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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 34): March 11, 1852

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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. V.

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## POETRY.

### ONLY TWO YEARS OLD.

BY C. S. PERCIVAL.

Playing on the carpet near me  
Is a little cherub girl;  
And her presence, much I fear me,  
Sets my senses in a whirl;  
For a book is open lying,  
Full of grave philosophy;  
And I own I'm vainly trying  
To get my thoughts to fly;  
But, in spite of my essaying,  
They will ever be straying  
To that cherub near me playing,  
Only two years old.

With her hair so long and flaxen,  
And her sunny eyes of blue,  
And her cheek so plump and waxen,  
She is charming to view;  
Then her voice to all who hear it,  
Breathes a sweet entrancing spirit;  
Oh! to be forever near it,  
Is a joy unending.

For 'tis ever sweetly telling,  
To my heart with rapturous swelling,  
Of affections ill-dwelling,  
Only two years old.

With a new delight I'm hearing  
All her sweet attempts at words,  
In her melody endearing,  
Sweeter far than any bird's;  
And the musical mistaking,  
Which her baby lips are making,  
From my heart a charm is waking,  
Firmer in its hold.

Than the charms so rich and glowing,  
From the Roman's lips of flowing;  
Then she sings a song so knowing,  
Only two years old.

Now her ripe and boned kisses,  
(Honed, ripe, for me alone),  
Thrill my soul from various blisses,  
Years ago yet I have known;  
When her twining arms around me,  
All domestic joy has crowned me,  
Never to grow cold.  
Oh! there's not this joy of Eden,  
Anguish with loneliness so laden,  
As my little cherub maiden,  
Only two years old.

## MISCELLANY.

### WACOUSTA.

We take the very graphic and thrilling picture annexed, from "Wacousta, or the Prophecy: A Tale of the Canadas."

The chapter is taken from near the conclusion of the first volume of Wacousta, and details the incidents of the attack of Fort Detroit, containing the English garrison. It may be presumed that the Indian chiefs had previously obtained entrance to the fortress, under the pretence of seeking the calmest of peace, and concluding a treaty with the commander, during which time they had keenly observed its various defences and the state of the garrison—which had been kept concealed with equal care on his part.

Meanwhile the white flag had again been raised by the Indians upon the bomb-proof; and this having been readily met by a corresponding signal from the fort, a numerous band of savages now issued from the cover with which their dark forms had hitherto been identified, and spread themselves far and near upon the common. On this occasion they were without arms, offensive or defensive, of any kind; for they were not to fight, but to be seen, and to carry the air of the garrison, which constituted a part rather of their necessary dress than of their warlike equipment.

These warriors might have been about five hundred in number, and were composed chiefly of picked men from the nations of the Ottawa, the Delaware, and the Shawnee; each race being distinctly recognizable from the others by certain peculiarities of form and feature which individualized, if we may so term it, the several tribes. Their only covering was the leggings before described, composed of some instances of cloth, but principally of smoked deer skin, and the flap that passed thro' the girdle around the loins, by which the straps attached to the leggings were secured. Their bodies, necks, and arms were, with the exception of a few slight ornaments, entirely naked; and even the blanket, that served them as a couch by night and a covering by day, had, with one single exception, been dispensed with, apparently with a view to avoid anything like encumbrance in their approaching march. Each individual was provided with a stout sapling of about three feet in length, curved and flatted at the root extremity, like that used at the Irish hurling; which game, in fact, the manner of ball-playing among the Indians in every way resembled.

Interposed among these warriors were a nearly equal number of squaws. These were to be seen lounging carelessly about in small groups, and were of all ages; from the hoary-headed, shrivelled-up hag, whose eyes all sparkled with a fire that her rank and attenuated frame denied, to the young girl, of twelve, whose dark and glowing cheeks, rounded bust, and penetrating glance, bore striking evidence of the precociousness of Indian beauty. These latter looked with evident interest on the sports of the younger warriors, who, throwing down their hurdes, each vied with each other in the short but incredibly swift foot-race, or indulged themselves in wrestling and leaping while their companions, abandoned to the full security they felt to be attached to the white flag waving on the fort, lay at their feet, leaning upon the sword, ostensibly following the movements of the several competitors in these sports, but in reality with heart and eye directed solely to the fortification that lay beyond. Each of these females, in addition to the moccasins, or petticoat, which in one solid square of broad cloth was tightly wrapped around the loins, also carried a blanket loosely thrown around the person, but closely confined over the shoulders in front, and reaching below the knees. There was an air of constraint in their movements, which accorded ill with the occasion of festivity; for which they were assembled; and it was remarkable, whether it arose from deference to those to whom they were slaves, as well as wives and daughters, or from whatever other cause it might be, none of them ventured to touch themselves upon the sword in imitation of the warriors. To bring off now a banner.

When it had been made known to the governor that the Indians had begun to develop themselves in force upon the common, and yet redolent with the spirit that was to direct

their sports, the soldiers were dismissed from their respective companies to the ramparts; where they were now to be seen, not drawn up in formidable and hostile array, but collected together in careless groups, and simply in their side-arms.

This reciprocation of confidence on the part of the garrison was acknowledged by the Indians by marks of approbation, expressed as much by the sudden and classic disposition of their fine forms into attitudes strikingly illustrative of their admiration and pleasure, as by the interjectional sounds that passed from one to the other of the throng. From the increased alacrity with which they now lent themselves to the preparatory and inferior amusements of the day, it was evident their satisfaction was complete.

Hitherto the principal chiefs had, on the previous occasion, occupied the bomb-proof; and now, as then, they appeared to be deliberating among themselves, but evidently in a more energetic and serious manner. At length they separated, when Pontec, accompanied by the chief who had attended him on the former day, once more led in the direction of the fort. The moment of his advance was the signal for the commencement of the principal game. In an instant those of the warriors who lay reclining on the sword sprang to their feet, while the wrestlers and racers resumed their hurdes, and prepared themselves for the trial of mingled skill and swiftness. At first they formed a dense group in the centre of the common; and then, diverging in two equal files both to the right and to the left of the immediate centre, where the large ball was placed, formed an open chain, extending from the skirt of the forest to the commencement of the village. On the one side were ranged the Delawares and the Shawnees, and on the other the more numerous nation of the Ottawa. The women of these several tribes, apparently much interested in the issue of an amusement in which the manliness and activity of their respective friends were staked, had gradually and imperceptibly gained the front of the fort, where they were now huddled in groups, at about twenty paces from the drawbridge, and bending eagerly forward to command the movements of the ball-players.

In his circuit round the walls, Pontec was seen to remark the confiding appearance of the unarmed soldiery, with a satisfaction that was not sought to be disguised; from the manner in which he threw his glance along each face of the rampart, it was evident his object was to embrace the numerical strength collected there. It was moreover observed, when he passed the group of squaws on his way to the gate, he addressed some words in a strange tongue to the elder matrons of each.

Once more the dark warriors were received at the gate, by Major Blackwater, and, as with firm but elastic tread, they moved across the square, each threw his fierce eyes rapidly and anxiously around, and with less of concealment in his manner than had been manifested on the former occasion. On every hand the same air of nakedness and desertion met their gaze. Not even a soldier of the guard was to be seen; and when they cast their eyes upwards to the windows of the block-houses, they were found to be tenanted as the area through which they passed.

