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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1852.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

HUNGARY.

BY HENRY.

"And thou, Hungarian nation, yield not to despair!"

KOSUTH.

Hungary, thy lamp of freedom

Long hath wasted, faint and low,

But the flickering torch, relighted,

Shall burn with undimmed glow.

Thou the sound of chains is wafted

O'er the ever-mourning sea;

Nations' hearts are warily burning,

Struggling Hungary, to thee.

In the land whose soil is sacred

With the life-blood nobly shed,

By the thousands who are sleeping

On the red plain's glorious bed,

Where the voices of the martyred

Thrill with life the very air,

Where each heart is Freedom's altar,

What room is there for Despair?

Yes they rise, those countless voices

From thy hallowed soil and low,

Now in clarion tones they mingle,

Now a mournful requiem breathe;

Deep within the chains they stir,

Weaving hopes of sunnier days,

Till each clod that dims the present

Gilded seems with softened rays.

Yet a mightier tone is sounding,

Home of Liberty, for thee,

And a clearer star is shining

On the souls that will be free;

'Tis a city's voice that echoes,

Clear and deep to brighter shores;

'Tis the star that o'er his country

Beams of light and gladness pours.

Hungary, thy morning brightens;

Soon by every household hearth

Shall the rays from Freedom's altar

Brightly flow to all the earth;

Liberty, fresh flowers are springing

Where thy blossoms withered lay.

Hungary, no more despairing,

Fearless, meet thy triumph day.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Friend of Youth.]

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED;

OR, WHY THE 'LITTLE MAN' SHOT THE DUCKS.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

"There was a little man, and he had a little gun,

And the bullets were made of lead;

He went down to the brook, and shot a little duck,

And shot it right through the head.

He carried it home to his wife Joan,

And bade her a fire to make;

While he went back to the brook side,

And shot the little black duck.

"But what for, Aunt Martha? What he

shoot 'em for?" shouts a little three-year-old

shaver, every time the above ditty from

Mother Goose is repeated to him; and as nei-

ther grandmother nor herself have been suf-

ficiently familiar with the domestic history of

that same 'little man' to give a very satisfac-

tory answer, the little fellow has set him down

as a very cruel personage; and even Lucy,

who has been three years more

wisdom nestling among her curls, looks quite

grave, and thinks one duck might have sufficed

to satisfy the hunger of the little man and his

dame.

Feeling some compunctions of conscience

for setting before them the example of such a

gourmand, I thought I would look into his his-

tory, to find if possible, whether the inference

as to his cruelty and gluttony was correct, and

am happy to state that I find there has been a

very great misconception as to the motives of

those two famous shots.

"Mother Goose," like a great many other

historians, has only given us the bare statement

of the fact—the shell, as it were—while she

has left the kernel, the real motive that led the

old man 'to do the deed,' hidden in the rubbish

of the past. I consider myself peculiarly for-

tunate in being able to clear up the character

of this much-calumniated 'little man,' and I

think my young friends, that when you hear

his story you will find that two shots for a

more excellent or praiseworthy purpose have

not been fired since Nimrod introduced the

custom of hunting, or old Tubal-Cain fashioned

arms.

Somewhere about the year 1600, John or

Jack Hazeldene was born in Somersetshire,

England, not far from the town of Taunton.

He was the son of a poor wood-cutter, whose

plot stood in the midst of one of those noble

forests which were the pride of the country.

Though hidden in this green nook his parents

had not failed to hear of the doctrines of the

Reformation and to embrace them, and little

Jack was carefully trained in the way he

should go, according to the best of their knowl-

edge.

He was always called little Jack, partly be-

The presiding judge was a being (we do

not like to think of him as a man) who had

nothing human about him but his form, and

that is said to have been so hideous as to fill

the beholder with terror—Sir George Jeffries,

Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench,

and afterwards Lord Chancellor of England.

The unhappy prisoners, whose virtues and

endurances excited the pity and admiration

of the party opposed to them, and whose

greatest fault was attachment to one whom

they viewed as their lawful prince, were most

brutally insulted at their trials, which were but

a mockery of justice, and condemned to death

with every indignity which the fiendish mind

of their inhuman judge could suggest.

Neither age nor sex escaped; and, upon

such as he could not by any possible means

condemn to death for high treason, he imposed

punishments worse than death. Women for a

few idle words were condemned to be whipped

through every market town in the county; and

one young lad, for a few seditious words, was

sentenced to prison for seven years and to be

whipped through every market town in the

county once a year, during the whole term of

his imprisonment. This, it is said, amounted

to a whipping once a fortnight, and the poor

boy begged to be hung rather than suffer all

this; but even this request was refused. Eight

hundred and forty prisoners were sent to the

West Indies, and sold as slaves for a term of

ten years; and even the little school girls of

Taunton, who, headed by their teacher, had

presented a banner to Monmouth, were seized

and thrown into prison, from whence their

broken-hearted parents were obliged to ransom

them by paying large sums to the Queen's

maids of honor, who claimed this part of the

spoil as theirs. Maids of dishonor we think a

far more appropriate title for women who could

be guilty of such baseness.

The property of all these people was con-

fiscated to the Crown, and hundreds of families

were turned out into the world to starve. It is

impossible for us to conceive of the suffering

occasioned by these barbarous proceedings, and

the fear and hatred in which even the

name of Jeffries was held. The historian has

related one incident which goes to show the

depth and strength of these feelings. Years

after the Judge was in his grave, and his name

and title extinct, his grand-daughter, while on

a journey through the scenes of his atrocities,

found that she could not travel in safety even

among the descendants of those who had wit-

nessed the Bloody Assizes.

