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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 38): April 8, 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. WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1852. NO. 38.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE CHIMING BELLS.

There are chiming bells in the morning glow,  
That warble and sing from each smiling flower  
And the leaflets glance to the mellow tones,  
And the lone night wind no longer moans,  
For the angels have tuned each tiny bell,  
And taught them the words of life they tell.  
Sweetly and low they are floating around,  
And the heart alone can find to the sound,  
"Ye who whose spirits no blight has come,  
Welcome this voice from your brighter home;  
Tread in the morning, that beautiful way,  
Which leads to the gardens of blooming day."  
There are chiming bells in the noontime's glow,  
And the loudest in a deeper measure flow,  
In the faint that sleeps in the rich sunlight,  
And the branches hang o'er the waters bright,  
In the gliding shades of the forest dell,  
The spirit chimes with their music well.  
Step softly, and catch, in the moon's glad ray,  
The night notes of that chanting lay,  
"The dew is dew from the flowers of morn,  
What gifts to these have their light wings borne?  
O still gather treasures from paths of light,  
And clasp them more closely, when comes the night!"  
There are chiming bells at eventide,  
How gently the low-voiced numbers glide,  
Where the moonbeams meet on the purple wave,  
And the starlight falls on the moss-wreathed grave,  
From the folded leaves of the silent grave,  
These sweet bells are stealing once again.

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE PEDLAR AND HIS DOG.

Some years ago I travelled through a portion of Michigan. I went on foot, or rode, as best suited my purpose. I carried rich silks and jewelry to those disposed to buy. My only companion during my journey, was a large dog, of the Newfoundland breed. Lion was fit to be the king of his species. He was good-natured and quiet, and there was something more than human in his eyes. He attended to his business, and never quarrelled like curs of low degree. He would bear an insult, from worthless puppies, with philosophy worthy of emulation. And I never knew him, save on a few occasions, to resent the undue liberties of puppies of larger growth. When his bile, however was thoroughly aroused, he made such offenders a terrible warning to evil doers.

When I travelled, he trotted along by my side, and when I stopped to trade, he seated himself near by me, and watched all my movements with a business like expression. It annoyed him a little, sometimes, to see my customers drag the goods from my pack, and handle them with such freedom, which he expressed by a low growl, while he followed every piece with his eyes, to see that they were not appropriated without proper compensation, and my full consent.

He really took a strong dislike to those who were disposed to find fault with everything, and my prices in particular. I believe he knew every article I carried, and the value I attached to them. Be this as it may, he seemed satisfied when I was, and wagged his tail, when I made a good trade. He was an excellent watch-dog, and there was no danger of anything confided to his care, being taken away. I found him very useful and companionable in my travels.

Conveyances were so scarce and uncertain, that I was obliged to go on foot from one settlement to another. Sometimes these journeys were any thing but pleasant; and as the country was new, and the state of society anything but good, robberies were frequently perpetrated upon these lonely roads, and there were many, no doubt, to whom the rich stuff I carried, would be a sufficient inducement to commit a murder.

This idea frequently occurred to me in travelling through the woods of the West. But old Lion was by my side, ready to die in my defence, and proud to share my wanderings. I always went armed. An excellent brace of pistols—steel barrelled, and loaded with ball—were never from my pocket, save long enough to see that they were in order, and at night they lay beneath my pillow. I felt quite safe with these and Lion, who were the companions of my nights as well as days. He always lay down between my head and the door, with his face towards the latter. No one could enter without attracting the attention of Lion.

One day in the month of 1838, I found myself in a small settlement on the borders of a small lake, anxious to get forward to the next, which was about eight miles distant. No conveyance could be obtained without waiting until the next day, which I was not inclined to do, so I set out on foot. It was near night, and I walked forward briskly. I was not long in discovering that my expedition would be by no means an agreeable one.

The road—if road it could be called—was very bad, and passed through the most gloomy forest of that part of the country. The night, too, of apace, and promised to be darker than common. But Lion trotted along by my side. He was a smart walker, and was confident I was getting over the ground fast; so I did not mind it much.

On the darkness which before I was aware of, it seemed to me that I had already walked eight miles, but could see no signs of settlement. This surprised me a little, for I was used to travelling, and knew well my ability to calculate distances. And I kept up a good heart, and went on, until I was quite certain I had mistaken the way, or been mistaken in regard to the distance. I concluded it would be best to keep the road that I was in, until I reached some habitation.

In a short time I was glad I had made this resolution, for I saw a light glimmering from a cabin. I approached it as soon as possible. It was rather above the medium size. A

I might be accommodated there very well. It had the appearance of being very comfortable within. I knocked for admission. The door was opened by a man.

Now I am not a person to believe in presentiments, misgivings, and all that sort of thing; but I certainly saw something in that man's countenance, that I did not like, the moment I set eyes upon him. In a gruff voice he asked my way, and was under the necessity of asking accommodations. After hesitating a moment he asked me to enter. A tall female was seated in a corner, near a large stone fire-place. She seemed busy in watching a piece of meat hissing over the fire. It struck me that I had never seen a more apathetic-looking countenance than hers. She hardly noticed my entry. She might from her appearance, be forty years old. Her face was remarkably long, and wrinkled to a degree to excite curiosity. Her nose was sharp and skinny, as was indeed her whole face. The head gear was wholly indescribable, and from beneath it, gray hairs were visible. Her entire dress was quaint and unlike anything I had seen. I could hardly keep my eyes off her. She, as well as the man, glanced eagerly at my pack as I laid it down. The latter was a coarse looking person whose countenance appeared more indicative of opacity than villainy.

To my questions he replied very civilly after I had entered, and he had got a view of my person. I learned from him what I had suspected for the last half hour, that I had taken the wrong road.

A kind of telegraphing took place between the two, after which I was informed I could stay. This did not appear to be a very great favor, since I had a chance to observe my host and hostess.

At length, the meat which had been cooking upon the coals, was placed upon the table. I was invited to partake of it, which I did with my host, who had been absent, and had returned a few moments before my arrival. During my repast, Lion took his seat by my side, receiving a portion, as he always did.

When I finished, I drew away from the board, and taking a paper from my pocket pretended to be reading.

I glanced up occasionally from under my brows, and was startled to see the apathy of the woman (as well as the man) wearing off rapidly. Her eyes grew animated, and in union with his, sought my pack oftener and oftener. They glanced at the dog with evident dissatisfaction.

Presently I nodded over my paper, like a sleeping person. Instantly the manner of the two persons grew more alarming. Finally the tall hag lifted up my pack, and weighed it in her hand as well as she was able. Her eyes flashed like a serpent's, for it contained a large quantity of specie, besides valuable jewelry and costly silks. I always made a practice of putting my silver money in a bag and depositing it in a corner of said pack; but my bills were placed in a belt, which I wore next to my person, round the body.

After she had done this, she motioned to him to come and lift it, which he did with apparently as much satisfaction as his other half had experienced.

He then opened the door softly, and motioned the dog to go out. Though I have no doubt but Lion understood pantomime as well as any body, he did not offer to stir, but lay at my feet as quietly as ever. At last the old hag got impatient, and shook the poker at him. Lion showed two rows of white teeth, and uttered a low growl. The pantomime ceased in an instant. The door was closed, and the poker returned to its place. I stirred a little; they were quick to observe me.

A fine dog, said the man, thinking it probable I might hear the remark. I reckon he wants to get out—he growls as though he did.

A pause followed this remark. He thought I might order him out, but I did not do so.

"Nice dog," the woman added, after a moment, "nice dog; and then she offered him a piece of meat and attempted to fondle him. Contrary to her expectation, he refused the meat, and put an end to all familiarity by showing his teeth in a very testy manner.

This was something strange for him. I never knew him to refuse meat before, when it was offered him. Had Lion shared my suspicions? Had his instinct taught him that the hand outstretched was not a friendly one?

By this last act of hostility on the part of my dog, the hag appeared not a little disconcerted. She retreated almost behind my chair, and shook her skinny fist at him; but he did not condescend to express any uneasiness at that rather decided and energetic expression of her feelings.

I now thought it time to wake up, which I did with a preliminary yawn or two. The same apathy came back, and settled upon the features of my entertainers that had before marked their countenances. I gave them to understand that I wished to retire. There were two apartments in the cabin; and they both left the one I was in, to make some arrangements in the other for my accommodation. They were both absent for some time, and I was quite sure I heard them move the bed to another part of the room. They came out at length, and I was told my bed was ready. They watched my movements with considerable interest when I arose to retire. I started at first without my pack on purpose. The faces of the worthy pair lighted up; I returned and took it they fell in a moment. This was not all—I passed in first, and the woman attempted to shut the door on Lion; but the latter put forth his strength and sprang in, after me in an instant almost upsetting the hag in the operation.

I thought the creter would like to stay, by the fire, and she, by way of apology.

Call the varmint out—taint like the gentleman wants to sleep in the room with a beast, added my host, in a way that expressed a great deal of Christian anxiety for my welfare.