A gleam of fierce satisfaction pervaded the swarthy countenances of the Indians; and the features of Pontec, in particular, expressed the deepest exultation. Instead of leading his party, he now brought up the rear; and when arrived in the centre of the fort, he, without any visible cause for the accident, stumbled, and fell to the earth. The other chiefs for a moment lost sight of their ordinary gravity, and marked their sense of the circumstance by a prolonged sound; partaking of the mingled character of a laugh and a yell. Startled at the cry, Major Blackwater, who was in front, turned to ascertain the cause. At that moment Pontec sprang lightly again to his feet, responding to the yell of his confederates by another even more startling, fierce, and prolonged than their own. He then stalked proudly to the head of the party, and even preceded Major Blackwater into the council room.

In this rude theatre of conference some changes had been made since their recent visit, which espied not the observation of the quiet gazed chiefs. Their seats lay in the position they had formerly occupied, and the chairs of the officers were placed as before, but the room itself had been considerably enlarged. The slight partition terminating the interior extremity of the mess-room, had been removed; and that of the officers, extending entirely across, was drawn a curtain of scarlet cloth, against which the imposing figure of the governor, circled as his seat was above those of the other officers, was thrown into strong relief. There was another change, that escaped not the observation of the Indians, and that was, that not more than one half of the officers were had been present at the first conference were now in the room. Of these latter, one had, moreover, been sent away by the governor; the moment the chiefs were ushered in.

Ugh! ejaculated the proud leader, as he took his seat, unceremoniously, and yet not without reluctance, upon the mat. The council room of his father is bigger than when the Ottawa was here before; yet the number of his officers is not so many.

The great chief of the Ottawa knows that the Saganaw has promised the redskins a feast, he returned the governor. Were he to leave it to his young warriors to provide it, he would not be able to receive the Ottawa like a great chief, and to make peace with him as he could wish.

My father has a great deal of cloth, red, like his blood of a pale face, pursued the Indian, rather in a boast than observation, as he pointed with his finger to the opposite end of the room. When the Ottawa was here last, he did not see it.

The great chief of the Ottawa knows that the great father of the Saganaw has a big heart to make presents to the redskins. The cloth the Ottawa sees there is sufficient to make leggings for the chiefs of all the nations.

Apparently satisfied with this reply, the fierce Indian uttered one of his strong guttural and assenting "ugh's," and then commenced filling the pipe of peace; for on the present occasion in all its ornaments, which was handed to him by the Delaware chief. It was remarked by the officers this operation took up an unusually long portion of his time, and that he frequently turned his ear, like a horse stirred by the huntsman's horn, with quick and irrepresible eagerness towards the door.

'The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa chief, is not here,' observed the governor, as he glanced his eye along the semicircle of Indians.

'How is this? Is his voice still sick that he cannot come; or has the great chief of the Ottawa forgotten to tell him?'

'The voice of the pale warrior is still sick, and he cannot speak,' replied the Indian. 'The Ottawa chief is very sorry; for the tongue of his friend; the pale face, is full of wisdom.'

Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips, when a wild shrill cry from without the fort rang on the ears of the assembled council, and caused a momentary commotion among the officers. It arose from a single voice, and that voice could not be mistaken by any one who had heard it once before. A second or two, during which the officers and chiefs kept their eyes intently fixed on each other, passed anxiously away, and then nearer to the gate, apparently on the very draw-bridge itself, was pealed forth the wild and deafening yell of a legion of devilish voices. At that sound, the Ottawa and the other chiefs sprang to their feet, and their own fierce cry responded to that yet vibrating on the ears of all. Already were their gleaming tomahawks brandished wildly over their heads, and Pontec had even bounded a pace forward to reach the governor with the deadly weapon, when at the sudden stamping of the foot of the latter upon the floor, the scarlet cloth in the rear was thrown aside, and twenty soldiers, their eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled muskets, met the startled gaze of the astonished Indians.

An instant was enough to satisfy the keen chief of the true state of the case. The calm composed mien of the officers, not one of whom had even attempted to quit his seat, amid the din by which his ears were so alarmingly assailed—the triumphant, yet dignified, and even severe expression of the governor's countenance; and, above all, the unexpected presence of the prepared soldiery—all these at once assured him of the discovery of his treachery, and the danger that awaited him. The necessity for an immediate attempt to join his warriors without, was now obvious to the Ottawa; and scarcely had he conceived the idea, before it was sought to be executed. In a single spring he gained the door of the mess-room, and, followed tumultuously by the other chiefs, to whose departure no opposition was offered, in the next moment stood on the steps of the piazza that ran along the front of the building whence he had issued.

The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point was now too powerful to be dissembled; and, incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage, and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort, and yet, even in that short space of time, its appearance had been entirely changed. Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not redolent with human life, and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms, was to be seen the dark and frowning muzzle of a field piece, bearing upon the gateway; and behind these were artillerymen, holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets, that glittered in their rear. In the block-houses the same formidable array of field pieces and muskets was visible; while from the four angles of the square, as many heavy guns, that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away every thing that should come before them.

The guard-room, near the gate, presented the same hostile front. The doors of this as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured within; but from every window affording cover to the troops, gleamed a line of bayonets rising above the threatening field-pieces, pointed, at a distance of little more than twelve feet, directly upon the gateway. In addition to his musket, each man of the guard moreover held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuse that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners, and with immediate effect. The soldiers in the block-houses were similarly provided.

Almost magic was the change thus suddenly effected in the appearance of the garrison; it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the drawbridge, a dense mass of dusky Indians were to be seen, casting their fierce glances around; yet paralyzed in their movements by the unlooked for display of a resisting force, threatening instant annihilation, to those who should attempt either to advance or to recede. Never, perhaps, was astonishment, and disappointment more forcibly depicted on the human countenance, than as they were now exhibited by these men, who had already, in imagination, secured to themselves an easy conquest. They were the warriors who had so recently been engaged in the manly yet innocent exercise of the ball; but instead of the harmless hurde, each now carried a short gun in one hand and a gleaming tomahawk in the other. After the first general yelling heard in the council-room, not a sound was uttered. Their burst of rage and triumph had evidently been checked by the unexpected manner of their reception; and they now stood on the spot on which the further advance of each had been arrested, so silent and motionless, that but for the rolling of their dark eyes, as they keenly measured the insurmountable barriers that were opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of stargazers.

Conspicuous at the head of these was he who wore the blanket; a tall warrior, on whom rested the startled eye of every officer and soldier, who was so situated as to behold him. His face was painted black as death; and as he stood under the arch of the gateway, with his white tunic and bow, his formidable and mysterious enemy might have been likened to the spirit of darkness presiding over his terrible legions.

In order to account for the extraordinary appearance of the Indians armed in every way for death, at a moment when neither gun nor tomahawk was apparently within miles of their reach, it will be necessary to revert to the first entrance of the chiefs into the fort. The fall of Pontec had been the effect of design; and the yell pealed forth by him, on recovering his feet, as if in taunting reply to the laugh of his comrades, was in reality a signal intended for the guidance of the Indians without. These now following up their game with increasing

spirit, at once changed the direction of their line, bringing the ball nearer to the fort. In their eagerness to effect this object, they had overlooked the gradual accession of the unarmed troops, spectators of their sport, from the ramparts, until scarcely more than twenty stragglers were left. As they neared the gate, the squaws broke up their several groups, and, forming a line on either hand of the road leading to the draw bridge, appeared to separate solely with a view not to impede the action of the players. For an instant a dense group collected around the ball, which had been driven to within a hundred yards of the gate, and fifty hurdes were crossed in their endeavors to secure it, when the warrior, who formed the solitary exception to the multitude, in his blanket covering, and who had been lingering in the extreme rear of the party, came rapidly up to the spot where the well affected struggle was maintained. At his approach, the hurdes of the other players were withdrawn, when, at a single bound from his powerful arm, the ball was seen flying into the air in an oblique direction, and was for a moment lost altogether to the view. When it again met the eye, it was descending perpendicularly into the very centre of the fort.

