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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 41): May 1, 1851

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1851.

NO. 41.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### LOVED OF MY SOUL.

Loved of my soul, come sing to me  
The sweet old songs of other days  
And let me feel thy spirit power,  
As round my heart thy cadence plays.

Loved of my soul, thy gentle tone  
Hath soothed full many a lonely hour,  
And bade my spirit still rejoice,  
When other charms had lost their power.

Loved of my soul, then sing to me,  
And let the strains be long and deep,  
And as they swell and melt away,  
They'll fill the cares of life to sleep.

Then sing, O sing the dear old times  
We loved, in days long past and gone,  
When side by side, we sang the notes  
Of hope and love, in life's young morn.

Loved of my soul, thy voice recalls  
Full many a thought of vanished hours,  
When accents of thy gentle voice,  
Changed life's dull path from thorns to flowers.

A. W. WILDER.

## MISCELLANY.

(From the National Era.)

### LOST CHILD ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY MARY IRVING.

"And a little grave they made her,  
In the churchyard cold they laid her—  
Laid her softly down to rest,  
With a white rose on her breast—  
Poor little Nell!"—Miss NICOLA.

One frosty evening of November, found us

journeying over the prairie. It was past the

hour of the sun's setting, though the sullen lu-

minary had not declined to lift even the corner

of his gloom cloud-veil to give us a parting

glimpse of the sunset, and more than 20

miles to the southward, came raving about our

ears, piercing through every pore of our muffs

and muffins, and finally died away in the

groves skirting our western prospect, as sur-

f-blasts die on the ocean shore. The roads had

been thrown into chaos by "the equinoctial"

and the train of attending storms, so that we

had been dragging through the day at a most

unsatisfactory rate of travel, and were far

enough from our anticipated haven.

"Dear me! there is not a house on this

everlasting prairie!" spoke, at last, one of the

company, in a tone half smothered by tipset

and buffalo robe.

"Plenty of log cabins in the woods yonder,"

returned the one addressed. "Would you like

to make a call?"

"I mean, is there not a public house, a ta-

vern of some kind, where a half-frozen traveler

might find a fire to thaw his fingers by?"

"Yes—we shall come to ———— Corners

directly. There ———— is the house, away be-

yond that swell; 'tis log—two-story—do you

see?"

"I did not say it was a village. It is a point

where four roads meet, and clumsy enough

roads they are, to be sure."

As we drew near to the house, a curiously

huddled together combination of logs, mortar,

and whitewash, more for convenience than

elegance, we took notice of an upright pole in

front of it, which once, evidently, held up a

grateful invitation to goers by. But now it

only evoked most tantalizingly and inhospita-

bly in the wind.

"They've taken down the sign, you see—

oats are scarce this season," soliloquized our

driver, reconnoitering. "But never mind—I

calculate we can find accommodation."

After a moment's parley with an old man in

a brimble white hat, who sauntered through

the doorway at our approach, and nodded as-

sent, with an air of dignified nonchalance, to

our eager inquiries, we were lifted from our

carriage, glad enough to unbend our stiffened

muscles by the blazing fire that beckoned us

through the window panes.

A supper was soon smoking before us—fit

for a hungry traveler—a brace of prairie

chickens, fresh from the fences and nooks

where they swarm at that season, garnished

with minor dishes of onions, sausages, and

"sour krait," the favorite dish of the German

immigrants.

The two daughters of the old host had spread

the board for us, and, after their task was

finished, I noticed that both went at once to

the window, laid their heads each against a

pane, and peered anxiously out.

"They are not coming, be they?" inquired

the father, who sat knocking the ashes from

his pipe, in the corner of the wide arm chair.

"No, but it's high time they were back—

There's all the cows to milk and fodder yet,

and then—"

The tramp of hoofs cut off the girl's

sentence, and in a few minutes a couple of young

men bustled in, shook their shaggy overcoats

and shaggy locks, and drew up to the blazing

logs to unstiffen their benumbed fingers.

"What's the news?"

"Any thing found, Royal?" inquired the

sisters, eagerly pressing to their side, while

the father thrust his pipe into the corner of

his mouth unlighted, in his eagerness to catch

the answer.

"No—oh, no," replied Royal, shaking his

bowed head sorrowfully, so that his long black

hair fell like a veil over his eyes, that were

fixed on the glimmering coals.

"The child never'll come to light alive,"

exclaimed the other, starting up to face us, in

front of the fire, with his hands clasped behind

his back. "Never, if she's out on the prairie

this bitter cold night. Ugh! 'tis tough enough

to kill a clever coon, much likelier a slim chance

of a girl like her."

"Poor thing!" responded the sister, feel-

ingly, "it's two nights already she's been out

doors, and starving the while!"

"I don't reckon she's out at all," remarked

the father, with a deliberate nod. "She was a

purty child—"

Pretty as a new pink morning-glory, the

darling! interrupted one of the daughters.

"Purty enough to tice some of these child

stealers that straggles about. 'T'd lay my little

finger she's far enough away by this day."

"Whose child is lost?" we ventured to put

in at a pause of a moment.

"It's little Nelly Waring, ma'am—child to

John Waring that lives over three miles yon-

der on the prairie. You see, Miss—"

But I will give the short story in my own

words, with the additions and emendations that

I afterwards gleaned from others.