But to return to Jack Hazeldene. He and

his dame were now aged, white-haired people

They had lived in troublous times, and seen

three Kings beside the Lord Protector Crom-

well laid down in the grave; their humble

cabin had once echoed to the merry voices of

children, and their simple hearts had swelled

with gratitude and parental pride, as they

looked over the ruddy faces and agile forms of

their boys. But death had entered the cabin

as well as the palace, and they were all gone

—some in infancy, some from the battle-field

and some from the dark, gloomy prison, to

which their adherence to the religious tenets

of their fathers had consigned them; and the

old people stood alone, bowed and broken like

the aged trees of their native forest.

One night during the autumn of 1685 they

sat by the dying embers in their little hut,

with hearts very sorrowful and heavy—not

that the storm raged so wildly without, riving

and twisting the tall trees around them in its

fury, and threatening destruction to their

shelter—that could only happen by the Pro-

vidence of God; and they were too sincerely

pious to sorrow over afflictions or chastise-

ments that they could trace to His hand—neither

was it because the minions of the Chief Justice

had been there a day or two before, and com-

pletely stripped them of everything they thought

worth taking away, leaving them out of their

large flock of poultry only two ducks—two

half-grown things which the old dame had

hatched out in a basket covered with flannel

in the corner, from eggs which the mother

Some coarse food, but the best there was in

the house, was set before them; the mother

ate greedily, but after a few mouthfuls the

stomach of the little boy, weak from long

fasting, rejected it.

"Oh, if we only had some of Nannie the

goat's milk, that the cruel soldiers drove off

the other day, it would put the life into you at

once, my darling," cried the old dame, taking

the poor little thing in her arms, and rocking it

on her withered bosom.

"Oh, that we had both died the day that the

Chief Justice murdered poor Dicon's father!"

groaned the woman bitterly.

"Nay, neighbor, nay," replied gaffer Jack,

"better praise God for his long-suffering

patience in permitting us to live. Have we not

received good at his hand, and shall we not

also receive evil?"

The woman groaned—her husband's execu-

tion and her consequent suffering had nigh

driven her mad, and she was in no condi-

tion to acquiesce in the humble resignation

of the patriarch Job; her grief was too recent,

too terrible.

At last, the poor creatures slept a troubled

and broken sleep in the bed of the old people,

while they stretched themselves on a handful

of rushes before the fire. But there was little

sleep for them; for they knew perfectly well,

that by opening their door to that miserable

woman and her child, they had forfeited their

own lives; for the vindictive cruelty of King

James and Judge Jeffries had pronounced it a

crime worthy of death, to show the least kin-

dness towards the followers of Monmouth; and

the terrible death of the kind-hearted Lady

Alice Lisle, for sheltering two of the hunted

fugitives, had but a few days before filled the

whole country with horror. But it was not

this that drove slumber from the eyes of old

Jack and Joan. If their bodies were little

and old and decrepit, they still served to en-

close good, stout, Puritan hearts, that pleased

God rather than man, even though that man

was the king of the realm; but those same

hearts, so stout and brave in the cause of the

right, were not proof against the feeble moans

of that poor child, nor the smothered sobs of

the mother, whose very sleep seemed haunted

with fear; and more than once the old man got

up to kindle the waning fire, and the old dame

to tuck in the blankets around the pallet of

the sleepers, or to give the moaning little one

some drink.

"If I only had a porringer or two of that

broth I used to make for our little Hugh, when

he was puling with the measles, I'd set them

both on their feet in a week," said dame Joan,

as they stood gazing on their sleeping guests

in the dim morning twilight. "But Heaven

help us," she added with a sigh. They have

left us neither food nor law."

"There are the two ducks, dame," replied the

old man.

For a moment or so the dame did not an-

swer, but stood fumbling at the strings of her

mob-cap. It is said that the most generous

man is covetous of something; and if there

was any worldly gear on which the good dame

held a tight grasp it was her poultry—and

these ducks had a special claim on her heart.

But for her care, they would have died in the

shell; and we know not exactly how a feather-

ed mother feels, but we are certain that their

own mother could not have loved these two

little broad-billed bipeds better than dame Jo-

an. Don't blame her too severely for the hesi-

tation, children, for her charity soon got the

better of her feeling; and she herself took down

her husband's gun from the smoke blackened

hooks above the hearth, and placed it in his

hands, saying as she did so—

"Better shoot little Brown-back first; and

MISCELLANY.

The Mother and her Child.

A DANCEY FAIRY LEGEND.