With the fleetness of thought now commenced a race that had ostensibly for its object the recovery of the lost ball; and in which, he who had driven it with such resistless force, outstripped them all. Their course lay between the two lines of squaws; and scarcely had the head of the bounding Indians reached the opposite extremity of those lines, when the women suddenly threw back their blankets, and disclosed each a short gun and a tomahawk. To throw away their hurdes and seize upon these, was the work of an instant. Already, in imagination, was the fort their own; and such was the peculiar exultation of the black and tanned warrior, when he felt the planks of the drawbridge bending beneath his feet, all the forcible joy of his soul was pealed forth in the terrible cry which, rapidly succeeded by that of the other Indians, had resounded so fearfully through the council-room. What their disappointment was, when, on gaining the interior, they found the garrison prepared for their reception, has already been shown.

'Secure that traitor, men!' exclaimed the governor, advancing into the square, and pointing to the black warrior, whose quick eye was now glancing on every side, to discover some available point in the formidable defences of the troops.

A laugh of scorn and derision escaped the lips of the warrior. 'Is there a man—there any ten men, even with Governor de Haldimar at their head, who will be bold enough to attempt it?' he asked. 'Nay! I pursued, stepping boldly a pace or two in front of the wondering savages,—here I stand singly, and defy your whole garrison!'

A sudden movement among the soldiers in the guard-room announced they were preparing to execute the orders of their chief. The eye of the black warrior sparkled with ferocious pleasure; and he made a gesture to his followers, which was replied to by a sudden tension of their hitherto relaxed forms into attitudes of expectance and preparation.

'Stay men; quit not your cover for your lives!' commanded the governor, in a loud deep voice: 'Keep the barricades fast, and move not.'

A cloud of anger and disappointment passed over the features of the black warrior. It was evident that the object of his bravado was to draw the troops from their defences, that they might be so engaged that the governor could render the cannon useless, unless fired at the gates (which was by no means probable) should alike be sacrificed. The governor had penetrated the design in time to prevent the mischief.

In a moment of uncontrollable rage, the savage warrior aimed his tomahawk at the head of the governor. The latter stepped lightly aside, and the steel sank with such force into one of the posts supporting the piazza that the quivering handle snapped close off at its head. At that moment, a single shot, fired from the guard-house, was drowned in the yell of approbation which burst from the lips of the dark crowd. The turban of the warrior was, however, seen flying through the air, carried away from the force of the bullet which had torn it from his head. He himself was unharmed.

A narrow escape for us both, Colonel de Haldimar, he observed, as soon as the yell had subsided, and with an air of the most perfect unconcern. 'Had my tomahawk obeyed the first impulse of my heart, I should have cursed myself and died: as it is, I have reason to avoid all useless exposure of my own life, at present. A second bullet may be better directed; and to die, robbed of my revenge, would ill answer the purpose of a life devoted to its attainment. Remember my pledge.'

At the hasty command of the governor, a hundred muskets were raised to the shoulders of his men; but, before a single eye could glance along the barrel, the formidable and active warrior had bounded over the heads of the nearest Indians, into a small space that was left unoccupied; when, stooping suddenly to the earth, he disappeared altogether from view of his enemies. A slight movement in the centre of the numerous band crowding the gateway, and extending even beyond the bridge, was now discernible: it was like the waving of a field of standing corn, through which some animal winds its tortuous course, bending aside as the object advances, and closing again when it has passed. After the lapse of a minute, the terrible warrior was seen to spring again to his feet, far in the rear of the band; and then, uttering a fierce shout of exultation, to make towards the forest.

Meanwhile, Pontec, and the other chiefs of the council, continued rooted to the piazza on which they had rushed at the unexpected display of the armed men behind the scarlet curtain. The loud "Waugh" that burst from the lips of all, finding themselves thus foiled in their schemes of massacre, by feelings of personal apprehension, which each however, had coldly calculated enough to disguise. Once the latter made a movement as if he would have cleared the space that kept him from his warriors; but the emphatic pointing of the finger of Colonel de Haldimar to the levelled muskets of the men in the block-houses, prevented him, and the attempt was not repeated. It was remarked by the officers, who also stood on the piazza, close behind the chiefs, when the black warrior threw his tomahawk at the governor, a shade of displeasure passed over the features of the Ottawa; and that, when he

found the daring attempt was not retaliated on his people, his countenance had been momentarily lighted up with a satisfied expression, apparently marking his sense of the forbearance so unexpectedly shown.

'What says the great chief of the Ottawa now?' asked the governor, calmly; and breaking a profound silence that had succeeded to the last fierce yell of the formidable being just departed. 'Was the Saganaw not right when he said the Ottawa came with guile in his heart, and with a lie upon his lips? But the Saganaw is not a fool, and he can read the thoughts of his enemies upon their faces long before their lips have spoken.'

'Ugh!' ejaculated the Indian: 'my father is a great chief, and his head is full of wisdom. Had he been feeble like the other chiefs of the Saganaw, the strong hold of the Detroit must have fallen and the red skins would have danced their war dance round the sculps of his young men, even in the council-room where they came to talk of peace.'

'Does the great chief of the Ottawa see the big thunder of the Saganaw?' pursued the governor: 'if not, let him open his eyes and look. The Saganaw has but to move his lips, and swifter than the lightning would the pale faces sweep away the warriors of the Ottawa, even where they now stand; in less time than the Saganaw is now speaking, would they mow them down like the grass of the prairie.'

'Ugh!' again exclaimed the chief, with mixed doggedness and fierceness: 'if what my father says is true, why does not he pour out his anger on the red skins?'

'Let the great chief of the Ottawa listen,' replied the governor, with dignity. 'When the great chiefs of all the nations that are in league with the Ottawa came last to the council, the Saganaw knew that they carried deceit in their hearts, and that they never meant to smoke the pipe of peace, or to bury the hatchet in the ground. The Saganaw might have kept them prisoners, that their warriors might be without a head; but he had given his word to the great chief of the Ottawa, and the word of the Saganaw is never broken. Even now, while both the chiefs and the warriors are in his power, he will not slay them, for he wishes to show the Ottawa the desire of the Saganaw to be friendly with the red skins, and not to destroy them. Wicked men from the Canadas have whispered lies in the ear of the Ottawa; but a great chief should judge for himself, and take counsel only from the wisdom of his own heart. The Ottawa and his warriors may go, he resumed, after a short pause; the path by which they came is again open to them. Let them depart in peace: the big thunder of the Saganaw shall not harm them.'

The countenance of the Indian, who had clearly seen the danger of his position, wore an expression of surprise which could not be dissembled: low exclamations passed between him and his companions; and then, pointing to the tomahawk that lay half buried in the wood, he said, doubtfully—

'It was the pale face, the friend of the great chief of the Ottawa, who struck the hatchet at my father. The Ottawa is not a fool to believe the Saganaw can sleep without revenge. The great chief of the Ottawa shall know us better,' was the reply. 'The young warriors of the Saganaw might destroy their enemies where they now stand, but they seek not their blood. When the Ottawa chief takes council from his own heart, and not from the lips of the cowardly dog of a pale face, who strikes his tomahawk and then flies, his wisdom will tell him to make peace with the Saganaw, whose warriors are without treachery, even as they are without fear.'

