



5-27-1852

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 45): May 27, 1852

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 45): May 27, 1852" (1852). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 252.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/252

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1852.

NO. 45.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
MAXHAM & WING,
At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.
EPIH. MAXHAM. DANIEL R. WING.

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

A SOLEMN CONCEIT.

Stately trees are growing,
Lushy vines are flowing,
And mighty fountains flowing,
On, forever on.
As stately rivers are growing,
As lushy plants are flowing,
And as mighty fountains flowing,
On, forever on.
But there has been a taking,
Sorrow, and heart-breaking,
And a moon pale Echo's making,
For the gone, forever gone.
Lovely stars are gleaming,
Bearded lights are streaming,
And glorious suns are beaming,
On, forever on.
As lovely eyes are gleaming,
As wondrous lights are streaming,
And as glorious minds are beaming,
On, forever on.
But there has been a sundering,
Wailing and sad wondering,
For graves grow fat with plundering,
The gone, forever gone.
We see great eagles soaring,
Every one is wondering,
And this huge globe goes thundering,
On, forever on.
But, 'mid this weary sundering,
Heart-breaking, and sad wondering,
And this huge globe's rude thundering,
On, forever on.
I would that I were sundering,
Where little flowers are gleaming,
And the long, green grass is streaming,
On, forever on.

ORIGINAL STORY.

LEAVES FROM A HEART'S BOOK.

THE FIRST LEAF.
It was a golden afternoon in Autumn, and we gathered around the pleasant window to listen to poor old Mary White's story. We looked out on her fresh, green grave, in the gleam far over the fields, while Frances read the feebly written manuscript, the last gift of the kind heart that was now at rest.

"Yes, I am an old maid! My youth has faded away, like the Autumn leaves which the wind bears past my open window; but, as the sunlight rests brilliantly on each 'sere and yellow leaf,' so is this withered heart illumined by the light of peace and contentment. Childhood—what a charm ever clings around that word! The simple joys, the true affections of childhood, are stars of memory which grow brighter and more beautiful, as we near the dark portal.

They come again, as my weary hand traces these lines—they come with all their early sweetness to my soul; the happy eyes and laughing voices, so dear to me long ago; but they will not long stay, for the deeper eyes and deeper voices, of after years, rise sadly up, and they pass smilingly away.

Mine was a joyous childhood. My home was in the country, far removed from the ceaseless noise and cares of the world, a pleasant cottage, with a piazza on the sunny side, whose white pillars were almost hidden by the rich summer roses.

I was an only child; plain, and among strangers, even awkward; but it is not the stranger alone who have warm hearts, and mine flowed out unceasingly to every one around me. My whole soul was full of bright thoughts and dreams, and how could I be otherwise than happy?

My father had been very wealthy; but his was one of the innumerable cases which prove that riches are not to be relied upon. But the loss of wealth had only strengthened and ennobled his character, leading him to lean, yet more, on the watchful care of Heaven. His picture rests before me now, as I have often looked upon him, when I stole into his study to bid him 'Good night.' I see him leaning his head thoughtfully on his hand, his dark blue eyes cast downward, his lips almost moving with the earnestness of thought.

He was my only teacher; and the hours of study were the most delightful part of the day. Every incident brought with it a lesson; and Nature was full of language to him, and his enthusiastic thoughts ever found in me a kindred feeling. The winds, the clouds, the blossoms, all were to us, voices, half revealing the mysteries of life.

When the tasks of the day were ended, how often have we wandered together to a grove at a little distance from the cottage. There he had built an arbor, and sheltered it with vines, for the hour of evening study. It was here that my father often spoke to me of the future, of the changes which it must bring; and more than all, he filled my soul with the pure influence of religion, his own most faithful treasure. How little he thought that life's dark changes would meet me so soon!

For many long months my father's health had been failing, but I never thought that he might soon leave us. I hardly thought that he could die; and when it was told me that he was fast sinking into the grave, it seemed to me like something impossible. My mother, who was one of those calm, reasoning characters, that never feel any emotion except on extraordinary occasions, was now exceedingly alarmed; I could not help believing that there was some truth in the dark foreboding, which constantly dwelt in my mind.

The spring passed away, and as it faded, my dearest earthly friend faded too; yet his thoughts were still full of beauty and truth, and he spoke to me with the same earnest enthusiasm.

It was the first night of summer; how clearly do I remember it. I was watering the flowers of our little garden, when my mother's voice called in a strange, quick tone—'Mary! Mary! come to your father!' I hastened to his chamber, I approached the couch on which he

lay, but I only received one bright, beautiful smile—and then all was over.

There was a grave made in the village church-yard, and there my father is sleeping.

ANOTHER LEAF.

The next four years of my life were spent at a school, far away from my native village. Here, after my grief had subsided, I was happily situated.

I found many new friends and pleasant faces, which I fancied would always smile upon me; but, ere long, I discovered that all hearts were not as free from deceit and worldliness as mine, and that none were like those I had played with in childhood.

But there was one exception to these summer friends that surrounded me. This was Isabel Howard, an orphan girl, who possessed a mind of the highest order. Her talents were my constant admiration, yet her heart was as good as her mind was richly endowed.

Isabel, like me, had seen loved ones pass away; and both being strangers in the school, we soon felt for each other a sympathy which ripened into the warmest friendship. We studied, read and wrote together, and she often beguiled our lonely hours, by relating incidents of her past life.

There was one subject on which she ever delighted to dwell. She had an only brother, who was her senior by four years, and whom a wealthy uncle, who resided in the South, had adopted some years before. She had since seen him but once, and she described him as being the personification of manly beauty and goodness. Often, as we took our walk together, in the early morning, her glowing imagination painted the happiness which she would enjoy when her brother should come to take her to his Southern home. Is it strange that thoughts of the noble William Howard would sometimes steal into my day-dreams? But enough of this.

Four years had passed since I entered the school, my vacations having been always spent at home with my mother. Time had but little improved my personal appearance, but I possessed a superior education, with which I felt enabled to meet the reverses of the world.—Yet now that the world was before me, I sometimes almost trembled as I thought of the labors and cares and trials I might be called to endure. But, though the future looked dark, the past seemed to grow brighter and brighter, and I could but believe that the guardian of my childhood was my friend and guardian still.—Perhaps his bright wings were over me, and perhaps it was his voice that whispered to my soul—'Be strong, and heaven will aid thee.'

But my school days were nearly over. Isabel and I took longer and more frequent walks than ever before, now that we were to be separated. She daily expected her brother's arrival, half rejoicing at the thought of greeting him, but sorrowing with me, when we spoke of the years that might pass ere we should meet again. But a greater and wholly unexpected sorrow awaited me.

A short time before I had intended to return home, I received a letter from an old friend, informing me that my mother was very ill and wished me to come to her immediately.

The next morning I bade adieu to Isabel, not daring to hope that we might meet again, and with a sad heart began my homeward journey. At last I reached the cottage, the same as in other days, only a little browner; and the vines had almost covered the piazza.

I hastened to the well remembered chamber, but the ~~door~~ faces that met me, told that I was too late. And now I was indeed an orphan.

THE LAST LEAF.

There was a stranger among the familiar friends that stood around my mother's pale, shrouded form. This was a very eccentric old lady, with whom my mother had, formerly, been a great favorite. She lived near a country village, about fifty miles distant from my native place, in an old mansion which was built in exact accordance with the taste of its inmate. I soon learned that, as she was very lonely, she had promised my mother that, for the present, I should have a home with her.

Therefore, after my mother's form had been laid in the pleasant valley, where now both parents were sleeping, and where I have sometimes wished that I, too, was at rest, I accompanied my new guardian to her curious old home.

The house was two stories high, with two wings, painted a very dark brown, and standing in the midst of trees so massive, that it seemed they had stood there for ages. There was a large garden, which might have been very beautiful, but it was so little cared for, that the long weeds had nearly covered the flowers and shrubbery. It extended to the church-yard, and beyond, was the church, a worn-out building which seemed just ready to fall in pieces. A gloomy prospect, indeed, but brightened by a view of the little village in the distance, with here and there a glimpse of the blue stream.

I had passed the summer far more pleasantly than I expected, with my eccentric friend, and had become quite attached to herself and her homestead. It was her custom to take a stately walk at sunset in her garden, and I generally accompanied her. One evening as we were seated in an arbor, and I was patiently listening to a majestic lecture on the beauty of the setting sun, I was startled by hearing my name called in a strangely familiar tone. I looked up, and saw—Isabel Howard, leaning on the arm of a noble looking youth who strikingly resembled her. We greeted each other with warmest joy; and she introduced the brother, of whom she had spoken so much.

My companion, old Mrs. Bradford, welcomed them with great delight, and we all followed her into the house.

I soon discovered that they were the children of her only daughter, who had been dead many years, and of whom I had never heard her speak.

And now all was gladness in the old mansion from morning till night. We explored the country for miles around; and when evening came, by some open window we would linger to talk of the past and dream of the future. Beautiful hours! too beautiful to last.

And need I tell how, ere long, I learned to regard Isabel, not only as my dearest friend, but as my future sister! Need the tale be told!

O, that those hours could have lasted! and yet I am wrong. Did not the Father of all see clearer than I, a child of earth, and did He not order it otherwise?

It was a wild night—the first of October.

The wind was howling around every corner of the old mansion, and as it reached some dilapidated chamber, it would steal in through a broken pane, and mournfully wail in the darkness. The giant elms, that shaded the pathway, swung their branches heavily upon the tempest, as if striving to resist its power; and the great gate creaked upon its hinges.

The sounds of the wind and storm without, filled me with unusual melancholy; and I watched with a kind of awe the dark shadows that flitted across the high, old-fashioned window.

It was already past midnight, but I felt no disposition to sleep. I endeavored to dispel my gloom by thoughts of the long, bright years to come, when my home would be in the sunny South, rendered more sunny and glowing, by the light of the dark eyes that would ever shine on me so kindly. But the winds were mournfully moaning, and there was no undertone of joy in their mysterious sadness. I arose and looked out of the window toward the old church. It must be fancy, I thought, but there was a faint light within the little arched windows!

As I gazed, wild thoughts came over me; memories of stories told me in childhood, of spirits that came with the midnight hour, to hold their revelries in the vaults of lonely churches. Still the light increased, grew strong and red, and flickered brightly before the windows when the sudden cry of 'Fire,' broke the spell of fear which had bound me.

In a moment all were awaked from their slumber. The villagers gathered hastily around the building, making every endeavor to save it. Isabel and I stood by a window, watching the flames that had already begun to break through the time-worn walls, when suddenly we saw two forms upon the roof, one of which we thought must be William.

We smiled proudly as we whispered of his daring bravery, but at a loud cry from the people without, we rushed again to the window. The house had fallen, and where was William? We trembled, but dared not give way to our forebodings. It was now near morning; the flames grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away. We watched for his return—but, oh! he returned no more.

