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

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY	ascending from his post of observation, he boldly	of the State, had a remarkably intelligent dog	'Then what does <i>la la di dy</i> , spell?'	decay, like all things human, she has been so	then bore him to the mighty flood, and midway
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advanced to rescue of his comrade-in-arms, upon whose hide Tim's teeth, to judge from the other's cries, were making, what printers call, a very lively impression. We were now all expectation to see what the baker's dog would do in this emergency. The baker was hardly a moment in doubt. As Flame approached him, eager to revenge his companion, Tim gave Smoke a last severe shake, which effectually settled him, for the nonce, and meeting his other enemy half way, grappled him with a fury which, as he was really the stronger,

THE MARINER'S LAST WISH.

In no moments haste through Keller, Abley, leaving the field to the two remaining combatants, who fought for a few moments, with equal fury, the one losing for a low his supremacy, and the other determined to provide anew for the contingencies of the future.

It was not long before Flame (the doctor's dog) was glad to cry "*Misericordia!*" while Tim, after fairly vanquishing Flame and Smoke, trotted off, like a knight-errant of old, to rejoice the baker's banner.

"Well," observed my friend, "that dog has taught us a lesson, which the crowned heads of Europe might learn with advantage."

"Yes, said I, 'but where is the sugar man's cur?'"

In a few minutes he returned, at a coward's pace, to the scene of action, having again—as we afterwards learned from the baker—encountered Tim in another street, the mere sight of whom had added speed to his heels. But the most curious part of the affair now occurred. For as Smoke came nigh to Flame, for

MISCELLANY.

most tremendous mauling. From that moment the two dogs were never seen together, and from that moment Tim quietly walked the streets, with his head erect, as an honest dog should.

I shall now say something about the inveterate pertinacity with which dogs, that have once worried sheep, seize every available opportunity of indulging by stealth, in their flagitious inclinations—of the cunning which they occasionally display, in endeavoring to elude detection, and of the artifices which they make use of for the purpose of inducing other and better individuals to join them in their marauding expeditions. These facts have long been known to the general reader, and still furnish a favorite theme, on a winter's night, for a farmer's fireside. Not a villager but has his say on the subject, not a herdman but can give his woeful experience of the slaughter.—Sixty, seventy, and even a hundred sheep worried in a single night, have been the astounding effects of this destructive propensity.

It is roundly asserted, that the most dangerous to the dog, are the large flocks of sheep, and that the dog, on encountering his race, first

upes at least fall as often in the imagination of the youthful rustic on the prongs of a good steel pitchfork, as he does when arrayed in his glory as 'honest Tray,' or 'faithful Towser.'—Short shrift, indeed, is accorded to the robbers when caught red-footed, and in the act, or tracked from the scene of blood, for miles, thro' the winter's snow, to the unsuspecting homestead. Vain are the entreaties of wife and children, if indeed they find voices to plead for the midnight marauder, who, apart from his secret acts of villainy, may be a very serviceable animal. The master himself has naught to say, since slay the thief, or pay for the sheep, are the grim alternatives. The axe, the cord, or the fowling-piece, generally settles the matter on the spot, while the very stoop, which has so often sheltered the villain, seems half agast with silent horror. As the habit is incurable, and the chain at best but an imperfect check upon it, it is advisable in all cases to destroy the culprit, be he pointer, setter, ferrier, hound, or ever so valuable variety of the species. The *clean-bred pointer* I have never heard accused of the act, though he too may be occasionally led off into evil ways. It is a fancy of my own, that the loping beast half pointer and setter, where neither stock is pure, is more addicted to sheep-killing, than any other variety

of the sporting-dog. The setter himself when he once takes to the killing of innocents, will sometimes forsake his professional business to assail a flock, which have come in his way in the course of the sport. I have heard a story of a well-bred setter, who unaccountably left his master surrounded by quail in the stubbles, and after an absence of some minutes, was actually seen by the farmer throttling sheep in an adjoining field. The man started to the house for his gun, and during his absence the dog returned to his master's side, hunted and pointed several birds, and then, breaking short, returned to his nefarious work, just as the stronger, armed with one of those long old-fashioned pieces, which sent death into the British ranks so often during the days of seventy-six, made his timely appearance on the scene, or, as the malefactor did the death.

piece of work, was shut up all night, at the urgent request of the farmer, in a pen with a pugnacious old ram, who, it was expected, would not fail to revenge the death of his children. In the morning, to the surprise of both owners of the animals, the patriarch of the flock was found stark and stiff—dead as a mutton, as an English rustic would say—with his throat terribly torn, while the dog, on the other hand, wholly uninjured, was wagging his tail to get out. I was not informed of his subsequent disposal; but I am inclined to think all things duly considered, that he too must have died the death.