I prefer to have him with me, I replied.

"He won't eat the quarter of meat in there, will he?"

"Oh, no," I answered; "you are quite right—he never takes any thing that is not his."

Saying this, I wished them good night, and closed the door.

The hag provided the bed with a dim yellow blanket, and the first thing I did was to examine everything in the room. "Twas pretty well furnished up. Various kinds of regulable lamps, of different colors, among which were phosphoric, potash and iron, and a few others, together with a quantity of wicks, some jerked

beef, and skins of animals. The bed next passed under my inspection. It was a poor concern, the frame being made of rough poles, in the same state that they were taken from the wood, and the clothing upon it was coarse enough for a hermit. But what struck me as being a little singular, was that the head of the bed was turned towards the partition separating the two rooms, and right opposite the pillow was a wide crack, which had the appearance of being left by design.

I began to feel queer, but that is not just the word to express what I mean. I had large sums of money about me, enough to tempt the cupidity of my entertainers, at any rate, and their actions had already convinced me. How easy it would be for them to shoot me through the crevice, while I slept. The idea got possession of me fully, and I could not drive it away. I would have fastened the door, but there was nothing to fasten it with, and I was impressed with the idea that the danger would not come in that direction. If it should, Lion was there to apprise me of it. I laid off my coat, and bustled about as though I was undressing. I put my pistols under my pillow, and laid down—but such an uncomfortable and terrible sense of oppression upon me, that I could not think of sleeping. Lion, too, appeared uneasy—came and put his fore paws upon the bed every few minutes, then went back to his post by the door, and laid down in a kind of feverish anxiety.

At last I feigned sleep, and snored most merrily; but I did not fail to look through the crevice to see what my host and hostess were doing. They laid down upon the bed which stood in the room, without taking off their clothes, and were quiet enough until I began to snore; then I heard them whisper. What were my sensations when I saw them arise softly, and the man take a gun from behind the bed! I saw him, assisted by the hag, draw out a charge of shot which was in the gun, and reload it with a handful of slugs. I turned over heavily, and pretended to awake. My plan of action was arranged in a moment. I had worn a wig for several years, on account of losing my hair by a fever. I now determined to make it of more use than it had ever been before. I lifted myself quietly from the bed and felt about in the dark until I found one of the pumpkins I had seen. Over this I drew my wig, and it happened to be an excellent fit. Having dressed it in this uncommon manner, I crept back to my bed placed it upon the pillow in the exact position my head had occupied. When it was thus adjusted, it was in juxtaposition with the crevice, through which I now took another look. Heavens! the fiends were now loading a brace of pistols with the same infernal slugs!

I can't say but I felt a little afraid about the throat just then. I looked towards old Lion. I could just discern his great eyes through the darkness. He was still upon the alert. The perspiration began to roll down my face in great drops, not that I felt absolutely afraid—for I flatter myself that I am not a coward—but I did not like the idea of taking human life. I was confident that I could defend myself, yet even that confidence was not enough to make me feel altogether comfortable.

Taking my pistol in my hands, I bent over the bed, and commenced snoring again, at the same time watching the movements of the man and his amiable spouse. Every explosion from my nose seemed to give her infinite satisfaction. They looked at each other, nodded, and smiled grimly. He took the gun, and in his stocking feet approached the crevice opposite my bed, followed by the hag with the pistols and carving knife. Stopping, he peeped into my room, and brought his ferocious-looking eyes to bear upon my wig. I knew it would be dangerous to see any more. I raised my head out of harm's way, and emitted now and then a snore. I distinctly heard him fix the muzzle of the gun against the fissure opposite the wig, and then with a tremor of indignation, and a kind of creeping sensation all over me, I drew back and awaited the result. It was a moment of awful suspense to me. What if he should discover the cheat and elevate his piece? A thousand such thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant. The cold sweat ran down my face in streams. Thank heaven! I was not kept long in suspense.

A terrible explosion followed the fearful pause. A storm of slugs poured into my bed, perforating my wig, and scattering the pumpkin in every direction.

"He won't never tell no stories," I heard the assassin say, as he dropped the breach of the gun heavily on the floor. "Now for the dog!"

During these operations, Lion had placed himself by my side, with his fore feet upon the bed, while to keep him still, I placed my hand over his mouth. At the moment of the discharge, he gave a low growl, and I pointed towards the door. He understood my meaning well. His eyes flashed like balls of fire, while he waited the moment to wreak his vengeance on the assassins.

I will open the door a little, and when the creter sticks his head out, shoot him," said the wolf.

The door was opened, but the creter did not stick his head out. Lion knew better than that; he waited his chance. Emboldened by not hearing anything, the door was gradually opened. Now was the time. With a terrific howl, Lion leaped over the head of the assassin, and seizing the ruffian by the throat, dragged him in as he came to the door, where a great struggle took place. In another moment the hag was writhing in my nervous grasp. Her surprise was so great that she made but little resistance, and I quickly bound her hand and feet, with a cord which she had procured for another use—perhaps to strangle my body away into the woods.

The next thing was to attend to the man and Lion. The struggle was still going on, but the former had the worst of it. Lion had set his sharp teeth into the throat of the wretch, and rendered all his efforts abortive, although he was a man of powerful frame. He was already reeking with blood, and I hastened to save what little life was in him. The dog was loth to quit his hold, and when he did, he left one victim to punish another; for before I could prevent it, he set his teeth quite through the hag's arm, who shrieked like a lunatic.

The fellow looked ghastly enough when I released him. His neck was frightfully torn, but he got no sympathy from me. I bound him as I had his companion in inequity, while he maintained a moody silence, and also bound a course upon the dog. I bound her upon around his neck, which was all the surgical aid he got from me. Lion seemed very well sat-

isfied with the arrangements, and laid down in the corner, and watched them with much calm philosophy.

We remained with them until morning. I cannot say but I enjoyed our triumph as much as Lion did, as they were certainly old offenders, and so it was afterwards proved in a court of justice. As good fortune would have it, a man passed the next morning, by whom I sent word to the nearest settlement of what had occurred.

Before ten o'clock the offenders were in the hands of the law. They were conveyed to the nearest jail, where they awaited their trial, which took place about two months after.

They were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, which, all the circumstances considered, was not too much. I believe if ever they live to get out, they will kill Lion, should he survive their punishment; and he is still as strong and healthy a dog as you can find anywhere. He is now looking me quietly in the face as I write this. I have hinted to him the propriety of having his likeness published with this sketch; but he shakes his head gravely, as much as to say, "I don't care about it, master; every worthless puppy has his likeness published now-a-days."

Grateful for past services, I suffer him to have his own way in this, as in a great many other matters. Let, no one despise the dog, for he is the only animal who, forsaking his own species, cultivates the society and friendship of man.

## TO ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE H. BAKER.

Land and Cordelia! 'twas an ancient tale  
Before thy Shakespeare gave it deathless fame:  
The times have changed, the moral is the same.  
So like our Cordelia, and our Cordelia's  
Thy daughter wert; and in a foreign land  
Spread her young banner, till its way became  
A wonder to the nation. Days of shame  
Are done upon thee; I prophesy that  
When the rude Corsack with an ostracized hand  
Points his long spear across the narrow sea—  
"Lo! there is England!" when thy destiny  
Stems on the straw-crowned head, and thou dost stand  
Weak, helpless, made a by-word in the land,  
God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be!

## Selfishness, and a Sailing Party.

"Oh! Henry, you must go with us; we are going to have such lots of fun. Sam Harvey has hired a sail-boat, and we are going on the bay. Old Peter is going to lend us some fishing-tackle, and Uncle John's man is to get us the bait. So say you'll go."

I wish I could go, replied Henry; but Uncle Isaac never likes me to go sailing."

"Oh! never mind," said Silas; "you won't get any harm. Sam Harvey knows how to manage a boat first rate; and we are going to take along a basket of good things—eggs, and wish-ashes, gages, ginger-nuts, and I don't know what all. Say, Hen, won't you go?"

Uncle Isaac has never said I must not go, answered Henry, hesitatingly.

Didn't you say he was going to Newburgh to-morrow?" asked Silas.

Yes.

Then he needsn't know anything about it; so I'll tell the boys you'll go."

And away went Silas Wright to make further preparations for the proposed excursion.

Henry Watson was about ten years of age; frank, generous, and open-hearted. He lost his mother when he was quite an infant, and his father being a sea-captain, and consequently away from home nearly all the time, he was left almost entirely to the care of his Uncle Isaac, of whom he was very fond.

After Silas had left him, Henry said to himself:—

I wish Uncle Isaac did not mind my going sailing. I hate to do anything that worries him; but if I don't say anything about it, he won't know it till it's all over, and then he won't care.

Having thus squared up matters with his conscience, he thought he felt more comfortable.