When the burning church fell, William, with his companion, was buried in the ruins.

For weeks I watched by the couch of the unconscious Isabel, bowed beneath a weight of grief, such as I had never dreamed of before. That dreadful midnight scene was constantly before me; and when I slept, it was to dream of his kind eyes and pleasant voice; and then some dark vision would come like a blight over my soul, and I would wake to deeper sorrow. Years, years have passed away, and I have learned to think with calmness on the past. Mine has been a lonely, weary life; yet Heaven is my goal, and there shall I find peace. Isabel has long been sleeping—I, too, shall soon be at rest.

[From Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet.]

THE CROWS AND THE WIND-MILL.

A CHAPTER ON MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

It seems there was once a wind mill, history does not tell us exactly where, and I suppose it does not much matter where it was, which went round and round day after day. It did no harm to any body. It never knocked anybody down, unless he got under it, within reach of its great arms. What if it did air, it did not hurt the air any. It was just as good for breathing, after it had turned the old mill, as it was before.

But there was a flock of crows in the neighborhood, that took quite a dislike to the innocent mill. They said there must be some mischief about it. They did not at all like its actions. The swinging of these long arms, for a whole day at a time, really looked suspicious. And, besides that, it was rumored in the village, (and one of the oldest inhabitants said there was no doubt but the rumor was true, for his grandfather once told him that the affair actually did happen, when he was quite a young crow, and that he saw it with his own eyes), it was rumored that a good natured crow went to look at the mill one day, and that the great thing hit him a knock with one of its arms, and killed him on the spot.

Some half a dozen of the flock that felt so much alarmed, were talking together, at one time, when the conversation turned, as was generally the case, upon the giant mill. After talking awhile, it was thought best to call a council of the crows in the country, far and near, to see if some means could not be hit upon by which the dangerous thing could be got rid of.

Well, the council was called, and the council met in a cornfield. Such a cawing and chattering was never heard before, in that neighborhood, I venture to say. They appointed a chairman—perhaps I ought to say a 'chair-crow.'

'Why not a 'sore-crow,' Mr. Thinker?' Just as you like, boys, only let me go on with my story. They appointed a sore-crow and other officers, and proceeded to business. As is usual in public meetings of this nature, there were a good many different opinions as to the question, what it was best to do with the wind-mill. Most of the crows said it was a dangerous thing, a very dangerous thing, indeed; but then as to the best mode of getting rid of it, that was not so easy a matter to decide.

There were some who wished to adjourn at once, and go right over to the wind-mill, all the crows in a body, and destroy the thing on the spot. In justice to the crow family in general, however, (for I must say for one, that I have a great deal of respect for their wisdom and cunning), it ought to be stated that those who talked about this warlike measure were rather young. Their feathers had not grown out quite to their full length, and they had not seen as much of the world as their fathers had.

After there had been a good deal of loud talking, (crows usually talk loud, as you are probably aware, but on this occasion some of them almost split their throats), after there had been a good deal of loud talking all over the great elm tree where the council was held, one old crow said he had a few questions to ask. He had a plan to recommend, too, perhaps. It would depend upon the answer to his questions, whether he gave any advice or not. He would beg leave to inquire, through the chairman, whether the wind-mill had ever been known to go away from the place where it was standing, and to chase crows around the lot, for the purpose of killing them. It was de-

cided that such conduct on the part of the giant had never been heard of. Even the oldest inhabitant, who had heard the story from his grandfather, about the unhappy fate of the crow that perished by a blow from the giant's arms, did not remember ever to have heard that the wind-mill made such warlike visits.

'How then,' the speaker wished to know, 'was that crow killed in old times?'

The answer was, 'By venturing too near the mill.'

'And that is the only way that any of us are likely to get killed by the wind-mill?'

'Yes,' the scare-crow said, 'that is the way I believe.'

And the crows, generally, nodded their heads, as much as to say, 'Certainly, of course.'

'Well then,' said the old crow who asked the question, 'Let's keep away from the mill. That's all I've got to say.'

And the whole council set up such a noisy laugh, that if you had been passing that way at the time, you would hardly have been able to hear yourself think.—The meeting broke up. The general opinion was, that the advice of the last speaker was, on the whole, the safest and best that had been given.

I remember when I was a boy, there was a wasp's nest right under the eaves of my father's barn. It was a monster of a nest, and as big round as a plate. I used to watch the busy wasps, day after day, as they flew into and out of their nest. 'Something must be done,' I said at last. 'Those wicked wasps will sting us all, yet.' It is true they had lived there peaceably enough for weeks; and had never offered to sting anybody. 'But they must be put down,' I said. And so said my brother.

So one day we managed to get a ladder up to the eaves of the barn, and up we both climbed, each with a club in his hand, to knock down the dangerous wasp's nest. We did knock it down sure enough—but such a buzzing as we got around our ears, to pay for it, I never want to hear again. We both got stung in a dozen places. I could not see out of my eyes for a week after that, my face was stung so badly and swelled so much. Now you see how foolish we were, for knocking down the wasp's nest. Nobody, I presume, would ever have got stung by those wasps, if we had not meddled with them, and tried to put them down.

This 'putting down' I have generally found, is a losing game, all around. I once attempted to 'put down' a boy at school. He was a bad boy, I thought, and so a good many others thought. He said bad words. He was a foul-mouthed fellow. It was true he never did any harm to me; but I thought he would do some, if I did not contrive some way to stop it. He was too good to quarrel with me, that was certain. So I made up my mind, that when I got a good chance, I would give him a flogging—a good sound flogging—one he would not forget for the whole winter.

The chance did come, as I thought. He had been using some hard words to a boy who sat on the same bench with me. 'You rascal!' said I, 'If you don't stop, I'll flog you.' He did not stop. I struck him—and then he turned upon me, and instead of his getting the flogging that I had talked of, I got it myself.—I made up my mind, then, to keep away from him; and he never troubled me again.

THE GIFT OF SPEECH.

The Louisville Journal, in a notice of Dr. CALDWELL'S book entitled 'Thoughts on the original Unity of the Human Race,' has the following on the origin of the gift of speech:—

From whence came the gift of speech among men? Some of the advocates of the plurality theory answer the question by an empty assertion. They declare that speech is the result of organization. In trying to solve a problem of the utmost difficulty on their hypothesis, the advocates of the plurality theory forget the anatomical facts on which they dwell minutely when arguing against those who plead the unity faith. For instance, in the book before us, Dr. Caldwell conclusively establishes, in controversy the views of Doctor Pritchard, that the vocal organization of man and of the orang outang is the same. Why, then, does not the orang outang talk? If speech is the result of organization, why has he not acquired the gift of speech? Why is that faculty confined to man? The restriction makes it self evident, that speech is not the result, exclusively, of organization. We have the fact strikingly corroborated in the notorious examples of persons who never spoke because they never heard words. They are dumb because the sounds of speech never fell upon their ears. Examples of these curious facts are familiar to readers of human records. We have cases of children who commenced talking in childhood, and who lost the gift of speech by losing the faculty of hearing. We know of persons who were rigidly excluded from hearing human speech, who attained maturity without being able to speak a word, but who acquired speech rapidly, after hearing words spoken. A notorious example of the dependence of dumbness upon deafness, and of the gradual acquisition of speech after the deafness was suddenly removed, was rigidly examined by the French Academy of Sciences, and the reputation of that body is abundant guarantee of the soundness of the facts recorded of the case. The facts are, indeed, abundant for the establishment of a great doctrine, namely, that no human being ever spoke except from hearing speech, or by some substituted process that excited imitation. There is not one writer of antiquity, except Moses, that ever attempted even to guess from whence the gift of speech came. Yet, there is not a more important problem in human history than the origin of human speech. Still, with all its momentous importance knocking at the very portals of inquiry, not one of the mighty intellects of Greece, not even the astute Aristotle, ever attempted the inquiry.—For that inquiry even he possessed neither rudder or compass. The gift is so common that men forget to seek out its origin; but if we go back to the origin of the human race, how shall we, without Moses, account for the use of speech by the first pair or pairs? If Casper Hauser could not learn, in seventeen years, to talk without hearing words, how did Adam learn? If it is an incontestable fact, that now, when speech is dispersed among men, no man can talk except by hearing or imitating speech, how did the first pair begin the use of their vocal organs, unless their maker spoke to them? Moses reveals the fact that that was the way speech came among men, and facts indisputably show that except by organization, and the gift of imitating speech, no process is known by which the power could have been imparted to the human family.

Speech is, therefore, a derived gift, the result alone of organization and of the power of imitation.

BEES AND THISTLES.

A gentleman named Dr. Wilson, who had made several voyages to Van Diemen's Land, had observed that there were not any bees producing honey; he therefore, on one of his voyages, took with him a hive of bees. It was placed on deck, and the little voyagers were liberally supplied with moist sugar; and it was understood that the bees had perfect liberty, and, however far they might have flown across the watery waste, always returned to the hive; and were conveyed sixteen thousand miles, to Hobart Town. Dr. Wilson generously placed the hive at the disposal of Gov. Arthur. It was placed in the Government Garden, and so abundant was the food, and so adapted the climate to the bees, that I was told that a single hive of bees would produce twenty stocks in a year; the first swarms, each, yielding ten swarms. The Governor politely presented his friends with hives of bees; so that, in a very few seasons, most gardens in the colony were furnished with them.

I still recollect the very pleasing sensation produced in my mind, when I first saw and heard the bee in Van Diemen's Land. It was Sunday, and I had retired to a shady walk in the garden, in the country, for study and meditation. An unusual sound struck my ear, familiar, though not immediately remembered. I sought for the little humming insect, when to my surprise and delight, I discovered a bee; it was gathering honey from the blossoms of the gooseberry. Now, the bee is found in all settled districts of the colony. In summer, many swarms are found in the bushes, and large quantities of honey are frequently found in the hollow trees. It is so plentiful, that, in the summer season, it may be bought for fourpence per lb.; and it is probable, that, before long, bees' wax will form a staple article of commerce, and thus assist to enrich the colony.

An emigrant from Scotland, proud of his nationality, brought with him to the colony a packet of thistle seed, and as soon as he had settled upon his grant of land, he scattered the seed around his dwelling, and the emblem of his native land was soon manifest in its forbidding grandeur. Great was the admiration of his friends and countrymen, and some almost wept as the thistle brought back to their memory the scenes of their own dear fatherland. The seed was liberally supplied to friends far and near; and soon the down was soaring over the hills of Tasmania, bearing the seed in its flight, and the thistle was no longer a stranger in this our adopted country. But, mark the result! The thistle soon manifested himself an usurper; and took possession of the soil to the exclusion of the native grasses and herbs. In a very few years the colonists began to take the alarm. Large paddocks were overgrown with the pernicious weed; and not only was the pasture land destroyed, but in some cases became inaccessible to man or beast; and in autumn the seeds mount in the air looking like snow, and I have seen the grass perfectly white with the down. The mischief is irreparable; and the thistle will never be extirpated in Van Diemen's Land, while the curse pronounced upon the land for Adam's sake is inflicted; and some think the thistle will usurp the vast plains of Australia, as its congener has the pampas of South America.