The propensity properly belongs to the wild state of the race, along with other peculiarities of less importance; such as hiding bones and surplus food in the earth—turning around like a wolf in its lair, three times, before they lie down to sleep—taking solitary journeys for some secret purpose—sometimes to visit an old companion, but most generally to hunt up mischief. A dog has been known to leave his home at night, and go to a farm house, three or four miles off, to join a comrade, where after some evening round the porch and mysterious communings, the two would go to a third farm miles distant, from the first, and worry the sheep. In this instance, each culprit was found on his porch before day, and it was only by their tracks in the snow, that their intended were brought home to them. [All this reminds us strongly of the wolf.]

Some years ago, a stockkeeper who lived in the centre of a small village in the upper part

About six miles north west of the village, and three miles from the main road, was situated an extensive farm—known, in the township, as the Hampton farm—a large portion of which was devoted to raising sheep. At different periods, for several years past, the Hampton farm had suffered, as was supposed, from the depredations of wolves, which, though not numerous, were nevertheless still occasionally to be met with. More than one wolf had, in fact, been tracked in times back and killed by the hunters, but for more than three years not an individual of the species had been seen in the township. Nevertheless, sheep were still worried, at certain times, during winter and fall, until at last suspicion fell upon the dogs in the neighborhood. But the strictest serenity failed to detect a single plague pet within leagues of the hill-side farm, and accordingly the corporation of dogs was pronounced to be sound. The charge then re-

The creature passed him at the distance of forty rods, and directed its course down to the run, whither Dennis cautiously followed. He soon perceived that it had stopped in the water, and taking advantage of the ground, he was enabled to get unperceived within good covering distance, when taking deliberate aim, he fired, and the brute leaping from the run with a loud yell, dropped dead on the bank.—The hunter carefully re-loaded his rifle, loosened his hunting knife from the sheath, and with his finger on the guard of his piece, advanced step by step to the quarry's side—when lo! instead of a grey wolf, he readily recognized, even by the imperfect light, to his utter astonishment, the village storekeeper's favorite dog, Lion. After recovering from his surprise, he cut off his shaggy ears, and leaving his carcass where it fell, made the best of his way to Mr. Hampton's residence. The body of the dog, suspended by the neck in a wagon, was carried in great state down to his master's store, and subsequent examinations left not a doubt that, with all his remarkable qualities, Lion, after all, was but a wolf in dog's clothing.

[illegible]

[From Sartain's Magazine for Oct.]

BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.
[Accompanied by an Engraving.]

Egypt, the oldest of empires—the first in the
 elevation of philosophy and science—the
 mother of arts in other lands—concealed the
 paths of learning under a mantle of mysticism,
 her purpose of strengthening and perpetuating
 the political power. She sank—and from
 the ruins of her worldly grandeur, from the
 confusion of the world's graduation, to a depth
 popular ignorance and slavery and madness
 priestly oppression and an imbecility of oppress-
 ed despoticism, emanulated by Inanna, which
 even the storm of time passed over, left all
 very prostrate beneath the heel of an original,
 rude and inferior people, whose civilization
 as the reflection of a reflection from her own
 four glowing alars. The tempest left no living
 root within the soil, from which some future
 might arise. The wings that shadowed
 the land were swept away; and the half-
 humanized remnant of her population—ruler and
 ruled—now live, the slaves of slaves.

Greece—parent of many nations, and grand-
parent of Rome—lives still in the minds and
pride of men. Her political power indeed is
broken; it fell, at length, before the pernici-
ous and all-conquering Rome, and justly fell;
its strength eroded by its own inherent vices,
its partisan duplicity and cruelty, and Athenian
arrogance, that slowly unmaned the brave,
heroic folk, trampled her prostrate body and
she is dead; for she who now looks over the
Aegean is not Greece—a Russian tributary
may not claim the name—but beautiful is the
comment upon her tomb: “Here lieth the
mother of taste—the sister of refinement—the
oddess of all arts.” And whence was this ex-
ception from the common fate of all the old
empires—to be forgotten, or remembered only
with a curse? It was because she was a re-
public, and she was smitten with the love of conquest—
for gold, though she won it not, for prop-
rietaryism, though in her latter days she per-
secuted faith. She fought for glory and extend-
ed power—for universal dominion; she was
certainly *gaudium*, and she fell, unwept.
Greece owes the wreaths that hang about her
tomb, to her freedom from sinister ambition,
she planted colonies; she made them free;
she conquered territories, and built cities to
adorn and enlighten them, but asked not the
secrete of the conquered land.