Another of those deep interjections "Ughs" escaped the chest of the proud Indian.

'What my father says is good,' he returned; but the pale face is a great warrior, and the Ottawa chief is his friend. The Ottawa will go.'

He then addressed a few sentences, in a tongue unknown to the officers, to the swarthy and anxious crowd in front. They were answered by a low, sullen, yet assenting grunt, from the united band, who now turned, though with justifiable caution and distrust, and recrossed the drawbridge without hindrance from the troops. Pontec waited until the last Indian had departed, and then making a movement to the governor, which, with all its hauteur, was meant to mark his sense of the forbearance and good faith that had been manifested, once more stalked proudly and calmly across the area, followed by the remainder of the chiefs. The officers who were with the governor ascended the ramparts, to follow their movements; and it was not before their report had been made, that the Indians were immersing once more into the heart of the forest, the troops were withdrawn from their formidable defenses, and the gate of the fort again firmly secured.

### Farmers' Gardens.

As a general thing farmers do not provide themselves with good gardens; at least, so far as the writer has travelled he has seldom seen what he would call a good garden on farms. The excuse for this neglect is generally the same with all of them—they have no time to attend to such small matters. And yet it may safely be asserted that an acre of ground appropriated to a good garden, will be more profitable to the farmer than any other ten acres of the farm. The interests of the farmer, the comforts of his family, the good condition and health of his whole household, require such a garden on every farm in the country. And it should be a garden, not a mere excuse for one, a mere "weedy patch." It should be one, so managed and arranged, that every vegetable of a wholesome quality for human food should be raised in it, in perfection, and at the earliest season. After a winter's diet on solid and generally salt animal food, the human constitution requires the deterring operation of free vegetable and fruit diet; and as a general rule no one can dispense with it safely. Besides this, the natural appetite calls for it; and there are few pleasures that may be so safely and even beneficially indulged in. In the latter part of winter and early spring, measures should be taken to secure early vegetables of all kinds capable of very early cultivation. Details will not be expected here; there are books and papers appropriated to such information; but I cannot help saying that when I am at a farm house, at a season when early peas, beans, cabbages, cucumbers, potatoes, green corn, lettuce, &c., are properly in season, and find none of these luxuries on the table, nothing but the best beef, salt pork, and beans or potatoes of winter, I am free to say I do not

envy that farmer's life nor his family their enjoyments. These very people are fond enough of such things when they go to the city, and it is not therefore want of taste. It is simply the fault of negligence. Why may not every farmer in the state have every kind of early vegetables on his early tables as early as any gardener near the cities can raise them? There is not a single reason why he should not, while there are a great many why he should. The gardeners have to incur a very considerable expense in procuring hot manure for their hot beds, while the farmer has it in his barn-yard. The gardener has to distance to purchase, and draw a considerable distance, while the farmer has nothing to buy. The small quantity of lumber required is probably rotting on his premises. It would only be a source of amusement during winter, for him to construct the frame of a hot bed, and prepare the manure and bed for use. Having done this, and got his plants in a thrifty state, he can in a short time, when the season arrives, get his garden grounds in order and make his plantations. And then he will have all these vegetable luxuries as early as any of his town friends can purchase them. It only requires a little industry and attention to accomplish this, and as said before, his enjoyment, his health and even his interest, as well as the comforts of his family will be benefited by it.

[Albany Cultivator.]

### The Fly on the Wall.

'See that fly on the wall overhead; why does it not tumble down?'

'Because it's so light,' answered a little girl. 'But dead flies fall down, and dead flies are as light as live ones; besides, in the island of Java there are lizards, weighing five and six ounces, which run all over the walls chasing flies. Why does not the lizard fall?'

'Because it does not,' I cannot think of any other reason, answers the little girl.

'But that is no reason at all, for it is a law of nature that everything which is not held up, falls to the earth; now, what keeps the lizard and the fly from tumbling off the smooth walls? Something must.' The child cannot think.

Little girls, you know, sometimes suck their thumbs on their lips or on the palm of their hands; the thumb sticks on, and you can hardly shake it off. What keeps it on? I will tell you. The air is sucked from the inside of the thumb, so that the air outside presses all around and holds it tightly down. It is just so with the fly's foot. A fly's foot has a hollow place from which it can force out the air, when the air outside presses against the top of the foot and holds it on the wall. So also with the lizard. Each of its feet has five toes, on the under side of which are bags with slits in them; the creature forces the air out of the bags, when the outside air holds the feet against the ceiling, and away it runs all over the walls.

So you see about so common a thing as the walking of a fly there is something to learn. The Creator has made laws for it to go by. Vacant minds, on looking round, say—'Things are because they are.' Inquiring minds ask—'How is this? Why is it?' What laws has God made to govern it? Children like to visit the 'museum,' and see the rare objects collected there. The world is God's museum, which he has filled up with curiosities. On every side there is something wonderful and beautiful to inquire about, from the very hair on your head to the little pearl oyster that sleeps in the Indian ocean. Have, then, your eyes, your mind, and your heart always open.

I look down and see in one partition of this great museum a toad hopping about. What is its history? Is it any relation to the frog? Is it of any use? Some boys delight in stoning it. Stop. Has not the Creator made it to be of use? Look and see.

A GREAT TRUTH. That was a true and noble statement, made by Kossuth to the clergy, recently. 'I have learned that, republics may cease to be Christian, but Christianity can never cease to be republican.' The Gospel is a great leveller and equalizer; but it does its work, not by beating down that which is truly exalted, but by elevating that which is truly depressed. The Gospel turns away from the adventitious distinctions of man's social state, and engages itself with his moral condition and relations. It attributes to all men the same origin, responsibility, sinful moral character, and ruin, and sets before all the same means of rescue, and the same high destiny. It individualizes each man, and in all the great essentials of humanity it makes no difference between him and his fellowman. Its ultimate subjective purpose is to lead all men to live like Christ, and to 'love their neighbors as themselves.' It must, in its extension, annihilate many human distinctions, and produce a feeling of true equality. Its whole tendency is to republicanism. If this be true, there will be no permanent republicanism in Europe till that continent is Christianized. The power of armies cannot secure republicanism. Its great security must be the golden rule—the second great commandment—written on the hearts and practiced in the conduct of nations and of men.

KOSSUTH'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF. In his farewell speech at Cincinnati, Kossuth, in the single sentence which follows, disposed of all the questions and doubts which have been raised, in regard to his claim to be still Governor of Hungary and the constituted agent of the Hungarian people for collecting material aid for another struggle against Austria.

'Let ambitious fools let the pigmies, who live on the scanty food of personal envy, when the very earth quakes beneath their feet; let even the honest prudence of ordinary household measures, measuring eternity with that thimble, with which they are wont to measure the bubbles of small party interest, and taking the dreadful roaring of the ocean for a storm in a water glass; let those who believe the weather to be calm because they have drawn a night cap over their ears, and burying their heads into the pillows of domestic comfort, don't hear; Satan sweeping in a hurricane over the earth; let envy, ambition, blindness and the pitiful, going wisdom of small times, artistically ingratiate the question of my official capacity, or the nature of my public authority; let them scrupulously discuss the immense problem of my person, yet, or possess no more the title of my office. Governorship; let them ask for credentials, discuss the limits of my commission as a representative of Hungary. I pity all such frogs and mice, fighting, Rattle bones, warblers in the language of Homer.'



## MISCELLANY.

(From the Albany Cultivator.)