The next morning Henry was up "bright and early; and, certainly, a finer day never was seen. The sun shone so merrily upon the water, the little sail-boat skimmed along so gracefully, and all nature looked so smiling and happy, that Henry almost forgot that he was going to do what his uncle did not approve of.

As he entered the breakfast-room, Mr. Watson laid down his paper, which he had been reading, and said:—

Well, my boy, what are you going to do with yourself to-day?"

"Oh! I shall go out somewhere with the boys," replied Henry.

Have you planned any amusement?"

Yes, sir.

Mr. Watson waited a moment or two, but as Henry offered no further explanation, he said:—

Why, Henry, you generally tell me all about it, when there is any fun on hand; how is it that to-day, you finish the matter with "Yes, sir?"

"Why, sir," replied Henry, "I was going out sailing."

Sailing! said Mr. Watson, looking a little surprised; but he said nothing more, and took up his paper again.

Henry turned to the window, and fancied the sun did not shine so pleasantly as it had done.

The fact was, he never felt happy if he thought any one was displeased with him.

Just then a servant entered the room, and addressing Mr. Watson, asked what time he would want the carriage.

I believe I shall not want it at all to-day, John, said Mr. Watson.

Very well, sir, said John, and withdrew.

Henry turned round, and going up to his uncle, said:—

Uncle Isaac, ain't you going to Newburgh to-day?"

No, Henry, I believe not.

Why not, Uncle?"

Because I'm only going on pleasure. I promised myself a good deal of gratification in meeting my old friend, Captain Atwater, to-day. But I shall have no comfort if I think you are out sailing, liable to all the accidents we are often hear of, connected with sail-boats; so I might as well stay at home. And he took up his newspaper again.

Henry went out of the room and took a stroll round the garden; but he felt ill at ease.

It is too bad," he thought, "to prevent Uncle Isaac from going on. He hasn't felt home, I don't remember when. He must go."

Mr. Watson was still in the breakfast-room when Henry ran in, exclaiming:—

Uncle Isaac! I want to go sailing. May I tell John you will want the carriage?"

"I'm much obliged to you, Henry, for consulting my comfort and pleasure before your own," said Mr. Watson, as he shook him by the hand.

How happy Henry felt then, as he met his Uncle's look of approbation.

It was near ten o'clock, when he hastened to the stable to give John his orders; and as he was returning through the garden he heard a merry shouting in the distance, and knew well enough what it meant. Sure enough, there were the boys, half-a-dozen of them, all in fine spirits.

"Come along, Henry," sung out Sam Harvey. "Take in your bowline, and haul up your job sheet! All aboard that's a-going! Where's your hat?"

"I'm sorry, boys; but I can't go with you," said Henry.

"Oh, nonsense! I exclaimed three or four voices. "What's the reason you can't?"

"Because Uncle Isaac doesn't like me to go,"

Well then, said Silas Wright, setting down the basket of provisions, "Uncle Isaac is an old granny."

"Take care, Mr. Silas," said Henry, stooping down and lifting the lid of the basket; "if you say a word against Uncle Ike, I'll pelt you with these boiled eggs and fried potatoes and dough-nuts, and ginger-nuts, and pepper and salt, and crackers, turning up one another, as he enumerated them. They do look nice, don't they?"

"Yes; and you'll find they'll taste better, if you'll only come along," said Sam Harvey.

Well, now look here Sam," said Henry; "just sit down on this old chicken-coop for two minutes and a half, while I explain the case to you; and you, boys, turning to the rest, consider yourselves the jury on the occasion."

Suppose now, Mr. Sam, that you had a dear good old uncle, who had been to you a father, mother, brother, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, board, lodging, washing, and everything else, since you were a wee little mite of a baby, and had never said a cross word to you in his life!

No great credit to him, that," said one of the jury.

"Why not?" asked Henry.

"Because nobody ever had to scold you."

"Much obliged to the gentleman, for his good opinion," said Henry. "But all the good that's in me, I got from Uncle Ike. And now suppose," continued he, "that that uncle had made an arrangement to meet an old friend whom he had not seen for ten or fifteen years, and might never see again; but learning that you were going out in a sail-boat, fear and anxiety for you would so upset his pleasure, that he would be obliged to give up his anticipated excursion—Sam, would you go sailing, and let him stay at home? Now confess—Shouldn't I be a shabby fellow if I did?"

The boys didn't say much, but I think they thought about right, for they did not urge him any more to accompany them.

Henry looked after them, as they turned the corner, and said:—I should like to have gone with them; but I wouldn't vex Uncle Ike for a dozen sailing parties.

Bless the dear boy! said Uncle Isaac, as he turned from the window, where, unseen, he had watched the proceedings, and wiped his spectacles. The spectacles were bright enough, however, but a ray of affection had brought a mist to his eyes.

Henry Watson, is now the father of a family; beloved, respected, and esteemed by all who know him.—Forrester's Boys and Girls Magazine.

## Justice before Peace.

There is a low-minded egotism often disguised in this doctrine of passive meekness. As an inducement to quiet endurance of wrong are reminded of the duty of mutual forgiveness. It is all the wickedness, then, that I am doomed to witness nothing but a personal affront?

When a rascal threatens to blow out my neighbor's brains, or to blast his character by infamous accusations, am I in a position to forbear and pardon? Must I not own myself under a solemn trust to see right done and the guilty punished? Nay, would not the injured man himself greatly mistake the nature of the crime and measure it by a paltry standard, if he took it for a mere private offence which it was his prerogative to punish or overlook?

Who is it that forgiveth sins also? The eternal laws of justice are not of our enacting; and no will of ours has title to suspend or repeal them. The real and only demand of Christian magnanimity is that we visit them with no vengeance, but merely with no more severity than directed against ourselves, than when we see them at an impersonal distance. But to regard and treat the guilty as if he were an innocent—that is given to no man, and is inconceivable of God. Rulers at all events, as trustees of rights other than their own, and each generation of a people, as charged with the interests of successors in perpetuity—have but a limited privilege of forbearance; the meekness of the saint would in them be treason to the world. Even in international disputes, where each party may have a conviction of right, the controversy, but for the possibility of force, could have no end. It is a delusion to rely on courts as a substitute for armies, and to suppose that judicial decision can supersede military. The judge would be of small avail without the constable; and the arbitrator between nations would need a vast army to enforce his decrees. Where the stake is large and the feeling strong it is notorious that the private disputant rarely acquiesces in an arbitration that goes against him; but carries his case to the last appeal, where it is stopped by a barrier of impassable force. You might as well pull down your jail in preparation for the assizes, as destroy your fleets and arsenals in quest of international arbitration. We speak only of the ultimate theory of this matter; simply affirm that wherever law and government exist, somewhere in the background, force must lurk. It may no doubt be provided in excess and paraded without need; and with the progress of a civilized order, the circle may be ever widened within which the idea of coercion, with the habit it creates, may be substituted for the obvious reality; still, possibly a family of nations may be gathered, like a group of counties, into common jurisdiction. But this only shifts the camp without disturbing it; and after all, the upstarts of your age, prime power could be no other than the legion of a grand army. We have therefore, no more doubt that it was would be right, than that a policeman may be a security for justice, and

we object to a fortress as little as to a hand cuff. A religion which does not include the whole moral law, a moral law which does not embrace all the problems of a commonwealth, a commonwealth which regards the life of man more than the equities of God—appears to us unfaithful to their functions, and unworthy interpreters of the divine scheme of the world.

Quaker histories, written with omission of all the wars, are not less morbid as moral mistakes, than a doctrine of Providence, leaving out the whole realm of heathendom, is narrow as a religious theory; and the misdeeds of Scripture, which has led to both, is most dangerous to its authority in an age remarkable for the breadth of its historical survey and the variety of its ethnological sympathies.—Westminster Review.

The Yankees and the Englishmen.

In the town of H—, at the hotel, there boarded a number of students, high backed, ready at any time for a bit of fun in any shape. Among whom was my friend L—, an Englishman, a regular John Bull, who officiated in the capacity of waiter. He was a bigoted, self-conceited fellow, always bragging of the superiority of Englishmen and everything English; a peculiarity of Englishmen to which Yankees are no strangers. One cold day a number of students were in the office seated around the fire enjoying a cosy chat, when comes our hero. The conversation turned upon remaining under water for a great length of time without rising to take breath, each relating his experience and ending with what he could do. But no Yankee could come within fifty yards of apple trees of our Englishman. Our friend L—, a twinkling of the "boys" says, "I'll bet the snappers for the crowd that I can stay under water longer without coming up to breathe than any Englishman that ever said 'God save the Queen.'"