But England—surely England has been for centuries a conqueror; yet she stands firm. “The circling sun sets not on her dominions,” remarks some cavalier, who worships proverbs, and believing in that silly saying, “the voice of all nations is truth,” still deems that conquest and extent of dominion are the true proofs of national greatness.

though an oppressed, though she exacted, though she even persecuted for religion's sake at home, she riveted no chains either upon body or mind, in her thousand colonies. She was content to rob the purses of her victims by taxation; but the Puritan still worshipped in slavery in New England, and the Quaker in Pennsylvania; Catholicism maintained its altars in Ireland; and the Hindoo widow still burned upon the pile. She sought the means, at least, of popular happiness; though, perhaps, neglecting the proper study of application (traders are rarely students of abstruse principles) she took the form in return the common law; that charivari, from which the butterfly of freedom soverer or, in all climates must, in due time, emerge. This was her mission; and by such means slavery is less criminal than heresim; for so much as indifference is preferable to bigotry, so much as the dominance of England in the world's history been more durable than that of rival nations. Doomed to

▲▲▲ During this American Revolution, the fighting struck off a portion of the gilt crown upon the scepter of Christ Church steeple, Philadelphia.

Why are they suggested? Let us answer. The men were landed on a foreign shore with

warriors over wide rivers, through a wilderness of swamps, a labyrinth of lagoons, and before the wondering savage, almost a century ago.

He stood upon the shores of that great river, which bears to the broad sea the wealth of half a continent, the highway of a valley that now rears more men than war can sacrifice, more food than armies can exhaust; why, then, the bootless conclusion? Had he but listened to the sounds that swept that boundless solitude, he had heard in the loud breath of the west wind, the deep prophetic voice of freedom, the voice of empires yet to be; telling of glories that should flash the cheek of History with wild emotion, when she should sing a psalm to the greatest, and all the multitude of humankind should join their burdened voices in the

the past; a representative of the Infancy of man; when the will of the child must be subject to power, because reason is yet undeveloped; when opinion must be subject to authority; because the twilight of the mind is yet unfit to know the substance from the shadow! Hence was her system absolute. 'Children, she strove to rule as she had been ruled by her; the differences stamped by the Creator in climates, people, nature, were as naught; her dogmas of the religion of peace must be promulgated at the point of the bayonet! Her system of government, fit or unfit, must be endured where her footsteps fell. The world must be one Spain! And why? Was it because this would promote the prosperity of the conquered? Was it because it would increase her own prosperity, by commerce, and, by giving added dignity to the species, react upon her own? Not so! But it would pour into her lap the wealth of slaughtered thousands; it would crown the crown of unknown regions. It would surround the crown of Spain with a halo of glory, brighter for the moral darkness, the mental and bodily slavery, to which she would reduce whatever fell beneath the blighting shadow of her banner!

A few gay cavaliers of the Elizabethan age were drawn by a love of adventure to the shores of Virginia, and followed for a time by their wives and, like sensible men, they reared to adulthood to obtain them. A few burning spirits, rendered hard by persecution, and capable of endurance by suffering, sought, in a single fragile vessel; our northern coasts, to build themselves a home. A staid old man, with a quaint garb, and a quainter speech, who abhorred war, and censured nothing but injustice, with his few peaceful followers, wanted room to worship, and settled in our midst. From these arose—what? An empire before which Old Rome would quail, so vast is the extension! An empire before which Xerxes now quails, so potent is the opinion. The glorious progress leads on, by its unique example, the progress of its species, because she leaves no man free, in body and in spirit, to follow the bias to which the God of all things has inclined them.

From the tropic to the pole, all people hail her banner, and all tyrants tremble at her voice. Wherever that standard floats, there man stands forth in his dignity, the monarch of himself. Wherever that voice is heard, there the slave grapples with his chains, and is or will be free!