## The "Long Pasture."

Country residents may be divided into two classes—the neat, and the slovenly. Specimens of the former, may be known on approaching their dwellings, by the air of finish and comfort which pervades the premises—the whole indicating that the man who has mastered one art, does not find it hard to master another,—or, in other words, if he will not allow the intrusion of mullen and pig-weeds among his crops, neither will he permit the defacement of his door-yard by old rubbish in its countless forms. Of the latter class of residents, the indications are various. Sometimes they consist in a broken fence bordered with an unbroken hedge of briars, elders and thistles; at others, the yard, which might have been a neat lawn shaded with trees, is mostly occupied by burdocks and nettles, bordering old decaying heaps of chips and pools of kitchen slop, and variously interspersed with old boards, barrel-hoops, and the droppings of cattle, and cut up by the wheels of carts into mud-holes of unknown depth, until sounded in a dark evening, by the unwary foot of a neighbor's wife or daughter.

There is again an intermediate class—belonging partly to both the preceding—we are by no means sure that they are not the largest class of all, in many districts of the country. Over these, neatness and disorder seem to hold each a sort of doubtful jurisdiction—sometimes the one, and again the other, obtaining the ascendancy. Perhaps a neat "picket" fence in front has its counterpart in a decayed rail fence in the rear; or a flower-bed by the parlor door has its off-set in a puddle of soap-suds at the kitchen-door; or the odor of June roses under the windows may be curiously mingled with breezes laden with perfumes from the hopen. Now, such of this intermediate class, as have no desire for improvement, and who regard the economy of an adulterated neatness as a chimera, will naturally fall under the same head as the slovenly. For these the following remarks are not intended, and they will therefore, if they have read thus far, please skip the rest. But those who really love neatness and order, though they may not have attained it fully, will be likely to appreciate our intentions, in endeavoring to remove the very common evil, namely, that of converting our public highways into promiscuous pasturage for cattle, colts, sheep, hogs, and web-footed poultry.

The evils of this practice are interminable. A friend informs us that he finds it next to impossible to preserve the contents of his garden from his neighbor's swine, which have become skilled in all branches of the art of squeezing through small spaces, crowding rails and boards, and burrowing under fences. Another lost, not only some choice young pear trees, but several beautiful and costly imported evergreens, devoured by the street cattle passing through the gate accidentally blown open by the wind during his absence. Why should any one own a cow, when he has nothing wherewithal to give her? Yet we have known those who had several, depending entirely on their skill to pick their living in the streets,—which they did by variously snapping boards and entering meadows, vaulting into cornfields, or watching with surprising keenness till some one thoughtlessly opened a gate, when they would rush in. Heavy and expensive fences were kept up by an acquaintance; but he was compelled, for the sake of maintaining a decent appearance in the road by his house, to "remove the deposits" daily, left by street cattle, who found his shade trees the most convenient places in the world for repose; and not unrequently swine, after throwing up the turf into every imaginable irregularity, also sought repose in the same comfortable shadows. These evils have become so common in most places, that they are submitted to as a sort of necessity,—as an essential share of the evils of this life, without an inquiry into the possibility or expediency of their removal.

It has been asserted that "no man has a moral right to keep more stock than he can feed well on his own land." But if the cottager must have his cow kept by the public, and every thing is to be turned to profit, would it not be quite as profitable to convert the roadside into meadow, to be mowed annually for wintering the cows of poor men, and save us from all the evils of street marauders, and frequent five-mile journeys by their owners in search of them. We throw this out merely as a hint to those who measure every thing by dollars and cents.

We may also add, for the same class of calculators, that the amount of time and attention consumed in opening, shutting, and watching gates—the amount lost by the plunderings of half-starved street cattle—the enormous expense of heavy street fences,—not to keep in the farmer's own stock, but to keep out his neighbor's—constitute altogether a most formidable tax, which if imposed by government, would be regarded as insufferable.

As to the practicability of the proposed improvement, the people of Massachusetts, and some other portions of New England, have furnished the proof. We have travelled days together in that highly cultivated state, without ever seeing any kind of animal at large. In Brookline, which has no equal in America for the continued succession for miles of its cultivated landscape beauty, one may see gates openly from the street into the most finished and costly grounds, without the least fear of injury from without, and indeed some of the newer residences have no gates at all.

We have been gratified with the late decision of the Supreme Court of Michigan on this subject—not as containing any new principle of law, but as opening the subject to public attention. Horses, running at large, were killed by a passing train of cars, and in an action against the company, the owner failed to recover damages. The court, after alluding to the township regulation of making horses free commoners, remarks:

"The idea that because horses and cattle are free commoners, that therefore they have the lawful right of trespassing on private property is absurd—preposterous in the extreme. What are free commoners? Where may they run? In Holland vs. Marsh (3 Wend. R. 147), the Supreme Court says, 'Suppose a case where a town has no common land, and they pass a by-law permitting horses and cattle to run at large, where are they to run? Surely not on individual property. Where then? In the highway? The public has simply a right of passage over the highway. The owner of the land through which the highway passes, is the owner of the soil and timber, except what is necessary to make bridges, or otherwise aid in making the highway passable, and if the owner of the soil owns the timber, why not the grass?' The doctrine established by this decision is in accordance with a fundamental principle of the common law, which has been recognized by elementary writers, and judicial decisions in England and this country for a great length of time. Though every highway is said to be the King's, yet the King has nothing except the right of passage for himself

and his people; the freehold of all the profit, as trees, &c., belong to the lord or owner of the soil, who may have action of trespass for digging up the ground of the highway."

According to this decision, every land-holder has a right to the grass in front of his own land, and he may pasture his cattle there, provided he keeps them from wandering on his neighbor's part of the road.

## Taste in Furniture.

It is scarcely possible to lay down a rule with respect to the ordinary furniture of a room, yet there is a general law of propriety which ought as much as possible to be observed. Regard must be had to what is called 'the fitness of things,' and thereby the avoiding of violent contrasts. For instance, sometimes a showy centre-table is seen in the middle of a room, where the carpet and every other article is shabby and out of repair; or a flashy looking-glass stands above the chimney-piece, as though to reflect the incongruous taste of its owner. Shabby things always look shabbier when thus contrasted with what is bright and new. We do not mean to say that new articles should never be purchased; we remark only, that in buying furniture, regard should be had to the condition of the room in which it is to be placed. For this reason, second-hand furniture is sometimes preferable to new.

'So many men, so many minds,' is an old saying; and scarcely two people agree in choosing their assortment of furniture. What is convenient for one is inconvenient for another, and that which is considered ornamental by one family, would be thought ugly by their neighbors. There are, however, certain articles suited to most rooms—an ordinary parlor, for example. The number of chairs depends on the size of the room; eight are usually chosen, two of them being elbows. A square two-flap pembroke table, or a circular one with tripod stand, occupies the centre of the apartment. At one side stands a sofa, a sideboard, a chiffonier, or perhaps a bookcase. Sometimes the chiffonier, with a few shelves fixed to the wall above it, is made to do the duty as a bookcase, and it answers the purpose very well. If there be no sofa, there will probably be an easy chair, in a snug corner, not far from the fire-place; in another corner stands a small work-table, or a light occasional table is placed near the window, to hold a flower-basket or some other ornamental article. These constitute the articles most needed in a room; there are several smaller things which may be added according to circumstances.