Now, contrast the two actions and their result,—the introduction of a hive of bees, and the introduction of a packet of thistle seed.

Take my own case as an illustration. Without expense or trouble on my part—for any old chest or cask serves for a hive—the bees collect me honey and wax. In the autumn we take as much honey as furnishes our table, and the children use it profusely all the year round, and the refuse makes admirable vinegar. But the thistle is an intolerable nuisance. Mine is considered a small farm, being only two thousand acres. Of course the principal part is a sheep-walk. I have only occupied it for six years, and when I entered upon it the thistles were by no means so numerous as on the neighboring estates; yet, during the last six years, I have, for four months in spring and summer in each year, devoted many days to its extirpation; some weeks, each six days; and sometimes with one man, and occasionally the whole establishment, I would take the field against the prickly enemy; and this day, the 16th of January, 1851, I and my eldest son have had a weary walk, making a circuit of at least a dozen miles, peeping into and examining every dell and nook; for the sullen gentleman, armed at all points, like a retired, quiet spot to luxuriate in, unmolested. Some hundreds have we this day destroyed, and there are yet many hills and valleys to examine, but one retired spot, formed by a bend of the river, quite deserted us, and the task of destroying hundreds of tall weeds is left for another day; and my labor is each year to be begun, for my careless neighbors supply me with an abundance of seed.

Now, my young friends, weigh well what may be the result of your actions, even of what you may deem a trifling one; for this is certain, each of your actions is either of faith or it is sin. The one will produce health and sweetness; the other labor and sorrow—a curse. No power can recall an act. All the power of the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land could not destroy the bees or extirpate the thistle. The importation of bees was an act of benevolence; the importation of the thistle had its origin in pride and folly.

Our Wondrous Atmosphere.

The atmosphere rises above us, with its cathedral dome arched towards the heavens, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats about us like that grand object which the Apostle John saw in his vision—'a sea of glass like unto crystal.' So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships, like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snow-flakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it, before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it, like glass; yet a soap bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves its wings with ease. We touch it, not but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the

hardened children of our rugged climate. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of midday, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it, the rainbow would want its 'triumphal arch,' and the winds would not send their feeble messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold would not either shed snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail-storm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn it tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening are gathered by degrees, and the bowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature, space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would, at one bound, burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for its coming, and sends, at first, but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws the curtain of night aside, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth to her labor again till evening.—[Quarterly Review.

DUTIES TO THE DEPARTED.

A false, and notion has injured many, that we owe it to departed friends to die to those who remain, to die to our race, to feed on dark pictures of life, to reject the blessings which our kind Father has strewn in our path, because some have been taken from us. It ought to be the influence of bereavement, of the banished loved ones from our sight, to give us more reverent and quickened conceptions of the spiritual nature of the undying soul, of that futurity through which our faculties and affections are to expand into diviner life and felicity; and under this hope we should desire to enter a nobler field of action, now the departed have gone to rest, to love and serve the infinite Father with a new fervor and elevation of spirit—and you should strive to sympathize with them, to be joined with them by participation in their progress. We are apt to feel as if nothing we could do on earth bears a relation to what the good are doing in a higher world; but it is not so. Heaven and earth are not so far apart. Every disinterested act, every sacrifice of duty, every exertion for 'one of the least of Christ's brethren,' every new insight into God's works, every new impulse given to the love of truth and goodness, associates us with the departed, brings us nearer to them, and is as truly heavenly as if it were acting not on earth, but in heaven. These are common truths, but we do not feel them. The spiritual life between us and the departed is not felt as it should be. Our union with them daily grows stronger, if we daily make progress in what they are growing in.—Channing.

A PEEP AT THE FIVE POINTS. Nature has been styled a compound of extremes. The observation is sharp and true. We'll take the cure, and leaving Broadway, get into a pair of moral rubbers, boots, and high ones we should say, and proceed to that metropolitan sink of moral and every other kind of depravity and corruption, the Five Points. The man woman or child who has not heard of this famous spot must be quite deaf or careless.

'Contrast, with a vengeance,' say you—'Broadway and Five Points are in two different planets in all but geographical lights.' Still they are on my note-book.

Five Points, as the locality smells all over the country, has been but little exaggerated. It is a marvel, an Alps, an Atlantic ocean in sin, filth, wretchedness, horror. Gaunt forms and ghastly faces stare from every doorway; insatiable death hovers around every door for a fresh victim. The very atmosphere is electric with startling profanity and searching vulgarity. The reeling drunkard, the diseased rotting debauchee, the starving mother, the thin ghostly child, the impious prostitute, all meet the eye and chill the senses. From cellar to attic are the signs and marks of vice. Children in the mud, men and women swearing fighting, drinking. All is dark. Not a redeeming feature. Rum, filth, vice, disease,—all in a house, in a room, in a person.

Such you see, feel, know, even though you take but a hurried glance. You are impressed to the last drop of blood, that it is Five Points, that it can be nowhere else. In fact there is no other in the broad world.

Did you go down a cellar or up a garret, the story of the night would be ten fold more appalling. Youthful female forms steeped in disease and vice, pallid, weak, dying, would be a common sight. Did you trace the history of such—now, maybe but 20—you would two years back have found a shop girl on Broadway, and two more the pride and paragon of some village, the hope of a mother, the promise of a father, the expectant of a town's virtuous, happy, loved; but now reaping the last sad fruits of vice dissipation, disease—none to care, sympathize, respect or love. There are hundreds of such. Such is a 'lusty' peep at Five Points. [Cor. Boston Bee.

The reason why those who have steady work and good wages are always poor and hard driven, and complaining that they cannot make their earnings and expenses come round even, is because the money leaks away by dribblets. They cannot see anything but what they must have it, if a few cents will buy it. By the wise and prudent such would be called extravagance, and truly called so. The rich live on the amount of money squandered by those dependent on their labor. A man does not grow rich on what he earns, but simply on what he saves. Wealth is obtained by saving the pennies.

CORN COFFEE A REMEDY FOR VOMITING. Roast half a pint of Indian Corn in an iron pan or kettle, free from any grease—stir it steadily until it is so brown as to be nearly black—grind or pound it. To one tea-cup of black powder, pour a pint of boiling water, let it boil five minutes in a clean tin vessel, then strain it, and give half a tea-cupful without milk; if it is vomited once, give the other half cup, which is usually sufficient. This receipt cures nine cases out of ten, and is valuable, as it enables the stomach to retain medicines.

MISCELLANY.

An Adventure in Limousine.
MURDER BY MISTAKE.

The following homely, but interesting narrative is related in one of the English magazines. It proves that dreams are not always to be disregarded; and shows that there is sometimes a remarkably strong, sympathetic connection between one's sleeping ideas, and the wretched motives of others:

"Five-and-twenty years ago, as I was returning home one evening from St. Cere, I was overtaken by a storm. I was on horseback, and my horse, alarmed at the hail and lightning, became restive, and refused to go a step in advance. I dismounted, and taking the reins, attempted to urge him forward, when fortunately I perceived lights ahead. I proceeded towards them, and at length reached a miserable hovel. Upon raising the latch, I discovered a man and woman cowering over a blazing fire, and enveloped in weeping baskets.

"Good evening to you, my friends," I said, in the dialect of the country; "but sorry weather, this."

The worthy denizens of the hut cast on me looks anything but gracious; however, that caused me but small concern. I asked them to make a little room for me by their fire, assuring them that I was willing to meet any expense I might incur; and I proceeded to throw a heap of faggots on the embers, without the slightest ceremony.

"Do you take us for in keepers?" inquired the female, in a shrill, angry tone.

I took out my purse and gave her a franc piece. The sight of the coin mollified her at once.

"Ah!" said the horrid old witch, "I see you are a good gentleman and a kind;" and she resumed her task.

The storm, however, raged with unabated violence. The gale threatened to carry away the hovel, and my horse stood neighing and pawing the ground, under the shed which I had fastened him. It was idle to think of venturing forth, yet I could scarcely reckon upon finding a sleeping apartment in that miserable abode.

"Well, sir," said the woman, "it would be a sad thing to go beyond doors on such a night as this. We are but poor folk, and have no bed to offer you, worthy such a fine gentleman; but if you don't mind going up there, (pointing to a ladder, and a kind of garret,) at any rate you'll be able to keep yourself dry."

Somehow, the woman's looks didn't please me at all. However, there was no help for it; besides, I was fresh from the army, and no milksop; so I climbed up accordingly, and gained my loft forthwith. I then stretched myself on the worm-eaten boards which composed the floor, and in spite of storm and wind, was soon asleep. Strange enough, but I had scarcely fallen asleep, ere I must needs take it into my head to set about dreaming.

I imagined myself snugly seated in this very chimney corner, with the fire of my heart at my side, when on a sudden I perceived, surging high above her head, a face most grisly to behold. It was the same that graced my gentle hostess of the hovel. She had a hatchet in her hand, and made a dash to strike me. I strove to rise and to take to flight, but in vain; my limbs refused their office. On my examining them more closely, I found that they were severed at the joint. The change thus suddenly wrought in them, had the effect of arousing me from my slumbers, and dispelling the fearful vision. At any rate, wake up I did, and found myself still in the garret, with my head pillowed on my cloak. I bent my head to listen if I could hear aught; but, save the howling of the storm, all was silent. Somehow or other, I could not get rid of the painful impression occasioned by my dream. It struck me to indulge in a peep through one of the many chinks in the rotten, worm-eaten floor; and accordingly I proceeded to take an observation of how matters might be passing below. The man and his wife were still bending over the fire, but they had discontinued their work, and were conversing in whispers.

"I tell you there's more coin in that purse than you can earn during the rest of your lifetime," said the female.

"Well, what then?" said the man.

"What then? Why, take it, to be sure! Catch tight hold of his legs, and mind the rest of him follows them; then pitch him down the hole, and leave the rest to me," showing a mason's mallet in her hand.

"And when that's done, what's to become of him, next?" inquired her husband.

"We'll lay him down somewhere on the road, and folks will think that he was killed by a fall from his horse." And she spoke, she extinguished the nondescript sort of lamp used by the peasant in those parts.

The fire was long since out, so I could see nothing. They continued to whisper, but in such low tones as to be utterly inaudible. I trust I am not a greater coward than my neighbors; still, I own I felt very much the reverse of comfortable, for, be it remembered, I had not a single defensive weapon about me. For a moment I considered the notion of jumping down the trap door, and clearing the ladder at a single spring; but said ladder was very rickety, and I missed my footing. Heaven alone can tell what would have been the result. Moreover, I had but brief time for reflection, for I suddenly felt a slight vibration at the trap door, which made me shudder from head to foot.