De Soto landed, in all the pomp of war, from his fleet of eleven sail, with the best blood of Spain and the ministers of a despotic faith around him, opposing to the rude war club, the lightning and the thunder; to the stone-tipped Indian arrow, the impenetrable corslet of steel. He crossed the Mississippi, blind to the boundless value of that one discovery, only to die on the banks of this blood-tinted river, whose surges seemed ominous of the fate of the few survivors as it was symbolic of his own career. They buried him temporarily within their camp, and held a journey over the grave, lest the savage should discover the loss of the great captain, and cut off their retreat to the Father of Waters. Slowly and sadly they moved onward, but the march was not without its trials. Hardly had they reached the mouth of the Mississippi, when the epidemic fever.

The Voice of the Singard.

poets have sung laudatory verses, in all
of measures and rhyme, in praise of ear-
saining. It is very much to be questioned
whether or not one out of a hundred of that
both tongued tribe ever get out of bed before
without some stern necessity, or a very
just reason, such as a moonlight sitting to
make a rent day, dodge a desperate dun, or
escape the fangs of a determined bullfinch.

ooting the moon" is a sport that but ill as-
s with poetical fancies, and duns are not.

"The man who's fond precociously of stirring
Must be a spoon."
"Early to bed and early to rise
Will make a man healthy, wealthy and wise!"
Undoubtedly the most abominable couplet in
English language. The head that invented
this ineufferable stuff must have been contriving
upon the principle of Babbage's calculating
machine, and, like it, utterly destitute of hu-
manity and good taste. The very words make
— tread things —

"All would be peering, impudent-opened daylight. No delicate question could be modestly popped, no bashful secret revealed. Confound all such philosophy, and perish all such philosophers! Morning is the time, and this is the place for pure horizontal enjoyment. When a sleep covers one over like a blanket," Sancho remarks. During the night you have fitted yourself into the sheets as neatly as you were a bust and the bedclothes a plaster-cast. There are lovingly warmed

giant refreshed with wine:—
The sun has long been up, and warmed the air and the earth, and made everything comfortable and ready for inspection. He has opened the doors of day, drawn up the curtain, and cleared the stage.
Nature has by this time rubbed her eyes open and is perfectly wide awake, and stands on her gaze without winking. She does not look so glo, so denure, or colowbed as she did at daybreak. Morning does not like to be stared at in dishabille. The pretty flowers love not to be caught napping, with their newly-washed and undried faces. Let Morning dry up her tears and put herself to rights before she intrude upon her
During the blow and whirl on Saturday last, and while the dowzain of the soon dead Oscola was trying to take a double reef in the whiffles of the sorrel horse that was giving him, became reative and run away with his post. When last seen, the captain was trying to lighten the vessel by kicking the crew overboard.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

"Willie! Come back to thy home again."

BY LILY LAKEWOOD.

Willie! the moon shines brightly to-night,
Over land and sea;
And the soft beams shed their way light
Still on the sea.
But the silvery shades in the night air
As in beauty calm all earth they robe,
Paint now as ne'er before they dared
A scene for one which both ne'er shared.

Willie! where art thou, this clear bright eve?
Nest thy western dome?
Dost for the scenes of thy childhood grieve,
Where alone I roam?

Are the clouds as rich, and the skies as fair?
Are the stars as pure, that watch thee there,
At the brilliant light of our own home lights,
And their holy light on thy birthplace flung?

Willie! I've left the pond city through,
Far, O, far away,
To list to the dear old woodland song,
Hiding me ever shy.

And I've wandered through the woods each day,
In search of joy, as a child at play;
And the tall trees bow, and the brooklets greet
Me back with many a welcome sweet.

Willie! the grove with its deep'ning shades,
Long ago our dream;
Where the shadowy change of a sunbeam fades,
Around each youthful friend.

Still waves its arms, and its branches twine
O'er the trunk long wreathed by the circling vine;
And the moss still creeps, and the flowers look
To breathe in love the half-way rock.

Willie! the orchard is just the same
As in days of yore;
And the dew stone wall, where, as oft we came,
You have helped me o'er.

And the old kindred tree, you remember well,
Where oft we'd sit, and our stories tell;
And the soft green grass, 'neath the spreading tree,
Still as when 'twas pressed by thee and me.

And, Willie, the proud old willow tree,
In its strength and bend;
And from its branches, in the night air free,
Pensive music sends.

As when thou wert for our evening prayer,
And our mother's love and kiss to share;
Yes, it stands in each sweet tone,
And methinks breathes blessings on thy dear name.

But, Willie, the wood with its deep, soft tone,
Breathes one note of grief;
And each sigh sweet bears some low moan,
Each grove some dropping leaf.