It is one thing to have furniture in a room, and another to know how to arrange it. To do this to the best advantage, requires the exercise of a little thought and judgment. Some people live with their furniture in the most inconvenient position, because it never occurred to them to shift it from place to place, until they had really found which was the most suitable. Those who are willing to make the attempt, will often find that a room is improved in appearance and convenience by a little change in the place of the furniture. It is too much the practice to cover the mantel-piece with a number and variety of knick-knacks and monstrosities by the way of ornament; but this is in very bad taste. Three, or at most four articles, are all that should be seen in that conspicuous situation. Vases of white porcelain, called 'Parian,' or of old china, or a small statue, or a shell or two, are the most suitable. The forms of some of the white vases now sold at a low price, are so elegant, that it is a real pleasure to look at them.

## Preparation and Use of Manure.

BY A. G. SHELTON.

A practical farmer knows he needs all the manure he can conveniently make; and that in order to make it properly, a barn cellar is necessary. Let this cellar be a reservoir for all his manures, that they may be thoroughly mixed, and let this cellar be the home for his hogs and his horse manure their bed. Let him add to the droppings of the cow, fresh earth, at least once each week, to absorb all the liquids; this will give fresh earth for the hogs, which is quite beneficial to them even in the winter. If he intends his manure for upland, let him obtain his earth from the swamp, and previous to putting it in the cellar let it be exposed a sufficient length of time to the air and frost, that it may become thoroughly pulverized. If he wishes to use his manure in reclaimed swamp, let him take his earth from the sand bank. Early in April clean out the barn cellar, place the manure in a pile in a warm, dry place, mixing all the parts together thoroughly, leave it in the pile as long as possible, cover it with loam and let it remain until time to plant.

The preceding remarks have reference to the treatment of the manure collected in the winter. In the summer, if your cattle lie in the yard, cover the surface of the yard with loam or pulverized meadow mud, having reference to the land on which it is your intention to use it. Every morning throw the droppings of the cattle on the pile, covering them with double the quantity of the material with which the yard is covered; or if the cattle are tied up be careful to add each morning to their droppings double the quantity of mud or loam.

Before the ground freezes in the fall, place the summer manure in a pile, or piles near where you expect to use it, scraping up all the covering of the yard not used, and thoroughly mixing it with the piles, then cover the piles with loam, and this is ready for use at any time.

Now a few hints as to the application of manures. For a garden, spread the manure in the fall, and turn the furrows together; this covers all the manure, and leaves hollows for the water to soak into the earth without drenching the manure. In the spring you will find the manure decomposed and the soil thoroughly impregnated with its strength. If the manure is to be used for corn, spread and plow in the coarsest, put a small quantity of the finest in the hill to give the corn the first start. This latter remark applies particularly to dry land. If the land is not dry, first plow the ground, spread the manure, turn the furrows together and plant the corn (or potatoes) where the furrows meet. The above is intended to apply to old ground. If you wish to plant a piece of very wet grass land, spread your manure on the grass before plowing, turn the furrows together, plant where furrows meet, which leaves the seed on the level of the surface of the earth.

If you wish to apply manure to a young orchard, the best way is, if manure is plenty, to spread over the whole surface and plow in; if you are short of manure, be sure and put what you have as far from the body of the trees as the feeding roots are. To apply manure near the body of a tree is as inconsistent as to apply milk to the skin of a calf instead of to his mouth.—[N. E. Farmer.]

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote was told by a very clever fellow, who had been somewhat frolicsome, but who had recently joined the Sons of Temperance.—After becoming a 'Son,' he went to Mobile on business, and was taken ill there. The physi-

cian was called, and after examining him pronounced him in a very dangerous position and prescribed brandy. The sick man told him he could not take it. The Dr. insisted that it was the proper remedy, but the patient told him he would not have spasms. Well, said the Son of Temperance, I will try a couple of spasms first! He did not take the brandy, nor did he have the spasms, but went on his way rejoicing.

## Curiosities of Steam.

There is a question connected with steam which is more strange than any, and yet we seldom hear mentioned. It is this: water at 212° gives off steam; this steam is totally different in its nature and action from water, and yet it is only 212° also. Why does not the water, at 212°, all flash in a moment, like gunpowder, into steam—that is, into 1700 times its original bulk? We cannot tell; we only know it does not do it. It has been proved by Faraday, however, that water perfectly purged of all atmospheric air, (which all water contains a portion of,) when heated to 300°, explodes instantaneously—that is, all flashes at once into steam. There is another property belonging to water not so universally known to engineers as it should be, namely, all the water in a boiler will become steam in a given time, when subjected to a constant heat and great pressure. If a certain amount of water, at the heat of melted ice, be put into a vessel, and a lamp applied to the same, it will be found that if the time occupied to bring the water from melted ice to 212° (the point where steam commences to be given off,) be noted, and the lamp kept at the vessel for 1-2 times longer, all the water will be changed into steam; it follows then, that if a certain amount of heat be applied to water, for 1-2 times the period it took to raise the temperature from that of melted ice to the steam point, all the water will be in a state to flash at once into 1700 times its original bulk. A cubic foot of water, converted into steam, occupies 1700 times the space it formerly occupied, if not compressed; and two cubic feet of water converted into steam, occupy a space of 3400 feet. The pressure exerted by such an expansive force is tremendous. If frozen water has burst cannons, is it to be wondered at that heat and water burst boilers? Every engineer should be thoroughly acquainted with all the known chemical and mechanical properties of water and steam. The observations of eminent practical engineers are very valuable; they are situated to observe the phenomena of steam, and there may be many not generally known. [Scientific American.]

TIED DOWN AT HOME. A friend of ours, living not far from Pontiac, was importuned one pleasant day lately by his wife to take her a sleigh riding. The gentleman, being a man of business, plead his engagement, when the wife replied that was the old story, and she must be tied down at home. The husband rejoined that if any person would furnish him with good clothes to wear, and enough to eat and drink, that he would be willing to be tied down at home. A few days after the gentleman came home earlier than was his custom, and being fatigued, lay down upon the sofa and fell into a sound sleep. His wife took a cord and slyly tied his hands together—served his feet in the same way, and made him fast to the sofa. She then set a table, with all that the house afforded, and placed an extra suit of clothes within his reach. This done she started to pay a friend a visit. Upon her return late in the evening, she found her subject of domestic discipline as she left him, except that he was wide awake, and very mad.

What on earth does all this mean? says he. Nothing, quietly remarked his wife, except the consumption of your earthly wishes, enough to eat, drink and wear, and to be tied down at home! That couple were seen sleigh-riding the next day.—[Det. Adv.]

GRAPHIC.—Horace Mann made a 'telling' and characteristically pointed speech at the recent Temperance Convention in New York. Among other matters, he alluded to some festive occasion out of New England, at which he was present not long since. He said there were some two hundred persons at the tables, and that wine flowed freely. He adds that after emptying their glasses several times, the gentlemen became perfectly uproarious and were seen howling, shouting, gesticulating, roaring and leaping like so many freshly scalded devils. Mr. Mann is noted for his original similes and comparisons—but this similitude is rather more fresh and original than usual. The idea of devils (who are generally supposed to be accustomed to the highest range of the thermometer) jumping out of a cauldron of infernally boiling water, and roaring and scratching their sides, at being scalded by it, is decidedly a rich and original one. The comparison is certainly a graphic and suggestive one. [Lowell Courier.]

DISINFECTING LAMP. A note, from a medical friend, reminds us of a beautiful, simple, economical apparatus, for overcoming bad odors and purifying any apartment when the air is loaded with noxious materials. A description of it has already appeared, but the reference, in the note alluded to, has unfortunately been mislaid. The whole matter, however, is simply this. Take one of any of the various kinds of glass lamps—for burning camphene, for example—and fill it with chloric ether, and light the wick. In a few minutes the object will be accomplished. In dissecting rooms; in the damp deep vaults, where vegetables are sometimes stored, or where drains allow the escape of offensive gases, in outbuildings, and in short, in any spot where it is desirable to purify the atmosphere, burn one of these lamps. One tube charged with a wick is quite sufficient. This suggestion is really worth remembering for the comfort of a sick room, because it is easily accomplished, agreeable and more economical for purifying than any process now known.—[Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.]