"Where shall I find Death, that I may ask him to restore me my little child?" inquired an unhappy mother on reaching the abode of the King of Terrors. "He has not yet returned," replied a hoary-headed old woman, who was wandering to and fro in Death's conservatory, which she had been left to guard in his absence. "How didst thou find thy way here?" who has helped thee?" "Our Lord has helped me," she answered. "He is merciful, and thou, too, wilt be merciful. Where shall I find my little child?" "I do not know," said the old woman; "and thou, I perceive, canst not see. Many flowers and trees have withered during the night, Death will come very soon to transplant them. Thou must know that every human being has his tree or flower of life, as is appointed for each. They look like common vegetables, but their hearts beat. So be of good cheer, perchance thou mayst be able to distinguish the heart-beat of thy child; but what wilt thou give me, if I tell thee what else thou must do?" "I have nothing to give," said the mourning mother, "but I will go to the end of the world in thy bidding." "I want nothing from the end of the world," said the old woman; "but thou canst give me thy long black hair. Thou must know well that it is very beautiful; it pleases me exceedingly; and thou canst have my white hair in exchange, even that would be better than none." Desirous that nothing further, returned the mother; "I will give it thee right willingly." And she gave away her beautiful hair, and received instead the thin snow-white locks of the old woman. And they entered Death's vast conservatory, where flowers and trees grew in wonderful order and variety. There were delicate hyacinths, protected by glasses, and great healthy pines. There grew water-plants, some looking quite fresh, some sickly; water-snakes were clinging about them, and black crabs clung fast by the stalks. Here were seen magnificent palm trees, oaks, and plantains; yonder clustered the humble parsley and fragrant thyme. Not a tree, not a flower, but had its name, each corresponding with a human life; the persons whose names they bore, lived in all countries and nations on the earth; one in China, another in Greenland, and so forth. There were some large trees planted in little pots, so that their roots were contracted, and the trees themselves ready to break out from the pots; on the other hand, there was many a weekly tiny herb set in rich mould, with moss laid over its roots; and the utmost care and attention bestowed upon its preservation. And as the grieving mother bent down over all the tiniest plants, in each one she heard the pulse of human life; and out of a million others she distinguished the heart-throb of her child. "There it is!" cried she, stretching her hand over a little blue crocus flower which was hanging down on one side, sickly and feeble. "Touch not the flower!" said the old woman. "But place thyself here; and when death shall come—I expect him every minute—then suffer him not to tear up the plant; but threaten to do the same by some of the other flowers—that will terrify him! For he will have to answer for it to our Lord; no plant may be rooted up before the Almighty has given permission." Suddenly an icy breath swept through the hall, and the blind mother felt that Death had arrived. "How hast thou found the way hither?" asked he. "How couldst thou arrive here more quickly than I?" "I am a mother!" was her answer.

"I will tell the names of the two flowers which thou wert about to pluck, and thou shalt see pictured in the well their whole future, the entire course of their human lives. Thou shalt see all that thou hast yearned to destroy. And she gazed into the well; and a lovely sight it was to see how one of these lives became a blessing to the whole world, to see what a sunshine of joy and happiness it diffused around it. And she beheld the life of the other, and there was sin and sorrow, misfortune and utter misery. "Both are God's will!" said Death. "Which of them is the flower of unhappiness, and which the blessed, and blessing one?" inquired she. "That I will not tell thee," returned Death; "but this thou shalt learn from me, that one of those two flowers was the flower of thine own child. Thou hast seen the destiny, the future of thine own child! Then the mother shrieked out with terror, "Which of the two is my child? Tell me that! Save the innocent child! Release my child from all this misery! Rather bear it away—bear it into God's kingdom! Forget my tears; forget my entreaties and all that I have done; I do not understand thee!" said death. "Wilt thou have thy child back again, or shall I carry him away to that place which thou knowest not?" And the mother wrung her hands, fell upon her knees, and prayed to the All-wise, All-merciful Father. "Hear me not when I pray for what is not Thy will—Thy will is always best! Hear me not, Lord, hear me not! And her head drooped down upon her breast. And Death departed, and bore away her child to the Unknown land. [Writings of Hans Christian Andersen.]

GOOD TALKERS.—As a writer in the Post says: "Good talkers are rare. Great talkers are abundant, common as lying among lawyers, perjury among smugglers, or extortion among cabmen. But a good talker is a different thing. In the first place his grammar must be unexceptionable—though too much nicety of phrase is worse than occasional carelessness. Secondly, he talks on proper subjects at suitable times and places. Thirdly, he talks in a low tone, and only raises his voice with the spirit of the topic. Wit is not important to a good talker, though a spice of humor is, and good sense is indispensable. Adaptation to persons and occasions is a great point, and the want of it gliding defect in many otherwise good talkers. They discourse very eloquently of books to ignoramuses, of balls to devotees, of philosophy to women, and of science to sailors. They talk politics at the opera, describe a funeral at a picnic, and crack jokes on hemp before people who have lost relations by hanging, to editors who offer improvements in the mode of conducting a newspaper—to ministers (unsuspecting) diatribes on the immorality of the clergy, and to lawyers (but that is not much amiss) excellent homilies on the knavery of the bar. To talk well needs more than a ready wit and a nimble tongue."

A FIGHT.—One day this week, two combatants met in the barn-yard of Mr. Ebenezer Alvord, of this town, and had a set-to on their own account. The belligerents were a young Hibernian, in the employ of said Mr. A., and a Shanghai rooster! The aggressor is supposed to be young Pat, who having some errand to do, thoughtlessly invaded the premises of the cock of the dunghill, whereupon the latter began straightway to show fight! Of course Pat wouldn't run for a hen, and, determined to stand his ground, he 'hailed off' and placed himself in an attitude of self-defence, when Chanticleer 'bristled up' and 'pitched into him'—and then came the

'lug of war.' The fight lasted but a few minutes—the Shanghai coming off victor. The cry of 'murder! murder!' alarmed the inmates of the house, and they ran to the spot, where they found Pat prostrate and nearly senseless, and the rooster, in all his pomp and circumstance, perched upon him, crowing lustily. "The boy, though knocked down and so disabled that he was obliged to be carried to the house, will probably recover. Mr. A. says that his Shanghai will whip any man of two hundred pounds weight! Where's Tom Hyer?" [Hampton Freeman.]