John Waring had come from New England to

the 'West' with his father's family, to win

a subsistence from a more generous land than

the home of hills and valleys. The parents

remained in the part where they landed; but

John, with the helpful, ready-witted, and ready-

handed 'wife of his youth,' resolved to improve

the tempting facilities for farming. So he

purchased a 'lot' on our prairie, built him a

snug 'nest,' and took home his dows to cheer

it.

They were far from any neighbors, but that

mattered little to them. Each was a little

world to the other; and very happy, as well

as very prosperous, were they in their flower-

ing retirement. Towards the close of the third

year, John had laid by enough to build what a

thorough-going farmer ranks far before a house

in importance—a good, capacious barn. Very

spacious it was, with bins, stalls, and lofts, in

abundance, where one might, indeed, 'lay up

much goods for many years.' One could not

well blame its frame for the thrill of satisfac-

tion that warmed his heart, when the last rafter

and clapboard were nailed, and the complete

building, in its new coat of red paint blushed

in the blaze of sunset. His busy, cheerful

helpmate, with hands tucked up under her

apron, came out by his side to mingle congrat-

ulations with his delight. And she came not

alone; a wee blossom fairer than ever prairie

in its wildness bore, had budded in her arms

two years before.

Little Ellen Waring was a child of most un-

common beauty. Her eyes had caught their

tinge from the violets that open to the eye of

spring, in the edge of the woods—her cheeks

were changing as the soft clouds of a July noon,

half fleecy, half roscate, cushioned languidly

on the light-blue sky. Her baby forehead

seemed, purely radiant with the smile of her

guardian angel, half shadowed by curls of ming-

led chestnut and gold; but a smile, all her

own, twinkling in her eyes and dimpling in

her cheek, linked her to earth and to all hearts

so lovingly! Every one marked the child, at

first glance, as a pearl of exceeding price.

Cynics may sneer at it as they will; beauty

is the 'open sesame' to the universal human

heart; and there is no beauty so sweetly win-

ning—so like a dewdrop purely fresh from

Heaven, glowing in its glory yet, as the beau-

ty of a little child!

When she was carried to the city, the home

of her grand-parents, her tottering steps were

often arrested in the streets by strangers, who

pressed forward to exclaim involuntarily—

"What a beautiful child! An angel!"

"She's not for earth long, sure."

This last foreboding seemed to grow into a

presentiment in the mind of the grandfather.

In vain did the laughing eyes of little Ellen

look into his, mock him all his fears. In vain did

he see her springing up as healthy and hardy

as a wild rose, or a prairie chicken; he pressed

back her curls anxiously, and looked

mentally into her face, after pressing her in his

rough arms, as though he feared that some

unseen hand would snatch her away even then.

"Little pet! take care of her! I don't let

any thing come near her, John," was his last

charge, as he kissed her on both rosy cheeks

and lifted her carefully into the wagon after

her parents.

"Never you fear, father; you'll see how she

will spring up in the prairie grass."

"Well, well; God knows!" replied the

grandfather, drawing his left sleeve across his

eyes.

Two evenings previous to the one of our

stay at the log tavern, John Waring went out

to his barn, to secure his cattle for the night,

and go through that indescribable routine of

duties under the convenient name of 'chores.'

Little Ellen pleaded to go over with him. She

had been building cob-castles before the hearth,

till a peony blush bloomed on one hot little

cheek; and then, tired of her play, she had

been tottering around in the wake of her busy

mamma's footsteps, clinging restlessly to her

dress.

"Stay by papa, Ellie, pet!" said the mother,

as she tied the little blue hood under her chin,

and pinned a warm, white blanket over the

bare dimpling shoulders. "Ellie go with papa,

laughed the little fairy, dancing gleefully under

her mother's hands. "Come, Ellie," called the

father, reaching out his hand as he fastened

the last button of his working frock. She

sprang to him, and swung her little self out of

the door, by his strong fore-finger. The barn

was just across the road from the house. Skip-

ping up the platform, through the unfolding

leaves of the great barn-door, she clapped her

baby hands to the scampering chickens, shout-

ed to the echoes, climbed up to peep through

the rails at the red calf, and scrambled down

in terror of the cow's nervously shaking her

horns. At last she trotted away, quite de-

murely, in pursuit of hen's nests, tossing, and

tumbling on the new-made hay, warbling like

a merry barn swallow all the while. The father

was in and out, here and there, occupied

with his varying business.

The sun went down, and the shadows of the

long, dimly-lighted rafters began to deepen

and blacken. With a half sigh of weariness,

the little one, rolled off the soft hay-mow.

"Come in house, papa, Ellie tired!" she

brought, looking up coaxingly into his face.

"Is Ellie tired? Ellie may go to mamma,

then." He stooped to kiss her cheek, swung

back the door, opened the gate, and saw her

toddle through it, and turned again to his un-

finished work.

Half an hour passed, and he walked, whis-

ting carelessly, towards the house, the dullest

and toils of the day all over. His wife turned

hastily towards him, as he set down the brim-

ming milk-pail upon the well-scoured pine ta-

ble.

"What have you done with Ellie? 'Tis late

for her to be out."

"Ellie! why I sent her in half an hour ago!