'Tis because thou art not here, loved one,
And nature joins in each sweet tone,
From each loved heart comes sweetest strain,
"Willie! come back to thy home again."

MISCELLANY.

Navigation—Astronomy.

Upon the shores of the Chesapeake, there once lived a man whose occupation was trading along the coast, which he carried on in a schooner called the Nancy. Ann, and his voyage usually extended as far as Norfolk, himself and an old negro named Sam, forming the crew.

Once, on a return voyage from Norfolk, the Nancy Ann danced gaily over the rippled surface of the bay, before a gentle breeze; our trader was standing at the helm, as was his custom; for though he had occasionally trusted Sam with that place in pleasant weather during the day time, yet he had not sufficient confidence in Sam's seamanship to allow him the guidance of the vessel at night. The weather during the voyage down and returning, up to this time, had been exceedingly rough, and the trader was quite exhausted for want of sleep, and his incessant labor at the helm. The night was one of exceeding beauty—all the stars seemed to be on dress parade, the planets played general, and the meteors as aid-de-camps. Not a speck of a cloud was visible from horizon to zenith, and borne before the breeze, the Nancy Ann glided smoothly along, on her of the tiller. Everything seemed so silent and fine, and our trader, as we have said, being much exhausted, concluded that this was a good opportunity to obtain a little repose, and that for once he would give Sam the tiller. So calling him aft—'for Sam, true to the characteristics of his race, declined in sleep, and was then enjoying a snooze among the coils of rope forward—thus he spoke:

'Sam, I am very sleepy and tired—I must have a nap. The weather is so fair that I'll give you the tiller. But you must follow my directions strictly. Do you see that star up there?'

'Yes, massa,' said Sam.

'Well, then, that's the north star. Now take the tiller, and keep her head towards that star; don't let her fall off you black rascal, or I'll whack you. If anything happens, rouse me immediately. Now mind your eye.'

'Aye, aye, massa!' said Sam.

Down went the trader, and soon he was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, as the Irish have it, while Sam kept the Nancy's head to the star. Time wore away, and the schooner skimmed along. Aboard ship many things induce drowsiness—the loneliness of the situation, the monotonous washing of the waves against the sides of the vessel, the rushing of the ripples astern, and the mournful singing of the breeze through the cordage—all of these had their influence upon Sam; added to which was the mellow effect of gazing fixedly at any particular object as Sam did at the north star.

Yielding at last to the somnolent influences which surrounded him, Sam closed his eyes; and commenced a sleep accompanied to the also snore of the master. Whilst they slumbered, Solus, who is always breeding about resolved to give a prank upon the careless seaman. He was a 'Norwester' which no sooner struck the Nancy, than she went round, and started off before the wind like a wild horse. Meanwhile, the sky became overcast, the dress parade was over, tabor beat, lights put out, and the stars snuggled in their quarters.

Away went the Nancy, as if frightened at her snoring crew. Presently the spray washing over the side, gave Sam a drenching, and awakened him to a sense of duty. Quite bewildered, he looked about him; all was dark. Forward, backward, and starboard, he gazed in search of his beacon light—not a star was to be seen. Suddenly he turned to look astern, and there, far away in the North, where the clouds had left a strip of blue sky, he saw Capricorn flickering just above the horizon.

Pleased at his discovery, he rushed below, seized the trader by the shoulder, and shaking him violently, cried out—

'Massa! massa! Get up! get up! and show me under star! I am going out!'

And all this while, the trader, who was in a deep sleep, was saying—

'Oh, in propria persona, called upon a Southern student one morning in the recreation room to define logic. The question was something in this form:—

Mr. —, what is logic?

'Logic, sir, is the art of reasoning.'

'Ay, but I wish you to give the definition in the exact words of the learned author.'

'Oh, sir, he gives a very long, intricate, confused definition, with which I did not think proper to burden my memory.'

'Oh, yes; your honor, sir, did not you say?'

'Well, then, I find you one dollar for disrespect. Take out a two dollar note; the student said with the utmost good-faith—

'If you will change this I will pay you on the spot.'

'I find you another dollar, sir, said the Professor, emphatically, for repeated disrespect. 'Then 'tis just the change, sir,' said the student, coolly.—[College Words and Customs.

Spare Moments.

A lean, awkward boy came one morning to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was bid, and soon appeared at the back door.

'You want a breakfast, more like,' said the servant girl, 'and I can give you that without troubling him.'

'Thank you,' said the boy, 'I should have no objections to a bit of bread, but I should like to see Mr. —, if he can see me.'

