of broaching the subject of an increase of salaries:

The pay of our cabinet officers and Minister to Great Britain, is mean and inadequate. It should, at least, be doubled; in order that the incumbents of office may be able to exercise a proper liberality, and at the same time receive a proper reward for services rendered.

"Services rendered" in what? In setting an example of extravagance of which his countrymen are ashamed. Who wants to imitate the "liberality" that starves one half of his countrymen to pamper the extravagance of the other half? Our minister to England should represent a frugal, enterprising, generous nation, instead of one steeped in profligacy and bankruptcy. He can afford a less regal equipage, because the spirit of his country dictates it. He represents a nation that supports her own poor and pays her own debts; neither of which can Great Britain ever hope to do.—[Abbot Lawrence has been a waymark of industry and enterprise honorable to his country; but when he devotes his well earned millions to ruinous examples, they had better be sunk in the ocean. He is showing the littleness of an otherwise great man. After sweating in the greediness of gain for the better portion of a long life, he consents to waste his hard earned dollars in foolish and silly display, in order that the poor may groan and the rich envy and wonder;—caring as little for the ruin of his successor as for the millions his folly may cost his country. How much better the simple economy and good sense of a Franklin than such "liberality" as this!]

We say, the price of public service is rising. Men do less and get more for it—or if the salary is the same, the tendency is to divide the labor. Public offices swarm with overseers and assistants, with their fees and perquisites; and new departments of service are daily making their demands upon the public purse. The people grow careless, and their servants greedy and exacting. Such men as Lawrence and Webster, by impeaching the liberality of their country, and creating a demand for style and equipage that outrages her principles, are leading the way to English salaries, and of course to English taxation and poverty. These things are distant, we hope, but yet the tendency is towards them. When our greatest men proclaim by word and act, that the pecuniary reward of public offices is "mean and inadequate," how far are we from a general effort, among the holders and expectants of office, for a systematic rise in salaries? Our present republican plan, in this respect, will not last always. The contrast between the style and bearing of Abbot Lawrence and Benjamin Franklin at the British court, must ultimately lead to a proportionate difference of the means of supporting it.

We ask the doubting, if there are any, to look and see how ingeniously, nobly, magnanimously, this work has been commenced. How the national pride—in certain quarters—rises and swells, as Mr. Lawrence scatters his tens of thousands before the eyes of English aristocrats. How plain a case, that this laudable pride of a great nation must not be permitted to "have a fall!"—and equally plain, that it must fall, unless the salary is increased! Eighteen thousand dollars for the first year's display must be made fifty thousand. Who will not approve this—will be the argument—gooner than see a return to the simple, Frank-

lin-like style dictated by the present "mean and inadequate" salary? How easily will such a measure pass through the hands of men who tremble before the people lest their own extravagant salaries should be reduced! What a guaranty of their own safety!—and with such advocates, how easily harmonized with public sentiment!

Shall Mr. Webster be marked, as Mr. Allen charges before Congress, as the greatest spendthrift in the nation? How much easier for his numerous and zealous friends to admit that the country is "mean" and niggardly, and to raise the salary in proportion to his wants!—This will be done. In no other way can the emergency be met. In no way, save by raising the nation to their ideas, can such men as Lawrence and Webster be protected from the charge of intolerable profligacy:—intolerable, because they spend the money of others, instead of their own. The former spends the nation's funds prospectively, by setting an example her treasury will be compelled to sustain in others.

Mr. Webster spends money that was never his own, and that he can only repay by the sacrifice of personal independence. One has the honor, if any, of being vastly rich, but mean in his liberality; the other of being a great politician, but a miserable financier. Either may indulge his own follies, and suffer for his own faults; but has no right to unbridle them at the expense of the nation. That they are doing so, seems already too plain; and that the tendency of smaller men, with smaller salaries, is to follow in their wake, will in due time be equally evident. Now—at the very first symptom of the wrong—is the time for the press to speak out, and the people to open their eyes.

## Railroad Meeting at China.

A meeting of citizens of China, Albion, Unity, Troy, Dixmont and Newburgh, was held, and largely attended, at China Village on the 11th inst., by adjournment, for the purpose of furthering the proposed project of a Railroad through these towns, to connect the cities of Bangor and Augusta.

H. Baker, Esq., called the meeting to order. Gen. Marshall, of China, addressed the meeting, briefly recapitulating the proceedings of former meetings, and expressing his views as to the prejudice he thought had existed in the minds of the public, as to the feasibility of the proposed route—also showing conclusively that there will be a saving in distance of twelve or fifteen miles over any other route contemplated. C. M. Adams, Gen. Fowler, and other gentlemen addressed the meeting, in confirmation of the above. In consideration of which a committee was raised to take necessary steps towards obtaining a Charter. Surveys of a route from Bangor to Unity, and from Augusta to Vassalboro', were examined by the meeting.