I have not seen her!" returned the mother,

and flinging open the door, she called quickly,

"Ellie!"

The sound rang shrill over the prairie, and

echoed loudly and fingeringly from the blank

walls of the barn; but no Ellen's voice gave

answer. The mother clasped her hands, and

a quiver of agony trembled on her compressed

lips.

"Don't be frightened, Mary—she's strayed

a bit down the path, it's likely. I'll bring her

in a minute or two."

John Waring sprang over the steps as he

spoke, and rushed out of her sight, around

the corner of the barn.



## MISCELLANY.

## The Cash System.

The evils of the credit system in minor business transactions, are the experience of almost every one. The remarks below, from the "American Mechanic," apply as well to most kinds of business, as to publishing:

With publishers of newspapers, it is common with business men generally, the Cash System is preferable to any other; to publishers who rely or nearly so, upon their subscription list for support for the prosecution of their business, it is indispensable. Such a thing as newspaper credit should have no existence anywhere. Nothing is gained by it, either by the proprietor or subscriber, but the former must necessarily be the loser. There are thousands of upright, well meaning men, who subscribe for newspapers, and intend to pay for them; but the idea of writing a letter to an editor, enclosing two dollars never entered their heads—though if called upon for the amount due would probably be prepared to meet the demand.

But the publisher of almost every country newspaper knows it would be out of the question for him to employ a collector, out of the profits of his subscriptions, so many of his patrons continue year after year taking the paper without advancing a cent, while he is paying cash for his printing materials, cash for his paper and labor, and everything necessary to carry on business. Here then is a loss—not attributable to any design on the part of the subscriber to defraud, but the legitimate fruit of a worse than worthless system. They would pay if waited upon, but the printer cannot afford to spend five dollars for collecting, three, and never gets his pay.

Again—Mr. A. has the paper sent to his address four or five years; his bill by this time amounts to ten dollars; he dies or runs away, or perhaps becomes bankrupt; here is another "profit and loss" account for the printer.

Mr. B. also, who lives some five hundred miles distant, has had the paper mailed to him three years without making payment, when suddenly the post master in his village, addresses the editor thus: "Sir: Your paper addressed to Mr. B. is not taken out of the office. Reason—gone to California."

Aside from cases of this kind, there are in every community numbers of very "liberal minded men," who are particularly anxious for the success of everything of a literary character, and who by way of encouraging the enterprise, are always ready to enter their names on the subscription book, but never think of paying.

## More Truth than Poetry.

The following sharp talk is by Capt. Hacker, of the Portland Pleasure Boat:

"Hearken unto me, ye proud, haughty churchgoers who swindle your fellows six days in a week, and then draw down your faces on the seventh, and vainly imagine that a few ceremonies settle the account with your Maker and purchase a license to sin another week, hearken unto me. Ye are either hypocrites, or the dupes of blind guides. Ye are destitute of the Life. Ye are like salt that has lost its savor, fit only to be cast out of your high profession and trodden under foot. Ye may build twenty thousand dollar synagogues with black walnut pulpits and carpet and tassel and otherwise ornament the idol, but that very act proves that ye have not the Life—that ye are rotten at heart. Ye may purchase five hundred or fifteen hundred dollar organs, and hire some half starved creature to turn the crank for sixpence a day, and though it roars like thunder, or sends forth angelic strains, ye are still rotten at heart; the Life is not in you, the best part of your worship is made by machine and that machine has as much real Christian Life as you. Ye may look out the most eloquent divine in the land, and give him a ten thousand dollar call, and yet he may be as ignorant and destitute of the Life as you or your organ."

What you may call able prayers, you may admire his white hands spread out on the pulpit cushion, yet ye know nothing of the Life; ye are dead in trespasses and sins, and all which you call worship only serves to keep you insensible to your true state and prevent you from coming to the Life."

Some Facts about Orchards in New-England.

An instance of Yankee shrewdness has recently come to my knowledge, which well illustrates the advantages of knowing something on this subject. In the spring of 1846, a Mr. W. was engaged in grafting apple trees in various parts of Rockingham county; and among the rest, grafted enough to amount to twelve dollars, for Mr. R. of Braintree, upon an old orchard of natural fruit consisting of about one hundred trees. Mr. R. thought it rather extravagant to expend so much in an experiment so hopeless, and W. finally proposed that he would go on in subsequent years, and graft as many of the old trees as he chose, do the necessary pruning, and receive for his pay one half the fruit that should grow on his grafts during the next twelve years, and R. should cultivate the land among them, for his own profit. This was considered a very liberal proposition, and at once accepted, and the contract was reduced to writing, and executed. I happened to be at Braintree during the past autumn, just after W. had called for his share of the fruit, and learned that the season set in 1846, for setting which he had charged twelve dollars, produced sixteen barrels of marketable Baldwin apples, worth twenty-four dollars—Mr. R. had become so far convinced of this mistake, that he offered W. one hundred dollars to release his interest in the orchard, which W. promptly declined. I soon afterwards met W., and conversed with him on the subject, and he said that so far, from releasing his interest in the contract, for that sum, he would not sell his share of the fruit for one year for that amount, and allow the purchaser to choose it out of the tree.