AN INCIDENT. The following incident is related by a Parisian letter writer, showing the immense system of espionage by means of secret police:

"A lady living in the highest circle of society intended to give a ball, and sent to the Chief of the Police to request the necessary attendance at her gates. The officer requested two cards in blank, and when asked for what purpose, frankly replied—for police agents. The lady was terrified, and refused to do so. He then requested to see her list of invitations, and after looking it over, told her the two blank cards were unnecessary, as she had already, herself, invited six persons in pay of the police. She was so much frightened at this state of things, that she recalled her invitations."

SINGULAR PRIDE IN A HORSE. A respectable farmer from the adjoining county, came to the city, a few days since, in a one horse sleigh without any bells. In passing down Western Row, another sleigh approached with a span, announcing their proximity with a

merry peal of their jingling bells. This caused the farmer's horse to come to a dead stand; neither coaxing nor force could induce the animal to budge a foot, although prior to this circumstance there had been no difficulty. While in this quandary, a person suggested the propriety of placing bells on the horse's neck; no sooner said than done—which acted like a talisman; and to the amusement of the bystanders, the horse moved with "pride and pomp," as if sensible of the honor conferred. One of the lookers on observed that when countrymen come to town they ought to treat their horses like gentlemen.—[Cincinnati Inquirer.]

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... MARCH 11, 1852.

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(For The Eastern Mail.)

## Waterville College.

The Legislature of 1850 passed a resolve requiring the Secretary of the Board of Education to furnish, among other things, some statistics concerning our Colleges. These he did furnish, but in those of Waterville College he fell into some errors, and has given some part of them in such a manner that unless explained they will be generally misunderstood. My attention has been recently called to this subject, by the fact, that in the Maine Register, just published, the same statistics are given and the same errors made.

The Register says, "The Institution has received from the State two thousand three hundred and forty acres of land, and \$14,500 in money. The larger part of the land has been disposed of, and \$25,000 received from the sale of the same. The estimated value of the College grounds, buildings, library and cabinet is \$40,000, and the personal property, not including library and apparatus, &c., \$20,000. Real estate besides the College buildings \$8,000. Making in all \$68,000, of which \$39,500 came from the State and \$28,500 from private contribution."

From this State the College has not received one acre of land. From the State of Massachusetts, before the separation, it is true, it did receive twenty-two thousand three hundred and forty acres. All that this State has ever given to this College is \$14,500, and one fourth part of this was to be applied towards the tuition of poorer students. The statement of the part of the property paid for by individual contributions is manifestly erroneous. The present value of the property is estimated at \$68,000: from the land and the donations of this State it received \$39,500, leaving a remainder of only \$28,500 as the total of individual contributions. But of the money from the State, \$3,650 were not to be used to increase the value of the College property, and was a gift to students and not to the College. This leaves \$10,875 as the gross amount this State ever gave this College. Again, the present value of the property cannot be what it cost originally. The wear and tear of the property, the depreciation in value, the amount paid out each year for salaries, &c., more than received from tuition and the \$3,625 above alluded to, must be added to the \$28,500 to show the true amount of individual contributions. While we would by no means understate what the State has done for education, we are as equally unwilling to have individual exertions underrated.

Here it may be not uninteresting to refer to some matters of the history of the Colleges in our State. When the separation of Maine from Massachusetts took place, the friends of Bowdoin College, thinking she would fare better under the mother's care than under the daughter's, took measures to "fence her in," and accordingly it was expressly provided in the articles of separation, that the Legislature of Maine should have no control whatever of the charter of Bowdoin College—that being the only exception or reservation made in such matters. The daughter took this in high dudgeon, and when our Constitution was adopted, while it was made the duty of the Legislature to endow suitably, from time to time, all colleges, academies and seminaries of learning in the State, still it was under the proviso that the Legislature should have the power to amend &c. the charter of the institution endowed, at the time of the endowment. Bowdoin now suddenly jilted the matter, and hastened to give in her adhesion to the daughter. She procured the passage of an act in the Legislature of Massachusetts and Maine giving that of the latter power over her charter. As a reward the State gave her some \$35,000 in money, and to the medical school about half as much more, and at the same time made some amendments to her charter, such as giving our Governor the power of appointing some of the Trustees, Overseers, &c.

Things went on in this way till 1832 or '33, when the action of President Allen against Bowdoin College was decided in the Circuit Court of the United States by the late Judge Story, in which it was decided that the acts passed by the Legislatures of Maine and Massachusetts, to give the former the control of the charter of Bowdoin College, did not effect the object intended, and that consequently Maine had no power to amend, or in any manner have any power over that charter. To this decision, exceptions could be taken for a certain time, to the Supreme Court of the U. S.; but it was not done. In 1835 or '36 an attempt was made in our Legislature to have the State act in the matter and carry the case

up to the Supreme Court; but the attempt failed; the limited time expired, and that decision of Judge Story became the law of the land. In accordance with this decision, we understand that the Boards of Overseers and Trustees of that College were purged (as it was called) of the members appointed by the Governor of this State, and that College acquiesced in the decision, that it was no longer under the control of our Legislature, and of course that the Constitution cut it off from receiving any more endowment from the State, and that even what it had received was given unconstitutionally.

This fact has been urged as an argument against giving any further aid to Waterville College, but it is not a reason to the contrary? Because Bowdoin despised us in the day of our small things, must Waterville be punished too? Is not the State the more able to assist one, than both? Does the sum of \$10,000 answer the requirement of our Constitution that we have quoted? Is this all the "fitting out" that a State making as much pretension in regard to education as Maine does, can afford to give the only child she has? We trust not. We trust that at some future day, Maine will adopt her true policy, and be as generous as for some years past she has been niggard of her bounty. X. Y. Z.

## A Work for Lumbermen.

"FOREST LIFE AND FOREST TREES."—This is a rare book, and one that should have been written long ago. It consists of sketches of "winter camp-life among the loggers, and wildwood adventure; with descriptions of lumbering operations on the various rivers in Maine and New Brunswick." The author, Mr. John S. Springer, claims to write from his own observations, while practically engaged in the life he describes. We have read the book with great interest, because we have some acquaintance with lumbermen and some with their business. Those who have none with either, and those familiar with both, will read it with no less profit. It embraces a great amount of statistical and geographical information, which those interested in the lumber trade will hardly obtain at a less expense than by the purchase of the work. Published by the Harpers, New York.

## City Election in Augusta.

Those who have been looking for the regeneration of the State Capital from the shame which a rummy administration has attached to it, will be gratified to hear that the first step has been taken. The city government who have held the traffic in rum under their special protection, since the passage of the new law, have given place to better men by an overwhelming majority; and if the sentiment of the voters is carried out, there is little doubt that there will be at least an attempt to execute the law under their administration. That the town which, of all others, should stand foremost as the champion of morality, law, and the fair fame of our State, should be found among the first to trample a wholesome law under foot, and do its utmost to degrade it in the eyes of the world, has been regarded as a reproach that nothing but open and prompt repentance could remove. That the voters of Augusta have thus early come to appreciate their position before the people of the State, affords cheering hope for the future. It gives room to expect that laws which meet the approval of the people, and which are in accordance with the world, will not hereafter be made a hissing and byword in the very city where they are enacted. The blush of shame may now fade from the fair cheek of the "Dirigo State," while she boldly lifts her eyes to her sisters for the approbation every where offered.