The man was climbing the ladder; and each round, as he mounted, creaked beneath his weight. By this time I had succeeded in raising myself noiselessly on my knees at the edge of the trap door. With a thick-beating heart, and eye, ear and limb at most intense tension, there I waited in an agony of apprehension. Suddenly, amid the darkness, a form appeared before me, and I felt its hand come in contact with my person. I sprang to my feet, and clutched the individual by the throat and hurled him backwards. His foot slipped, and he fell heavily from the ladder.

"I have him safe!" exclaimed the woman; and at the same time I heard the sound of a heavy blow, then a piercing shriek, followed by another blow, and then naught save the howling blast and pattering rain. With her own hands she had slain her husband!

I hadn't nerve enough to descend the ladder. What with the woman and the body of the murdered man, I was fairly taken aback. It occurred to me that I might, perhaps, be able to work my way out through the roof, and so I did. I found my horse at the place where I had made him fast, and proceeded forthwith to tell my story to the authorities. The female was brought to trial and sentenced to death; and, as in those days there were no such things as *circumstances in extenuation*, she was duly executed.

As GOOD AS SPEAKING.—There is every reason to suppose that innumerable sounds, answering the purpose of speech, are exchanged throughout the animal creation, which man does not in the least understand, or which he does not hear. In Mr. Beale's aviary there were three Mandarin ducks, two of which were drakes. The duck was the wife of the elder

Mandarin; and this being perfectly understood by the other drake, the three lived together in the utmost harmony. But these Mandarins are very valuable, (as such as £50 were paid not long since for the pair in the Zoological gardens,) and a thief who had been studying ornithology, broke into the aviary one night, and stole the elder Mandarin. The very next day, the bereaved widow found herself exposed to the polite attentions of the other drake. She was, however, inconsolable for the loss of her husband, and resisted the blandishments and overtures of the indefatigable suitor. But it so happened that the ornithological thief was traced, and the elder Mandarin recovered, and restored to the expanded wings of his faithful wife. The first transport being over, the elder Mandarin instantly turned upon the other drake, smote him with his bill and pinion, buffeted him about the head till his sight was destroyed, and inflicted so many other wounds upon him, that he died shortly afterwards. Of course she must have told him,—[Dickens's "Household Words."

The Bride's Departure.

The St. Louis correspondent of the Cincinnati Atlas, relates the following incident, which occurred in the boat in which he embarked from Louisville:

"After I had got on board, a few moments before we started, my attention was attracted toward a group of friends with whom I became very much interested. It was a family partying with a daughter and sister who was a bride, and was leaving the home and friends of her childhood, to cast her lot with the one she loved, and seek another home in the far, far West. She appeared to be an only daughter—at least there was no sister there—and the parting of the mother and daughter was one of the most affecting scenes I ever witnessed. They sat on an hour side by side in silence—the heart was too full to speak—waiting for the boat to start, and appearing anxious to remain together as long as possible. At length the last signal was given; they then arose, and with a look of grief, but I will never forget as long as I breathe, they regarded each other for a moment, and then encircling themselves in each other's arms, stood for awhile trembling in their parting anguish, as if in fear lest to sunder that embrace, would tear every heart-string loose. But at last, summoning strength they bade each other the sad farewell in a tone and manner beyond the power of words to describe, such as told all the depth of a mother's and a daughter's love, and such as subdued the whole company who saw it, into sadness and tears. The father then came and gave his parting blessing, and bid his sad farewell, and then took the mother, and they moved sadly away. When they had got to the cabin door, she turned to take that last, long lingering look, that the heart-loses to, and will take, when parting with some dearly loved object, though we feel that in doing so, the tide of grief and woe, and anguish will pour with a tenfold force around the soul. Their eyes met, and if they should never meet on earth again, that lingering look will be remembered till both hearts are cold and still in death, till they meet again in Heaven. The brothers, two of them, remained on board to take their parting at the foot of the Falls. The eldest brother—almost a man, tried to part with manly dignity, but the last embrace was too much—he quivered for a while like an aspen leaf, and then bade farewell in tears. The youngest, a small boy, gave loose to his anguish, and sobbed as if his very heart would burst; and after kissing her again and again, left her as though he left the sweetest and dearest friend on earth, as though he had met with his first sad, great loss—and I doubt not, that amid all the storms of life, that parting hour will be remembered forever. After they had got on shore, they stood on a point, and waved their last adieu till they were lost sight of, in the distance. Then, no doubt, a full sense of her loss coming home with all its power, to the young girl's heart, and feeling that she was alone in the world with the man she loved, (who stood by her with his arm around her), she hid her face in his bosom; and gave way to all the agony of her grief. Then I thought, what will woman not do when she loves with all her heart? And what a treasure that young girl in his arms, and knew that she suffered all that anguish from her love for him; and then I thought what a base heart his must be, if he could abuse that love, and betray that trust and confidence. Yes, base he must be, if he does not love her more than his own soul, and if he would not sacrifice every selfish joy he has on earth to make her happy.

They tell of a May Party which met in Detroit a few days since. The Queen was attended in a "Mackintosh," and had a wreath of gutta percha flowers; her swain was in snow-shoes, with an umbrella. An immense fire occupied the place of the May-pole, and the line "Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come," was chanted in beautiful taste by a choir of tender maidens, with a full and effective accompaniment of clattering teeth.

There must have been queer doings during the days of chivalry. When men wore coats of mail, they got measured for their garments not at the tailor's but at the blacksmith's shop. Their head gear they ordered from "a work-er in copper," while their suspenders were furnished, not by an India rubber factory, but by that genius who made trammels for a living. Till the invention of gunpowder, the office of "tailor to a man of quality" was a sinecure, unless he could patch a garment with a soldering iron or sow up ribs with a riveting hammer.

AN UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.—Mr. Innes mentions a fact strikingly illustrative of the power of consistent conduct. A young man, when about to be ordained as a Christian minister, stated that at one period of his life he had been nearly betrayed into the principles of infidelity; "but," he added, "there was one argument in favor of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father."

NEWS BOY WIT.—A gentleman crossing one of the New York ferries, was accosted by one of those peripatetic vendors of cheap literature and weekly newspapers, who are to be found in shoals about all our public places, "buy Bulwer's last work, sir? Only two shillings." The gentleman, willing to have a laugh with the urchin, said, "Why, I am Bulwer myself!" Off went the lad, and whispered to another, at a little distance, exciting his wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eying the pretended author of Pelham with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly, "buy the Women of England, sir? you're not Mrs. Ellis, are you? Of course the proposed sale was effected."—[N. Y. Sun.

N. P. Willis, in one of his late letters from Bermuda says: "Here every female is trained, from childhood, to carry burthens upon the head: From a tea-cup to a water pail, everything is placed on the most cushion at the top of the skull. The absolute erectness of figure

necessary to keep the weight where it can best be supported by the spine, the nice balance of gait to poise it without being steadied by the hands, the throwing forward of the chest with the posture and effort that are demanded, and measured action of the hips, and the deliberateness with which all turning round or looking aside must be done, combine to form an habitual demeanor and gait of peculiar loftiness and stateliness. A prouder looking procession than the market women, as they go with their baskets on their heads, across the square, below our veranda, could not be found in the world. They look incapable of being surprised into a quick movement; and are, without exception, queenly of mien—though it come, strangely enough, from carrying the burthen of the slave."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE..... MAY 27, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. D. 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 Seely'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. PETERSGILL & 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.

A Ride with the Reader.

Ask no questions, but just step into the cars with us, and see what a day will bring forth. This is a hurrying season, and as you are busy, your part of the ride must be in imagination; ours is a 'fixed fact.'

Gliding rapidly through West Waterville, and along the margin of the beautiful lake beyond, you will please step out at the Readfield Depot, and await further orders. The clock is striking six; and nature looks as smiling as a young bride. A delightful day for a ramble! Now step into this carriage. Here is Mr. —, who is to be our pilot and companion.

As he turns off to the right, and drives in the direction of Kent's Hill, possibly you snuff something literary in the morning air. Here we come to the rural village of Readfield. A lady would call it 'a sweet place.' How neat those little white cottages! and the rich fields in their rear indicate that many of their proprietors are farmers. There on the left is the house of Col. Batchelder; on the right, in the large square-roof house, lives Mr. John Smith, so much talked about. The large building down yonder is a cotton factory; a small, well managed and profitable establishment, just such as we want in Waterville. Located at the outlet of this pond off to the right, it has a permanent supply of water, and is never endangered by freshets.

Turning to the right, and winding along between the base of the high hill on the left and the glassy sheet of water that spreads off north and east, we find ourselves, by a circuitous route, slowly ascending the north side of Kent's Hill. This is the seat of the well known 'Maine Wesleyan Seminary.' Kent's Hill derives its name from Mr. Kent, the owner of a great portion of its now green or furrowed acres. The school was incorporated in 1821. Its original design was to afford to young men of little pecuniary means an economical opportunity for acquiring an English education. It is probably by an expansion of this design that the institution now sustains two teachers in the department of languages. Its academic year consists of two terms of sixteen weeks each.

Rev. Henry P. Torsey is its Principal, and is doing much to give the school a good name abroad, and a firm basis in the regard of its friends at home. There, in that field on the right hand, is the very man we speak of. By the measure he carries, and the peculiar swing of his right arm, he must be sowing grain! This is like him—industrious, active, energetic, and a great lover of nature; sowing any amount of wild oats in his youth, and balancing the account by turning all his energies in ripper years to the sowing of good seed and doing of good works. Here is the Seminary, a nice brick building considerably larger than our Waterville Academy. From its top we have one of the most delightful views. Hills and valleys, farms and forests, spread in all directions, and bounded only by the horizon, present an association of nature and art, the useful and the beautiful, that you will pronounce well worthy our morning ride.

Descending now, as we see the bell-man coming to his morning duty, we must hurry through the several departments, and get ready to make our bow 'before the master comes.'

Here is the 'Drawing-room'—not the room where lessons are given in fashionable bows and social small talk; but where the pencil and the brush are guided in the soul-refining art of drawing and painting. Look at the fine pictures that line the walls, and make your heart glad in thinking how many young minds have been opened to an appreciation of the beautiful and the lovely in this room, in the long period of thirty years.

We pass to the reading room: Here, in nice files, are the newspapers, temperance, religious, miscellaneous. These keep the young minds posted up in public and social morality. See if you find the Eastern Mail. There is the library; and the young lady at the piano by the window, though apparently conscious of nothing but her music lesson, reminds us that this is also the music room. Possibly we intrude; let's pass to the cabinet. See the mineralogical specimens. In our schoolboy days these were nothing more than stones; and those pretty specimens of ornithology were then only a box of dead birds! How easily the children of these days outrun their fathers and mothers?