He has now grafted most of the trees with the Baldwin apple, and thinks he shall get more than a hundred dollars a year, in each of the even years of the last half of his term. The even year is, as you well know, the bearing year for the Baldwin throughout New-England. Mr. W. further informs me, that he has made many similar contracts in the neighborhood, and has acquired an interest in about one thousand trees; that his share of apples grown on land of other people, the past fall was ninety barrels, and that none of the seasons which produced were set prior to 1845. He grafted one tree in 1844, which produced in 1850 six barrels of fruit, and he knows fifty trees, which this year produced ten barrels each, worth in all \$750.—[Vt. Chronicle.]

THE TROUBLE OF A MAN DRUNK.—An Irish laborer, sick of the thralldom of strong drink, introduced himself lately to the magistrates of Southwark, and proposed to go to bed before them to keep the following pledge (which he produced in writing): "I take notice of keri here by taking his Oth never to drink a glass of Speerid good bad or indifferent tily to keep down the vegetables."

STONE OF A POOR FARMER.—He grazes his mowing lands late in the spring. Some of his cows are much past their prime. He neglects to keep the dung and ground from the silts of his buildings. He sows and plants his land till it is exhausted, before he thinks of manuring. He keeps too much stock, and many of them unruly. If he wants a chisel or hammer, he cannot find it. He seldom works in stormy weather, or in an evening. You will hear, perhaps, of his being in a bar-room talking of hard times. Although he has been on land twenty years, ask him for grafted apples, and he will tell you he could not raise them, for he never had any luck.

His indolence and carelessness subject him to many accidents. He loses cider for the want of hoops. His plough breaks in his hurry to get in his seed in season, because it was not hoisted; and in harvest, when he is at work on a distant part of his farm, the hogs break into his garden, for want of a small repair in his fence. He always feels in a hurry, yet in his busiest day he will stop and talk till he has wearied your patience. He is seldom neat in his person, and generally late to public worship. His children are late at school, and their books are torn and dirty. He has no enterprise, and is sure to have no money or, if he must have it, makes great sacrifices to get it; and as he is slack in his payments, and buys altogether on credit, he purchases everything at a dear rate. You will see the smoke come out of his chimney long after daylight in the winter. His horse stable is not daily cleaned, nor his horse curried. Boards, shingles, and clapboards are to be seen off his buildings month after month, without being replaced, and his windows are full of rags. He feeds his hogs and horses with whole grain. If the lambs die, or the wool comes off his sheep, he does not think it is for want of care or food. He is generally a great borrower, and seldom returns a thing borrowed. He is a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor, a poor citizen and a poor Christian.—[Balt. Farmer.]

ANA CHRONISMS.—A gentleman of this city, distinguished for his brilliant wit, as well as fine legal attainments, told us that he once met with an old painting (by a French artist, which possessed considerable merit) of "The Lord's Supper," and that both ends of the table were decorated with tumblers, holding *segars* lighters. Such anachronisms are very common. There is, we believe, a picture in this city at present, of "The Birth of Christ," where the Virgin Mary is represented as sleeping on a French bedstead of the most fashionable mode, while Christ is lying in a modern washing tub. There is a celebrated picture in Germany of "The Garden of Eden"—Adam and Eve, of course, occupying a position in the foreground, while, in the background, conspicuous from his hunting costume, stands a German student, deliberately shooting ducks!—[Drawing-Room Journal.]

TRANSPLANTING SHRUBS.—In transplanting shrubs, as well as every small tree, a common error is to place them too deep in the earth. This has arisen from the fact that, by receiving more moisture, they often succeed best in the first summer, at the expense, however of their subsequent growth. It is much better to plant shallow, imparting the necessary moisture by means of a deep, mellow soil, beneath, and by mulching above. The material for the latter may be short litter, manure, moss, spent tan, inverted turf, or mould. A raised surface, consisting of these materials, to the height of six inches, will occasion no injury whatever for a year or two, and admirably equalize the moisture of the soil. Manure used in this way operates beneficially, not only in preserving the moisture but increasing the fertility by the liquid manure carried down in solution by rains, especially if applied in autumn or winter. The contrast between the hard and baked surface, too often witnessed when the ground is left bare, and softened only between a coat of manure or litter, can only be sufficiently understood by actual experiment. Its advantages were strikingly exemplified a year or two since, in planting out a bed of strawberries in the middle of an excessively dry summer. The roots, after being fixed by water in transplanting, were protected from a drought by a coat of manure three inches thick, and although they were watered but once, not a plant perished.

Staking may be in many instances, necessary to prevent swaying by the wind, or a one-sided growth, where there are imperfect or unequal roots. But usually, if the shrub is furnished with good roots, and if care is taken while the earth is shoveled in, to spread them all out like the arms of an umbrella, they will serve to brace it evenly, and prevent a one-sided growth. Fixing by water, as it is termed, is often sufficient, alone, to preclude the necessity of staking. It is most conveniently done by three persons—one spreading out the roots with his fingers, a second sitting in the earth, while the third settles it by pouring water from the nose of a watering pot. Although soft at first the soil in a few hours dries and hardens sufficiently to hold firmly the newly set roots. An additional stiffening, if needed, may be given by encircling the stem with a small temporary mound of earth.