"Done," said our waiter. A committee having been chosen to see that everything was done fairly. Proceeding to the stable, where there was a watering trough of ample dimensions, divesting themselves of clothing and getting into the trough, upon the word being given "Douse heads" down went both heads under water. No sooner was the head of the Englishman fairly under, than up pops the head of L—, who keeping his eyes fixed like a cat upon the spot where the head of "Bull" disappeared, waited until the bald pate of the Englishman appeared above the water, when down went the head of L—, as quick as sight. "What's not up yet," exclaims Bull, which was no sooner said, than up pops the head of L—, amid the winks and laughter of the "boys." "Not much of a stick that," says L— "Try it again," shouts Bull. When at the word, down goes the heads, no sooner under than comes the head of L—, again, waiting as before and popping under on the appearance of "Bull," who puffing and blowing like a porpoise, looked around in perfect astonishment at the non-appearance of the Yankee. "Not up yet. Cuss him, I'll give him another try," when up pops L—, again amid the screams of the "boys." Well, says L—, "I thought you was some, but you ain't much anyhow!" "Go it this time, or die," says "Bull." When at the word, down they went for the third time. No sooner was Bull fairly under, when L—, coming up again, whispers, "Fix him this time, any how." When "Bull" had been under long enough to drown any common man, he stuck his head up, looking more like a drowned rat than any specimen of humanity. His astonishment may be imagined but not described, when looking around, the head of L— was nowhere to be seen. Some tall specimens of tumbling and rolling might have been seen when L—, emerged from under the water, fresh for another trial. Ever after, whenever "Bull" was expatiating upon, "What's what," in Old England, all that was necessary to say to him was "Douse heads."

AVOID HASTY CONCLUSIONS.—Society is like shaded silk; it must be viewed from all positions, or its colors will deceive us. He who is familiar only with the saloons of the "upper crust" imagines that fashions, feasting and amusement are the order of the day with mankind; he whose observations are confined to the store and the workshop, fancies that life is a drearily dull, plodding, humdrum affair; and he who goes mainly among the destitute and vicious thinks that want, suffering and degradation are the lot of the human family. The truth would lie equidistant from all these conclusions. Society as at present constituted, has its light and dark side—its extreme of luxury and misery; but the great mass of the people, in America at least, are in the enjoyment of pecuniary competence and decided moral and intellectual advantages. We do not pass judgment on cloth until after holding it carefully to the light, snapping it between our fingers, and ascertaining if it will "wash." So we ought not to utter dogmatic opinions about society until after regarding it in every phase, from the millionaire to the mendicant.

ENORMOUS ACCESSIONS TO OUR POPULATION.—Our foreign relations, at this point, are certainly assuming that formidable character, that dissipates any apprehensions we may feel, as to the slow growth of the country, in a population point of view. Vide the arrivals at this port the few days past. Yesterday alone three thousand were reported at Quarens time—making a total for the month of March of twenty-two thousand nine hundred and twenty-two; from European ports. A very large addition to this number is expected for the month to come. The immigrants are from the following countries: Ireland, 13,213; England, 3,102; Wales, 87; Spain, 24; Holland, 99; Sweden, 2; Italy, 85; Belgium, 1; Nova Scotia, 6; South America, 2; East India, 2; Germany, 3,816; Scotland, 294; France, 5,621; Switzerland, 405; West Indies, 10; Canada, 2; Sicily, 10; Russia, 2; Poland, 12.

WHAT SHALL I REACH ABOUT?—What shall I reach about? Inquired a clergyman, on a visit to a neighboring pastor, as they sat together in the pulpit. "Ask the people, who are here to-day, principally professors or non-professors?" "Reach the gospel," was the reply; "they are all sinners, and they all need it." [Presbyterian.]

FEMALE DESTITUTES.—The Medical Gazette says that the project of educating female destitutes is now gravely urged on the ground that it is indicative for operations on the "left" of ladies to be performed by gentlemen. Truly this is an age of progress.—N. Y. Courier.



MISCELLANY.

Rural Axioms.

It is as cheap to raise one ton of grass or clover, as a ton of burdock or pig-weeds.

It costs no more to raise a hundred bushels of Baldwins than a hundred bushels of cider apples; or ten barrels of Virgatus or Bartlett's than the same quantity of choke pears.

An axe costing two dollars, with which a laborer may cut fifty cords a month, is a cheaper tool than an axe costing but one dollar, and with which he can cut only forty cords.

A 'cheap-plow' at five dollars, costing in one season three dollars in repairs, and three more in lost time to teams, men, and by retarding crops, is a dearer plow than one at ten dollars requiring no repairs.

A cow bought for ten dollars, whose milk but just pays for her keeping, affords less profit than one at thirty dollars, giving double the value of milk afforded by the former.

A common dasher-churn at two dollars, used one hundred times a year, is not so economical a purchase, as a Kendall churn at four dollars, requiring but half the labor to work it.

A ten-acre field, costing fifty dollars per acre, and ditched, manured, and improved at fifty dollars more, so as to give double crops, is much more valuable and profitable than twenty acres unimproved, costing the same money.

The laborer who wastes half his strength in working all day with a dull saw, because he cannot give a shilling or afford half an hour to get it sharpened, will waste at least twenty-five cents per day, or \$6 or \$7 per month.

[Albany Cultivator.]

CUT OUT FOR A SAILOR.—There's many a hearty laugh, says the Boston Journal, to be had by improving an opportunity of having a half hour's chat with an 'old salt,' when you catch him in the right humor. The following was elicited a few nights since, and we give it in the words of the narrator, as nearly as possible.

"When I was mate of the old brig Cerberus, bound from Boston to Buenos Ayres, we had a young country chap aboard, right from the bush, and as green as a yellow cabbage, and who had never smelt salt water, much more seen it, or sailed on it. His parents had shipped him under the idea that he was 'cut out for a sailor,' or because they thought he had a strong inclination for a life on the ocean, from the skill he manifested in paddling pine rail and boards on a large pond in the neighborhood of his home. We had been out about ten days, and one night it came on to blow like blazes, and rain as though the accumulated moisture of a twelve month had been suddenly poured from the heavens. When it came my watch on deck, I came out of the cabin, and found my long-born stowed away under the lee of the boat, crying most bitterly, and lamenting as if he had lost every friend he had in the world.

"Hullo! says I, 'Enoch! what are you boo-hooing about like a calf?'  
'Oh, dear! boo-hoo-boo, oh!'  
'What's the matter with you?'  
'Oh! I wish I was home in father's barn!'  
'In your father's barn? Why, what would you do there?'  
'I'd go into the house mighty quick!' feelingly ejaculated the embry sailor, to the no small amusement of his shipmates."

A MODEL WIFE. There is a woman in Indiana, on the Wabash river, who takes it into her head and sometimes practices, (while her old man has gone to town,) ploughing, nursing and fishing, all at once. She first yokes an ox and her cow to the plough—then puts her twin babies into the corn basket, and suspends it on a tree; then takes the bell off the cow and attaches it to the end of her fishing pole, which is stuck in the ground at the water's edge; she then commences her ploughing around the field; at every revolution she gives the aerial cradle a send, which lasts until she gets round again, at the same time keeping her ears open, and listening for the first cry of her children, which she may hear of it for under her arrangements the calamity is announced by the ringing of the bell. Our informant says that she is a pattern of the kind they have there.

HEW IN A BARREL.—The editor of the Middletown (Conn.) Constitution states, that a gentleman of that city informed him the other day of a curious incident concerning one of his hens. A bird lighted on the head of an empty barrel, which gave way in a manner to let her in but prevent her from getting out. She remained there three weeks, estimating from the time she was missed, and when found and released was in about as good condition as ever, except that she was a little stiff in the joints, and was white around 'the gills.' This is a well authenticated fact, and the whole hen community is challenged to beat it.

INVITING TO EMIGRATION. A gentleman who removed from Boone County, in Kentucky, to Missouri, writes back the following flattering account of that country:—

"You very truly said that I had sought my fortunes in the land of Pikes; but like to the ancient Prophets and Kings, I sought but never found." You wished to know what I thought of this country and the people thereof. As for the country the land is as cheap as dirt, and good enough; but the climate is rainy, blowy and sultry. The people die so fast here that every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow. As for the people of Missouri, they are perfect Christians. They fall the Scriptures to the letter, where it says, 'Let God be true, but every man a liar.' Don't let this keep any back who wish to emigrate, for it is a fine country."

STEALING FROM GARDENS.—The author of 'Rural Hours,' after speaking of some well dressed girls, 'elegantly dressed,' &c., reaching their hands through the garden fence, and helping themselves to some of the finest and rarest flowers, just as if they had a right to them, asks the pertinent question, 'What would they have thought if some one had stepped up with a pair of scissors, and cut a half a yard from the ribbon on their hats, merely because it was pretty, and one had a fancy to it? Yet the flowers cost more time, labor, and money, and could not be so easily replaced.

SETTING A ROGUE TO CATCH A ROGUE.—A correspondent of the London Farmer's Magazine says, that after resorting to all common expedients, to get rid of the fly that destroys the turnip, without success, he succeeded by the following novel means. Taking the hint from tales of life in India, where certain species of ant invest every place, and reign supreme for the time, driving all before them, he went to the ant-hills in the woods, and filled sacks of ants, and with gloves on his hands, turned them down in little heaps, at regular distances, over the field, whereupon the enemy was exterminated.