A little girl went to the study of a philosopher for fire. "But you have nothing to carry it in," said he. The girl took some cold ashes in her hand, and placed the live coals upon it. The philosopher threw down his books, exclaiming, "With all my learning I never should have thought of so simple an expedient." And thus it is ever. The most learned, the most talented, as if heaven would save them from undue exaltation and pride of superiority, have only to come in contact with the comparatively ignorant and depressed in the scale of intellect, to acquire information of the highest practical use.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... MARCH 25, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Office 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.

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.

E. M. FERRISS & 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.

Warning from California.

We have been allowed to make the following extracts from a letter written by one of our citizens, who has recently arrived in California, to his friends at home. Of all our acquaintances who have gone to C., there was no one perhaps who started with higher hopes, or who more ardently believed the country was in reality, what it was represented to be, the very land of promise. How he found it shall be answered by himself:

"If I had known, before I left home, what now I know, I should have staid at home; and that, I find, is almost universally the feeling of those who have come here."

But our friend advises those who do go to C. to go prepared to make that a permanent residence. He says:

"Without family and capital enough to commence business upon, a man had better be somewhere else than in California. Without at least these advantages, this is the last place in the world he should go to; and the only things he is sure of getting are fleas, &c.—and if a man can be rich in such acquisitions, I have seen no emigrant yet who has not made his fortune. It reminds me of what the naughty boys used to say when I was 'one of 'em'—'If wishes were horses, &c.' But in all the world there is such an affinity between gold and a certain disease—that is, there is such an itching and scratching after gold, that it is hardly remarkable that one should be mistaken for the other—the curse for the blessing—and that as a sort of conventional term, a man should be said to have got a heap of gold when he has got a bad state of the itch. You may say everything you can think of to discourage our friends from coming here, for say what you will, you cannot say too much. There is scarcely a tittle of truth in the reports you get of high wages, great discoveries of gold, &c. &c. They are got up for Eastern circulation by the proprietors of steamboats, hotels, &c., who have their agents, runners and presses all over the country, to make and circulate the stories, and are getting immensely rich by it. But it is a cruel way to make money. There are hundreds in this city (San Francisco) to-day, who would be glad of chances to work for their board and clothes, but cannot get even such situations, and are too poor to go home. A man came into Mr. D.'s store to-day and asked for some work, and wanted to do something by which he could earn money enough to pay for a meal since the day before yesterday. This young man had been head clerk in a store in N. Y. before he came here, at a salary of 1200 dollars, and appeared to be a respectable young man, of temperate and good business habits.

"—, —, —, have gone to the mines, feeling blue enough, and with prospects discouraging enough to make them feel so; but I should not be surprised to see them return any day; for miners are returning to the city by dozens every day, telling doleful stories of poor luck and hard fare."

If those who receive California letters would let the public know their contents, no doubt such counsel would be obtained as would save great numbers from the prevalent delusion.

The truth, though greatly embarrassed, is finding its way out; and when fairly before the people, we cannot doubt that the rush to California, which has ruined so many of the hardy sons of Maine, will cease at once.

Railroad to Bangor.

A meeting was called in Bangor for last evening, to consult upon the immediate construction of the railroad between that city and Waterville. It has been proposed to loan the credit of the city for \$400,000, upon the security of \$600,000 previously expended upon the road, and this places the enterprise in a condition to be commenced forthwith.

A VISIT TO JAPAN.—An interesting account has been published of the visit of the whaler Manhattan, Capt. Cooper, of Sag Harbor, to Jeddo, the capital of Japan. It is known that none but the Dutch have been allowed to enter the Japanese ports heretofore; but this favor was probably accorded to Capt. Cooper in return for his kindness and human-

ity in rescuing some shipwrecked Japanese, and carrying them into port. The account says:—

"The ship was immediately visited by a great number of people of all ranks, from the Governor of Jeddo and the high officers attached to the person of the Emperor, arrayed in golden and gorgeous tunics, to the lowest menials of the government, clothed in rags.

Neither the officers nor crew were allowed to go out of ship. The ship was surrounded and guarded by three circular barriers of boats. Each circle was about a hundred feet from the ship. In the first circle the boats were tied with a hawser so completely that their sides touched each other, and that nothing could pass between or break through them. There were nearly a thousand armed boats, decorated during the day with banners and glittering spears, at night with lanterns, and when the captain left the harbor these boats towed him twenty miles out to sea.

A courteous leave was then taken of him, and the captain left, highly gratified with the result of the adventure among those secluded but highly civilized people. Among the articles taken from the wreck of the Japanese ship were some charts of the principal Islands composing the Empire, said to be some of the most interesting specimens of geographical art and literature which ever wandered from the shores of Eastern Asia."

A CARROT JOKE!

BY OUR DUDE.

My friend, are you so fortunate as to number among your many acquaintances, one of those shrewd, cool headed fellows, who, possessed of a thorough knowledge of the wicked ways of this world, glides along through it as easy as 'Old Tiley?' whose keen perception of the ludicrous finds no outlet on the expressive face—but there sit enthroned the same sober, staid and quiet satisfaction, and let good or evil come the flesh moveth not in rejoicing or sorrow, outwardly. Such a person is my friend Jones; I may as well call him Jones, as a 'rose by any other &c.' Now Tom Jones is one of those gifted individuals alluded to above; he could always flog me in anything we ever contested together. If I rode a fast horse, he was sure to bestride one that walked away from me with 'go way! truck! we can't dicker.' In fact, Tom could see a little further into a mill stone than I could. Some of your readers may doubt that statement, but I assure them that the 'proof of the pudding is the eating,' and they may satisfy themselves on this point. Tom was an inveterate joker, and would perpetrate some rascals with a phiz that would have graced one of our old puritan ancestors. His stories are always 'side splitters,' and told in that dry vein of irresistible humor, that completely carries one away, during the recital—you look at him, not a muscle moves, and, grave as a judge, he would appear to one who could see but not hear him to be reciting some eulogy or lamenting the loss of a favorite horse. But to my story. I give it as it was told me, as near as I can remember.