In transplanting roses, and some other small shrubs, sufficient pruning of the top is rarely given. Climbing roses, and those generally which throw up rapid and vigorous shoots, will make a better growth by autumn, by cutting down to a few good buds when set out, than by leaving a long portion of stem and branches, which indeed not unfrequently draw so hard upon the roots as to cause the death of the plant. On the other hand, we have seen shrubs transplanted in wet weather with entire success, after having grown six inches; by taking up full roots, and dressing the soil well with water, at the same time, freely shortening back the shoots, and looping most of the leaves.—[Albany Cultivator.]

WHEN IS A MAN DRUNK?—This question, says the local of the Washington Republic, we believe has never been satisfactorily decided, but a case arose the other night that ought to be regarded as a sufficient test.

Two gentlemen of no little note in a neighborhood, happened in their rambles thro' Washington to get pretty tight, as men are said to be when uncomfortably loose; and in a very laudable effort to return to their hotel, blundered into the door of a room in which a steam-engine had worked itself into a tolerable rage. "Chu-chu-chu! phiz-z-z!" went the machine, while a great drum whizzed around most furiously. "What's that?" exclaimed one of the gentlemen. "A steamboat," said the other. "To be sure it is," said the first, "didn't I know that?" "Boy, what boat is this?" The Phonix, said the phonetic boy, speaking in two syllables. "What's the passage, boy?" "One fifty," said the knowing inn. "Well, here's the money," said the gentleman, "show us our berth." "Walk aft," said the boy. The gentlemen walked aft, and the boy walked forward, and is perhaps still doing so with a cool three in his pocket.

SHORT DRESSES.—Mrs. Bloomer, editress of the Lilly, has adopted the "short dress and trousers," and says in her paper of this month, that many of the women in that place (Seneca Falls,) oppose the change, others laugh, others still are in favor; and many have already adopted the dress. She closes the article on the subject as follows:

"Those who think we look 'queer,' would do well to look back a few years, to the time when they were ten or fifteen pounds of petticoat and bustle around the body, and balloons on their arms, and then imagine which cut the queerest figure, they or we. We care not for the frowns of over fastidious gentlemen; we have those of better taste and less questionable morals to sustain us. If men think they would be comfortable in long heavy skirts, let them put them on—we have no objection. We are more comfortable without them, and so have left them off. We do not say we shall wear this dress and no other, but we shall wear it for a common dress; and we hope it may become so fashionable that we may wear it at all times, and in all places, without being thought singular. We have already become so attached to it that we dislike changing to a long one."

THE WATER CURE is undoubtedly one of the best cures in the world, but is more shamefully abused than almost any remedial agent that has preceded it ever has been. We are not, of course, capable of saying just where water should or should not be used; but common sense teaches us that the following directions may be complied with safely enough, and indeed that their observance is absolutely necessary, if bathers would enjoy good health.—They are given by a physician of Philadelphia, who has had an opportunity of observing the effect of water upon the health, and who makes use of it to a great extent.

1st. Never go into a cool or cold bath when you feel chilly or cold.

2d. Nor when from fatigue, caused by over exertion, fasting, loss of sleep, or any other cause, the vital force of the body is depressed.

3d. Never remain in the bath till the second chill supervenes upon the first.

4th. Never when the stomach is distended with food.

5th. Never when the process of digestion is in full operation, which, after a free meal, requires several hours to be completed.

6th. Never, without medical advice, where there is extensive disease of the lungs.

7th. Upon no consideration, where there is organic disease of the heart.

8th. Never in a low grade of vital action, as in scrofulous disease, without medical directions.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE....MAY 1, 1851.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills in all parts of the State, over the stores of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. R. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

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## Remedy for Potato Rot.

Mr. Joshua F. Hatch, of Dorchester, has made a communication to the Governor of Massachusetts, in which he claims to have discovered a sure remedy for the potato rot.—First of all, he recommends the production of new varieties from the seed; but advises the following course with the present stock.

"Let ground charcoal and sulphate of lime (gypsum, or plaster of Paris) be mixed in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter, and used on the land according to the soil. On land which is rich in nitrogenized matter, one quart of the above compound should be put in each hill at planting; on light, sandy soil, one half of this quantity, or even less, may be used.

From ten to twenty days before the potatoes ripen, let the vines be pruned of half their branches, and let a handful of the compound be thrown on each hill.

Of course the best seedlings of the later varieties should be selected and planted late, so as to ripen after the earlier fall rains. When the plant is matured, the potatoes should be dug and put in barrels or bins, as usual, and enough of the compound should be intermingled as to fill all the principal crevices between them; this may be used the following year at the time of planting. In the absence of charcoal, peat, or other carbonaceous substances may be used, and in the absence of gypsum (sulphate of lime), copperas (sulphate of iron), or the pyrites of iron, may be used to advantage, or any other substance which yields sulphuric acid or ammonia.

The experiment is at least worth trying, and as the writer declares it is based on philosophical principles, it should be deemed worthy of attention. It is based upon the fact, he says, that the potato receives nitrogen both from the earth and atmosphere, in an undue quantity, and requires the presence of absorbing and neutralizing substances.