Thimble about. But he was thwarted and thwarted, and thumped and thrashed with thirty thousand thistles and thorns for thievingly thinking to thieve through thick and thin, by throwing his thimbles about.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... APRIL 8, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

S. M. PETERSON & 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.

Ramble among the Farmers. Those of our readers who keep 'posted up' in agricultural matters, will recollect that at the annual meeting of the Agricultural Society a committee was appointed to visit such farmers within the limits of the Society as they might think proper, for the purpose of learning and comparing the various improvements brought under their notice. This committee were to receive no compensation, and of course will claim the right of doing the Society, more or less service, as their leisure permits. The pleasure and profit will be mainly their own; though they promise to communicate what they can, from both these sources, through the press. Familiar and off-hand sketches, embracing matters important and unimportant, will be mingled together to make up their report.

One of this Committee, who recently spent a day among the farmers of Winslow and Vassalboro, hands us the following sketch of his 'ramble.'

I first called on Capt. Dingley. Those who have passed his beautiful farm cannot have failed to notice that he has one of the largest and best barns in the vicinity, and I was anxious to see how the inside compared with the outside—having long since learned that outside show is not the surest sign of economy and profit within. Unluckily the Captain was not at home; and so, reserving the fine stock of Col. Green for a time when I had an entire day to devote to it, I passed down the river to the farm of Mr. Shurtleff. This is the famous old 'Cushman farm,' distinguished in times long past for its neat and tasteful management. Mr. Shurtleff is an excellent farmer in theory, and I was curious to see how his theory looked in practice. He, too, was absent from home and I was compelled to pocket my curiosity for a future occasion.

Mr. Robert R. Drummond was at home, as my former would delight to be, if as pleasantly located. Mr. D. showed me his barns and outbuildings—as my main object was to learn what is doing in the way of making and saving manure, and the improvements made in housing and raising stock. His method of preserving the wash and refuse stuff from the kitchen is well planned. Between his house and barn, connected with both, stands his stable for horses and colts. Under this stable is a cellar, where he throws milk, turf, and anything that will absorb the wash from the house and stable. The manure from the stalls is scraped into the cellar through the scuttle. Adjoining is his hen-house, with the floor covered with dry loam and the manure of the fowl; both of which are occasionally scraped into the cellar. Under the hen-house is a shelter for farming tools. His hogs have access to the manure cellar where they do good service in the way of stirring the manure heap. The manure thrown from the litters is under shelter, and thus preserved from desecrating. This is an important point, and those farmers who have not yet attended to it would get a good lesson by trying the relative value of leached and unleached ashes in making soap—or those who love a good dish of tea, by soaking their tea a week or two and afterwards steeping it for use.—Strange that this matter has been so long overlooked!—and stranger still, that those who understand it should neglect putting their knowledge in practice! Mr. Drummond has good shelter for his sheep, of which he has a good flock. He has also some good cattle and horses. Harnessing one of the latter to a sleigh he accompanied me in the remainder of my day's 'ramble.' We had a pleasant afternoon; and in a future number I will give you some of the good hints we received in the various pleasant calls we made.

I must however add, that of all the agricultural sections of New England, through which I have passed, none present stronger tokens of thrift, or better natural advantages for farming, than that through which we passed to-day.—The neatness of the buildings, and the good economy with which they are relatively located and finished, indicates not only good taste, but good judgment and a good degree of prosperity. There are few agricultural towns in New England that can compare in that respect, with the town of Vassalboro. This opinion is not based merely upon a winter visit. I have seen it when its fields were loaded with grain and its trees with fruit, and when its well filled farms, substantial fences, and fine cattle and horses, told more than can be learned when most of these evidences are buried in snow.

I was late home, and shall be likely to be so at the end of each day's rambles. My apology is, the great consumption of time in inspecting good apples and warm fires. With Baldwins, Greenings, Russets, Pippins, and a long catalogue of other varieties, by a good fire, in a pleasant family, the danger of forming hasty conclusions is obvious. But for this difficulty we could have doubled the number of our visits to-day. But we have the summer before us, and with a continuance of the cordial welcome given us to day, we may safely promise the Society considerable of our time before another annual meeting.

THE WEATHER.—Spring is making slow progress. Our streets are in good condition for wheels, but most of the roads in the vicinity still present tolerable sleighing. The river is firmly closed, with little prospect of immediate disturbance; though our faith in the power of 'dog days' remains unshaken.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for April, has another chapter of Abbot's Napoleon. These sketches are inimitable, and no young man can read

them without taking inspiration from their immortal subject. Why Harper has failed to come to our table, we know not. We can better do without half a dozen of its cotemporaries. Fetridge & Co., Boston, furnish it, through G. H. Griffin, Hanscom's Building.

[For The Eastern Mail.]

CHARITY.

"Trust not each accusing tongue,  
As most weak persons do;  
But still believe that story wrong,  
Which counts not to be true."—BARRISTER.

Charity may be shown in our liberality to the poor; in liberal gifts and services to promote public objects of utility—as the support of Bible and Missionary societies, and institutions for various classes of human beings. But the beauty of true charity is seen in that disposition of heart which inclines men to think favorably of their fellow-men, and to do them good; to judge favorably of men, and to put the best construction on their words and actions which the case will admit.

It is the latter kind of charity to which we would invite attention at the present time; which carried out in life, would produce the greatest good to society, and be for the interest of every individual. Such charity could only have its origin in that Goodness which knows no bounds, and that Wisdom which never errs. It should be so interwoven in our existence, that no day could pass without bringing it into exercise. And let it be borne in mind that he who practices it most, is the greatest because the best man. The cloak of charity is the most beautiful garb with which men, and women too, can be clad. It far outshines the robe of royalty; and is more to be desired than much gold. With it nothing can compare; without it, we are nothing but an empty show, a whitened sepulchre. Although it is a dress so much admired when seen on others, yet how few wear it, even when they desire most to shine! There is nothing of which man is so deficient as this heaven-born principle; and yet there is no principle, the practice of which is attended with so much good to the world. If men were as lavish with kind words and smiles, which cost them nothing, (and more liberal with their money) as they are with censure, which is generally unjust, and yet it has claimed its tens of thousands; there would be much less crime and suffering in the world than now.

But for the want of charity there would be many more Christians than now; since many have faith and hope who only lack charity, without which they may give their goods to the poor, and their bodies to be burned, and yet it will profit them nothing.

Should most men ask themselves the question, "What lack I yet?" the answer would be—charity. Although charity appears captivating as it distributes fortunes to the poor, succors the distressed, and ameliorates the condition of mankind, as exemplified by Howard and others; yet it appears much more attractive as shown in that spirit which thinketh and speaketh no evil of a neighbor. It would be well for us to imitate Dr. Channing in this matter. When he heard any one speak ill of another, he would say, "I shall feel it my duty to tell that person all you say about him."—Charity inclines men to do unto others as they wish others to do unto them; to love their brother, overlook his faults, and magnify his good qualities. The man of charity will seek to explain away any seeming inconsistency of character in any person, especially a friend. He will even hold in the highest respect the feelings of men, and never unnecessarily wound them.

We know not how much good we might do, by throwing the cloak of charity over the errors and short-comings of men.

The want of charity has shipwrecked more souls than all the gales of passion that ever swept the sea of life. Could we unseal the tomb and make its tenants speak, innumerable would be the witnesses to this truth. They would tell us, that if they could have met with charity at the hands of men when first they erred, their names would never have been recorded on the pages of infamy. Are we aware what we are doing? what judgments of God we are bringing upon ourselves and ours, when we unmercifully deal censure upon a fellow-man? Do we realize that we may crush an immortal soul! destroy its usefulness, and make it an instrument of death by destroying its hopes and fears! How awful and fearful must be the state of that man, who has lent his influence, either in word or deed, to destroy a fellow-man! Compared with him the highwayman and midnight assassin are harmless and virtuous.

What is more heart rending than to see one with towering genius and high aim of soul, by an uncharitable spirit in men thrown from his sphere, and writhing in the dust of infamy! Oh, that that feverish passion in man, which is never at rest, except when rioting upon the imperfections of men, might be supplanted by that charity that thinketh no evil. The uncharitable man never sees any good in his fellow-men, but is ever on the lookout for their imperfections; and when found, like the prairie wolf, sets up his fiendish howl of success, and calls together his kindred spirits, that they may feast upon the unfortunate victim. Nothing in a country village seems to give such universal joy as the discovery of a fault in some person. It is then, hurrah for a treat, and the way the gossip struts the streets to spread the glorious news is wonderful. Mr. Theysay and Mr. Somebody are the reliable authors of all slander. What is most to be regretted is, that such persons are to be found among all classes of society. There are no circles which this evil spirit has not entered, and but few hearts that have not given evidence of its presence. In vain do we seek for one spot of earth where the wrecks of the victims of this uncharitable spirit are not strewn. But my soul sickens as I pursue the theme, and I turn from it, hoping that all will clothe themselves with this beau-

tiful and indispensable robe of charity. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

JUSTICE.