Only one room more; for the pupils are coming in swarms. Here our friend and guide is interested, and like a modest man shows us everything before this. This is the department where the divine art of penmanship is taught; the art in which 'God Himself gave the first lesson on tables of stone.' O, that

some of our correspondents could take a few lessons here! What a saving of time and patience to us! The teacher here is Mr. JOHN PERLEY, a man singularly qualified for improving the 'hands' and hearts of his pupils at the same time; mingling with his lessons in penmanship lessons of kindness, good morals and good sense, that render him a most useful teacher of the young. We shall urge him to come to Waterville; and feel sure that such as may take lessons of him will heartily thank us for doing so. You must take leave of him now, though we shall probably meet him again before our ride terminates.

As we stand here at the door, we must glance again over the circular valley that almost surrounds us. The pretty village at the west, that looks to be little more than a dot among the farms that spread everywhere, is yet one of those favored spots that send abroad the echo of the trip-hammer. This is a well known place; and when we point you to that plain, quiet-looking farmhouse, surrounded by its cluster of white outbuildings, and modestly sheltering itself under the hill, a mile or so this side, telling you that this was recently the home of Reuben B. Dunn, 'the Scythe King,' you will conclude that village is Fayette. There is a branch of the North Wayne Scythe Company's works, constituting about one quarter of their extensive business. You now see where we propose to take you—to Fayette and thence to N. Wayne, to see them make scythes. This is the point for which we started, though we may not reach it to-day. A 'committee of the whole' world have recently proclaimed the scythes made there to be better than those of any other establishment on the globe! This, as we Yankees say, is 'some,' enough at least to excite Yankee curiosity.—Jump into the carriage, and let's go and see how it's Dunn.

[Reader, just imagine—for we told you that your part of this trip would be confined to your imagination—just imagine it takes a week to pass over the mile or two of road between Kent's Hill and Fayette! Then we'll take the reins, and see that you have a fine time.]

The Massachusetts Liquor Bill.

When we announced last week the passage of this bill through both branches of the legislature, the shadow of the veto power had not passed across our mind. Even had it, there was no possible room to look for its exercise by Gov. Boutwell. He had even lectured in favor of the Maine Law, in addition to being, professedly, a zealous temperance man. And yet he vetoed the bill!—and for the most feeble and flimsy of all reasons ever given for such an act. Had he told the legislature that in consideration of a deposit to his credit, of fifty thousand dollars in Suffolk Bank, as per contract with opponents of the bill, he had concluded to refuse his signature, we should think him a bolder and better man than we now do.

That bill has, however, after being so many times cuffed back and forth between the House, the Senate and the Governor, finally become a law, to go into effect in sixty days. The Governor having based his veto upon the clause providing for referring it to the people for their *open* instead of sealed ballot, the legislature finally passed it without referring it to the people at all. His Excellency was floored, and put his signature to the bill.

A SHOCKING RAILROAD ACCIDENT occurred at Watertown, Mass., on Monday evening. The express train of the Fitchburg road, going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, struck a carriage in which were Wm. Sawyer, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of Charlestown, his wife and three children, and Mr. John Gibbs, a brother-in-law. Both the gentlemen, and a daughter of Mr. S. 15 years old, were instantly killed. Mrs. S. was badly injured, and the infant child which she held in her lap had an arm broken.

AWFUL STATE OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.—Mr. B. F. Blackstone has been appointed to sell the town liquor, and the agency has been open a few days. No more careful or judicious man than Mr. B. could have been appointed. Yet the experience of the two weeks has shown that it is utterly impossible to avoid deception. How can it be done? We would ask. Mr. B.'s books show an awful state of health in our community. Admitting that raw spirits are necessary as a medicine, we think this is not the case in more than one instance in ten. Going upon this basis, the number of applications at the agency would indicate that we have about 24,000 persons immediately around us who are diseased! Our summer bills of mortality promise to be frightful. Seriously, we can only regard a town agency as an escape pipe, or a safety valve. It may be absolutely necessary, but we very much doubt it. Neither would we go to the other extreme. In certain cases, we think the doctors always use rum in compounding medicines, the apothecaries were empowered to keep spirits for their legitimate uses, and forbidden to sell in the raw state, would not the necessities of the community be subserved? Then if a man was found under the influence of liquor, it would be evident that the law had been violated.—Now, in too many cases, if you trace an effect back to its cause, it can be discovered that the State has become an agent of inebriation. We throw out these hints as being suggestive of a compromise between the believers in Dr. Gilman's theory, and the believers in the absolute necessity of town agencies.—[Belfast Journal.

CHOLERA AND SHIP FEVER ON THE RIVER.—The steamer Indiana, arrived from New Orleans, yesterday, had about 150 deck passengers, mostly Irish immigrants just taken from a ship. There was much sickness among them, and some twelve or thirteen were cases of ship fever and cholera, five of which proved fatal. Two Irishmen, one Irish woman, an Irish child, and a German, were the victims. The cholera cases were very violent, and caused death in a few hours. [Louisville Courier, May 15.

AWFUL DEATH.—In Baltimore, on Tuesday morning, John R. Burns, grocer, residing at No 55 Ross street, died from poison, communicated to his system by a diseased horse. About two weeks since, the deceased had a horse afflicted with glanders, and during an administration of medicine thrust in the animal's mouth his hand, the middle finger of which had been

previously cut, and the flesh laid open. Thro' this wound the poisonous virus was absorbed; and mortification having supervened, Professor Smith was called upon to amputate the diseased member. Perceiving, however, that the poison had penetrated to every portion of the unfortunate man's system, the Professor declined performing the operation, and stated that no earthly skill could save his life. After lingering in great agony, death closed the scene. The corpse presented a blackened, hideous appearance.—[Philadelphia Sun.

CAUTIOUS ADMINISTRATION OF CHLOROFORM.—The Lancet notices two modes of administering Chloroform, the dangerous and the safe. One consists in using a small quantity of it, to be inhaled in a very short time, with hardly any admixture of atmospheric air. Patients are in this manner quickly rendered insensible. This method is dangerous; though but comparatively few accidents have occurred, the latter having struck such terror into practitioners and members of the community, that this method should never be followed. Chloroform should first be inhaled with a large quantity of atmospheric air; respiration is allowed to go on regularly and normally; the Chloroform is then gradually inhaled in a more concentrated form, and left off as soon as any unpleasant symptoms occur. Eight or ten minutes, and from three to five drachms of Chloroform are thus employed in obtaining anaesthesia; but this loss of time and Chloroform is made up by the absence of danger. Operations of the most delicate kind can thus be carried on for a whole hour; as much as three ounces of Chloroform are consumed, and no accident occurs.—[London Illustrated News.

PETITION FOR FREE SCHOOLS IN THE D. C.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, under date of May 20th, writes:

"A beautiful and interesting scene was enacted here, to-day, by the presentation of the free school petition to Congress, by the hands of three thousand school children. The children of the District free schools went in procession to the Capitol, the boys and girls all neatly clad in uniform dresses; and delegations from each school covered the steps of the Eastern portico, and presented the petition to a committee. The ceremony occurred before the hour of meeting, and nearly all the members of both houses were present. The memorial is signed by eleven thousand citizens of Washington, and asks aid from Congress for the free schools.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN SAGO.—Between 12 and 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning, 19th, the large stable connected with TURT'S HOTEL was discovered in flames—the fire enveloping the roof, and by its light attracting the attention of the workmen at Mr. Hobson's mill, half a mile distant, who first gave the alarm, and awoke the inmates of the Hotel and the house adjoining the stable on the other side, who were in dangerous proximity to the fire. All hopes of checking the fire in the stable was vain. It spread rapidly to the houses contiguous, on Common and Front streets, destroying the Hotel and six other dwelling houses.—[Maine Democrat.

SUICIDE.—On Sunday, 16th, in the morning, Samuel V. Ames, of Hallowell, arose from his bed in that town, dressed himself, and started toward the pier, near which he lived, taking a crowbar in his hand, evidently desirous to throw himself into the bay, but was stopped by the woman with whom he was living, and induced to return. An hour or two later he again started, when he went on board the schooner Cashier, lying at the wharf, took off his coat and hat, and taking the ledge-anchor in his arms, jumped overboard, and was drowned. He had been laboring under delirium tremens for several days.

MATINEES vs. SOIREES.—We see by the Washington correspondents, that a new form of amusement, or entertainment, has come up in the Capital, and has become quite popular. The French Minister gave, last week, what is called a *Matinee dantesque*, (a morning dance), beginning about 4 or 5 P. M., and ending about 8 or 9 P. M.—and it was attended, it is said, by an unusually large number of grave, quiet, but highly distinguished gentlemen, who never go out to soirees, which begin at 10 or 11 at night, and end at 1 or 2 A. M.

Fashion is thus substituting the *matinee* for the *soiree*—and the new fashion draws out the 'old Fogies,' whom the *soirees* have laid up in their beds, before the belles and beaux start out on their midnight frolics. Why an entertainment is called a *matinee* that begins at 4 or 5 P. M., and ends at 8 or 9 P. M., we cannot exactly say; and what is more droll, a *dejeuner*, (a breakfast) goes with it about 6 P. M.—but no matter for the name, there is sense in a *matinee*, and we go for it, declaring war henceforth and forever, against soirees.

The *matinee* is the French name, we suspect, for an old New England husking, or Virginia frolic—for they all have about the same good hours—of going a visiting early, and going home early. A New England husking, and a Virginia frolic begin about the same hours, and end about the same hours, to enable the guests to go home early, and to go to bed early, and get up early the next day. The grave, the regular, the mature can attend such parties, and enjoy the delights of their conversation; whereas, *soirees* are only for youth destroying itself, and blighting its buds, and its beauties.

Nature thus avenges herself, and we are glad to see it, for the freaks, caprices and outrages of Fashion. Poor human nature, it seems, in Europe even, certainly not in these United States, can no longer stand midnight, or rather midnight-morning entertainments, and hence the substitution of the *matinee* for the *soiree*. Nature has demanded the restoration of the earlier days and earlier fashions of our ancestors—and the demand, from necessity, has been complied with. The old Husking frolic hour, the Tea Party era is to be restored, and we can once more see man, and even woman, by the light of day. The victory of nature over fashion, however, will not be immediate.—Rouge, white lead and black powders, will fight hard for candlelight, gaslight, &c.; but youth and beauty will beat the paint brush in the end. The *matinee* vs. the *soiree*, is the issue. If Washington, the political and diplomatic metropolis, adopts the *matinee*, the *soiree*, of course, will soon be dead. We are more than delighted to read, then, that the French Minister, fresh from the great world metropolis of Fashion, has set the example; and we hope to hear soon that the British Minister, and even the President and Secretaries of our own Government will follow. The question is, shall we sit up all night to be amused, or enjoy ourselves after the work of the day is over, and then go to bed early so as to rise refreshed, the ensuing morning?—[N. Y. Express.