A PEACE MEASURE.—The Albany Dutchman gives the following remedy for war:—

Among the means urged by the Peace Convention for the suppression of wars, it is singular that they passed over cash payments. To the credit system the world is indebted for all the wars that have taken place in Europe for the last century. So long as heroes get time on their glory, so long will slaughtering be a fixture of civilized life. Let nations pay for their fights as they take place, and there will never be another thirty year war known to history. The battle of Waterloo cost John Bull over two hundred millions of pounds sterling. Had this immense sum been taken in a lump out of the pockets of Great Britain, it would have led to an insurrection that would have proved more fatal to the ministry than Waterloo did to Napoleon.

A PROCLAMATION. President Fillmore has issued a proclamation, calling upon all "good citizens" to discontinue the enterprise of taking Cuba, and enjoining upon all civil and military officers to use their best efforts to bring to trial such as may participate in it. He assures all violators of law in this respect, that they must expect no interference of government in their behalf, "no matter to what extremity they may be reduced in consequence of their illegal conduct."

ANOTHER TOWN MEETING. The freemen of Waterville held their fourth town-meeting, for the present Spring, on Saturday last. The regular town-meeting occupied three days, by adjournment, and the fourth day was a special meeting, called for the purpose of undoing a part of what had been previously done. This last job took but a little of the time consumed by the first—about in the proportion that unclimbing a tree bears to the climbing, when one adopts the quickest way of getting down. Our neighbors from the west part of the town came down upon us in full force, and knocked our free bridge, new county, and 'Libby Road,' all into 'pi' in a jiffy. Nobody knows how they did it, unless it was by having the most votes. In this respect they left us about where the engine leaves the tender; and our only resort was to 'knock under.' This was done in pretty good order, and the victors turned their backs upon us, in time to fight another such battle before sunset.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS. We thought we had said enough against the use of tobacco, to reform every body who cares a fig about being reformed. But it is all to no purpose. We had even thought of trying the effort of example; but having taken a "snuff" against this kind of influence, we had quietly settled down to "chew the bitter cud of disappointment," and "puff the smoke of our anger" in the face of our opposers. Shall we tell how our gratitude melted our resolution? It was the mere matter of a little package of choice Havanas, embracing a lump of pure "sweet-leaf" about as heavy as our foot!—and all for friendship! Certainly the donor could not expect us to puff a package of cigars, or that a paragraph about tobacco would be at all to the taste of our readers—especially the ladies. We set fire to the cigars—and gnashed our teeth at the lump of "sweet-leaf." Who cares? Men will use it,—and if they will, the better the article the longer they can endure it. They may as well go at once to J. R. Dow, at the new store, and get something nice. If they have doubts, let them come and taste of our sample—which is not quite burnt up.

## PREMIUM CROPS.

We shall give occasionally, as we have room, the statements of the various applicants for premiums on crops, submitted to the North Ken. Ag. & Hort. Society, at their meeting in January.

## To the Committee on Crops.

Gentlemen,—The undersigned enters for premium one acre of corn; raised on sandy loam. The land previous to plowing, had been mowed ten years; it joins a low meadow or swale; and on this portion the manure made for the winter from one horse was spread before plowing. Managed as follows: Plowed May 7th; harrowed and planted May 13th; on the 25th of May nearly one half of the piece was under water a foot or more for several days, which injured it, and consequently some of it had to be planted over; and in the Fall, after it was shooled up in the field, several bushels were taken by some persons unknown, before it was husked.

Plowing the acre of land 8 in. deep	\$2.00
Harrowing and marking off	1.00
Labor plowing equal man 1-2 days	1.50
Seed large 8 rowed Red Cob	1.00
2 1-2 bushels poulture at 2	5.00
Labor hoeing equal 4 days	4.00
Do cutting and shooing 4 days	4.00
Husking at 3 cents per bushel ears	5.55
Hauling in and housing fodder	1.45
Staking and stringing	.50
<b>Total</b>	<b>27.00</b>
Product 185 bushels ears at 34	62.90
do 144 large shooks of fodder, 07	10.08
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$72.98</b>
Expenses exclusive of use of land	27.00
<b>Net</b>	<b>\$45.98</b>

## Very respectfully yours,

A. DINGLEY.

P. S. I will also state that I planted on pasture land one fourth of an acre of the same kind of corn, with five loads of well rotted barn manure of 25 bushels each, hoed and managed as the above; and the result was forty-seven bushels of ears of corn.

Winslow, January, 1851.

## Mr. Sumner Elected.

The election of Mr. Sumner, the anti-slavery candidate, for Senator from Massachusetts, after so long and exciting a contest, is hailed with great enthusiasm by his friends, and with no little chagrin by everybody else. In the present peculiar political position of Massachusetts, it is certainly a triumph of anti-slavery principles.

WILL SOUTH CAROLINA SECEDE?—We have not enumerated our columns with any detailed accounts of the movements in South Carolina, looking to the secession of that State from the Federal Union. In the first place, a slaveholding State which seriously proposes to withdraw from the Union in order to fortify and perpetuate her slavery, does not deserve to be reasoned with. She is stark mad, and should be treated accordingly. Whenever discussion shall really take place, we shall regard it as the knell of American Slavery. But all this is so palpable that we can never regard South Carolina and her copartners of secessionists in the other slave States as serious in their occasional dissonant tantrums.