Kendall's Mills, March, 1852.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, April 5, 1852.

The only warm, cheerful, spring-like day that has gladdened our hearts for long dreary months, was that which ushered Spring into existence; it was really refreshing. Our streets are free from ice and mud, but for a day or two past the weather has been that of January. However, it is proposed to have the Common given before 'Fast day' (the 8th).

The fate of the 'Liquor bill' is yet undecided. The House have rejected the amendment proposed and passed by the Senate—i. e. that of submitting the bill to the people. They have also amended it in so many particulars that I doubt if there are many of that august body who can tell what the bill is in its present shape. As I before remarked, its passage is very doubtful; but it matters little in my way of thinking whether it prevails or not, so long as the 'Jury bill' is to follow. This bill provides that juries may judge of the law as well as the fact in all criminal cases. The whole panel of twelve must be unanimous as to all final law questions submitted, or no criminal can be convicted. The jurors are to be the judges as to the constitutionality of any and all laws. This bill is proposed to nullify the Fugitive Slave Law and to prostrate the abolitionists. The most inveterate rumrunner in the State will not object to the passage of the 'Liquor bill' with the 'Jury bill' in its train. It will be impossible to convict the seller if any one jurymen has a doubt of the constitutionality of the 'Law,' and if our present liquor laws were sustained by a majority of five only, out of nine judges of the Supreme Court, there would probably be quite as much difference in opinion among twelve jurymen. Legislation as now enacted by the present House and Senate of this State is a perfect farce. A bill passes to-day and is reconsidered and rejected to-morrow. One can scarcely refrain from laughing; yet it is mortifying to see the 'Old Bay State' so fallen, and each day becoming the laughing stock of her sister States. Where is the straight forward manliness that distinguished the Legislature of Maine? What but this heavy co-operation with the wishes of the majority of the people by her Legislature, has made the 'Fine Tree State' the model State, the beacon of light pointed by the great and good throughout our beloved country? Temperance communities need a bold and decisive step, and Maine without fear or trembling took the responsibility, and the lead, with an energy worthy of the great and glorious cause. God bless her for it, say I.

Brewer, of the Suffolk Bank notoriety, is yet in jail, not having been able to obtain bail. Within a few days the examining committee on the Suffolk Bank affairs have kept their discoveries of fraud very quiet. Rumor sets the amount already found missing at nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Had it been less these investigations would have had no object in concealment—Raid probably has the lion's share.

The burning of the Tremont Theatre, formerly the renowned Tremont Theatre, has caused a universal feeling of regret. Indeed no old resident of Boston can look at the smoking ruins of this once beautiful edifice without a sigh mingled with the tinge of melancholy that shadows his mind, as the 'thoughts of other days' rise before him. From the great height of the walls it was wonderful that but one poor fellow was killed, and another crushed beyond hope of recovery.

Our city authorities have much to answer for. The timely presence of one fire engine would undoubtedly have saved the noble building; but in their wisdom, the authorities have removed the engines from the centre of the city, and there are none within nearly half a mile of the fire.

Lola Montez visited the House of Correction a few days since, and some people are naughty enough to say, 'she ought to have staid there.' As I predicted the Howard has been crowded during her engagement. But very few ladies have attended her performances.

On Monday Miss Davenport commences at the Howard, and Madame de Marguerites at the National. The Museum has the 'Enchanted Harp' in full blast, and for genuine production it is superior to anything I ever witnessed.

Business good among the jobbers and retailers, and money easy, although there has been a slight contraction in the money market, caused by the banks calling in loans preparatory to their dividend day. It has ceased, however, and an easier market than ever is looked for by financiers.

Yours Keep'y CHIEF BUDE.

The Gardiner Bridge.

Strange how differently things look when seen by both eyes instead of one. The passage of the Gardiner Bridge bill has driven the staid citizens of Augusta and 'Hallowell' stark mad. They see it with both eyes. When the Kennebec was dammed a few rods above Augusta, the people below the dam, looking up the river with one eye and down with both, pronounced the outrage a great blessing to Waterville. When they have a similar blessing of their own, they turn round and curse it.

"We told you so," good friends—and, as the Irishman said to his boy, that was drowned in the well in spite of paternal admonition, "Now you 're dead you see!" Yes, you see with both eyes now—and we most cordially console you with the assurance that we are glad of it. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

But the editor of the Hallowell Gazette is a philosopher, and with philosophy like the following will doubtless survive the injury:—

"We say now: 'Sink or swim; survive or perish, we are for 'fight.' A railroad into the interior of Maine we will have. If a bridge is to be built across our river and our navigation destroyed, let our enemies know from bitter experience that every timber must be laid in vexation and every pier totter on a foundation of sand. Nail up the flag, hang up the deserters—we are pitted against tremendous odds—Cumberland, Penobscot, York, Lincoln, the Senate of Maine and the rest of mankind, beside the Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad and the City of Portland." "Bradbury's Island" expects every man to do his duty; and ere long, in the patience of hope and the valor of heroic deeds, a victory shall be ours before which the brilliancy of Trafalgar shall fade into a moonbeam.

Speaking about that "injunction" upon the Gardiner Bridge, if you "make it work," just let us know; as a similar thing might fit the dam and Augusta Bridge. If it works well below Augusta, it would work equally well below Waterville. Keep both eyes open, brother Gazette, and if you will "fight," as you so boldly threaten, try and keep your own head from under your own blows.

ALARMING.—The Portland Advertiser of Wednesday morning states that the steamer Lawrence, which left that place for Boston on Monday evening, had not been heard from at either place up to 9 o'clock Tuesday evening. On account of the snow storm, considerable anxiety was felt for her safety.

LOLA MONTES was to dance in Portland last evening. The ladies of Boston—with whom Mrs. Barratt and a score of other Misses have been so great favorites—have turned a cold shoulder to Lola, and there is some chance that the ladies of Portland will

not dare reject the example of their neighbors. The Boston Transcript, which led the assault upon the illustrious Countess, has so far secured her notice, as to get his ears boxed in a way that makes morality itself laugh. We look to see what our Portland neighbors dare say of Lola. If she secures the favor of the people so far as to dine with the new Mayor, will the Argus be so kind as to let us know. If only permitted to sup with the Mayor, we shall look to the Advertiser for this item of news.

The Legislature.

The bill to abolish the militia, has elicited some interesting discussion. On Saturday, Mr. Nye, of Temple, took ground in favor of the bill. He admitted himself a 'rummy,' and an opponent of the present liquor law, but asserted that his constituents were temperance men. His main argument for opposing the present system, was drawn from a visit to the famous 'Cornville muster,' some eighteen months ago, where, he says, 'he saw so much drunkenness as to forever sicken him of the militia system.' He said that eight out of ten of the people of the 8th division, (of which he is General,) were opposed to the militia system.

Mr. Hobbs from the Committee on Railroads and bridges, reported leave to withdraw on petition of Toppan Robie et als for a charter for a Railroad from Danville to connect with the York and Cumberland Railroad; also, on petition of Joseph Barrett et als for an act to incorporate the Maine Central Railroad Co.; also on petition of Wm. D. Gould et als for a charter for a Railroad from North Anson to connect with the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad at or near West Waterville; also reference to the next Legislature on petition of Philip Eastman et als for a charter for the Saco Railroad Co.; also legislation in expedited on an order in relation to the rates of toll for passing over Eaton's Bridge across the Sebasticook River.

The Legislature appears to be getting into good 'working order,' from which we conclude there is a prospect of an adjournment before many weeks.

WRITING.—Miss Barrett's course of lessons, just closed, has given the highest satisfaction. She proposes to instruct another class, as soon as the walking becomes good. Due notice will be given of time and place. Miss Barrett's style of penmanship, especially for ladies, excels any that has been taught in our village; of which fact all who have seen it are conscious. We can do no less than to advise all our young ladies—and old ones too, if not too old to learn—to improve the opportunity for acquiring it.

VIOLENT SNOW STORM.—The Boston Traveller of Tuesday contains telegraphic despatches from New York, Hartford and Newburyport, at each of which places a furious snow-storm was raging. At Hartford a foot of snow fell; at Newburyport eight inches. At New York serious injury to the shipping was apprehended. During all this time we had mild and pleasant weather in Waterville, tho' the storm approached as near as Portland.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for March reviews Miss Mitford's Recollections, and praises the work highly. The other articles are 'Sketches from the Cape,' 'Raghu's Reminiscences,' 'Thibbet and the Lamas,' 'Forest Life in Canada West,' the latter giving copious extracts from Mrs. Moodie's interesting work; 'Farewell to the Rhine,' a poem of ordinary merit; and a pungent review of Lord John Russell's reform measures. Bulwer's 'My Novel,' and the well-written 'Struggles for Fame and Fortune,' are continued.