ANOTHER BUBBLE BURST.—The great project of connecting Halifax, Quebec and Upper Canada, by a Railroad, lying wholly within the British Provinces, seems to be abandoned by its friends. The construction of such a road

would cost not less than \$35,000,000—and its whole income would not pay the running expenses. The British Government declines altogether having anything to do with it. Such is the most recent authentic intelligence from Great Britain. This is one of those projects, which have been got up from time to time, as back-fires, to defeat the construction of the Portland and Montreal Railroad. Hitherto, these projects have all proved signal failures; and the last seems to have taken rank as one among the grand humbugs of the day.

THE MORMONS OF UTAH.—The St. Louis Intelligencer publishes a most noticeable account of Mormon doings, contained in a letter from Great Salt Lake City, dated February 28th. The writer says, that the Legislature is still in session, though the term allotted by law had expired some time previous. The delay was probably in order to hear from the States. The Mormons expected rigid measures to be adopted by the general government, and were determined to resist the United States to the extent of their ability. Many saying that they had fled for the last time, and would die where they were. The proceedings of the Legislature are represented as most disorderly; any person, whether a member or not, being allowed to take part in the debates. The Governor is said to control everything according to his own pleasure. On a certain occasion when the members were divided, the Governor is said to have risen, as he declared, "to put a stop to the debate, and to settle the matter for them;" in doing which he used the most profane and indecent language in regard to the General Government and to the representatives of the same in the territory. And such is said to be his habit when speaking and preaching. The writer then goes on to say that the Governor has about 50 wives, and other leading members of the Church, from 2 to 10 wives, according to circumstances. The writer says, a favorite mode of proceeding is for a Mormon to marry a widow with a daughter and then marry the daughter likewise. He gives the names of four head men who have mother and daughter both in their harems. He adds: "I have heard it said, upon good authority, that the Mormons intend to form an alliance with the Indians, and excite them against the government, for the purpose of resisting her authority; and that they were now preparing for the conflict. This report seems to be sustained by the fact that the Governor and the Mormon sub-agent S. B. Rose, with interpreters, take frequent excursions, with presents, &c."

The Washington Union copies the letter from the St. Louis Intelligencer and says:

"We are informed, upon authority which we have full reason to regard as reliable, that the extraordinary and most unwarrantable state of things set forth in the letter is not exaggerated or misrepresented."

HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE.—A Woman and two Children Burned.—A Bath paper of Wednesday, 19th, relates the following heart-rending occurrence: "We have to relate to-day one of the most affecting and heart-rending disasters that ever occurred in our city. The circumstances as near as we can ascertain were as follows:—At about twenty minutes before one o'clock, this (Wednesday) morning, Mrs. W. was discovered issuing from a house on Oak Grove street, owned by a Mrs. Pleg Talman, and occupied by two families, Richard Gibbs and Mr. Manes, and before the alarm had become general or the engines had arrived at the spot the L part of the house was nearly consumed, and two boys of Mr. Gibbs, aged five and seven years, who occupied the chamber over it in company with their grandmother, were burned to death! The old lady whose name is Hurley, who was about 45 years of age, had been awakened and heard to scream, and it is probable had gone down stairs to ascertain the cause of the smoke, and finding her egress cut off by the fire at the foot of the stairs, endeavored to return, but was overpowered. Her half consumed corpse was found in a position which leads to the above supposition. The bodies of the children have also been recovered. Mr. Hadley and his wife (who boarded at the chamber) barely escaped by leaping from a chamber window.

MURDER OF A WATCHMAN.—On Tuesday night last, about 12 o'clock, William T. Pullen, one of the city watchmen, was attacked by a gang of Irishmen in Broad street, while on his duty, and beat in such a manner that he died of his wounds yesterday morning about 9 o'clock. This is the third person who has been attacked and beaten by gangs of drunken Irishmen within the last ten days, two of whom are now lying dangerously ill of their wounds, while Mr. Pullen, one of the most faithful of our night police, has been inhumanly murdered by a gang of lawless desperadoes. [Providence Journal, 20th.

[In view of the above murder of a city officer while in the discharge of his duty, the Providence City Council, last evening, passed resolutions, that the day and night police officers be provided with revolvers and pistols, and that the Mayor be requested to cause petitions to be circulated among the citizens, for the restoration of the punishment of death for the crime of murder—capital punishment having been abolished in Rhode Island.]

OLE BULL is giving concerts in Philadelphia, to crowded houses. It appears from the following statement, which we copy from a historical notice of Ole Bull, in the Philadelphia Gazette, that this country is to be his future home.

Ole Bull visited Washington to arrange with our government for the purchase of lands, on which to found a colony for his fellow countrymen, who, being impressed with the menacing attitude assumed towards republicans by the crowned heads of Europe, and the consequent dark prospect for the future, have determined to come to the free asylum offered on our 'native land,' and spend their lives among us, and become citizens of the great republic. He has succeeded in obtaining about 74,000 acres in the far West; and also some in Virginia, where he intends to settle himself.

"It is a touching and beautiful fact," says Mr. Brace, in his 'Hungary in 1851,' "that more Bibles have been sold within the last two years, since the Revolution in Hungary, than for any time during the last twenty years, when, too, as is the case now, the mass of the people are almost beggared by the losses of the Revolution, and by Austrian extortion."

THE COLUMBIA FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—The evidence of the inquest on the body of William Smith, an alleged fugitive slave, who was shot by officer Ridgely, of Baltimore, all tended to show that the act was wholly unjustifiable. There was no attempt at the rescue of Smith from the officer's hand, at the time he was shot, there being but few persons present, and all engaged at their occupations till after the death of the man. It does not appear, either, that there was any probability of the escape of the alleged fugitive.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

We have finally found out who that much talked of, the "oldest inhabitant," is. An elderly chap, speaking of his great knowledge of the western country, said that he had known the Mississippi river ever since it was a small creek! He's the man.

IRON FLAGGING.—There is no end to the new purposes for which iron is beginning to be used. At Cincinnati, Ohio, they are taking up the broad flagstones which are laid down for foot passengers at the crossings of the streets, and substituting iron plates.

An Indian stood looking at the cars on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and exclaimed: "White man smart; make iron horse run on land same like canoe on water."

A bridge on the Remington plan, built some time since at Montgomery, Ala., is reported to have broken in the middle, and tumbled down. It had not been used for more than a year, and for some months had been threatening to break down. Soon after it was put up it was tilted to one side by the wind and its own weight, and has never righted.

In one of his letters from St. Thomas, West Indies, Mr. Willis says they have cockroaches there "that have pretensions to be lobsters, and spiders on which one might fry a beefsteak, mistaking it for a griddle!"

EXPOSITION.—In twenty minutes the Augusta companies took their engines to a burning building one mile distant, and over a road heavy with mud.

POLITICAL JOKE.—Late events have shown that it is of no use to put Gen. Scott on the political race-course. He has got the *Botta*, (Jno. M.) on his side, and won't be in a state to run.—[Belfast Journal.]

"Beware," says the Traveller, "of split dollar gold pieces. They are becoming very common."

In Minnesota the people have ratified the Maine liquor law.

A letter containing \$230 on the Manufacturers and Traders' Bank, of Portland, was stolen from the post office at North Yarmouth, on the evening of the 20th inst.

A letter from Washington states that the Hon. John Barney, of Baltimore, recently challenged the French Minister at Washington. The challenge was not accepted, and Barney subsequently posted him.

MR. N. P. WILLIS, of New York, accompanied by Mr. Grinnell, was in Montgomery, Ala., on the 11th, on their way from Charleston to New Orleans. Mr. Willis, says the Alabama Journal, is suffering from a pulmonary affection, and has been at the Bermuda, during the winter, without substantial relief.

SUDDEN DEATH.—John Wilkins, Esq., died in Bangor on Monday evening, of dropsy. He was engaged in his counting room during the day. He was much esteemed in Bangor, and was 70 years old.

The body of John Allen, an old ship-master, was found in his garden, in Bangor, on Monday. He died of disease of the heart.

The Louisiana Sentinel proposes that on the day of the Presidential election in the several states, at every poll throughout the United States a box should be placed having inscribed upon it "Washington Monument Box," and underneath "One Day to the Memory of Washington." The money thus collected to go towards the completion of the Washington National Monument.

Have you not mistaken the pew, sir? It landed in a young Chesterfield to a stranger as he bled it. "I beg pardon," replied the intruder, "I fear I have; I took it for a Christian's."

JEROLD SAYS, that young boys who marry old maids, "gather, in the spring of life, the golden fruits of autumn." A "very" nice sentiment, but not at all likely to take.

THE LAST YANKEEISM.—A Yankee no longer marries a young lady; he "annexes" her.

THE FEAST OF IMAGINATION.—Having no dinner, but reading a Cookery-Book.

CURIOUS DISTINCTION.—The English love; the French make love.—[Punch.]

One of the varieties of life, says an exchange, is a woman thoroughly satisfied with her daughter-in-law.

That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author, where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken.—[Swift.]

Private letters from New Orleans intimate that the rumors of another Cuban invasion are by no means without foundation.

If anything will make a man feel "juicy about the heart," it is to talk to a pair of sky-colored eyes in a clover field. Time—a moonshiny evening in June. Try it on.

If you would make a young lady "hate churning," teach her to cry the July issue, the public may expect a new "hate" to the intruder, "I fear I have; I took it for a Christian's."

Miss Dubois says the first time a coat sleeve encircled her waist, she felt as if she was in a pavilion built of rainbows, the windows of which were composed of golden harps. That young woman should have her feet soaked.

Extravagant people are always pennurious. Show us a woman who pays a hundred dollars for a shawl, and we will show you a woman who will run all over town to get her husband's shirts made "a trifle cheaper."

OUR TABLE.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for April has the following table of contents:—1, Sir Roger de Coverley; 2, Walpole's Garland; 3, Diary of Gen. Patrick Gordon; 4, Recent Epics; 5, Progress of Comparative Anatomy; 6, Bohemian Embassy to England, Spain, &c. in 1466; 7, The Cannon, the Munket, and the Rifle; 8, California vs. Free Trade; 9, First Ten Years of the Reign of George III.; 10, Lamentation the Hundred Days; 11, The Old and New Minstrel.

Published by Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street New York.

SARAH'S MAGAZINE for June has made its appearance, and an excellent number it is. It closes the first volume of the present year, and in the new volume, commencing with the July issue, the public may expect a rich treat. HEADLEY, the celebrated American writer, will furnish a series of papers for the Magazine on American History, commencing with a *Pictorial Life of General Jackson*. The life of this eminent man will be followed by other papers from the same writer, devoted to the most distinguished men who have added lustre to the annals of the nation. Mr. Headley is a very popular writer, and this feature will, no doubt, enhance the value of this already popular Magazine. The July number will be issued on the first of June.