They are only antinationalizing the effect, and would desert if their experts attracted no attention in the free States. But every few years South Carolina works herself into a theatrical fury, and cries out, "Hold me, or I'll certainly hurt somebody!" whereupon Virginia catches her about the neck and begs her not to stave up the Union, which she finally accedes to, and then ensues a general kissing and making up, whereupon the North, not to be outdone in sacrifices for the Union, makes some liberal concession to Slavery or Cotton, and all is quiet again—till the next time. We are tired of this. Had the free States been manly enough, true enough, to enact the Wilmot Proviso as to all present or future Territories of the Union, we should have had just about the same diabolical cut up by the chivalry that we have witnessed, and with no more damage to the Union.

Whenever Secession shall be seriously threatened because of Northern resistance to Slavery

Extension, we shall see that the slaveholders are not all the People of the Southern States, nor a majority of them, though they now seem not to realize it. In slave-breeding Maryland and Virginia, two-thirds of the legal voters would to-day prefer the Union without slavery to slavery without the Union. And this sentiment is fast ripening in all the Southern States, with three or four exceptions.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

A SUPERB DESIGN.—The publisher of the new and beautiful pictorial weekly, "Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Companion," having found it impossible to supply the demand for his first numbers, and in response to the universal desire of his subscribers, has resolved to commence once more his liberal design, by changing the form of his paper to a greatly enlarged one, and giving sixteen pages of reading matter and illustrations in the room of eight, and also more than double the number of engravings. Notwithstanding this liberal outlay, the subscription price will remain the same, viz: three dollars per annum. The number, therefore, for the present week is No. 1, Vol. 1, of this superbly illuminated weekly. It is a vast improvement on the first issue, beautiful and perfect as that was universally pronounced to be, and is surmounted by one of the finest pictorial heads we have ever seen, giving an elaborate and minute miniature of Boston from the sea, with a foreground giving a beautiful maritime view of the bay and sea skirt of the city. The new change will enable all to commence with the beginning and keep their files for binding, and a superb volume the paper will make with its hundreds of beautiful engravings and its unrivaled letter press.

THE VASSAL CASE.—Henry Webster vs. Peter Cooper.—This case, after being remanded from the Supreme Court of the United States, was tried at the Circuit Court, held at Portland on the 28th inst. The result was, a verdict in favor of the defendant. One of the grounds taken in the defence, was that by the Will of Flo. Vassal, the legal estate in the land demanded, was not in the plaintiff, but in the Trustees named in said Will, or their heirs, and that the action could not be maintained by the present plaintiff. The Court sustained the objection, which was fatal to the action; leaving other points undecided. Exceptions were filed by the counsel for plaintiff with a view of suing out a writ of Error to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Counsel for Plaintiff, Dexter and Davies—for Defendant, Allen and Fessenden.

SOMERSET PORKER.—Mr. John W. Sawtelle of Osoola, (Norridgewock,) slaughtered his great porker on Thursday of last week. His weight was nine hundred and seventy-six pounds and eight ounces! including the rough lard. His girth was six feet and eight inches, and his age was just twenty-four months.

[Press.]

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW IN KENTUCKY. The Maysville Eagle publishes the following resolutions adopted at a meeting of citizens of Lewis county, Kentucky.

Whereas, in the letter of Ex-Governor Metcalf to Mr. Foote, the former in speaking of the fugitive slave bill assumes that Kentucky, with an unbounded unanimity, will regard its repeal by the General Government as a dissolution of the Union.

Resolved, That the opinion of a slaveholder, as is Gov. Metcalf, or of the 31,000 slaveholders of Kentucky, can in no fair sense be regarded as the opinion of the 600,000 non-slaveholders of our State.

Resolved, That we shall be happy to be furnished with the evidence by which the Ex-Governor learned the views of the non-slaveholders in advance of their having expressed them.

Resolved, That so far as we are informed, intelligent and influential non-slaveholders regard the fugitive slave bill as unconstitutional and anti-Christian.

Resolved, That we believe that the North will remain firm in its purpose of repealing this bill in a legal manner, and that it will be as much opposed at the South as at the North, when the light shines as abundantly here as it does there.

TREATMENT OF COWS. At this season of the year, cows should have the best of care, especially those which are to give milk, or are soon expected to calve. A little inattention now and cows will get poor and weak, and will take nearly the whole summer to regain their condition. Cows which are expected soon to calve, that are not well fed with good hay, and kept in good thriving order, are not very likely to do well, and may, perhaps, lose more strength and flesh in a week, than they could gain with the best of feed in a much longer time, but when they are in low condition, and from that or other causes, do not, after calving, do well, and drop their "cleaning," a handful of wood ashes, in a mess of scalded bran, will in the worst cases prove beneficial. I have tried it, and never knew it to fail.

## A Self-Made Artist.

The subject of the following notice, by Dodge, will be recognized by many of our citizens.