On motion of E. Shaw, a committee was appointed, of which Gen. Marshall was chairman, to procure a suitable Engineer to survey that portion of the route that had not already been surveyed. The meeting made the necessary arrangements for defraying the expenses thereof, and Ebenezer Shaw was appointed Treasurer, to receive and hold said funds, subject to the order of said committee.

It was voted, that the proceedings of the meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary thereof, and published in such papers as they may think advisable.

On motion of Alton Pope, the meeting adjourned to meet in Augusta on the first Tuesday in May next, at ten o'clock A. M., at which time the above committee are instructed to report.

HENRY BAKER, Chairman.  
THOMAS S. LANG, Secretary.

## What Treason!

What does the Lewiston Falls Journal mean by the following slap at the independence of the North, and the consistency of some of her great men? The Journal must be gagged. Hear him preach treason—

"The great mass of those who denounce the affair at Boston with holy horror, can look on with perfect indifference and see the laws of our State and the constitution of our country trampled under foot, provided the violation is against virtue, truth and liberty. Even Clay, Webster, and all of that kind—why not add Cass, Houston, and all of that kind?—can see a delegate of Massachusetts expelled from Charleston by a mob of slaveholders, in violation of the principles of our national compact; can witness the incarceration of northern freemen in southern prisons, in face of charted rights, and can bid God speed to mobs to put down and insult a subject of the British crown, and endanger his personal liberty, in violation of our treaty stipulations with that government, and not a word is heard of the necessity of issuing presidential proclamations, or of sending troops to put down insurrection."

In tune with the same spirit of insubordination is the following from the Bangor Mercury. We are fearful that the press in Maine, except in the few instances where the party collar fits most naturally, is not going to harmonize in this new phase of slavery.

It is a little singular, that so far as our observation goes, those who talk so loud and savage about the importance and duty of the enforcement of the fugitive slave law, are those who take strong ground against the enforcement of the statute for suppressing the sale of ardent spirits.

**TOWN MEETING IN WATERVILLE.** The annual Town Meeting occurred on Monday. The warrant embraced some thirty-five to forty articles, about half a dozen of which were disposed of, when the meeting adjourned two weeks. Messrs. Appleton and Saunders declined a reelection to the board of selectmen, as did Mr. Stedman to the offices of collector and treasurer. The following persons were elected for the year ensuing, T. O. Saunders acting as Moderator:

John Ransied 1st Selectman.  
Charles Hallett 2d do.  
Alpheus Lyon 3d do.  
John Bradbury, Town Clerk.  
E. W. Herrick, Town Agent.  
Th. L. Getchell, Treasurer and Collector.

**SHAKESPEARE.**—Phillips & Sampson's edition, in monthly numbers, is rapidly approaching completion. Pericles and Titus Andronicus have just been issued. Now is the time to secure it, at Mathews's.

**"HARPER'S MAGAZINE"** for March, comes to our table from those enterprising publishers, Putnam & Co., Boston, through the hands of Mr. Griffin, who sells the work in Waterville. The present number commences the illustrations of Thompson's Seasons, in a style of most

exquisite beauty and propriety. There is no magazine published that we can more heartily commend for the quantity and excellence of its reading, than Harper's.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## Answer to "Inquirer."

I think it is true, so I give the suggestion, This same Mr. B. is the Chairman in question; And as for the oaths, sir, I think them both crippled. For instead of 1000 no doubt he's worth tripple. But to say he's worth six would be out of the question. And therefore I shall not attempt the suggestion. But poor A. and C. have to suffer in reality, While B. takes the name of "Mr. Legality."

I. N. T. R.

**BILLS.** Mr. Simonton, collector for the Eastern Mail, is in the field with our bills, and will make a friendly call upon all in arrears, as fast as time permits. All bills are made at \$2.00 a year, to meet expenses of collecting—but those who settle at the office, or remit by mail or otherwise, before he reaches them, will settle for \$1.50, as heretofore, unless too much in arrears.