Sartin offers a large \$3 engraving as a premium to all new subscribers.

Now is the time to make up Clubs. A specimen copy can be seen at this office.

TERMS.—One copy of the Magazine and one of the print, \$5; five copies of the Magazine and five of the print, and an extra copy of each work to the getter up of the club, \$12.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—This June number is a glorious one, of which even Graham would be proud.—113 pages of sterling matter, a beautiful steel engraving, and fourteen finely executed wood cuts; and all this on super paper and with new type. We like Graham, and we like his Magazine, and only ask for him prosperity according to his deserts: should he receive that, who knows but what he might indulge himself in the luxury of a wife, one of these days, and make some fortunate woman a love of a husband! The next number, which commences a new volume, will be issued on the first of June, and we look for something extra, even for Graham: he never has been beaten, and from what we know of his energy, enterprise, and good taste, we confidently predict that he never will be. Reader, if you want a good magazine, let us persuade you to examine Graham for June, and also the forthcoming number for July; if that does not induce you to subscribe, why, then, go to 'thou' 'hast no music in thy soul,' no love of the beautiful, and must be of cold blood and coarse make.

BOYTON MUSEUM.—Mr. Oslan E. Dodge, the well known vocalist, has become sole proprietor and editor of this popular literary and miscellaneous paper, for which he has long been writing under the name of *Plume of Quail*. The name of the paper will be changed to *Literary Museum*, and it will be issued in sixteen pages instead of eight—a more convenient form for binding. Each number will contain a piece of music, and in the department Mr. D. will be particularly at home. The services of the former editor, we are heartily glad to learn, will be retained, for though we warmly welcome Dodge, we should be sorry to lose Putnam.

The paper will be issued in the improved form on the 10th of June next.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—Contents of the May number: Gold, its Natural and Civil History; Life of Niebuhr; Thomas Moore's My Novel, Part XXI; Our London Correspondence; No. II; The Gold Finders; The Vineyards of Bordeaux; The Democratic Confederacy. Published by Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton-st., New York.

FORRESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—This delightful little monthly for May has been received, to the great joy of the little folks, who watch eagerly for its coming, and warmly greet its appearance. Published by Bradbury & Gould, 120 Washington st., Boston.

FIRE IN BANGOR.—On Thursday evening, at nine o'clock, a fire broke out in the rear of the Merriman House, on French street, which was immediately in a sheet of flame, and communicated to the house, and also to the barn and house of Elijah Clement, on Garland street.

The house on French street was owned by the heirs of David Merriman. The stable was burnt, the back part of the house and a portion of the roof. Damage, two or three hundred dollars; and there was no insurance. This house was occupied by Mr. Amden and by Mr. Simpson. The house was cleared very suddenly.

The house on Garland street, to which the fire communicated by the barn, is a large two story, two tenement house, owned by Elijah Clement, and was occupied by him and by Mr. Job Collett. The tenements were cleared.—The barn was burned, and the roof of the main house and of the back part, were destroyed.

Mr. Clement was insured for \$1500, at the Penobscot Mutual Ins. Office. The whole loss to buildings by the fire, will not exceed \$1000, most of which is covered by insurance.

The house on French street, occupied by Mr. Long and by Gilbert Emerson was cleared, but escaped.—[Bangor Whig.]

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY HARBOR EXERCISES.—By invitation of His Honor, Mayor Seaver, of Boston, the Methodist General Conference now holding a session in that city, together with a large number of clergymen of other denominations, members of the City Government, &c., embarked on board the steamer "Mayflower," about two o'clock Tuesday afternoon, for an excursion down the harbor.

The party numbered about five hundred persons, many of whom were from remote parts of the country, and never before had an opportunity of witnessing the delightful scenery of Boston Bay.

The Zion's Herald, referring to the excursion says: "Never has such a signal courtesy been extended to our General Conference before; it is, in fact, the first instance of the kind in the history of our city. It is appreciated most heartily by the Conference, and will be by the entire church."

A letter from Rome, in the Herald, states that the American citizen recently assaulted there by a French officer, and afterwards imprisoned for refusing to lift his hat to the Pope, was Mr. Innes the artist. When Mr. Cass, American Minister, demanded his release from the Papal authorities, to which Mr. Cass replied, that he knew nothing of the French, and that he held the Roman government responsible in the premises. Mr. Innes was subsequently transferred by the French to the Papal authorities, and by the latter released, on the spirited demand of Mr. C. It is said that Mr. Cass afterwards challenged the French officer, but as the latter had been placed under arrest, no meeting took place.

FRUITS OF EARLY RISING.—The preface to the last volume of the Rev. Dr. Barnes' "Notes," which has just appeared, says the New England Farmer, mentions a fact which is worthy of being remembered by those who are accustomed to excuse themselves from the performance of any great and useful work for the "want of time." Dr. Barnes has published in all sixteen volumes of biblical "Notes," during the composition of which he has charge of a large congregation in Philadelphia; and yet he has not suffered his authorial labors to infringe upon the duties of the pastoral office.—These sixteen volumes, he informs us, "have all been written between 9 o'clock in the morning, and are the fruits of the habit of rising between 4 and 5 o'clock." From the first he has made it an invariable rule to cease writing precisely at 9 o'clock; and now he finds his formidable task accomplished, and has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been permitted to send forth more than 250,000 volumes of commentary on the New Testament, and that probably a greater number has been published abroad. All this has been accomplished in hours which the majority of men waste in bed, in idle listlessness, or in getting ready for the labors of the day.

THE REV. MR. BARNES.—A friend writing us from Philadelphia says, in some agreeable comments upon our remarks on authorship, that the Rev. Mr. Barnes has lost more by economizing time than he will ever gain by his books, namely his eyesight. The sight of one eye, I am told, is nearly gone, and the other strongly sympathizes with it. His congregation are about to send him to Europe. "This is painful intelligence, although scarcely surprising when it is remembered that for twenty years, we believe, Mr. B. has risen at 4 o'clock, and prosecuted his literary labors until 8 or 9 o'clock. We saw this example of industry highly commended to young men, a few days ago, in a contemporary journal, but this result shows that, in common with all other practices good in themselves, even early rising and industry may be carried to an improper because injurious extent. There is sound economy in the injunction 'Let your moderation be known.'"

N. Y. Jour. Com.

Mrs. Louisa C. Adams, the venerable relic of the late John Quincy Adams, whose death we have announced, was in the 77th year of her age. Mrs. Adams was a native of Frederick county, Maryland, and was a grand-daughter of Gov. Johnson. She was married to Mr. Adams in London, when he was the U. S. Minister to England,—her father being at the same time the American Consul in London. Mrs. Adams has been suffering from the effects of paralysis for two or three years past, and has been a resident of Washington since the death of her husband.

MR. J. S. THRASHER.—This gentleman, with the narrative of whose arrest and imprisonment readers are familiar, is now in this city, having returned from his captivity. In a morning paper he publishes the copy of a letter addressed by him to General Concha, dated so recently as the 22d of March in the present year, and one of the same date to the Hon. Daniel Webster. In the latter, he assigns as a reason for not earlier addressing the Department of State, or his own Government, that Mr. Owen, then American consul at Havana, assured him that he had laid the case fully before the Department of State at Washington.

[N. Y. Com. Adv.]

MORE LIQUOR SEIZED.—The City Marshal, on Saturday, seized three large chests filled with kegs, jugs and other vessels filled with liquor, and also one barrel of gin, marked "perm oil," and a ten gallon keg of liquor, brought by the Propeller. He also seized one large chest filled with kegs and jugs of liquor brought by the Boston.—[Bangor Whig.]

DEATH BY RATS.—A day or two since, at South Boston, a little child, but twelve months old, came to its death in a most singular manner. Its mother was a widow, who had confided the care of her child to its grand-parents. A few evenings since the couple having the in-

fant in charge, administered a dose of paregoric to it, and retired to bed, leaving it asleep in the kitchen. In the morning, it was found that a rat had entered the cradle during the night, eaten off one of the fingers from the hand of the child, and gnawed the flesh to the bone in several places on its arms in so frightful a manner, that although medical aid was immediately called, yet the child lived only a short time.

[Traveller]

MAINE CONVENTION OF UNIVERSALISTS.—The annual meeting of this body will be held in Belfast, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 22d, 23d and 24th of June next.—There are several Associations in the State, each of which is represented in the Convention by nine delegates.

THE COMET AND PLANET BUSINESS.—Are not our scientific friends in Harvard, and elsewhere, carrying this planet and comet business rather too far? A new planet in the course of three or four years, and a comet a year, will do very well; but this finding a planet every week, and a new comet daily: is it not running the thing into the ground? We need to know the number of the planets, and had some idea of the principal comets, but they have gone ahead of our astronomy long ago; and we think the school-boys must have a hard time of it. Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory, has himself turned out eleven or twelve new comets, the telegraph does not exactly know which; and the rivalry among observers is so great that every country and every institution with pretension to science, is setting up its own comets, and some of them their own planets. It is true, as some very wise people have suggested, that this globe is ultimately to be destroyed by an untamed comet, it is wise in our astronomers to be beating up new ones, and letting them loose? Is there not danger that some unpractised hands may take up the business and set them flying in wrong directions? We have great confidence in Mr. Bond, and we have no doubt that the business is reasonably safe so long as it is confined to regular professors; but every schoolmaster is pointing his telescope to the sky, and bringing down a star with the certainty of Capt. Scott aiming at a coon; and even the women, who ought to be content with knowing that they are terrestrial stars, are searching the heavens for planets and comets.—[Providence Journal.]

Notices.

Mrs. LYFORD has returned from Boston again with a large lot of Bonnets, Ribbons, Veils, Flowers, &c. 4465

THE GREAT RUN FOR BONNETS IS NOW to the store of C. H. REDINGTON & CO., who are selling better articles and at lower prices than can be found at any other store in the village.

ARCADE PLACE is the place to buy your fine Oranges, and other fruit—Shad and cod—Beef and other meats—Potatoes, and other vegetables—Cigars, Candles, and any other good and well selected THINGS.

B. F. WHEELER has the largest assortment of BOOTS and SHOES ever offered in this town. Imported French Slips, and all of the latest and most beautiful styles for ladies' wear, kept constantly on hand. Please call and examine for yourselves.

Chance for a Tailor.
Messrs. Watson Cook & Co. of East Pittsfield, write as follows, under date of April 12:—
"We have a good situation here for a Tailor, and are anxious some one should establish himself in that business at our place."
Yours, WATSON COOK & CO.