ELECTION IN PORTLAND.—Albion K. Parris was elected Mayor of Portland on Tuesday, by a majority of about 400 over Neal Dow. Though the liquor law was the main question in the contest, so many others were brought into participation with it, that, according to both the Argus and Advertiser, the result is no strict test of the temperance sentiment of Portland. We may also infer this from the fact, that though the City Government was decidedly whig last year, the democrats have carried four of the seven wards this year.

SCHOOLS IN BANGOR. Bangor, with a population of not quite fifteen thousand inhabitants, has fifty-two public schools. Thirty-five are annual schools, two are kept in winter only, and fifteen summer and winter. The annual schools are divided into five grades, of which fourteen are primary, eleven intermediate, four grammar, two select and two high schools.—The whole number of scholars returned in May last, was 5280.

Three new school houses, affording accommodations for six schools, have been erected the past year, under the superintendence of the school committee. The whole amount appropriated for schools and school houses the last year, including bank tax, was \$20,014.88.—The amount expended \$18,859.35, leaving unexpended the sum of \$1,155.02.

Bangor has one of the best school systems in the State. The citizens are liberal in their appropriations, acting upon the principle that to ensure the prosperity and growth of the city they must also ensure prosperity to their schools, and supply their children with good educational advantages. That is the true principle, and Bangor, and Portland, and Bath, and Augusta, and Biddeford, the most prosperous places in the State, are reaping the advantages of it. A city or town with niggardly school appropriations must assuredly run down.

[Hallowell Gazette.]

DISCOURAGING NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA. Some three months since, a large company of mechanics, numbering some twenty-five persons, left South Boston for California, to try their luck in the land of gold. By the last mail letters have been received from nearly all the company, and they give a discouraging view of things on the Pacific coast. They all concur in saying, that San Francisco and the other large cities in that section of the country are thronged with persons of every trade, unable to procure work of any kind. One man writes that he is fully satisfied with what he has already seen, and would, if he had the

means, gladly return home. One of the party, a most excellent machinist, who for years has been employed on the Boston and Worcester Railroad, went out to take a situation where he was to receive something like \$180 per month. When he arrived, he found that the firm for whom he was to work had failed, and at the last accounts he had been unable to obtain work. The number of emigrants to California within a few months, has been so great that it could hardly be expected that all should prosper. Better stay at home, is the universal advice of those who have tried the scheme; and we trust that those who are thinking of going to California to make money, will consider the matter in all its bearings before they start.—[Traveler.]

Scandal-Mongers.

Why do scandal, tittle-tattle, and mischief-gossip thrive to such an extent in a day when cheap and entertaining newspapers, and magazines, very cheap and valuable books are so plentiful and widely disseminated? It would surely seem as if people might find, in all the varied bazaars of intellectual wealth thrown open as it were to 'the million' for a trifling fee, abundant material to busy their thoughts and tongues upon without meddling with their neighbors' affairs. But look through the villages of refined, educated, hard-working New England, even, and you will discover the inhabitants to be in a 'stew' over some trifling circumstances more than half their time. And a class of elderly females have their haunts in these places, who will pick a man's name to pieces or cut up a girl's character with as much expedition and as little compunction as a smart milliner will pick an old bonnet to pieces or cut up a yard of ribbon. These gadding busy-bodies have no more appreciation of the sweet flowers of literature and science than a cat has of the sweet flowers in your garden. Tabby had enough of it rather rummage your pantry for a decaying morsel of meat than inhale the fragrance of the finest violet-bed.—And so these cat-like, stealthily slanderers are ready to pounce, 'tooth and nail,' upon every luckless offender within their range, for the purpose of feeding their malignant dispositions. Aye, they are often seen spitting their poison at and sheathing their claws in individuals who are freed from spot or blemish—just as Tabby will slaver and mangle the nicest custard-piece, when she can get at it. The only method I know of to thwart these mischief-making hatred-hatching, quarrel-rising creatures who disgrace both the name and nature of women, is to give them no encouragement, pay no heed to their 'fish stories,' bestow no smile on their sneers, never retail their gabbles, nor tell them items of news to be doubled and twisted and stretched and made 'stew-yarn' of. A course like this will kill their trade as effectually as locking up the pantry, fastening down the window, hiding your delicacies, and switching Tabby now and then will check her deprecations among tainted scraps and hoarded tit-bits.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION. The Democrats have probably carried the state. The popular vote is not all in; and it is uncertain whether Seymour is elected by the people. Both houses are, without doubt, democratic—probably by a majority of 15 or 20 on joint ballot.

RUM OR NO RUM.—Thus far, at the spring elections, Rum or no Rum has been made the issue, in the choice of Selectmen, &c. With devout thanks to God we say, that in more than three quarters of the cases, the Maine Liquor Law has been sustained by the people. In a few towns the Rummies have prevailed.—Among them, we are sorry to see Bridgton reported in the Temperance Watchman.

Never did a law work so well as the Maine Law—it is a self-moving machine—it does its own work, almost without the aid of Sheriffs or Constables.—Let not our Massachusetts brethren be discouraged, as if it could not be enforced there. If enacted, it will certainly, and with ease, be executed. The rum-sellers themselves will stand out of its way like railroad paddies under an avalanche, or it will bury them 'pace us edis.'

It is the most popular law ever enacted in Maine; you would no more get our people to repeal it, than you could to repeal the laws against counterfeiting or murder. We are about ready to say, now, THERE IS NO A GROSS-SHOP IN THE STATE OF MAINE! Think of that—all the world—in this great State of Maine, as large as all the rest of New England, you may travel from one end of it to the other, and crosswise every where, and not find an open gross-shop or rum tavern! What a change! Did our blessed earth ever see the like? Thanks to John Hubbard and Neal Dow, and the Legislature, and the People who sustain them.

The other day there was a horse race on our river here. It drew 2000 people into town from all the region around, and such people as many of them, heretofore, would, before the day closed, have been found thick about shops and stores and taverns, and in a condition too, that might show their familiarity with spirits; but it was remarkable how orderly our streets were—no clusters of people around any gross-shop—indeed, not an intoxicated man was seen for the day—all were sober and behaved like rational men. God be praised for the Maine Law.—[Gospel Banner.]

TO LET.—The Augusta jail, for the first time we believe, is now entirely empty.—Mr. Bonney having left it in disgust at his almost solitary confinement; and the only remaining inmate having been discharged on payment of his fine by some of our citizens. The building is pleasantly located, and several of the rooms command one of the finest views on the Kennebec, or anywhere else. We expect a lease at will might be had on good terms, by application to the County Commissioners.—[Ken. Jour.]

CAPITAL CONVICTION. The brothers Skupinski have been convicted, at Philadelphia, of the murder of the young peddler, Lehman, whose mysterious disappearance, and the subsequent discovery of whose mutilated remains, created much excitement at Philadelphia a few weeks since. The testimony against the prisoners was purely circumstantial, but presented a singularly strong chain of evidence. They were powerfully affected when the verdict was rendered.

Andrew Stevens publishes, in the N. Y. Police Gazette, a minute history of the origin and authors of the Astor Place riot. He acknowledges that he was the chief agent in producing that calamitous affair, and declares that Edmund Forrest requested him to get it up, applying him at the same time with money for the purpose. —[New York Tribune.]

ART UNION INDIANISTS DISOBEYED.—New York April 5.—This morning Judge Duon dissolved the temporary injunction against the Art Union, and refused to grant the permanent one prayed for.

The visit of the Countess of Lansfeld to the Boston High Schools is calling forth a great deal of comment in the New York and Boston papers. Surely, as a punster severely says, the Countess have labored and produced a ridiculous success.

ROBERT LOOKING UP AT THE SOUTH.—Mobile, April 2d. Robert Looker has just returned from a tour of the South, and has been held at which the sentiments expressed by Senator Clemens have been totally disavowed. A great many distinguished Abolitionists were present to welcome him.