Some two months since, Tom (who lives in a fashionable quarter of our aristocratic city) met me as I was on my way 'down town,' and hailing me with the usual 'Good morning,' inquired 'if I had seen a tall man with sandy whiskers standing on the corner?' 'No one but myself,' replied I. 'Well,' says Tom, 'some one has sold me.' 'Sold you what?' I asked. 'Carrots,' says Tom. 'Carrots! Tom! explain yourself'—and he did. 'Why,' said he, 'yesterday morning, after I had left the house, a countryman apparently rang the door bell, and inquired of the servant girl if Mr. Jones resided there, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, said that he had a load of carrots that Mr. J. had just purchased, and wished to know where he should put them. Mrs. Jones, who, by the way, is a devoted wife, and an excellent lady, thought it rather singular that Mr. J. should buy such a quantity of carrots, but as all good wives do, presumed her husband knew what he was about, and merely inquired out of curiosity how many carrots there were. 'Well, marm'—about two tons in this load.' Now, Mrs. J. had no definite idea of two tons of carrots, but gave directions to have them placed in the cellar. At the usual time Tom came home to dinner. 'What in the world are you going to do with all those carrots, Tom?' No answer. Tom looked up a moment, and a close observer might have detected a sly twitching in one corner of his mouth, but 'Jaws do your duty' was Tom's thought, and soon Mrs. J. repeated the question. 'Carrots,' says Tom, 'what carrots? I don't know anything about carrots. Wife, you're joking.' 'Indeed, I'm not,' responded Mrs. J.—and she related to him the occurrence of the morning. Tom was astonished, and bounded into the cellar, where the huge heap of this vegetable lay, piled up at one end of the cellar, giving ocular demonstration that there was no humbug about it. 'Some mistake,' says Tom; 'they were left at the wrong house, and I'll warrant the man will come and take them away before night.' But no one came, and the carrots remained. Tom thought no more about the matter, but went to his place of business the next day as usual. Not long after his departure, our countryman made his appearance at the door. 'I have brought the rest of those carrots, marm,' said he, in reply to Mrs. J.'s look of wonder. 'But my good man,' says Mrs. J., 'there is some mistake; you are leaving your carrots at the wrong house.' 'All right, marm, depend on it!—this is Mr. Jones's house in L— Street?' 'Yes,' replied Mrs. J., 'but it's wrong, and you must take out those you have already put into the cellar.' 'Couldn't think of it, marm; though I did sell 'em dog cheap, four tons of carrots, marm, for sixteen dollars—won't pay for hoe handles—dog cheap, marm, I assure you.' 'But Mr. J. says he never bought them.' 'All right, marm, I just left Mr. J. out here on the corner, and he said he would settle it with you when he came home to dinner. Oh, it's all right, marm, for he told me to come to his store in P— Street as soon as I had unloaded this lot and he'd pay me for the whole—dog cheap, marm, at four dollars a ton for

such carrots as these is.' Mrs. J. was amazed, but supposed her husband had seen the man, and would clear up the mystery when he came home, and allowed the man to deposit the remaining two tons on the same heap.

'So, Tom, you found out about the carrots, did you?' 'No,' says Tom. 'What!' said Mrs. J., 'you knew there's another load come to-day, didn't you?' Tom sprang to his feet, nearly upsetting the table. 'Now this was a very remarkable movement for Tom, and Mrs. J. knew something had struck him into nearly as large a heap as was made by the uncomfortable esculent in the cellar. 'Another load!' shouted Tom. 'Yes,' quietly remarked the lady. Tom could hardly believe his senses; he made a desperate rush to the cellar, and there it was nearly half occupied by this offending vegetable. Tom's chin sunk to its proper position in an instant, and now there was no perceptible change from his usual expression. He sat down deliberately in perfect silence and cogitated for the space of five minutes; at last he burst out into one of those hearty, generous peals of laughter for which he is famous, and so contagious was it that Mrs. J. joined with him without knowing why. 'Sold, by the Great Horn Spoon!' roared Tom. 'Sold for four tons of carrots! Cheap, by Is-carrot!' However, Tom took it coolly, and when I met him a few days since he was making tracks for Quincy Market to sell four tons of nice carrots.

Post Office Robbed.

C. Hinds, Esq., Postmaster at Sebasticook, writes us as follows, under date of the 23d inst. "Last night my store, containing the Post Office was broken open, by forcing the outer door with an iron bar, the bolt of the lock having been broken. All the letters in the Post Office were abstracted, excepting a few dropped or not discovered. Nothing else is missed excepting about half a pint of coppers."

Similar robberies have been perpetrated, within a short time, at several other offices—Brown's Corner, and we think Winslow and South China among the number.

LADY'S BOOK FOR APRIL.—It is a splendid number, beautiful in embellishments, and brilliant in its literary contributions. The engraving of 'Watts' first conception of the Steam Engine, representing the youthful mechanic contemplating the vapor emitted from the spout of a tea kettle, is a real gem. 'The Old Farm Gate,' is a touching picture of rural life. This is well deserving the immense popularity it enjoys among the ladies in all parts of our country, and is well entitled to a place in every parlor of the Union.