'Some old clothes, may be you want,' remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trousers. 'I guess he has none to spare, he gives away a sight; and without minding the boy's request, she went about her work.'

'Can I see Mr. —?' again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

'Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes,' said the girl in a peevish tone. 'She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence; however, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said:

'Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadfully anxious to see you, and so I let him in.'

'I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business, but I know that after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new copy. Every question which the principal asked the boy answered as readily as could be.

'Upon my word,' exclaimed the principal, 'you certainly do well! looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. 'Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?'

'In my spare moments,' answered the boy.

'Here, he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fit for college, by simply improving his spare moments. Truly, are not spare moments the gold dust of time? How precious they should be! What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, many other boys, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the forecastle of a whaler, in the gambling house or in the tippling shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful course, might answer, 'in my spare moments.'

'In my spare moments,' I began to smoke and drink.

'It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chestnuts from the old woman's stand.'

'It was in my spare moments that I gathered with wicked associates.'

'Oh, be very, very careful how you spend your spare moments! Temptation always lures you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy; he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments.—[Mrs. C. H. Knight.

To see a teacher who has been but four months among those who speak the English language, and who knows the meaning of hardly a dozen English words, teaching a large school of children to read English, is certainly something new under the sun! Yet it is being done in the city of Cincinnati, and being done with admirable success, too.

There are two large German primary schools in this city, numbering each from 70 to 90 pupils, in which the phonetic method of instruction is employed with all the children. We visited one of them last Monday morning, and to our surprise, found the teacher could not speak a word of English; he called out a boy to act as interpreter, who told his instructor that he wished to hear some of the children read English. The teacher dismissed the class that had been reciting, and told them they might read English; and the way they scampered to their seats, and hastened back with their phonotypic books in hand, showed how they loved the exercise about to be performed.

We heard some twenty of them read, and children cannot be found (except, of course, those who have attended other phonetic schools) who have gone to school twice as long that can read half as well as they can, and that too in a language not their own. And there the teacher stood, book in hand, seeing that they read correctly! The slightest inaccuracy of pronunciation he would detect, though perhaps he had never seen the word before, and have them read it again. In short, we found he could teach the children to read English as well as anybody could; and the beauty of the thing is, that, while the sense was all Greek to him, most of the pupils understood what they read, for many of them had picked up the meaning of common English words from their playmates. Thus it may be seen how a foreigner can teach the English language [his pronunciation!] with in a week after he hears it spoken. The mystery lies in the adoption of the phonetic alphabet. Now this same teacher would have had to go to school himself, and labor with his phonographic dictionary, two or three years, before he could have attempted to teach children to read English on the old plan.

The fact here recorded is, but a sample of the many glories that are yet to be evolved by a perfect alphabet, and the phonetic method of teaching to read the common orthography.

[Phonetic Advocate.]

THE HONEY THAT JOHN THE BAPTIST ATE.—A recent traveller who visited the Jordan near Jericho, states that the Hebrew word *Debash* rendered 'honey' by our translators in our Bibles, has probably much more frequent reference to the honey of dates, or dates themselves, than to the honey of bees.

After examining the subject with the most reliable authorities, to my mind, the conclusion is irrefragable that the wild honey spoken of Math. 3: 4, was no other than *new gathered dates*, a nutritious and wholesome article of food requiring no culinary art.—[Lutheran Observer.]

TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.—Editors, printers and clerks' wives will learn with pleasure that to take a piece of fallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted fallow, the linen may be washed, and the spots will disappear, without injuring the linen.

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as strong a disposition to revolve as ever, and the worst of these revolutions is that the wheel that makes them has an irregular motion.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... SEPT. 25, 1851.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court St., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PATTENBELL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

Boston as it is.

The late festival at Boston, which was designed to celebrate her commercial prosperity, has very properly been made the occasion of a pamphlet entitled, 'A Tabular Representation of the present Condition of Boston.' It has been prepared by a committee, and the tables and statements exhibit, in a condensed and convenient form, the growth and present condition of the great metropolis of New England, in a light equally flattering to her pride and her hopes.

The growth of Boston and her environs, (say the Committee,) has been more rapid during the last ten years, than in any previous decade. The South has ascribed her progress principally to cotton mills. In common with commerce, the fisheries and other manufactures, these have doubtless contributed to her increase; but the cotton business grew more rapidly in the preceding ten years, and is now less important than the manufactures of leather.