## Railroad to Waterville.

The Whig of Saturday contained a call, signed by William Emerson, Rufus Dwinell, and others, for a meeting of our citizens to be held on last evening, to hear the statements of the Directors of the road to the Kennebec, in explanation of their arrangements for its construction. It is understood that the Directors of the broad gauge roads from Waterville to Portland, will take the proposed road on a 20 years' lease, at a rent which will pay six per cent. interest on a capital of twelve hundred thousand dollars for the road and fifty thousand more for equipments; that such propositions from contractors have been made to the Directors of the Penobscot and Kennebec Road, as to satisfy them that it can be built for the sum named, and the payment of a large proportion of it be made in stock; and that if stock to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars, can be taken up in Bangor, the Directors can obtain elsewhere the balance of funds which will be required.

By this arrangement, the stock will be a guaranteed six per cent. property for twenty years, and at the end of that time, will pay a still larger return, if this eastern country increases its business and population as appearances now indicate. It will be part of the great line to Halifax, which will be built long before the expiration of that period. Nobody will be impoverished by taking a stock like this.

The completion of this road will place Bangor in connection with the whole railroad system of the country, and cannot fail to advance all our interests.—[Bangor Democrat of Tuesday.]

## Arrest of Gamblers in Boston.

On Saturday evening Marshal Tukey summoned his entire night and day forces to head quarters, where they were divided into ten different squads, and a captain appointed over each, with instructions when and where to move against the same number of gambling halls in this city, with further orders to arrest every person caught in the room where games of chance were being played. At about eleven o'clock the Marshal gave his final orders, and the various divisions started in different directions, and the following places were entered, and surprised all at the same moment!

We also give the names of the keepers against whom the officers held warrants.

Thomas Mead, 29 Sudbury street.  
Wm. & Thos. Mead, 25 do do.

John & James Stewart, 19 do do.

—Hoyt, 7 do do.

—McCully, 59 Hanover street.

—Johnson, 677 Washington ("Washington Garden").

Asa DeCoster, 375 Washington street.

—Henry Barnard, Bumstead Court, rear of 14 Boylston street.

Samuel Knights, 19 Congress street.

E. Hastings & Wm. Mead, 6 Montgomery Place.

The keepers of all the places escaped, except one, Wm. Mead, whose name occurs twice above, and who was indicted but a short time since upon a similar charge in New York.—Eighty-six persons were taken into custody, from six of the dens named. No persons were found in four of the places. The prisoners were brought to the Marshal's office and retained until the whole were committed to jail in small numbers at a time. Jailor Andrews was as much surprised as the arrested party themselves. After they were all committed he had to contract for an extra amount of bread and meat for the gamblers' dinner yesterday.

One of the arrested party came over from Chelsea in a "pung" with his wife, an hour previous to the descent. He wanted to have it said that he gave her a sleigh-ride in the month of March. He put his horse up and left his lady with a relative telling her that he was "only going to step down the street a moment." It was not long before he was seen stepping up the street again. We learn that he found March sleighing rather hard.

There were eighteen persons in Hoyt's place, No. 7 Sudbury street, when the officers entered. Seventeen of them were taken. The eighteenth jumped out of a window, a distance of 28 feet from the ground, saying "Good evening" as he went. He was taken up and carried into the same building from which he so unceremoniously stepped out, and was found to be considerably injured internally. It may prove to have been a bad evening for the poor fellow yet. His name is Cummings.

We are informed by the officers that the persons arrested represent all classes of society, from the business men of State street down to the meanest Ann street gambler. They gave the officers names but not their right ones.—What is most rasally, some of them used the names of some of our most esteemed citizens. They will all be arranged in the Police Court this morning, when "we shall see what we shall see."

Mr. Andrews, the jailor, found in the "lock-up" a memorandum with the names of "W. N. Morgan, C. Jones, and A. Ames," upon it, also several rows of figures. He also found a "50,000" on the "Neighbor Company Bank," a sort of paper not very plenty on State street, even.

One of the men when about being put into a cell, started back, declaring that he never slept in such a place in his life and must be excused from doing so. He was pressed into service with the privilege to remain awake! Another of the tender nervous gentlemen said he should die to stay all night in such a place. The simultaneous roar of about eighty of his comrades caused our delicate friend to succumb.

**SUNDAY EVENING, March 9.** The City Marshal, not understanding why no arrest was made, last evening, at a certain gambling house, which has been so notorious of late, took occasion about 4 o'clock this afternoon to drop in at Bumstead Court, kept by "Han Barnard," where he found a dozen or fifteen men playing

cards, and money on the table. Being alone he did not attempt to arrest, but drove them out of a window, some eighteen feet from the ground, and took the cards, money, dice box, dice and dominoes, and a "snake in the grass"—a gambling implement.

Two coats were left in the room, which were carried to the Marshal's office, and for which owners are wanted. In the pocket of one of them was found the following notice, in large letters:—"Gentlemen will please not occupy the Office."