CIDER. Some one in Windham county, Conn., wrote a letter to Mr. Dow, (the Mayor,) inquiring whether the law prohibits the manufacture of cider. The following is Mr. Dow's reply. It is published in the Windham County Telegraph:

PORTLAND, Feb. 3d, 1852.

MR. H.—Dear Sir: In answer to your inquiries, I have to say that the Maine Law does not forbid the manufacture of cider. It is not intoxicating when manufactured. It may be freely sold when new and afterwards kept for vinegar. The manufacture goes on in this State as ever, but after it becomes intoxicating it cannot be sold except by city or town agents. Perhaps you may publish this information to the world to put the 'cider question,' as you call it to rest.

NEAL DOW.

GEN. SCOTT AND THE IRISH.—Gen. Scott, being invited by the 'Seward Association' of Brooklyn, N. Y., an Irish society, wrote in reply, declining the honor, on account of a pressure of public business, and said:

"You do me but justice in supposing me to take a lively interest in Ireland and her sons. Perhaps no man—certainly no American—owes so much to the valor and blood of Irishmen as myself. Many of them marched and fought under my command in 1812-15, and many more, thousands, in the recent war with Mexico—not one of whom was ever known to turn his back upon the enemy or a friend."

The New York Evening Post thinks the brave General's memory has failed him. "If we recollect aright," the Post says, 'the band that penned this letter to the Seward Association, had occasion to sign the death warrant of the deserters, Patrick Riley and his companions, whose murderous fire proved especially fatal to our troops in their attack on the city of Mexico, in the war of 1848.'

A YANKEE OVER THE CRATER. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from Naples, thus describes an amusing interview with a live Yankee:

"The other day, on reaching the top of Vesuvius, I described a man sitting astride a block of marble. I don't know why, but I marked him at once for my countryman. As I advanced towards him, I could not help noticing the cool manner in which he and Vesuvius were taking a smoke together. His long line was run out like a bowsprit, and he took the whole affair as calmly as one would look upon a kitchen fire at home. As soon as I came up with him he bawled out, 'Hallo, stranger! pretty considerable lot of lava round here! Any news down below? Ye haint tucked under, be ye?' Oh my asking him if he had looked into the crater, he replied, 'Yaas, but I burnt the laigs of my trousers though, I tell you.' He turned out to be a man from New England who came up from Marseilles to see the volcano."

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The following is an extract from a letter received in Portland dated California, Feb. 9, 1852:—

"We got a Boston Journal (for California,) yesterday, of Dec. 24. I see by that, the California fever is raging again in Maine and other parts of New England.

"The accounts from the mines, which reach the States through the California papers, should be received with many grains of allowance. In all parts of the mines, there are speculators who endeavor to draw as many people as possible around them, and in their correspondence with the papers, they are very careful to mention every instance of good luck, (magnifying it ten fold) while they say nothing about the other side. If a man makes \$500 or \$1000 in one day from a claim, they state that fact without stating what is, in nine times out of ten, the case, that he has been weeks or months preparing to do this, and in the mean time has realized nothing from his claim."

Prof. Crouch's Concert.

On account of the storm, Prof. Crouch's Concert, advertised for Tuesday, was deferred to Saturday evening of this week. The programme will be seen in another column. The distinguished reputation of Prof. C. in the musical world, as a composer and vocalist, leaves no room to doubt that the entertainment will be one of rare classical interest—such as we have only occasionally in Waterville. Certainly nothing less can be expected from the author of many of the most popular songs and musical compositions extant.

By permission of Professor C. we insert one of the poetical illustrations of his American Work now writing entitled "Life in the West" and which we are given to understand, will appear simultaneously in this, and the old country, the writer having secured the copyright in both.

THE TEAMSTER'S SONG.

I am a jolly teamster, and trolls my way along,
A singing to my oxen a right good merry song—
There's Brown, and Star, and Black, and Gray, as fat as
beefs can be,
They know my voice when'er I speak—no yoke's like
them to me.
They till the ground in farming time, and fetches home
the hay,
And draws my wood, in winter time, when harvest's
stowed away;
And this the burden of my song, is now, and e'er shall
be,
I cares for nobody!—No, not I!—if nobody cares for me.
And when our daily work is done, I leads 'em to the
brook,
And watches 'em refresh the while, with pride and honest
eat look;
From there unyoked I leads 'em home, to stable and
warming;
And rubs 'em down, and feeds 'em well, and keeps 'em
from the storm.
Thus morn should treat his fellow man!—nor crash him
down with care;
As brothers, then our griefs would be what every man
could bear.
But might is right, throughout the world, and proud the
So cares for nobody! No, not I!—if nobody cares for me.

And when I die—as die I must—I've done my God no
wrong;
I've led an honest "Teamster's Life," and trolled a mer-
ry song;
I've goaded either man, or beast, throughout my toil-
some life;
But taught my children how to live, and fondly loved
my wife,
And when my neighbors ask a boon, I shares my little
peff,
And gives to them what has been giv'n, by God, unto
myself.
Thus spending life right happily, and loved by all, I've
seen—
I says—I cares for nobody!—if nobody cares for me.

Clean Work—the Field Drivers Abroad.