The principal cause has undoubtedly been the construction of railways, and the establishment of a semi-monthly steam line to Europe. These have given great facilities to her commerce, enlarged her market, attracted merchants, stimulated every branch of manufacture, created a demand for houses and stores, and advanced the value of real estate. In September 1839 there were but 167 miles of railway radiating from Boston. In 1851 Boston was wedded to more than 1000 miles of railway in Massachusetts, more than 800 in the five other States of N. England, and 650 more in New York. In all, 3000 miles. In Sept. 1839 her railway horizon was bounded by Salem, Bradford, Nashua and Providence. It now encircles a web spreading over Massachusetts, and extends to the Kennebec, the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. This great system of railways has been principally planned and directed by her sagacity. Boston invested largely in lines to the North, and in distant

Reading and Wilmington, and she also expended five millions in an aqueduct, and as much more on factory cities. The aqueduct has been in operation three years. Her last investments promise to be remunerative, and will bring with them a strong current of trade from newly acquired territory. Railroads have become the great interest of Boston, and her investment in them exceeds fifty millions of dollars.

By a record made by the Boston police on the 6th day of Sept. instant, between 6 1/2 o'clock A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., it was found that the amount of vehicles which entered the city by the various routes, not including those which came from East or South Boston, numbered 6,622. The number that went out was 7,068. The number of railway passenger trains which entered the city was 116. The number that went out, 120. The number of freight trains which entered was 39: the number that went out 88. Total passenger and freight trains, 313. Total number of persons who came into the city, 41,729; who went out, 42,313.

In relation to the fisheries, it is stated that in 1849, 204,000 barrels of sperm and whale oil, three-fifths of the entire fishery of the Union, came into Massachusetts; also 231,856 barrels of mackerel.

The total amount of cattle sales at Brighton in 1849 is stated at 2,976,265 dollars. Of the animals sold, 46,465 beef cattle brought, \$1,765,670

20,085 store cattle 482,040

148,955 sheep 297,910

80,120 swine 430,645

At the new cattle market at Cambridge, during the same time, were sold 56,144 cattle, 168,224 sheep, 7,678 swine, and 1,245 horses.

In the year ending Sept. 1, 1850, 37,768 horses in carcass were brought by railway into Boston from the interior of New York.

Under the head of 'Expansion of Boston,' the pamphlet we are noticing says:

'Boston, with less space than N. York, has like N. Orleans, Philadelphia and London, overstepped her sea girdle. She has attached herself to the main by one wide natural avenue, the Neck, paved and planted with trees by one granite structure, the Western Avenue, a mile and a half in length; by six bridges, seven railways and three ferries, one terminating in a railway. Seven railways branch into sixteen, and ten avenues divide into thirty within the first nine miles from her Exchange. These diverge like a fan, and on the streets thus made is found a large population under separate municipalities. As land rises in value, hotels, offices and blocks of stores usurp the place of dwellings. The old residents, leaving the low and reclaimed land to foreign laborers, plant themselves in the suburbs. There they build tasteful houses, with flower plots and gardens; availing of the frequent omnibuses, or special trains, run almost hourly, and commuting for passage at 20 to 40 a year, they reach their stores and offices in the morning, and at night sleep with their wives and children in the suburbs. No time is lost, for they read the morning and evening journals as they go and return. Some of the wards appropriate for stores thus rise in value, but diminish in population. The suburbs extend, and the commercial community grows in a widening semicircle.

A table of 'Manufactures of Massachusetts' exhibits the following:

Miscellaneous	\$19,357,000
Boots, shoes and leather	18,635,000
Cotton goods [817,473 spindles]	12,193,000
Woolen and worsted goods	10,366,000
Man's of wood, including ships and carriages	11,536,000
Man's of metals, tools, &c.	8,024,000
Oil, candles and soap	4,930,000
Hats, caps and bonnets	2,884,000
Paper	1,750,000
Cordage	906,000
Glass	758,000

The pamphlet is accompanied by a map of railroads, and embraces various tables, all going to establish beyond question the assertion of the compilers, that 'the expansion and growth of population and wealth of Boston, and the neighboring towns in which the families of so many of her business men reside, has been very remarkable during the last ten years.'

Seizure of Liquor in Waterville.

It is probably known to many of our readers who have been waiting to hear of the execution of the new liquor law in Waterville, that an arrangement was made some two months ago, according to which Messrs. Howard, Stevens and Manley, the three principal dealers in the place, were permitted to sell off their stock of liquors without disturbance for the period of fifty days, at the end of which time they were to discontinue the business entirely and permanently. The proposition was unsatisfactory to a great portion of the temperance men of our village and town; but to secure harmony, and ultimate union of effort, the terms of the 'compromise' were strictly regarded, and drinking and drunkenness went unchained till the 'reign of terror' expired.