CONSUMPTIVE COUGH CURED.
CONCORD, Mass., Sept. 10th, 1851.
DEAR SIR,—I am a poor hand at writing letters, but I am thankful for a benefit received, and desire to say so. This will inform you that I have quite lately recovered from a violent Cough, with discharge from the Lungs, fever and heavy night sweats. The physician who attended me said I was in a CONSUMPTION. Strength, appetite, and sleep had well nigh left me, and it was Cough, Cough, COUGH, from morning till night, and from night till morning. This was precisely my situation when one of my neighbors persuaded me to try what Dr. Rogers' Liverwort, Tar and Castor-oil cure did for me. I sent for one bottle, and it did me good. I sent for another, another, and another. The Medicine cured me. I AM WELL, and under Providence attribute all to your great compound. I would advise every one similarly affected to try it, and am sure they will not be disappointed. Respectfully,
MRS. A. L. SCOVILL & CO.

For sale by A. L. SCOVILL & CO., at their Depot, 601 Broadway, New York, and by all respectable druggists in the United States and Canada. Also for sale in Waterville by W. M. DYER.

PRICE.—In large bottles \$1.00, or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

Marriages.

In this town, May 23, by Peter Talbot, Esq. Mr. Horace Wood to Miss Cordelia Southard; Mr. Benjamin B. Brann to Miss Abigail Matilda Winters.

In Augusta, Robert Fisher to Betsey I. Grant of Norridgewick; Robert Follet to Mary Ann Turner.

In Winthrop, Abel Homestead, Jr., to Abby F. Combs of Randolph; and in Newburyport, Mass., Eaton Wells to Susanah H. Chaboussier of Vassalboro'.

In Mercer, Reuben H. Yeaton, to Mrs. Charlotte N. Jones.

Deaths.

In this town, on Monday last, Dr. Stephen Thayer, aged 72.

In Readfield, Mrs. Mary E. Austin, aged 24.

In Dover, Barton, son of Capt. Nimrod Hinds, aged 18 years.

In Exeter, N. H., Cornelia S. Lovering, wife of A. W. Lovering, aged 23.

In Norridgewick, to Mrs. Betsey, wife of Winthrop Norton, aged 74.

In Palmyra, Mary E. wife of Benjamin F. Parkman, aged 35. Caroline, daughter of Zenas Clark, aged 17; Marcine Pratt, aged about 18.

In Portland, 24th inst., Richard Thurston, Esq., aged 65 years.

C. H. REDINGTON & CO.,
AT
OLD STAND OF ESTY & KIMBALL,
NO. 4 TICONIC ROW.

HAVE JUST received a large and fresh stock of Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS, consisting in part of SHEETINGS, TICKINGS, DEKINS, DILLINGS, STRIPES, GLASSES, DIAPERS, MOURNERS, etc. &c.

Also, GINGHAM, PRINTS, PATCHES, POPLINS, BERGAS, BROWN, BLEACHED and EMBROIDERED TABLE COVERS, CASHMERE, THIBET, SILK, PALE Leaf, and FANCY SEAWEATS.

Together with a full assortment of GLOVES, HOSK, Black and White, IRISH LINENS, DRESS BUTTONS, HOSK, CRAVATS, SUSPENDERS, etc.

SPLENDID PARASOLS, at much lower prices than can be found elsewhere.

—ALSO—
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doekings, Satinets, Tissues, Summer Cloths & Vestings.

An extensive assortment of
Crookery, Glass Ware, and Looking Glasses of every size.

Live Geese, Super & Common Feathers.

Also, as full and complete an assortment of
GROCERIES, as can be found on the River, which will be sold at prices to suit customers.

ALL WHO ARE IN WANT OF
GOODS AT LOW PRICES, should examine here before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined
NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD.

Those who have Cash or Ready Pay, will specially find it to their advantage to give us a call, as we are convinced that *cash sales and small profits* is what gives enduring and prosperous life to trade. In future, therefore, we are resolved to be governed by these principles.

READY PAY—SMALL PROFITS.
May 16, 1852. C. H. REDINGTON & Co.

Wanted,
IMMEDIATELY, an apprentice, 17 or 18 years old, to learn the Painter's Trade. A boy out of the village is preferred. Enquire at J. HILL'S Paint Shop.

PREMIUM FIRE WORKS!!

NEW ENGLAND LABORATORY.
JAMES G. HOVEY.

Pyrotechnician to the City of Boston, for the years 1848, 1849, 1851; for the CITY OF NEW YORK, COLLEGE, and for the RAILROAD JUBILEE; having received a GOLD MEDAL at the Fair of the MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANICS ASSOCIATION, for the

BEST FIRE WORKS Exhibited on Boston Common, offered to the Public, at WHOLESALE and RETAIL, every variety of Exhibition and Sale Work, manufactured at his own Laboratory, and WARRANTED OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, this being the

FIRST ESTABLISHED and MOST EXTENSIVE Pyrotechnical Laboratory in New England. Traders will have the opportunity of selecting from the largest quantity and greatest variety to be found in Boston, comprising in part, the

Rockets Roman Candles Indian Crackers Grandchildren Scissors Torbillion Slow Match Whizzbangs Pin Wheels Firecrackers Serpents Lightning Bombs

Together with every variety of FANCY PIERCES known in the art. Also for sale, the largest and best known "Doe Flaw," to be found in the city. From the success which has attended his exhibitions, he would refer to all or any of the cities and towns of the State, and to the Boston and New England addresses to

JAS. G. HOVEY,
No. 149 Washington Street—BOSTON.
Laboratory—Harvard Street, CAMBRIDGEPORT.
Boston, May 10, 1852. 7441

Sheriff's Sale.
BY virtue of an Execution bearing date the twelfth day of May, A. D. 1852, issued on a judgment in favor of Edward A. Frye, of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, against George W. Weymouth, docketed in the County of Middlesex, recovered before the District Court for the Middle District, holden at Augusta, in and for the County of Kennebec, on the first Tuesday of April, A. D. 1852, for the sum of forty-seven dollars and nine cents, and seven dollars and twenty cents, etc. etc. out of said sum, the sum of seven dollars and twenty cents, and charges of levying the same, I have taken in Execution & will sell at the highest bidder, to wit, at Public Auction, at the WILLIAM HOUSE, in Waterville, said county, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of June, A. D. 1852, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, all the right in equity which the said George W. Weymouth has or had at the time of the attachment thereof on the original writ in said action, of redeeming the following described premises, to wit:—

Lot No. twenty-four, in the first Range of lots in said Weymouth, containing about thirty acres, and being the same lot described in the mortgage deed thereon, given by said George W. Weymouth, to Jesse Weymouth, dated the fourth day of October, A. D. 1847, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Kennebec, Book 128, page 40, and being the same lot on which said George F. Weymouth now lives,—unless said Execution shall be sooner satisfied.

JOSEPH NUDD, Deputy Sheriff.
Waterville, May 19, 1852.

JUST received from Boston a large assortment of FRINGES, LACES, and VISITES, ready made, and very cheap for cash. A. P. R. LYFORD'S.

Rats! Rats!
A GENUINE RAT KILLER for sale by WILLIAM DYER. 45
May 27, 1852.

NEW GOODS.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF DRESS, FANCY AND STAPLE GOODS has just been received by
C. H. REDINGTON & CO.,
to which all in want of the latest styles and lowest prices should give their attention.

C. H. REDINGTON & CO., No. 4 Ticonic Row.
Waterville, May 13, 1852.

DECIDED BARGAINS!
HAYING completed their arrangements for receiving Goods weekly through the Summer, are now prepared to offer their present stock

Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods AT A GREAT DISCOUNT.

from former prices, in order to make room for a much larger lot. With our increased facilities for purchasing, we are enabled to offer the following

INDUCEMENTS!
Heavy Satinets, 25 cts. each, for 12 cts. 12
Good Doekings, 12 cts. each, for 6 cts. 12
Denims, Tissues, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Cashmeres, Jeans, Fancy Cloths, and all other goods, at less prices than can be found at any other place.

IN DRESS GOODS, we have never been able to offer so many choice and desirable Styles as at the present season.

WE ARE NOW SELLING Good Styles Barge D'Lines, for 10 cts. do Persian " " 12 1/2 cts. Superior quality " " 17 Beautiful Scotch Gingham " 12 1/2 cts. " wide and heavy do. from 10 to 12 1/2 cts. A large assortment of Dress Silks, which were bought at a great sacrifice, and will be sold from 50 to 70 cents per yard.

Also, Silk Poplins, Paramettes, Anestacins, Wool D'Lines, Barges, French and Foulard do, Silk Tissues, Figured and Satin Striped Barges, Grosgrains, Chambrays, Lustres, Scotch Lawns, Jaconets, and Victoria Lawns

At Unusually Low Prices.
15 doz. Lines Hosiery, Large Size, for 6 1/4 cts. 12
10 doz. Superior Quality " " 8 cts. 12
10 " very fine with wide Borders 12 1/2 cts. 12
50 " pairs Gloves from 6 1/4 to 12 1/2 cts. pair 12
25 " Hosiery from 10 to 25 cts. pair 12

PARASOLS, SUN SHADES and PARASOLETTES, at astonishingly low prices.

SHAWLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, embracing the latest and most desirable patterns, which were bought at a great sacrifice, and will be sold at prices that cannot fail to suit all who are

FOND OF GOOD BARGAINS.
Rich Embossed Piano, Table and Stand Covers. 44
Lancaster Quills, from 120 to 84.50.
Wetted Quills, from 100 to 1.37.

Particular attention paid to Curtains Goods.
Laces, Muslins of all grades, Damasks, Dinities, Cambrics, Turkey Red, Cornices, Bands, Laces, Shade Zebra, Curtains and Bell Cord, constantly on hand.

Good 4 1/2 Brown Sheetings, 4 cts. per yd. 44
Heavy 4 1/2 " " 6 1/4 " 44
Fine 3/8 " " 7 " 44
Extra Quality " " 7 1/2 " 44
Fine and Heavy Curd for 6 1/4 44
Scotch Diapers " 10 " 44

SILK FLANNELS and WHITE THIBET. English, French and American FLANNELS, in variety.

Carpetings and Rugs.
Having enlarged our Carpet department, it is our intention to keep a much larger assortment than ever before, of Three Ply, Superfine, Fine and Common Cotton and Wool, 3-4, 6-4, 8-4, 10-4, PAINTED FLOOR CLOTHS, 4-4, 7-4, 8-4, 9-4 and 10-4. Wide STRAW MATTINGS, COFFEE ROUNDS, &c. &c. for sale by

STAIR CARPETS, oil stoves and prices.
Waterville, May 12, 1852.

TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR, &c.
125 Young Hyson Tea 44
25 Bags Mocha, Java, Maracibo, Cape and Rio COFFEE 44
15 boxes COGNAC, different brands 44
15 boxes COGNAC, different brands 44
15 boxes H. B. SUGAR 44
6 boxes Dutch / Crushed Sugar 44
6 boxes Rio de Janeiro 44
10 boxes RICE 44
10 boxes Lemon Syrup 44
1