From Bucksport we proceeded to Bangor, where we had the pleasure of again seeing many of our old friends, and making some new ones—and among the latter we would mention with pleasure the name of Timothy O. Paine, an artist young in years, but possessing great genius, and we predict that in less than twenty years from this time, Maine will be as proud to acknowledge him her son, as Vermont is to her mother of the eminent and world-renowned sculptor, Powers. We should judge that Mr. Paine is not more than twenty-five years of age, and yet he has wrought several heads in clay, from which he has taken moulds and formed plaster busts, which for life-like expression and accuracy we have never seen surpassed. He was born on the Kennebec, was educated at Waterville College, and since taking his degree, has paid his whole attention to crayon drawing and sculpture; but for the want of worldly wisdom which is indispensable for a person who wishes to climb the hill of fame and fortune—where there are so many thousand heavy-soled boots, with the toes pointed downward—to keep him back he is comparatively unknown. But the light will peep out in time; and if there are any who doubt our prophecy, (we hope there are none) we will say, in the language of Capt. Cutler—"Make a note of it."

Visiting his studio in company with a friend, we had the pleasure of examining three of the most finished and life-like busts that I have ever seen our good fortune to look upon. The first was that of John S. Seward, Esq., (editor of the Bangor Whig,) and if the bust had been painted the right color, we should certainly have spoken to it. We never before had the faintest idea that so much life could be expressed in Plaster of Paris. The second was that of Miss M., a teacher in Gardiner; and the third that of a little girl.

But the best thing of all, and indeed the best thing of the kind we ever saw, was an original

design of his own—which is in clay, and therefore not yet finished—representing the birth of a husband in the spirit-world. The spirit of his wife, who had previously died, is bending over the prostrate form, her right hand gently placed upon his forehead, and with a quiet, holy, and patient smile, is waiting the gradual change which shall in a few minutes bring into life the now unconscious form of her beloved husband. Six other spirits, no two looking alike, but all having an expression of innocence and indescribable loveliness, are in attendance, sympathizing with the wife, and anxiously awaiting the approaching consciousness of the sleeping body. To add to the scene, the sun of the spirit-world is just rising.

The conception is unquestionably "Swedish-borgian" in its character; but let our religious views be what they may, the man who can closely examine the beauties of this design without feeling its benign influence, must be so hardened to the ways of the world as to be dead to all the finer feelings.

Mr. Paine needs to be encouraged, and taken by the hand and brought out; and the man who has the power and the goodness to do so, will, if he lives to see 1870, have cause to feel proud of his conduct.

POSTMASTERS.—A Postmaster in Pennsylvania recently had a judgment against him for the price of subscription of several years to a newspaper, on the plea that he had not given sufficient legal notice to the publishers to stop it, and had continued to receive the numbers for several years, and sell them for the postage! The magistrate decided that merely returning a copy of "John Smith's" paper, with "stop this" written on it, without postmark or other indications of locality, was not sufficient legal notice; but a written notice, with name, place, date, and reason, must be sent to the publishers and "franked," that it may be taken out by him.—[Chronicle.]

Savannah papers are greatly rejoicing over the return of Sims, the fugitive slave. He was marched to jail, but previously made a speech on the wharf, denouncing Abolitionists, and congratulating himself that he was once permitted to tread the hospitable ground of Georgia. The Republican says, his master would not sell him to go back to Boston, for any amount of money.

DECIDEDLY UNFAIR.—The papers relate that at New Orleans on the 30th ult., Charles Roussel proposed to his wife that they should both commit suicide, to which she assented.—He then sent her to purchase some arsenic which she divided, and put the parts in tumblers, dissolving it in water. They then sat down together, and the husband seemed to falter, when she bantered him with being a coward. He then drank it down to the dregs, on seeing which she coolly threw her portion out. The coroner's jury, on hearing the evidence, rendered a verdict against his wife for being accessory to his death by procuring the poison for him.

THE RICHEST FAMILY IN ENGLAND.—The wealthiest family in England is certainly that of the Arkwrights, the cotton-mill owners.—The head of the house died a little time ago, and the personal property he exchanged for the narrow accommodations of the coffin was sworn to be over five million pounds sterling—say twenty-five million of dollars.—The interest of his money would amount to five millions of dollars per annum—a sum equal in amount to McDonough's whole property.

At this moment there is no greater income in England. There may be longer rent-rolls. The Duke of Northumberland, or the Marquis of Westminster could exhibit such. But rent-rolls are not hard cash, as we believe these noblemen could veraciously declare in these days of free trade in foreign breadstuffs. So that, in point of wealth, this plebeian family ranks with the proudest house in England.

True; but what does it all amount to?—What of all these millions?

After wealth and titles, which seems to constitute the "being's end and aim" of so many? Arkwright, with all his wealth, was but a poor man—his whole scramble was only for a crust of bread and a cup of water after all, summed up with the magnificent denouement of a box six feet by two, studded with silver nails! not forgetting the hearty gratulation of relatives who fall heirs to the spoil. The epitaph of Cyrus, we think, puts the right face upon the thing—and he was richer than the cotton-spinner: "I am Cyrus, who brought the empire to the Persians; consider, I beseech you, this little spot of earth which covereth my body!"

We once heard a gentleman (a cotton spinner too) remark in his public lecture, "People say, in the usual slang of the age, that I have made my fortune. I have done no such thing—it was made for me; and I hold it as a steward for the benefit of those who made it!" And amply did the good man fill his stewardship. Arkwright never did this, nor any other cotton spinner that we was of. But surely 'tis a bright example worth following.

KEEP YOUR BACK WARM.—A correspondent of the Scientific American says:—About twenty years ago, I read a medical treatise which stated "that the back is the most valuable part of the human system, through which most of the colds enter." Rec