For the sake of quiet, and to make all sure, several gentlemen of known integrity came voluntarily and bound themselves, in behalf of the dealers, that at the expiration of the fifty days the traffic should cease, in good faith and honor, according to the written contract, signed and deposited in Waterville Bank.

When the period of the contract expired, everybody had a right to expect to see its conditions honorably met, just as honorable men meet their contracts, without evasion or equivocation. This course was certainly due from the liquor dealers to the friends who came forward and staked their integrity for them, at least. We believe that on the part of Messrs. Howard and Stevens this has been the case. In the absence of conclusive evidence to the contrary, we should feel constrained to think as well of all who were parties to the agreement. Less charity than this, under the circumstances, would be an impeachment of anybody that bears the outward marks of humanity.

On Saturday last a warrant was issued by justice Doolittle, and constable Keith proceeded to the store of Mr. Manley to search for concealed liquors accessible to the law. Three flasks, containing as many kinds of liquor, with the appurtenances of tumblers, syrups, &c., were found on a shelf under the counter of the back room. One was knocked from the shelf and broken, by the clerk, before the officer got hold of it. The two others were secured, but during the progress of the search, one was struck with an iron wrench by Mr. Manley, and broken. Only one was taken away. No other liquor was found, except some barrels of cider, which were not taken.

On Monday, before justice Doolittle, Mr. Manly was fined twenty dollars and costs, under the statute, it being the first offence.

China Canal Meeting.

Mr. Editor:—Agreeably with your request, I send you the result of our Canal Meeting. Meeting organized by the choice of Henry Baker, Esq., of Albion, Chairman, and D. C. Hanson, Secretary.

Spirited remarks were made by a goodly number touching the feasibility of the enterprise. Several gentlemen acquainted with the route, gave such a description of the lakes and streams, with their elevations and falls, that the most doubting and hesitating were compelled to admit the entire feasibility of the proposition. Judging from the interest and unanimity which prevailed, we think that now is the time to accomplish a purpose so long desired, and thereby improve the facilities which the God of Nature affords us for our advantage.

It was voted, to raise a committee to solicit contributions to defray the expense of a survey of the route from China to the City of Gardiner, consisting of A. H. Abbott, Esq., Samuel Taylor, E. Shaw, and D. C. Hanson, of China, Mark Rollins, Jr., of Albion, and Wm. Barton, of Windsor.

Voted, To instruct said committee to confer with the City of Gardiner and other places relating to a survey, and act in concert with such committees as Gardiner and other places may appoint to procure said survey.

Voted, To adjourn to meet at Gardiner, Oct. 22, 1851, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

HENRY BAKER, Chairman.

D. C. HANSON, Secretary.

Respy Yours, D. C. HANSON.

NARROW ESCAPE. A few days since as Dr. Noyes, of this place, was descending the hill this side of Emerson Bridge, his horse fell and broke both ribs. Recovering his feet, he rushed toward the bridge, dragging the disabled carriage, when the Doctor, in attempting to jump out, entangled his foot in the reins and fell, in which condition he was dragged upon and across the bridge, exhibiting a most fearful specimen of 'artful dodging' between the wheels of the carriage and the heels of the runaway horse. When just across the bridge the horse jerked himself clear of the carriage, and the reins breaking at the same time, Dr. N. found himself the only sound portion of the wreck, having suffered nothing but a slight fracture of his forehead. The fortunate disposition of the reins doubtless saved his life.

Teachers' Institute.

At the close of the Teachers' Institute recently held at Benton Academy, for instruction in Prof. Mandeville's System of Reading and the English Language, the members, more than one hundred in number, passed the following Resolves by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That it is the duty of all and especially of practical Teachers to acquaint themselves with the wants of schools, and to express their sentiments on all subjects of educational interest, and select from the heterogeneous mass of books with which the public is inundated such as experience and careful examination have proved to be the best adapted to the wants of the school room.

Resolved, That in accordance with the above views, and in consideration of the confused and uncertain nature of the rules and principles inculcated in the reading books now in use in our schools, we as Teachers and friends of all real improvement hail the introduction of MANDEVILLE'S SERIES OF READERS as the dawn of a new era in the educational world.

Resolved, That