## C. H. BEDINGTON &amp; CO.,

(Successors to *Ealy & Kimball*)  
**NO. 4 TRICHOIC RUM.**  
 have formed a Partnership, for the purpose of carrying on a  
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
**DRY GOODS & GROCERY BUSINESS.**  
 situated that the village is not quite large enough to carry  
 on all the different kinds of business, and that the  
 attempt to strain out the grain, **VARIETY**; however, desirable, has  
 resulted to swell the number of **CAPTAINS** they therefore  
 will keep constant on hand  
 All the Articles contained in any Dry Goods or Grocery  
 Store in Town,  
 at the lowest prices, for cash, produce, or good credit; and  
 will receive large quantities of any part of the vil-  
 lage, at any time. Their design is to make their store the home  
 for all those good people who pay down or pay promptly.  
 W. H. REDFERN & CO.  
 waterbury, Feb. 20, 1859. No. 4 Trichoic Row

Classical, Common School, Miscellaneous and Blank  
**BOOKS,**  
 Paper Hangings and Stationery,  
 of every description, **LOW ENOUGH,** at wholesale or retail,  
 and satisfaction warranted.  
 By **GEO. H. GRIFFIN,**  
 Dec. 1851.—22. Hamilton's Building, near Elmwood Hotel

**Notice:**  
 THE HIGHWAY SURVEYORS of Waterville are requested to  
 meet on Monday next, together with the Tax Books, at  
 9 o'clock, on Monday the 19th day of April, next, on that day the Re-

etmen will be in session to settle with them for all claims they  
 may have against the Town for snow bills, or any other claims.  
 E. BOOLITTLE, } Selectmen  
 JOSEPH HITCHINGS, }  
 CHAS. H. TRAYER, } Waterville

**New Lime:**

JUST from the kiln,  
 At C. H. REDDINGTON & CO.'S,  
 Waterville, March 25, 1882. No. 4, Ticonoc Row

**Groceries! Groceries!**

A LARGE and fresh stock of choice Groceries of ev-  
 ery description, at prices that cannot be beat, may

found at C. H. REDINGTON & CO'S.  
No. 4 Ticonic Row.  
N. B. All Goods purchased will be delivered free  
from charge.  
Waterville, March 4, 1882. 33

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**GROCERIES.**  
**JOHN R. DOW,**  
Store next below Williams's Tavern.  
OFFERS, at wholesale and retail, a very large stock of FAMI-  
LY GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.  
Also, constantly on hand, FLOUR of all grades, received

quantities direct from New York, and for sale to the trade at  
 standard prices, with addition of freight.  
 Oct. 29, 1861.

**FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY:**  
 DAY State Office, Boston.  
 Charles Mutual, Boston.  
 American Mutual, New York.  
 United States Stock and Mutual, N. York.  
 Risks taken at fair rates upon the Stock or Mutual principle,  
 y application to  
 Waterville, July 8, 1861. G. S. C. DOW, Agent

**Bounty Land for Soldiers**  
 of the War of 1812, of the Florida and other Indian Wars

Since 1780; and for the commissioned officers of the War in Mexico,—who served for one month and upwards, and have received no larger reward, than for their wives or families (were), obtained under the new law by THOMAS W. HERBICK, Atty and Counsellor at Law.  
Office in Bouclet's Block, over J. K. Eden's store.  
Waterville, Nov. 11, 1850.      last

**FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!**  
The subscriber, having been appointed Agent of the NORTH  
WESTERN INSURANCE COMPANY, of New York, will in-  
sure property on favorable terms.  
WATERVILLE, Aug. 20, 1851.      Z. RANGER.

2) BILLS "Hopeton" Extra Flour, equal to the best Family  
Brands; and at a LOWER PRICE this day received from  
New York. — Ad.

**200 BARRELS**  
Eagle and Empire Mills; good Cincinnati Flour, and  
**50 Barrels Gardiner Flour.**  
Dec 15 For sale by J. H. Bowt.

**Irish Mutual Life Insurance Company.**  
ISSUE ON HOME OR CALIFORNIA. Evidence is taken by this  
Company on reasonable terms. The Company pays the  
Medical Examiner's fee in all cases; and 60 Policies are in

AGENTS.—O. W. WARDHUR, ALFRED MARSHALL, CHINA; E. M. ROY, O. BEAN; HEADFIELD; THOMAS J. BURGESS, WINTHROP; B. F. FIELD, DELAWARE; JOHN S. AMORY, NORRIDGEWICK; C. S. CHASE; R. HARRIS; JOHN L. CUTLER, FARMINGTON; E. H. DAVIS, PORTLAND.

Applications in Waterville may be made to the Agent there, and reference may be made to Doct. N. R. HUSTELLE, Medical Examiner.

C. K. MATHEWS, Agent.

Waterville, Jan. 8, 1882. 16wtd

**Wanted,**

**POULTRY, ROUND HOGS, or LEAN PORK.** Also, Cash paid for good VEEF CALVES; HIDES; CALF SKINS and WOOL SKINS. by *as 167d*

**SAM'L DOOLITTLE.**

## MEDICAL NOTICE.

THE Botanic System of Medical practice was presented to the world by Samuel Thomson, of New Hampshire. It was the inefficiency of the regular practice that induced him to turn his attention to the study of the medicinal properties of the herbs, and by disease; a regular physician was called, who exhausted his skill and abandoned them to die. At this critical period, Dr. Thomson resolved to call into exercise his own judgment in the use of such remedies as he had become acquainted with in his earlier days. He succeeded in curing his children who attacked him most sanguine expectations. All of them recovered under his treatment, besides his companion who was also given over to die by five regular physicians. It soon became the topic of

had cured five of his family after the doctors had given them up. His remedies had failed, and such unexampled success attended his practices, that his name and fame were soon known abroad; and he was invited to visit foreign countries, to deliver the public lectures, and to do the necessity of relinquishing his farm and devoting himself exclusively to the practice of medicine.

In this simple manner originated a system of medical practice superior to all others. Thousands of human beings have been saved from a calamitous death, who have been given over to die by the medical faculty.

The fundamental principles of Dr. Thomson's system lie, that poisons are not proper medicines, that vegetable productions, and the warm waters, are the only medicines, and that the recovery of man is effected by the use of the vegetable kingdom.

assist nature, in throwing off disease, with innocent and harmless remedies, and not retard her functions with MINERAL POISONS. Authentic reports show that, in Cholera, Dysentery, Erysipelas, and other diseases, the use of this medicine is not only longer per se, but is cured under the Blandest treatment than by the treatment of any other system. Another argument in its favor is that it not only cures a greater number of patients than does the old school system, but it leaves the system of the patient in a more healthy condition than the old school system of purgation, and yet effectual in removing disease; and when administered do not plant the seeds of future disease as do the poisons used by the old school physicians. With these remarks the subscriber would offer his professional services to all who directed.

CARLOS CHAPMAN, M.D.  
Office and residence on Temple Street, New York.

**Public and Private Notice:**  
THE undersigned, having sold out, in part, their Stock of Goods at No. 4 Ticonic Row, to C. H. REDINGTON & CO., who are carrying on a Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods and Grocery trade, will be happy to surrender their old and prompt paying Customers to the New Firm, and will insure them gratifying treatment and good bargains. Their demands against all such customers they will retain in their own hands, and hope they will call and settle them at their earliest convenience, in the same manner as heretofore, but all those who by neglect or carelessness have failed to do so, will be obliged to call on the undersigned to leave their notes and accounts with an attorney must settle with him alone.

Waterville, Feb. 20, 1952. ESTY & MINDBALLS.

**SAVE COST!**

ALL persons indebted to the late firm of DOW & NYE, are requested to make immediate payment to PEARSON & NYE, as by so doing they will save the PAYMENT COST.

Waterville, March 16, 1952. 85 DOW & NYE.

**RAGS WANTED.**

10 TONS RAGS WANTED BY GEO. H. GRIFFIN, dealer in Hooks, Stationery, Paper Hangings and Fancy Goods, Hudson's corner, near Elmwood Hotel.

Small lot quantities, too.

Waterville, March 17, 1952. 30

**NEW CROP MOLASSES!**  
**EXTRA** quality, just on tap, at  
 Waterville, March 3, 1892. **C. H. REDINGTON & CO.**  
 No. 4, TICONS ROW.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**  
**C. H. CAMPFERT** is agent for the best  
 single and double **MELOPHONES**, **SOLO-  
 ANS**, **SYMPHONIES** and **HEED ORGANS** made  
 in the New England States; also, for **PIANO-  
 FORTES**, made in the best establishments in Boston. He deliv-  
 ers all instruments at the lowest prices, and guaran-  
 tees them, at the manufacturers' lowest retail prices; also

also gives some general instructions in using them, when desired. Having had experience in using these instruments and in making such sketches from the field notes, the advertiser can be assured that the best results will be obtained. Being absent from Waterville a part of the time; communication through the Post Office would be the most sure and would meet with immediate attention.

Address G. H. CARPENTER, Waterville, Me. Refer to Enquirer Dec 28th, Assistant P. M. at Waterville, Me. 1881

**House & Lot for sale at Kendall's Mills.**

THE advertiser offers for sale the HOUSE and LOT which is now occupied at Kendall's Mills, containing sixty square rods of land, with a story and a half house and a stable. The property will be sold slow and on reasonable terms, if applied to.

Kendall's Mills, March 1, 1863. H. KNAPP

**CONFIDENTIAL**

WE are very sorry to find ourselves obliged to inform our old acquaintances, against whom we have notes and accounts, that, notwithstanding of any other way to collect them, we have been obliged to sue to Attorney, by which we shall have to attend to us, we will be satisfied to without delay.

Waterville, Jan. 1, 1863. ESTY & KIMBALL.

**Administrator's Notice.**

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of ABRAHAM KIMBALL, late of said County, and has taken and filed the required Oath.

late, and has been taken when that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for payment, and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to  
March 22, 1862. 37 JOHN RANSTED.