John A. Pettengill was elected Mayor, and Sewall Lancaster, Watson F. Hallett, Edwin Freeman, Reuel Townsend, Eben Sawyer, Elijah McFarland and Daniel Hewins, aldermen,—by a vote of about four to one.

Now—we do not know all these men to be in favor of the Maine law; and if they approve it, we do not know that they are men who will actually favor its execution. We know only that rum has had its full sway in Augusta, under its past city government, notwithstanding the facilities for its suppression offered by the new law. We know that the people of the State have looked with astonishment and disgust at the manner in which the operation of law has been defeated there. And as some, at least, of the above officers elect are temperance men, and have triumphed by a vote entirely beyond the limits of political party lines, we conclude that the capital of the State is revolutionized, regenerated and disenthralled from the rule of rum. So mote it be!—and time must decide.

## Maine Register.

Master, Smith & Co., Hallowell, have published a 'Maine Register and State Reference Book,' for 1852. Such a work is almost indispensable, and we can only wonder that it has been delayed so long. It embraces a great mass of statistical and useful information, arranged with great propriety, and with much apparent regard to correctness. For sale by C. K. Matthews.

THE RAILROAD.—The vote on the Railroad Bill is set for to-day. The question would doubtless have been determined sooner, but for the employment of many of the members in rolling logs to build the Gardiner bridge and other public works. This is labor that requires time and skill, and cannot be hurried. Both parties, on the above question, claim a small majority, though the lobby members think one or the other will be disappointed.

MUSICAL WORLD.—A work with this title, which cannot fail to find friends and patrons in the music loving world, is published in New York City, by Oliver Dyer, at \$1.50 per annum. The March number is well filled, not only with matter pertaining to music, but much other valuable information respecting the fine

arts in general. The publisher wants agents in Maine.

## Town Meeting in Waterville.

An unusual number of voters were at the polls. The candidates of the Temperance Caucus were all elected by considerable majorities.

Joseph Percival, Moderator.  
Samuel Doolittle, Joseph Hitchens, Charles H. Thayer, Selectmen.

E. L. Getchell, Town Clerk.  
S. Stark, Town Agent.  
E. L. Getchell, Treasurer and Collector.

J. P. Weston, Sup. School Committee.

Constables. A. J. Hubbard, H. F. Crowell, J. Nudd, S. Keith, E. H. Piper, G. H. Esty, W. H. Pearson, W. Brown, F. Kimball, H. B. White, W. W. Lewis, W. Chipman, W. C. Bridge, Chas. Dutton, J. S. Craig, W. Low, Silas Bailey, and T. McIntire.

Field Drivers.—J. S. Craig, G. H. Esty, W. C. Dow, G. C. Alden, J. Hubbard, W. Chipman, W. Golder, J. H. Drummond, Samuel Bacon, G. D. Pullen, C. Wheeler, Jr., S. Kimball, H. B. White, J. Moore, Jr.

Fire Wardens. S. Appleton, J. Williams, W. Redington, J. Hitchens, S. Kimball, T. Baker, A. Winslow, C. Stanley, R. Cornforth, J. B. Bradbury, B. C. Benson, J. Cornforth, Jr., H. W. Getchell, W. Getchell, Jr., F. B. Blanchard, I. T. Stevens, H. B. White, W. J. Atwood, G. Wentworth, E. Noyes, J. O. Pearson.

Fence Viewers. G. T. Hubbard, J. S. Craig, T. Cook, J. Shores, I. T. Stevens, N. Low, C. Wheeler, Jr., R. Cornforth, N. Bates, E. Gleason, J. G. Wentworth.

Auditors. J. Stackpole, Jr., Sam'l Kimball, S. Percival.

Tything Men. W. Chipman, H. B. White, J. Arnold, W. H. Pearson, C. Dutton, T. Hill, O. Trafton, L. Corson, W. Ballentine.

Pound Keeper and Town Hall Keeper.—H. B. White.

Voted, To raise 1800 dollars for support of schools, 1000 dollars for support of the poor, 200 dollars for Bridges and Highways, and 6000 dollars for other purposes.

Voted, To instruct the Selectmen to carry into effect the law in relation to Bowling Alleys; and to instruct the Town Clerk to comply with the law in relation to recording births and deaths.

Voted, To instruct the Selectmen to cause the streets in Ticonic Village to be run, and monuments to be set.

Our readers are requested to read the advertisement of Wm. P. TENNY & Co., the popular Carpet Dealers of Boston, whose warehouse occupies the immense and entire second floor over the Maine Railroad Depot. A visit to their rooms is enough to satisfy any reasonable man that Wm. P. T. & Co. understand what they are about, when they are obliged to keep a stock of such an extent as to be almost beyond belief. Don't take our word for it, but just call, whenever you are in want, and if you find a more gentlemanly firm—a larger, cheaper, or more varied stock—then we are no judges.

## Concert by the Krollmans.

The Krollmans, whose vocal and instrumental concerts have elicited so high praise thro' New England, are on their return from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and propose to give a Concert at Appleton, this evening, Thursday. The reputation of Mr. K. as a violinist is too well known to render necessary any further notice than the mention of his name. His concerts in Boston, New York, and the principal cities of the country, have ranked him with the very first violinists of the age. Mrs. K. (formerly Mary Shaw, a popular vocalist) has received the highest praise for her beautiful songs. A Halifax paper says her performances in the dominions of Her Majesty "have elicited unbounded applause." Those who would hear a rival of Ole Bull on the violin, and listen to one of the sweetest vocalists—(and prettiest women)—among the musical stars now before the public, should by all means go and hear the Krollmans this eve.

FRESH TOMATOES. We have enjoyed, during the past week, several dishes of tomatoes, as fresh as when first taken from the vines. They were put up for use in his own family, by Judge Crosby of Lowell. Each fall he puts up about thirty cans, each containing a quart, and with one or two exceptions, all have been perfectly preserved. For those who love this fruit, the ability to have it fresh the whole season is a great acquisition. The process is simple. In the first place, have the desired number of cans made, at a cost of about a sixpence, or ten cents apiece, soldered perfectly tight, and having a hole of an inch and a half diameter on one end. Take then the tomatoes, and skin them as preparatory to cooking; crush them, and fill the cans. Solder then over the hole a square piece of tin, having in it a pin hole. Set the can in boiling water and boil until the air is expelled, then quickly solder up the small hole and keep in a cool place.

ACCIDENTS TO FEMALES FROM FIRE. A writer in the Philadelphia Ledger makes the following suggestion to females:— "The notice in your paper recently, of several deaths, occurring from the above causes, has induced the writer to call the public attention to the simple and effectual remedy which has been frequently published heretofore, but which seems to have been forgotten. It is that, immediately on discovering their garments are on fire, they shall throw themselves on the floor and roll once or twice. This is an act so easy, that it can be performed as well by the smallest child as by the most decrepit old woman that is able to sit or stand by the fire. If any doubt the efficiency of the remedy, let them take a strip of cotton cloth, and hold it with one end downward, set fire to the lower end, and see how quickly it will be consumed; then let them light another strip and throw it upon the floor as soon as it is ignited, and they will see that it burns very slowly and soon goes out. The remedy ought to be impressed upon the mind of every woman, and ought to be taught by every mother to her daughters, as soon as they are able to learn anything."