**FLIGHT OF FUGITIVES.**—The Boston Pathfinder of the 27th says, that quite a number of fugitive Slaves, who have lived there since their escape from bondage, have within a few days fled from that city. The number is stated by some as high as 100. In view of this state of things, the Pathfinder suggests that an extra amount of powder be burnt on the next 4th of July—or if more agreeable, on some future 4th of July—and that a proclamation be issued, enjoining upon all 4th of July orators the absolute necessity of using more gas in the demonstrating the self-evident truth, that "all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

**BILLY BOWLEGS.**—A letter from South Florida speaks of a late interview between Capt. Casey, the U. S. Indian agent, and Mr. "Wilum Bolags," as he signs himself. Capt. Casey set forth to Bowlegs the recent action of the Florida Legislature for the Indians, and told him that now was his last chance for a peaceful arrangement; that the United States authorities were his friends, and would not only see him comfortably removed, and provided for afterward, but would pay him well for going; but, if he delayed, the Governor of Florida and his riflemen and long knives would be down upon him, and drive the whole tribe into the ocean. Upon this Billy scratched his head, and thoughtfully inquired if the United States Government was really his friend and wished him well? Capt. Casey replied that there could be no manner of doubt about that.—"Well, then," says Billy, "if you are my friends, just you stand still, and me whip the Governor of Florida and his long knives—d—n quick;" and, in short, gave Casey to understand that he did not value the sovereignty of Florida so much as "the shaking of a squirrel's tail." This is truly mortifying. Billy evidently had not read the report of the majority committee on Federal Relations.

**REDUCED POSTAGE; AFTER JUNE 30, 1851.** Letters, not exceeding half an ounce, and within 3,000 miles, 3 cents pre-paid, 5 cents not pre-paid; and the same for every additional half-ounce or fraction thereof. Over 3,000 miles, double these rates. Foreign letters, wholly or in part by sea, under 2,500 miles, 10 cents; over 2,500, 20 cents; but no change is made in existing postal arrangements with foreign countries. Drop letters one cent; advertising one cent.

**Weekly Newspapers,** not over three ounces, sent from the office of publication, to subscribers within the county, free; out of the county, and within 50 miles, 5 cents a quarter; over 50, and less than 300 miles, 10 cents a quarter; over 300, and less than 1,000 miles, 15 cents; over 1,000, and less than 2,000, 20 cents; over 2,000, and less than 4,000, 25 cents; over 4,000 miles, 30 cents. Monthly newspapers, one-fourth those rates; semi-monthly, one-half those rates; tri-weekly, double those rates; tri-weekly, five times those rates. Newspapers less than 300 square inches, one-fourth the above rates.

**All other Newspapers, circulars not sealed, handbills, engravings, pamphlets, periodicals, magazines and all other printed matter (except periodicals as below) including books and parcels not exceeding 32 ounces, for each ounce or fraction of an ounce, under 500 miles, one cent; over 500 and less than 1,500, two cents; over 1,500 and less than 2,500, three cents; over 2,500, and less than 3,500, 4 cents; over 3,500, five cents—to be paid in advance.** If by oversight unpaid, double those rates to be charged. On periodicals, published quarterly, or oftener, subscribers to pay half the above rates quarterly in advance.

The publishers of newspapers, and of periodicals not over 16 ounces, may interchange free, and enclose bills to subscribers. Stamps for pre-payment to be provided by the Postmaster General. A three cent piece, three-cent silver, and one-quarter copper, to be coined.

**CARPET WAREHOUSE.** Those who are about making purchases of carpeting during the approaching suitable season for refinishing, either for family use or to sell again, will find at the wholesale and retail Carpet Hall of Messrs. WILLIAM P. TENNY & Co., over the Maine Railroad Depot, Haymarket square, Boston, the largest and most desirable assortment of the various kinds of foreign and domestic carpetings now offered for sale at any similar establishment in that city. Every shade of quality and style of beauty and finish, and for every variety of use, whether of rich or low-priced carpetings, are here offered the visitor, from which to make a selection, and at prices at least twelve per cent. cheaper than elsewhere, for similar kinds.

Oil cloths, straw matting, bookings, and mats of every variety, may here be found also. The most attentive and obliging salesmen are in attendance, and altogether, Tenny's Carpet Hall offers, both to city and country housekeepers, the greatest inducements to make at it their purchases. Country dealers in carpeting will also find, on comparison of qualities and prices, with those of this and other similar ware-houses, that it will be greatly to their advantage to make their selections at the former.

[Barnstable Patriot.]