The neighboring farmers, whose sleighs have been pillaged in our streets by lawless cows, and their grain and butter 'nosed about' by straggling swine, will be glad to hear of a reform in these matters since March meeting. Some of the Field Drivers are turning a joke to good account, and every cow or hog found running at large has been hurried away to prison. An extensive business has already been done, and the prospect is that those who have raised pork and made butter at the expense of their neighbors for years past, will be taught that it is cheaper to buy.

The Williams House.

Landlord Williams has been recruiting among the lakes and lumbermen, up north; and as a matter of course, his guests, of which there is never much lack, are feasting on nice trout, moose steak, venison, and the like. True, this is nothing extra for the Williams House, but we mention it for the benefit of the uninitiated—and because we know it to be a fact. Good things are fashionable there—they are "in the bill." Nowhere, that we know of, is the old idea of "victuals and food" more thoroughly carried out, or more practically illustrated. Those who have faith in Graham bread had better avoid the Williams House, especially during the season of trout and moose steak.

Workings of the Law.

Mr. Spencer, of Readfield, who has for some weeks past been scudding before his pursuers, for selling rum at Belgrade, was finally caught on Friday of last week, by constable Craig, of Waterville. He was brought to this village, tried and convicted before Justice Heath, and immediately taken to jail—refusing to pay costs and fine, amounting to about \$70.

Mr. Lamb, keeper of the China House, was recently arrested by the same officer (with an efficient assistant), after a hard chase on the pond, and afterwards over the fields and among the bushes—to the great amusement of the people of China. Mr. Lamb was taken before Justice Heath, and gave bonds for his reappearance.

LOVE-LETTERS AND NONSENSE. A love-letter is a heterogeneous compound of lies and nonsense. If you are really in love, you are positively unfit to write; if you are not in love, you will only be puzzling your brain to invent falsehoods, which is ten times worse. Love-letters are the silliest of created things, and are only endurable when read aloud in public court to afford amusement to a gaping crowd; however, they are 'useful' sometimes, in an action at law, to secure 'damages.' 'Black and white' are awkward witnesses, and aids to assist the memory 'anything but pleasant.'

One pleasant Sabbath morning in the city of New York, a boy neatly dressed, with books in hand, was seen walking briskly along the Avenue, on his way to the Sabbath School. As he approached the corner of the street which led to the church, he heard the voices of several boys, and on turning, found them busily playing at marbles! They at first tried to persuade him to join them; then they ridiculed him; and finally as he went steadily on, they shouted after him: 'You dare not stop; you dare not stay away from the Sabbath School!—No!' said the boy, turning round and looking at them full in the face, no; but I dare go, even if you do laugh at me!

TRUE.—Prof. Amos Dean, in his address before the Essex County Agricultural Society, related the following:

"There is much in what one of the mountain patriarchs among the 'hills of Berkshire,' told Henry Clay when he was commending them for their morals and industry. 'Yes,' he replied, 'we are a hard-working people. We dig and plow all the day, and when night comes are too tired to sin.' I am afraid that in cities and more highly favored regions, the reverse may be true, and that after sinning all day they are too tired to work."

The sun it riz, the wind went whiz, the river riz;—First it blew, then it snowed, then it thawed. Next it rained, then it drizzled, then it flizzed.

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.
A PROCLAMATION.
FOR A DAY OF
Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

A kind Providence has again brought us to the commencement of the season of showers and sunshine, of flowers and fruits, of enjoyments and hopes, and of toil and anticipations. The past year has been crowned with the fruition of plentiful abundance for the supply of our animal wants, with the enjoyment of an unwonted degree of health and temporal prosperity. We have been surrounded with all the facilities for intellectual culture and development, and with all the means fitted to secure our immortal well being. But has it left upon our minds anything but a faint impress of bounties received, and of blessings enjoyed? Is the hand of an overruling and beneficent Providence seen and felt in all this? Have not pride and self-confidence usurped, in our hearts, the place which should be filled with honor and gratitude to the Father and Giver of all?

If so, let us in self-abasement implore His forgiveness for the past, and supplicate His aid for the future—that we may be delivered of the sins that have so readily beset us, of pride and self-reliance—that He will implant in us a right heart and a right spirit for the reception of His bounties—that He will continue to crown our efforts with success, and that He will impart to the down-trodden and suffering nations of the earth, the blessings He has vouchsafed to us.

To this end I do, hereby, with the advice of the Executive Council, appoint and set apart THURSDAY, the fifteenth day of April next, as a day of Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer; and I do hereby recommend to the citizens of this State, on that day to refrain from all employment inconsistent with this end, in the fear of the Lord, to inculcate the same upon their children and those under their care, and with one accord to repair to their several places of public worship, there to offer up their prayer and supplications to the one, Being who controls all and bestows all.

Given at the Council Chamber, this 17th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, and of the independence of the United States, the sixteenth.

JOHN HUBBARD.

By the Governor.
JOHN G. SAWYER, Secretary of State.

THE COMMODORE'S CHART. The following anecdote is related of the late Commodore Brainbridge by an old shipmate, and illustrates the extraordinary prudence which adorned the character of the distinguished commander: "We were bound for Malta, with every prospect of making that port within twenty-four hours. The master had taken the sun, and announced meridian; the logarithms were worked up and our exact position defined by dividers and rule upon the chart. We were heading S. W., and going free, with a nine breeze. Suddenly the Commodore made his appearance, and gave orders to the officer of the deck to brace the yards sharp, and lay her close to wind. After the slight confusion incident to the execution of this order had subsided, the Commodore produced his chart, and showed us that, had we continued our course twenty minutes longer we would have been upon a rock there laid down, and more dangerous because of its position directly in the track of vessels bound from Levant to Malta. The next morning we had a gale from the Northward and Eastward, which lasted for several days, and blew us so far from our course that we were three weeks in beating to windward. However, we finally reached Malta, having suffered no other inconvenience than from a short supply of water. Upon stating our narrow escape to a reefer of the Medora Seventy-four, we were ridiculed exceedingly, and the existence of the rock denied. Our chart one of Blunt's best, was produced, and a closer inspection showed that the spot we had taken for a rock, and so carefully avoided, was laid down by an innocent fly."

Country boys who 'go to sea,' generally get what they go for, especially if you spell the sea with two e's. They 'go to see' the difference between a comfortable house and the damp mists of a forecastle—between warm beds and wet, ill-conditioned 'bunks'—between mince pies and chicken fixings and salt horse and pickled side leather—between the friendly greetings of the neighbors and the 'd— your eyes' of a bullheaded mate—between the 'dry clothes' with which 'mothers' ever welcome you from the pitiless storm and the wet sails which a brutal captain tells you to bundle up, or he'll 'break your bloody head for you.' Whether such seeing, however, is worth what it costs, is at least doubtful. As an admirer of dry breeches, we should think it wasn't.

ARGUMENTS FOR RUM.—One of the speakers at the New York meeting against the Liquor Law, a Mr. Camp, closed his remarks by saying that he defied 'any one to call to mind a single man who ever originated an idea in poetry or prose, in mechanics or science, who did not take his toddy; or a single notorious robber, or other scoundrel, who drank to excess.'

The Yankee Blade says, that a Mr. Deale, who goes in for dealing in liquor, lately lectured on the Maine Liquor Law, in Boylston Hall, Boston. The character of his argument may be inferred from his having said that Mahomet did not allow his followers to use alcohol, and the nation had degenerated. The Puritans brought alcohol with them in the Mayflower, and 'under its influence' caused this wild and barren country to blossom like the rose!

THE EASTERN STEAMERS. The Boston Traveller of Friday, says the steamer Boston will be placed on the route to Bangor, and the Ocean on the route to Bath, Gardiner and Hallowell, in a few weeks. The propeller Eastern States is now running to Bangor. The St. Lawrence, John Marshall, and a new boat now building, will run daily to Portland during the coming season. The Admiral has been repairing in the East River, New York, with a new boiler, machinery, &c., and will leave New York for Boston next Saturday, to be placed on the route from Boston to Eastport and St. John. The owner of the Admiral, Mr. Wheeler of Eastport, is having a new Steamer of about 700 tons built in New York to run between Calais, Eastport and Boston—She will be ready in June.—[Hallowell Cultivator.]

Five States, out of the original thirteen have so far taken measures to be represented in the Convention to be held in Philadelphia on the 4th of July; with reference to the erection in Independence Square, in that city, of monuments commemorative of the old thirteen States which formed the federal compact at the time of the Declaration of Independence. The States that have chosen delegates thus far are Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Georgia.

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

sixteen missionaries are employed to look after the sheep of their pastures, and the care of their flocks? Men enough, if actively employed—if having the spirit of Peter and Pauls, to do the preaching for the whole country, and having pay enough every year to meet the wants of the apostles, if they had been so today;—how many of them are tending those dark lanes and avenues where sin and death is? How many of them are ministering to the poor emigrant in the garret and

Persons who are desirous to purchase any kind of Store
ensuing year, will find it greatly to their advantage to attend
it IMMEDIATELY, as the time is limited to a few weeks only.
Waterbury, Feb. 14, 1852. 31 J. ALDEN

House and Lot for Sale in Winslow.
THE subscriber offers for sale the House and
Lot, which he now occupies, in the Village of Win-
slow, containing one and a half acres of land, with
a two-story House and out-buildings. Also,
undivided half of the POTTERY and Lot, situate
on the Mill-Brook Stream, near HATLEY'S Mills, in said
village. The above property will be sold for a
reasonable term, and is a very eligible situation for a mechanic.
Winslow, Feb. 17, 1852. 6020 GEO. W. MURPHY

kins, - now, therefore, I claim that the conditions of said in-
gage have been broken, and hereby give notice that I claim
foreclose the same according to law, by reason of a breach of
conditions thereof. AMOS C. HODGKIN
Vienna, March 17, 1852. 35

Burning Fluid and Lamp Oils,
GOOD and cheap, for sale at No. 1 Phenix Row, by
Aug. 14, 1851. 4 WILLIAM DYE

Nov. 6, 1851. 16 GEO. R. CHASE, Adm'r

Dissolution.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of
1 SEAVEY & WILLIAMS, is this day, by mutual consent,
dissolved

Waterville, Nov. 5, 1850. 34 JOHN L. SEAVEY
E. D. WILLIAMS

BOSTON, MARCH, 1852.

HOUSE, well finished, outbuildings, etc.
The above will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to ER
TUS O. WHEELER, on the premises.
Waterville, Jan. 16, 1882 2611

Wrought Veils.
THE best assortment in Waterville, at the lowest prices, at
26
MRS. DRABURYS

150 **BAKING** 3, 1-2, and 1-2 barrels **NEW GARDIN**
FLOUR, at **J. R. BOW'S**

To Let.

THE STORE lately occupied by Buxton & Smith, on the corner of Main and Front streets. Apply to **H. L. PAINE**, at Paine & Getchell's. Terms reasonable.

Watausville, Jan. 18, 1850.

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